The Library
of the
University of North Carolina

Collection of North Caroliniana
Endowed by
John Sprunt Hill
of the Class of 1889

C364
S88u
v.35
1947

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
00043188825

This book must not be taken from the Library building.

SEP 28 1950
JAN 5 1959
NOV 12 1962
APR 18 1963
AUG 3 0 1966

THIS TITLE HAS BEEN MICROFILMED

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/upliftserial35151ston

C364

Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 4, 1947 No. 1

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

OUR NEW YEAR'S WISH

May you have enough happiness to keep you sweet;
Enough trials to keep you strong;
Enough sorrow to keep you human;
Enough hope to make your heart sing;
Enough of labor to keep you from rust;
Enough leisure to make you broad;
Enough religion to make you value the best;
Enough of the love of Christ in your soul to make you glad to serve.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
JOSIAH W. BAILEY	(Charlotte Observer)	16
WHISTLING GENE	(Sunshine Magazine)	18
FRIGHTENING FACTS ON OUR STATE	(Morganton News-Herald)	19
THE BIBLE SPEAKS TO A LAYMAN	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	21
BLIND LOVE	(Sunshine Magazine)	23
FORGOTTEN FACT	(Mooresville Enterprise)	25
THREE PAIRS OF HANDS	(The Commission)	2
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

IN THE NEW YEAR

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us all untrod,
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God
Is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend.

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend.

Let us walk humbly, friend;
Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our feet;
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We can not tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend.

—Lillian Gray.

SPIRITUAL INVENTORIES

At the time of the ending of the old year and with the dawning days of the new year, there is a common practice among business men to take inventories of stocks. It is a time for checking accounts, recording profits and losses. It is a time for the processing

40184

of ledgers with red and black ink. It is a time for either determining dividends or recognizing losses in business for the year.

Likewise, it is a time of year when serious-minded folks take an inventory of their own spiritual and intellectual accounts, when they take inventories of life itself; and it is most important, after all, that people who have ideals and are ambitious for themselves seek to measure their own spiritual and intellectual growth. The person who is so careless or indifferent about the ledgers of spiritual life as not to make a summation of his own reputation and character can certainly not hope to make any substantial advancements in the years that lie ahead.

It is generally conceded that it used to be much more popular in other years for people to evaluate their living for the past year, and to make their resolutions for the incoming year. It was a times for ferreting out the past errors and sins and failures, and for the formation of resolutions for the purposes of personal improvements during the new year. The early pioneers of this country were very conscientious, and they recorded their resolutions and were intensely earnest in planning for improvements for the twelve months that were ahead. Many others made mental notes of their experiences and character and of their intellectual fortunes. If the people of this day and generation have faltered in their faithful pursuance of this old-fashioned custom, they should strive again this year to make their personal pledges and vows to the gods of fortune, that they will fulfill all of the obligations of Christian living insofar as they shall be able.

With the ending of the old year and the inauguration of the new, there should be a resolute determination on the part of everyone that he or she will remember the good points of life in the past and that they shall constitute the foundations upon which he shall endeavor to build "good spiritual business" during the ensuing year. Many people, of course, have during the past year had many of their fondest hopes and dreams destroyed on the "rocks of time." They have had their hopes stranded upon the shores of eternity. Generally speaking, however most people have had their days of joy and happiness and good success and, taking the bitter with the sweet, it should be the goal of each one to look to the future in anticipation.

For each individual there is an inevitability as it relates to difficult problems. Sometimes, personal problems seem to be insignificant to others, but for the individual himself, insofar as his destiny is concerned, all the daily experiences of life are of gigantic proportion, and we sometimes quiver in the presence of these difficulties. In our blindness we seek to find a light to guide our footsteps through the maze of frustrations, and it should be remembered by one and all that there is only one Eternal Source to which all may look for adequate power, and that is God.

On the other hand, there are many who have, during the past year, had practically no reverses in life. They have enjoyed prosperity and good health throughout the year, so that life has become even crowned and crowded with good success. There is a grave danger that such a person may become thoughtless and indifferent as to the true values of life. There is a danger that materialism shall fasten itself with stern clutches upon the hearts of such people, for in the full equation of life there is no part that is so important as the spiritual assets. Furthermore, there are, no doubt, those people who have been shiftless and "ornery" and who have sought to cheapen life by ignoring the true values. They have sought to get by without "paying the price." These people should remember that such a policy is utterly futile, because there is no channel for outwitting the gods of fate. Truly has it been said that the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine.

Finally, the thought that we would like to transmit at this time, in reviewing the experiences of 1946 as they have related to the life of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, is that we here shall not walk in the valley of gloom, nor shall we reherse in memory the ugly pictures of the past, but rather that we shall look to the sunset peaks of success and we shall broadcast and proclaim the same. The days of the new year, like the year of the past, no doubt will reveal daily opportunites, and we trust that all of us may avail ourselves of the many privileges to be useful to the young boys in our care so that their rehabilitation and reclamation may be bounteous.

Let us face the new year, and every new day therein, in the spirit of Stephen Vincent Benet's prayer:

"God of the Free, we pledge our hearts and lives today to the cause of all free mankind.

"Grant us victory over the tyrants who would enslave all free men and nations. Grant us faith and understanding to cherish all those who fight for freedom as if they were our brothers. Grant us brotherhood in hope and union, not only for the space of this bitter war, but for the days to come which shall and must unite all the children of earth.

"Our earth is but a small star in the great universe. Yet of it we can make, if we choose, a planet unvexed by war, untroubled by hunger or fear, undivided by senseless distinctions of race, color, or theory. Grant us that courage and foreseeing to begin this task today that our children and our children's children may be proud of the name of man.

"The spirit of man has awakened and the soul of man has gone forth. Grant us the wisdom and the vision to comprehend the greatness of man's spirit, that suffers and endures so highly for a goal beyond his own brief span. Grant us honor for the dead who died in the faith, honor for our living who work and strive for the faith, redemption and security for all captive lands and peoples. Grant us patience with the deluded and pity for the betrayed. And grant us the skill and the valor that shall cleanse the world of oppression and the old base doctrine that the strong must eat the weak because they are strong.

"Yet most of all grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years—a brotherhood not of words but of acts and deeds. We are all of us children of earth—grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. If their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure. Grant us a common faith that man shall know bread and peace, that he shall know justice and righteousness, freedom and security, an equal chance to do his best, not only in our own lands, but throughout the world. And in the faith let us march towards the clean world our hands can make. Amen."

* * * * * * * *

GRATITUDE FOR CHRISTMAS CHEER

The gifts to the annual Christmas Cheer Fund for the boys of the Jackson Training School this year were very generous, and we take this opportunity to express to all the contributors our sincere thanks for their gifts.

We are delighted to report that the boys at the School seemingly

had the best Christmas in the history of the institution. The entire Yuletide season was filled with many joyous events, and the boys had an abundance of the usual treats, such as nuts, candies, oranges, apples, grapes and bananas. The Christmas cheer which was made available to the boys this year brought many happy moments into their lives. We only wish that all the contributors could have had the thrill of seeing the boys as they enjoyed their good things to eat. Everyone knows how a growing boy who is hale and hearty and on the go for several hours in the day has a big appetite. It is next to impossible to fill the stomach of a growing boy. We tried as best we could, however, to stress the fact that they should remember the true spirit of the Christmas season, so that in the end their hearts would be touched and their spiritual lives would be elevated to higher living.

We tried to make it possible for every boy, from the smallest to the largest, to have a full measure of Christmas joy. All the boys were given treats here at the School, and many of them received gifts from their own relatives and from friends on the outside. These gifts included socks, sweaters, caps, neckties, books, handkerchiefs, and other useful articles. No doubt, many of these boys would have enjoyed being with their own relatives at home, but on the other hand, no boy could have asked for more material blessings to cheer his heart.

During the holidays, the boys had many recreational opportunities, such as extra picture shows, boxing bouts, and different indoor games. Appropriate Christmas programs were given by the boys in the school and on the radio. All the cottages made a special effort to have appropriate Christmas decorations.

Again, we thank our friends, and we wish for them the very best of health, happiness and prosperity in the new year of 1947.

The following is a list of those who made their contributions to the Training School Christmas Cheer Fund:

Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund	$217.87
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	30.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
"7-8-8," Concord,	25.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Caldwell County,	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Kivett and Family, High Point,	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield,	10.00

Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Samuel E. Leonard, Raleigh,	5.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	15.00
Mrs. Herman Finch, Philadelphia, Pa.,	8.00
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Caldwell, Concord,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Forsyth County General Fund,	12.50
Board of Commissioners, Cabarrus County,	20.00
Department of Public Welfare, Richmond County,	10.00
Empty Stocking Fund, Greensboro,	5.00
L. C. Harmon, Concord,	5.00
Citizens of Charlotte, by Judge F. M. Redd,	100.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Rowan County Welfare Dept., Mrs Mary O. Linton, Supt.,	5.00
Board of Commissioners, Anson County,	10.00
J. Carl Henry, Lincoln Park, Michigan,	5.00
Miss Elizabeth M. Johnson, National Laymen's Evangelistic Association, Charlotte,	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord,	5.00
Guilford County Welfare Dept., Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt.,	10.00
Total cash contributions,	613.37

Other Christmas Gifts

Fruits, nuts and candy sent by Judge F. M. Redd and others, of Charlotte. (Estimated value) $739.50

Subscription to "Sunshine Magazine," Samuel E. Leonard, Raleigh.
Subscription to "Popular Mechanics," Mrs. B. B. Jackson.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

The first thing on our program was a song. This was sung by all. Then three boys, Jesse Hamlin, Bobby Joe Duncan, and Leonard Allen sang a special song, "We Three Kings of Orient Are". Then we had another song by all.

Mr. Crowder talked about missionaries. This was a very interesting talk. He told of the hardships and experiences that missionaries have. He said that missionaries risk their lives in order to help others to know about the Gospel. He told of the dangers that missionaries encounter.

We re-assembled in the auditorium, and from there we went to our respective cottages.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 2nd Grade

We sang some songs in the auditorium. Then Mr. Puckett prayed. We went to our room, and Mr. Sofness read the Bible and asked some questions for us to answer. He read our daily Bible readings. Then Mr. Hines explained what frankincense and myrrh meant. We had a good meeting.

By Emory King, 5th Grade

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

First on our program was a couple of songs, "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" and "There's a Song in the Air." Then Mr. Puckett read a story about a boy in China and his sister. The story told that when the Japs left a place in China, they left a great quantity of pigs A little boy got a fat pig. He had not had any meat for a long time, but his sister, who was a Christian, said that the pig did not belong to him and for him to take it back. He felt better after he had taken it back to the rightful owner. After the story was read, we went to our class.

The teacher talked about Christmas and the wise men who went to find Christ and worship Him. We discussed the Christmas story. We enjoyed learning more about why we celebrate Christmas.

Trophy Was Presented

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

On Sunday, December 15th, Mr. Hawfield presented the trophy for football to the boys who were on the team for Cottage Number Ten.

Mr. Hawfield first called the boys who were on the team for Cottage Number Fifteen to the stage and congratulated them on the way they had played during the football season, extending his hand to the captain of the team, Jack Benfield. The reason that he did this was because they were the boys who were on the team that was the runner-up in the contest.

Then Mr. Hawfield called the boys

on the team from Cottage Number Ten to the stage and presented the trophy to the captain of the team, Garvin Thomas.

The boys enjoyed seeing the trophy presented, for it was the first time that many of them had ever seen anything quite so impressive as that.

New Boys at the School

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

The School received three new boys the first of December, and on the sixteenth of December they enrolled in the school department. Two other boys came to the School after the first of December, and they, too, enrolled in the school department about the middle of the month.

The boys who entered our school, the grades in which they were placed, and the town from which they came are as follows: Samuel Lynn, special seventh grade, Whiteville; Ray Covington, fourth grade, Hamlet; Billy Holder, first grade, Ararat; Edward Ingold, fourth grade, Franklinville; and Thomas Martin, third grade, Fayetteville.

We hope that these boys do their best while they are at our school.

The Vanishing Herds

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

On Tuesday morning, December 17th, Mr. Hines showed the show, "Vanishing Herds." When the picture started, a little girl was playing with her doll. Their mother came in and asked what they were doing. The little boy inquired about extinct animals. Suddenly, they looked out the window and saw their grandfather coming. He told them a story about animals, and as he told them the story the things he told about were shown on the screen.

This was an educational picture which every child should see. I am sure that all the boys in our school enjoyed it very much.

Boys Go Home

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

Very recently there have been boys going to their homes. These boys have improved greatly by staying at the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

The boys recently released, their grades, and home towns are as follows: Lyndon Barnette, fifth grade, Kannapolis; Hubert Innman, fourth grade, Waynesville; Robert Allen, fourth grade, Gastonia; Charles Davis, fourth grade, Forest City; Harry Thompson, fifth grade, Gastonia; Burton Routh sixth grade, Asheboro; Ralph Stewart, seventh grade, Bryson City; Donald Fagg, sixth grade, High Point; Thomas Chavis, fifth grade, Pembroke; and Charles Todd, third grade, Wilmington.

We hope that these boys do well at home.

Decorating the Christmas Tree

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 3 surely had a good time decorating the Christmas tree. It was a large one. Besides the decorations we bought for the tree and those we had, the School furnished lights for our tree just as

they were furnished for all the other cottages. We also made some of the decorations for the tree and for the boys' living room. We painted some pine burrs with silver paint, cut out bells, made stars, and other things. We made chains out of construction paper and Christmas paper. We extended these diagonally across the boys' sitting room, making them meet at the center of the room.

Since we have four poinsettia plants and a Christmas cactus, we are using them for decorative purposes. These were given to us by friends, and we appreciate them very much.

Decorating Our Cottage

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 7 have been decorating the boys' sitting room. Mrs. Horne, the matron, bought some decorations, and Frank Belk's mother sent some things with which to decorate the cottage. We all thank them for the things they bought and the things that were sent.

Radio Program

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

The boys of the first grade gave the radio program. It was a program of Christmas songs. The boys who went to sing were the following: Donald Hoyle, Elbert Gentry, Ralph Gassoway, Paul Allen, Ted Clonch, Earl Wood, Frank Belk, Franklin Robinson, Earl Holliman, and Donald Branch.

The first song was "Christmas Music" by the entire group. The other songs they sang were: "Kolyada," "O Christmas Tree", "Merry Christmas Is Coming," "Why We Keep Christmas," and "Shepherds, Tell Us." Donald Branch sang a solo, "The First Christmas." Then the group sang the following songs: "Christmas Lullaby," "The Angel's Message," "Merry Christmas," "Christmas Snowflakes," and "Christmas Peace." The last number on the program was "Silent Night." Mr. Hawfield made a short talk.

We hope all the people enjoyed the program very much. It was a good one.

Youth Fellowship

By Ollie Andrew Daw, 2nd Grade

Tuesday evening, December 17th, the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are members of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, went to the Cold Springs Methodist Church for the monthly Youth Fellowship meeting. The boys had a very nice time. The boys who went were: Ollie Daw, Elmer Sutherland, Donald Branch, and Charles Francis.

Christmas Program at the School

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

The first and second grades gave the Christmas program. Mr. Hines announced it.

The first thing on the program was a song entitled "O Come, All Ye Faithful," and the next was a one-act play by the first grade. The name of it was"Mother Goose Visits Santa Claus." The next thing on the program was a story by Bobby Woodruff. It was "Why the Chimes Rang."

Next was a two-act play by the second grade. The name of it was "Christmas Gold."

The next number was a reading by Cecil Clark. It was "Jest before Christmas." The first grade sang some songs.

Mr. Hawfield gave a talk about many things. Then we all sang a song for the closing part of the program. We all enjoyed this program.

New Sewing Machines

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

Recently the Training School received some new sewing machines. They were given to us by Mr. Murray D. Thornburg, Assistant State Supervisor of Trade and Industrial Education.

We thank him very much for the sewing machines, and we know that the boys will take good care of them.

Making Christmas Cakes

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

The bakery boys and Mr. Liske made the Christmas cakes for the boys and the officers. Mr. Liske put icing on the cakes and then wrote on them, "Merry Christmas." All the boys and officers liked the cakes very much and thanked Mr. Liske for making them.

Our Second Christmas Party

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Saturday night, Dec. 21st, Cottage No. 3 had some visitors who came and gave a program for the boys. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor, Rev. Mr. Pratt and his wife, and other people came. Some boys sang songs and recited poems. Rev. Mr. Pratt read the story of the birth of Jesus from the Bible. Mrs. Pratt told us a story, and the name of it was "If He Had Not Come." It was a very interesting story.

Each boy was remember with a gift and a popsicle. We surely did enjoy this Christmas party very much. The visitors treated us very nicely.

Our First Yule Party

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 3 and Mr. Hines had some visitors from the First Baptist Church. One lady played an accordion for them. The first number she played was "Silent Night." The next was "It came upon the Mid night Clear" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Another lady read a poem and it was "The Night before Christmas."

Then she played "Jingle Bells," while the boys sang. We enjoyed their coming very much.

Christmas Dinner

By Claywood Sparrow, 6th Grade

On Christmas Day all the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School had a good dinner. We had chicken, cranberry sauce, vegetables, ice cream, and cake. All the boys enjoyed this dinner, and all of the boys in the whole school were well except one. He was the only patient in the hospital.

We thank the officers and matrons who made it possible for us to have such a good dinner.

Churches Give Treats to Boys

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Some of the boys at the School were remembered by different churches of Concord. On Saturday December 21st, Rev. E. B. Hicks, pastor of the Southside Baptist Church, gave very nice treats to some of the boys who have been attending his church. We would like to express our thanks to the ones who made this possbile.

Then on Sunday afternoon the members of the First Baptist Church of Concord remembered the ones of the Young People's meeting with a very nice treat. Then we had a short program, under the direction of Mr. Hines. The first thing on the program, Bobby Woodruff gave a Christmas story entitled "Why the Chimes Rang." Then we had a trio by James Christy, Jesse Hamlin, and Bobby Joe Duncan. Woodrow Norton, J. C. Littlejohn, and Bobby Joe Duncan gave poems. John McKinney gave a story entitled "Christmas Gold." Different bofs expressed their thanks for the treats. This was a very happy time.

School Gives Christmas Treats

By Robert Jarvis, 7thGrade

On Christmas Eve the boys at the School went to the store room to get their treats, which were prepared by the ones who wanted the boys to have a nice Christmas. I know that each boy enjoyed his treat very much. Then on Saturday the boys received another treat. Christmas is always a happy time for each boy who wants to make it a happy time.

Christmas Presents for Number 7 Boys

By Claywood Sparrow, 6th Grade

On Christmas Eve some girls from Kerr Street Baptist Church came out and brought the boys of Cottage No.7 some Christmas presents. They brought a scrap book, a pair of scissors, and some glue for every boy. Christmas morning at nine o'clock we gathered around the Christmas tree to get our presents. Arthur Horne, Mr. Horne's son, gave out the presents. All the bofs enjoyed the presents very much.

The Boxing Tournament

By James Dunn, 6th Grade and Mr. Earl Walters

Jackson Training School had its first boxing tournament during the Christmas holidays. Several good boxers were discovered during the four days of leather swinging. Mr. Walters hopes to schedule some meets with other schools in the near future. Also, some of the boys may be entered in the Golden Gloves at Charlotte in February. The final out come of our tournament is as follows: 50 lb. class: Robert Driggers won on T. K. O. over Donald Branch; 60 lb class; Russell Seagle decisioned Ollie Daw; 70 lb class: Lester Ingle decisioned Billy McVicker; 80 lb. Class Bobby Joe Duncan decisioned Bobby Kerr; 90 lb. class: Ralph Drye won on T. K. O. over James Walters; 100 lb. class: Charles Autry decisioned Robert Canady;110 lb. class: James Peterson decisioned Earl Kinlaw; 120 lb. class: Ray Burns decisioned Clifton Rhodes;

130 lb. class: James Norton decisioned Alvin Fox; 140 lb. class; Jack Benfield decisioned James Phillips; and 140 lb. class Harry Matthews decisioned Donald Moose.

The Ninth Grade Christmas Party

Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

On December 18, 1946, Mrs. Baucom, the ninth grade teacher, took the boys of that grade over to town to a picture show. The boys who went were as follows: Glenn Bumgardner, Jack Benfield, Marshall Lamb, Travis Lee Shumate, Luther Hull, Garvin Thomas, Charles Moore, D. B. Jones, William Epps, Bobby King, J. W. Sorrell, Raymond Clonninger, Miley Gunter, Charles Francis, Carl Hall, Alton Stewart, and Billy Phillips.

After the show we went to Mrs. Baucom's house and had refreshments consisting of weiners, pepsi colas, fruits, and candy.

Everyone had a good time, and we thank Mrs. Baucom for taking us. We also thank Mr. Corliss, Miss Ruth Hinson, Miss Libby Baucom, and Mr. Baucom for helping with the party and taking us over there and bringing us back.

Swimming

By Jack Lambert, 6th Grade

On December 21st, we had a nice time swimming in the pool. The water was heated, and we enjoyed it. In the water some boys like to play tag, race, see who can dive the best, and see how far they can swim uder the water. After we got out of the swimming pool, we went into the gym to sign up for boxing. We all had a nice time in the swimming and are looking forward to swimming again soon.

Christmas Stories

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Recently Mrs. Baucom our librarian, has been collecting Christmas stories for the boys. Some of the teachers and matrons have been coming to the library and getting some of these stories. Some are as follows: "The Bible Story of the Birth," "The Youngest Shepherd," "The Littlest Angel," "The First Christmas Carol," "The Christmas Cuckoo," "Why the Chimes Rang," "Christmas and an Angel," "The Little Pine Tree," "Dicken's Christmas Carol," and many others.

The boys have been asking Mrs. Baucom to read some Christmas Poems. Some are as follows: "Dot Lettle Boy O'Mine," "Jest before Christmas," and "The Night before Christmas." All the boys have enjoyed these poems very much.

B. T. U. Party

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

Christmas night fifty-one boys of the Baptist Training Union gathered at Cottage No. 3 for a surprise party.

At the first of the party, some boys sang some songs. Then Edward McCall sang a solo entitled "Away in a Manger." Mr. Sofness gave out the treats, and then they served the refreshments. We all returned to our cottages.We all thank the ones who made the party possible.

Our Program in Cottage No. 14

By James Shook, 6th Grade

We had a program in our cottage, on Christmas night. The boys in it were as follows: James Shook, Ray Wooten, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin Elbert Gentry, Donald Hendrix, David Eaton, and Lawrence Owens. Some others also took part. We enjoyed the program very much, and after the program we played Bingo. We like to play Bingo very much.

On Christmas Day

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

After breakfast on Christmas day, we did what all the boys were looking forward to doing. We got our seats around the tree, and Mr. Hines started giving out presents. After we got started Mr. Godown came and took some pictures of the tree. It was very pretty with its lights, bells, tinsel, cotton, and all the presents under and on it. Each boy was well remembered by his parents and friends.

Christmas Shows

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

The boys of the Training School saw some shows during the Christmas holidays. The names of the shows were: "They Were Expendable," "What Next, Corporal Hargrove," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Son of Lassie," and Pride of the Marines." I am sure that all the boys enjoyed these pictures very much.

Football Game

By Philip Kirk, 6th Grade

Thursday, December 20, 1946, we had a football game. We played the Concord Cub Scouts. We beat them by the score of 19-7. We all had a nice game and a good time. We are glad that they came and hope that they will come again.

A Dog Show

By Julian Commander, 6th Grade

We had a dog show Friday. A policeman from Charlotte came with his dogs. Their names were Lady, Lassie, Susie, and Elmer. The name of the dog show was "Traffic Rules."

At the beginning of the show, we all stood, and the policeman led us in saluting the flag while a recording of the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played.

The dogs were interesting, intelligent, and good in their tricks. Elmer was the stubborn dog, but Lady and Lassie were tricky dogs. Susie was a dancer. The policeman gave a talk about the traffic laws. Lassie and Lady did some tricks.

We all appreciated his coming and hope he will come again soon.

———:———

Consciousness of right-doing brings its own reward; but not amid the smoke of battle is merit seen and appreciated by lookers-on.

JOSIAH W. BAILEY

(The Charlotte Observer)

In the long list of distinguished men who have represented North Carolina in the United States Senate, JOSIAH W. BAILEY will almost certainly rank near the top.

This state has been singularly fortunate in its senators, for, with one or two regrettable exceptions, the people have chosen men of extraordinary ability to represent them in the upper chamber of the national legislature.

One of the tests of greatness, we believe, is not so much an inventory of actual, tangible accomplishments as the courage to maintain one's convictions when it is unpopular to do so in the face of determined opposition.

Senator BAILEY met that test, for he was one of the first to perceive the dangers of the economic quackery that swept the country in the 1930s, and, when it was tantamount almost to political suicide to oppose the national administration, he cried out against those practices that he knew were leading toward economic chaos, undermining states' rights, and concentrating too much power in too few hands that he foresaw would inevitably result in a form of tyranny alien to the American ideal.

For that he was proscribed by the administration as a reactionary, although just ten years before, when he ran for Governor of North Carolina, he was defeated because his own party rejected him as a radical.

Nothing could show more clearly than Senator BAILY'S career that the terms reactionary and redical are merely relative. He accepted and supported those parts of the New Deal which he believed did not conflict with the American concept of democratic free enterprise, which he defended to his dying day, but he was uncompromising in rejecting and opposing those which he believed inimical to the system.

Those thories that tended toward a collectivist economy were anthema to him, for he understood how they could culminate in a form of state socialism Americans could not stomach. Of the law fixing cotton quotas, he said:

"If the Federal government can tell the farmer how much cotton he can gin, it can do anything under the sun, and we do not have a republic; we have a tranny."

The unending succession of unbalanced budgets and the continuation of deficit financing were correctly analyzed by Senator BAILEY as the forerunners of inflation, and he fought both with all powers at his command. He never relaxed in his contention for a balanced budget as the greatest safeguard against a collapse of the American economy.

Likewise, his devotion to American political institutions impelled him to contest the effort to weaken the Supreme Court, and, although this position also brought him a proscription from the party leaders, he courageusly faced the issue and was vindicated by his constituents.

When a popular but misguided

movement is sweeping the country, only a man of the highest courage can stand against it. There must have been times when Senator BAILEY felt that he was trying to hold back the tides with the palms of his hands, but, as the trend toward collectivism waned, he and the few faithful who had stood with him found more and more support.

And a kind Providence allowed him to live long enough to see the pendulum begin its backward swing. He would not have it swing all the way back, for that would be reaction, and he was no reactionary.

His analytical mind must have told him at the end that America was still going forward, but had reduced its reckless speed to a sensible cruising range.

———:———

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A PARENT?

Parents have report cards too! The Piedmont, Califonia High School Dads Club issued a report card which parents graded themselves, according to the Bulletin of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals. For each of the following questions to which they could answer an unequivocal "Yes" they received ten points:

1. Do you provide a quite study room for your child away from family, telephone, and radio?
2. Do you schedule a regular study time, and insist on its being kept?
3. Do you make an unsatisfactory report card (grades 3 or below) or a delinquency slip an occasion for a parent-faculty conference, at once?
4. Do you require your child to stay at home and study evening before a school day?
5. Do you see that your child gets adequate sleep? (9 hours Jr. High) (8 hours H.S.)?
6. Do you contribute to your child's school morale by avoiding criticisms of teachers and school before your child?
7. Is the home work help you give your child such that he does not become dependent upon you?
8. Do you insist that your child refrain from cigarettes and cocktails?
9. Do you refuse to permit your child to do things you do not approve, even when he tells you "everybody else does"?
10. Do you refuse to permit unchaperoned parties or "dark dances" in your home?

WHISTLING GENE

(Sunshine Magazine)

He was a funny-looking little fellow as he came whistling down the street on New Year's morning after the big snow. His nose was red and his hands were bare; his feet were in shoes several sizes too large, and his hat was held in place by a piece of paper on the inside. But he piped away like a steam engine, and carried the big snow shovel much as a soldier carries a gun.

"Shovel your walk, sir?" the boy asked of the man standing in front of his door.

"How much will you charge me?" answered the man.

"A quarter."

"The job's yours; dig in," said the man gladly.

"Just see the little rascal make the snow fly!" the man said to his wife a few minutes later. "He's a regular snowplow, and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite," said the good wife, "and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry!"

The man went to the door and call- to the little fellow, "What's your name, my boy?"

"Gene," was the answer.

"Gene who?" asked the man.

"Just Gene."

"Where do you live?"

"Six-twenty Brown Street."

"Are you hungry?" The man spoke kindly.

"Yes, but I'm too busy."

"What are you going to do with the money you earn?" The man had thought of an idea.

The boy looked up. "You see, Mister," he said "I'm going to get a new coat for my mother. She's wearing one you can see through. It ain't right."

When the boy had finished the job, and the man insisted on settling for fifty cents instead of a quarter, the boy mounted the big shovel on his shoulder again and plowed down the street whistling. And the next house was his first stop.

But when Gene returned home, he had still more to whistle about, for a large package had been brought to the door labeled "Gene's Mother," and a big basket of good things to eat came soon after, in which was tucked a note which read, "A Happy New Year to Whistling Gene and His Mother."

Modesty is the best proof of good sense, as to be wise in one's own conceit is the surest mark of folly.—Selected.

FRIGHTENING FACTS ON OUR STATE

(Morganton News Herald)

"North Carolina's number one need is Good Health."

With this slogan as a battle cry, the North Carolina Good Health Association has tackled one of the biggest problems in state history—the problem of health.

For skeptics and critics who question the claim that Good Health is North Carolina's number one need, leaders of the program are armed with frightening facts:

These facts have been gathered by state and national health experts. They say a mouthful.

For example—In number of doctors per 100,000 population, North Carolina, the 11th largest state and the 5th most rapidly growing, ranks 45th in the nation. Only three states—South Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama—have relatively fewer doctors.

North Carolina has less than one doctor for each 1,600 people. Medical experts say a minimum of three doctors for every 1,000 people is mandatory to assure even the thinnest protection against disease. The state has normally 2,300 active doctors, but 1,300 more are needed to meet the standard minimum.

There are only 144 Negro doctors in the state to serve a million Negro people. If Negro doctors are to serve Negro people, North Carolina needs 800 more of them.

In 1940, North Carolina ranked 42nd among the states in hospital beds per 1,000 population.

Reason for this is not hard to see. The modern doctor requires hospital facilities. He, therefore, establishes his practice in urban centers where adequate hospital facilities are available.

North Carolina today has 128 general hospitals. In order to bring the state average up to four beds per 1,000 population, 6,000 additional hospital beds must be had.

Thirty-four counties have no hospital beds. Thirty-one counties have less than two beds per 1,000 population.

At leaest 20 of the 34 counties without hospitals are large enough to require a 50-bed hospital and all of the others are large enough for health clinics having from 10 to 25 beds.

Negro hospital facilities are seriously inadequate. There are 1,665 general hospital beds for Negroes in the state, 2,450 more are needed to meet the recommended minimum of four beds per 1,000 people.

The result of inadequate facilities and personnel in North Carolina is graphically illustrated through poor medical care and poor health. Witness the facts:

Only 38 out of every 100 babies born in North Carolina are delivered in hospitals. In this respect, the state ranks 40th. Only 17 out of every 100 rural infants are delivered in hospitals.

Six per cent of North Carolina's white babies and 54 per cent of the Negro babies do not have a doctor attendant at birth. Here the state ranks 40th. One out of every four

rural babies have no doctor attending at birth.

Five out of every 1,000 North Carolina mothers die in childbirth. Only seven states have a poorer record. The maternal mortality rate for rural mothers in 1940 was 4.9 and for Negroes 7.6 per 1,000 births.

The number of infant deaths plus still-births is 89 out of every 1,000 births. In 1940 North Carolina had 7,404 infant deaths and stillbirths. Experts say that good medical care could have prevented a substantial percentage of these.

North Carolina has one of the highest selective service rejection rates in the nation. In 1943, the state led the nation in the percentage of registrations rejected for military service. From February through August of 1943, 49 out of every 100 white registrants and 71 out of every 100 Negro registrants were rejected.

What can the people of North Carolina do to remedy this situation? Plenty, says Dr. I. G. Greer, distinuished head of the Baptist Orphanage in Thomasville and president of the Good Health Association.

"The people of North Carolina can lick this health problem," Dr. Greer has stated, "but it won't be easy. First, the people must become 'health conscious.' They must talk good health. Second, we must back a state health plan."

Two youths were watching an invalid wheeling himself along the street in his wheel chair. He was making every effort to keep the wheels moving. Said one of the youths, "Poor fellow, I certainly pity him. He hasn't any legs, and can't walk about as we do. I feel sorry for him."

The other said nothing, but instead, went up to the crippled man and said "Good morning! It is a nice morning, isn't it? If you don't mind, I'm going your way—so I'd just as soon push you along, and have your company."

With a smile of thanks the invalid rested his tired fingers, and the youth wheeled the man home. He was surprised to find what an interesting man he was.

The first youth sulked, looking for more people for whom he might feel sorry.—Sunshine Magazine.

THE BIBLE SPEAKS TO A LAYMAN

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

You think me old, and so I am, almost as old as man's use of letters; but if you come to know me, you will learn that I am younger than tomorrow, as modern as today.

Preachers and prophets of every generation have found me an unfailing source of inspiration; but I need the help of laymen to bring things to pass.

The early Christians loved me, and encouraged everybody to become acquainted with me. Then came the dark ages, and I was confined to the cells of monks, and was permitted to speak directly only to the priests. For centuries men knew only what they told of me. But there were among them those who in a day of grave distress came to understand my message. They found in me the authority and the power to cleanse the church of abuses and corruptions that had gathered about her in my forced retirement. In all humility I may say that it was through my instrumentality that God wrought the Reformation, setting men free from bondage and fear and opening the way of liberty and life.

Even in England, where I had been taught to speak the common language by Wycliffe and Tyndale and other daring spirits, I was shut off from the common man and woman. It was enacted by parliament in 1543 that "no woman (unless she be noble or gentle woman), no artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving men, under the degree of yoemen, . . . husbandmen or laborers" should have anything to do with me. But there were those who were willing to go to prison, yes, and to the stake, that I might be ree.

Already the common folk had found in me a friend and deliverer. The wisest of the brave Reformers had come to recognize that I was their hope and stay. They saw to it that in good King James' day I should be set free and sent forth equipped to speak and to live with every man who wished to make of me his friend.

When the underprivileged and the oppressed sought freedom in America, I went with them. I gave them courage to dare, comfort in sorrow, strenght of moral principle, and the vision of Christ and his kingdom. They entered the records of their growing families in my pages. They built their homes with my aid, and founded their nation on the solid rock of my teaching.

I come to you as a tried and tested friend, powerful to rebuke tyranny in church or state, tender, wise my sympathy for the weak and afflicted, wise in the eternal truths of God. There are thousands who attribute to me an infallibility and a enerrancy which remind me of the dark era when I was regarded as too sacred for the common man to read, and too difficult for the uninstructed to understand. There are thousands who do me the false honor of worshipping me instead of the God whom I help to reveal. There are thousands who loudly proclaim their fidelty to me but who do not the things which I

advise. But so long as I am free and unfettered, so long as the wiesest and noblest of men will cultivate my friendship and permit me to speak to their hearts, I am full of hope. My day is not past, but in the future. My work is not done, but beginning. I have more friends today than ever before. I speak more than a thousand tongues, and am consulted eagerly by millions of new friends every year. Little children are taught early to love and trust me. Great leaders of the people turn to me for guidance, and proudly acknowledge my value and importance. Best of all, men are finding that truths which I have sought to share with me of every age are the truths they need to live by, that the God who sent me into the world is the God of history, the God of destiny, the God of eternity.

Recently I have gone with millions of fine young men into the battle against a cruel foe who sought to enslave the world. I have given them courage to fight and faith to die for God and country and a better world. I need your help, and you need me to make their dreams come true.

CHRISTMAS STORY

There was once a man who passed through life,
Thus begins my Christmas story;
A seeker of wealth and power was he,
Gold was his master and glory.
And down at the end of the last mile
His riches were numbered vast,
And he sought to buy with hoarded wealth
Joys that forever had passed.
He'd never known the happiness children brought,
No child had ever called him Dad;
But that is the thing that he wanted now,
The treasure that he never had.
But Death came and the grave claimed his remains,
And they put up a monument fair;
He'd died like he'd lived, a lonely old man,
Leaving no one to care.
The moral of this story
I'll put into rhyme:
Children make Christmas
A wonderful time

—Fern E. Garwood.

BLIND LOVE

(The Sunshine Magazine)

A little cloud of dust was following the unsteady course of a young man strolling down the dusty village road. He was a handsome youth, blond and fair, and except for the emblem of the "ruptured duck" that shone on the collar of his sport shirt, he showed the promise of life as brilliant as the dahlias that lined his pathway.

As he walked, his head was cocked slightly to one side, in a listening attitude. Rod Ferris found pleasure in his periodic trips to the little farm of the "Egg Lady," just a short half-quarter away. There always were supplies of fresh eggs and whatever produce happened to be in season. It was one of the few duties that had been assigned him since his release from the hospital. He reached out his hand and felt the fence rail. He had arrived at the Egg Lady's.

The bell tinkled as Rod opened the shop door. It was a comforting sound to his ears, and it was followed immediately, as usual, by the clicking of the Egg Lady's heels.

"I'd like a dozen eggs, please," he smiled.

"Yes, sir. And how about some nice vegetables? We have some lovely tomatoes today." Her voice was low and melodic, and Rod felt the urge to know her better. He always tried to prolong their conversations, but she ran the farm alone, except for the help of a younger brother, and made it very plain that she had no time for idle chatter.

"I'll have a couple of pounds of tomatoes, then," Rod replied. He found the counter, leaned forward over it. 'You know," he said, just to continue the conversation while the tomatoes were being sacked if things were different—I think—I'd like to marry you." And he laughed a little.

She laughed too, but it was like the singing of a seraph to Rod. "That's the oddest proposal I've ever heard of," she exclaimed.

"Oh," he said lamely, "it wasn't a proposal, exactly. I can't marry anyone, ever." Then he added sorrowfully, "You see, I'm blind."

"Well, of all things!" she exclaimed tartly. 'And I suppose you're feeling mighty sorry for yourself." The tone of her voice riled him.

"You must be a redhead, to have such a mean temper," he snapped.

"Well, if it's of any interest to you, I am," she retorted curtly.

Rod was instantly regretful of his fresh remark. Even if he could never be a burden to any woman by marrying her, he wanted the Egg Lady to think well of him. If he could have married, it seemed to him he certainly would have chosen her. "I was blinded by a hand grenade, blew fragments into my eyes," he explained.

"How long ago was that?" She sounded genuinely interested.

"Just about three years ago. At first the doctors thought there might be some hope, but after they removed all the fragments, they decided there wasn't."

"Well, now that you know their verdict, what do you plan to do with your life—other than remain a bachelor?"

she demanded.

Ever since his release from the hospital, Rod had felt he had ceased to be either a disabled soldier or a useful citizen. He sighed. "I guess there isn't very much a blind man can do," he said moodily.

"If you were married to me, I'd soon snap you out of that slump." She spoke firmly and confidently.

"You don't mean you really—would marry—a blind man?"

If he asked me properly—maybe—I would.

Rod reached clumsily for her hand. He found it. "Egg Lady," he said, a quiver in his voice, "will you do me the honor—" But Rod did not finish.

"The name," she said, and there was a trace of hidden laughter in her voice, "is Marianne. And I'd be delighted—that is, if you help me with the farm."

"It would be my greatest joy!" Rod stammered. Then a shadow came over him. "But you'd have to show me how have patience with me," he said slowly. "I'd be mighty clumsy at first. I'd be lost. I'd have to figure out some way of finding my way around."

The merriment in Marianne's voice was more pronounced now. "You won't have to worry about that, Rod. There's ropes to the barn, and rails marking every row of vegetables."

"Ropes?" Rod was puzzled. "What for?"

Her laugh exploded. "How do you think I'd find my way around otherwise? I've been blind since I was five years old."

They didn't need eyes to find each other's arms. Love, which is always blind, found a way.

———:———

DEFINITION OF A FRIEND

A man who can laugh at his troubles
Or smile in the midst of woe
Is the man I would take into friendship
To cherish wherever I go.
A man who will laugh if he's cornered,
Or go down with his ship and smile
He is the man I am seeking
For his is a friendship worthwhile
A man who is truthful and gay
And can laugh when all goes wrong
He is the man whose friendship I'd value
For it would be lasting and long.

—Selected.

FORGOTTEN FACT

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

One fact that should be remembered in this year of decision for the schools and teachers of North Carolina has been conveniently forgotten by the irbiters of the fate of the schools. In the decade before the war North Carolina had the greatest per capita debt of any state in the Union, totaling over $150 million. The Wall Street bankers to whom this money was owed were beginning to doubt the state's ability to pay.

To rescue the state's credit and start paying off this debt borrowed when money was cheap and inflated, the teachers wage (ironically called salaries) were slashed in 1933 and these high value depression dollars thus saved were funneled into Wall Street.

A teacher spent from $2,000 to $5,000 in college preparation to become a menial of the state for a sop of $70 a month for eight months. The majority of the state employes were spared this sacrifice. Teachers were the chosen sacrificial goats.

Now the state has redeemed its bonds. The state is not only debt free today but has an accumulated surplus in the general fund alone of $52,000,000 which keeps increasing at the rate of a million dollars a month and yet the bureacrates who shed tears for the Wall Street bankers during the 30's, today when the state is able and prosperous, refuse to budge for more than 20 per cent of the sop already given.

The atomic age has burst upon us. The schools which are to prepare the children of today to live in, and maybe survive through it, are being supported as though we had just entered the horse and buggy era and the height of ambition was to own a fringe topped surrey! We have been told Russia is spending 8 per cent of her national income on the education of her children. America spends 2 per cent. If we fail to live at peace with Russia, we shall win or lose in the classrooms of America. The German schoolmasters have beaten the French in three wars—in the opinion of the greatest of all Frenchmen, Louis Pasteur.—John W. Wood, Winston-Salem, N. C. from the Charlotte Observer Open Forum, Nov. 28.

———:———

Great joy, especially after a sudden change of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue.

—Fielding.

THREE PAIRS OF HANDS

The Commission

Always when at leisure, I like to sit in a chair and look at my hands and attentively. They are small hands. The skin appears a little dry and the surface is rather thin. They are not as smooth and as white as a young lady's hands should be.

When I am gazing and meditating I think of what mother told me about grandmother's hands, "You know that our house in the village was very large. We were considered the richest family there. There were a hundred servants in the house, including maids, men servants, cooks gardeners, carpenters, and masons. A matron like your grandmother should stay in her room and be served. It was not even necessary for her to pour a cup of tea. It was said that she always hid her hands in her sleeves, and even in summer the servants could seldom see them. When I married your father she was already forty-two, but her hands looked like those of a young girl of sixteen. They were as white as snow and the palms were more delicate than one could possibly imagine."

I watched my mother's hands while she was talking and I would have said they were the best if I had not heard her description of my grandmother's They are soft and tender. One feels comfortable in touching them. Since her father was a rich officer and her husband also could support her comfortably, mother has also had an easy life. She has never touched a kettle nor washed a towel. But unlike my grandmother she has had to go out and see the world. She has had to meet my father's friends and she has to take care of her children. Her hands have received the blowing of the wind and the beat of the sun. I believe what she tells me, "My hands are not half as beautiful as your grandmother's.

I am only twenty-five years younger than mother, but day again are different. Looking at my hand I recall my childhood days. Father and mother loved me very much. My responsibility was to study hard and be a good girl. Food, clothing, shelter and everything were provided for me. I had only to stretch out my hands and receive. Sometimes when I was not satisfied with the work which the servants did for me, I blamed them with irritation, "Why are you so silly? You have two hands and cannot do simple work well!" I did not dream that day were cominig when I should taste the work of a servant.

When the war came, the standard of living became higher. Educated people were no more honored as before, and they began to feel the inadequacy of the income. Our family was no exception. Father was sighing at his honesty which rendered him poor, and mother was worrying about her hands which could not touch any hard work. Servants were reduced one by one. I learned to sew, to clean, to cook, and to wash. At first I rebelled, but I became used to it. Now when my mind decides to do something, my hands are always the best approver.

Now my hands are no longer beautiful as my mother's and are incom-

parable to my grandmother's. But I know that their days have passed and I am content that my hands are not helpless as theirs. Those who are incapable of using their hands are as pitiable as those who are incapable of using their minds. When God created men with hands he wished us to use them. I am thankful to my two little thin hands which can guard me through the hardships and struggles of life, and in my heart I am proud of them really.

———:———

THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

Out of the East-land the wise men came,
Came at the call of the star,
Came at the call of their own sad hearts,
Leaving their country afar.

Over the desert the wise men came,
Came with their treasures of gold,
Came to Jerusalem, home of the king,
At his feet gifts to unfold.

"Not here, not here," the bright star said.
"Not here," the Herod replies.
"In Bethlehem you will find the King,
Thus saith the lawyers wise."

Into His present the tired men came,
Low at His feet they bowed,
Over their heads the bright star gleamed,
Round them the cattle lowed.

Over their spirits a deep peace came,
Into their tired hearts rest,
Peaceful the journey as homeward they went
Glad for the end of their quest.

Thus tonight, o'er the desert of sin,
May many come in from afar,
And find at the feet of Christ their rest
And peace 'neath His glittering star.

—Rev. C. M. Campbell.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.
—Persian Proverb.

—:—

If you are but content you have enough to live upon with comfort.
—Plautus.

—:—

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.
—Syrus.

—:—

The more one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—Lavater.

—:—

See that your character is right, and in the long run your reputation will be right.—Bulwer.

—:—

He that is conscious of crime, however bold by nature, becomes a coward.—Menander.

—:—

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would draw his hat over his eyes.—Gray.

—:—

Society is built upon trust, and trust upon confidence in one another's integrity.—South.

—:—

I consider it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country.—A. B. Alcott.

—:—

Our deeds are the seeds of fate, sown here on earth, but bringing forth their harvest in eternity.—Boardman.

—:—

The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions.
—James A. Garfield.

The religion of Christ has made a republic like ours possible; and the more we have of this religion the better the republic will be.—H. M. Field.

—:—

If he could only see how small a vacancy his death would leave, the conceited man would think less of the place he occupies in his life-time.
—Legouve.

—:—

With Christianity came a new civilization, and a new order of ideas. Tastes were cultivated, manners refined, views broadened, and natures spiritualized.—Azarias.

—:—

The crown of all faculties is common sense. It is not enough to do the right thing, it must be done at the right time and place. Talent knows what to do; tact knows when and how to do it.—W. Matthews.

—:—

"Knowledge, without some degree of common sense," says Lee, "is folly; without method, it is waste; without kindness, it is fanaticism; without religion, it is death." But with common sense, it is wisdom; with method, it is power; with charity, it is beneficence; with religion, it is virtue, and life, and peace.—Farrar.

—:—

That beauty is but skin deep is only a half truth. Truly it were better to say that beauty starts from within, and from this source lie all the potentialities of health and beauty of mind and body. The external world reflects the mentality of the observer. Look at it with jaundiced eyes, and it gives back the yellow tinge of misery; smile at it with clear vision, and it invites you into its rose gardens and sunshine.—F. A. Hornibrook.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

AFTER THAT CHRISTMAS DINNER

He sits alone in the darkened room,
Alone in the fading light.
Why is his brow so heavy with gloom,
And his cheeks so deathly white?
But though his heart is sick with care,
His courage never blenches;
His eyes are fixed in a glassy stare—
What is it his firm hand clenches?

"A little courage," he murmurs. "Yes,
A little and all is won;
A choking gurgle more or less,
A gasp—and the deed is done!"
Without a shudder, or eyelid wink—
Ah! It makes the heart recoil—
That hero true did calmly drink
A glass of castor oil!

—:—

Often a movie hero is one who sits through it.

—:—

Too many square meals make people too round.

—:—

A man picks a wife about the same way an apple picks a farmer.

—:—

A lot more people would try to do right if they thought it was wrong.

—:—

To be content with one's lot should not be difficult for anyone—if one really has a lot.

—:—

We like the man who comes right out and says what he thinks—when he agrees with us.

—:—

One good thing about a one-way street is that you can get bumped only in the rear.

—:—

Now that we are eating the new dark bread it is difficult to determine just when to stop scraping the burned

It will not take long to make you hard-boiled after you've been in hot water a few times.

—:—

Between changing her mind and making up her face, a woman is kept pretty busy these days.

—:—

Vacuum cleaners and carpet sweepers are all right, but some women get more dirt over the telephone.

—:—

It is our opinion that people who are always getting their toes stepped on certainly must have big feet.

—:—

Thinking is said to be the hardest work there is, which is probably the reason why so little of it is done.

—:—

Instead of trying to find so many new things maybe we'd all be better off if we tried to better understand some of the old ones.

—:—

It's not the number of hours a man puts in as he goes about his daily task, but what really counts is what he puts into the hours.

—:—

A poet sent an editor a contribution entitled "Why Do I Live?" The editor replied, "Because you sent your contribution by mail instead of bringing it."

—:—

Racterinchactzopenbedsaque is the verb meaning "to love" in the language of a certan Eskimo tribe. This probably accounts for the long nights in the Arctic region.

—:—

Men are queer animals. They have always known that one horse can run faster than another, and yet they will squander millions of dollars to see this simple fact demonstrated over and over.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 8,1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Marion Ray

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Ernest Johnston
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Sammy Lynn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Glenn Bumgardner
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
James Norton
Roy Swink
Robert Thompson
James Wiggington

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Charles Cain
James Cauthen
Danny Hayes
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
Glenn Rice
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Harold Wilkinson
Howell Willis
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Clyde Hill
Robert Evans
Lester Ingle
Melvin Ledford
Glenn Mathison
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Claywood Sparrow
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
George Ammens
Arther Ballew
R. L. Crawford
Charles Francis

Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Clifford Milion
J. C. Mikeal
Silas Orr
Donald Stultz
Robert Trout
Garvin Thomas
Kenneth Wells

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Joe Currie
Leslie Gautier
Edward Morgan
Bennie Riggins
Raymond Clonninger

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Floyd Canady
Leroy Cowan
Ralph Drye
Jesse Peavey
Charles Shearin

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Howard Herman
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Carlyle Brown
Ralph Cranford
Perry Martin
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Thomas Davis

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 5, 1947

Jan. 5—Bobby Shepherd, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
Jan. 5—Richard Messick, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.
Jan. 7—Ralph Gassaway, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
Jan. 7—Harvey Odene Chapman, Cottage No. 4, 13th birthday.
Jan. 10—William Epps, Cottage No. 16, 17th birthday.
Jan. 11—Robert Trout, Cottage No. 10, 17th birthday.
Jan. 11—James Moore, Cottage, No. 16, 15th birthday.
Jan. 11—Eugene McLean, Cottage 6, 12th birthday.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 11, 1947 No. 2

Carolina

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MAKE THE JOURNEY PLEASANT

In traveling along this life's road,
Each has his share of pain,
His ups and downs, downs and ups;
Some sunshine and some rain.

We may be the best of pals,
Each mile life's journey through,
Or perchance just strangers,
Men that each other never knew.

But if fate should rule it so,
That we journey side by side,
Let's be more pleasant travelers,
For life is so short a ride.

—Fern E. Garwood.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
CHRISTMAS GREETINGGS RECEIVED		11
BIRTH OF SCOUTING	(The Yellow Jacket)	13
DANGER SIGNALS IN LIFE	By H. P. Blanchard	15
WILD MERRIMENT	(Frontiers)	17
NEED FOR UNITY	(Catawba News-Enterprise)	19
HOPE	By Conley LaForce	21
A TEACHER'S CREED	By Josephine MacDonald	22
TALENTS	(The Young Citizen)	23
NEEDED: A RETURN TO HARD WORK AND COMMON SENSE	(News-Herald)	24
THE WORLD'S SILENT MEN	(Kannapolis Independent)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE NEVER-OLD

They who can smile when others hate,
Nor bind the heart with frosts of fate,
Their feet will go with laughter bold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can let the spirit shine
And keep the heart a lighted shrine,
Their feet will glide with fire-of-gold
The bright roads of the Never-Old.

They who can put self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
To glad roads of the Never-Old.

—Edwin Markham.

———:———

INSPIRATION FROM MARTIN NEIMULLER

Pastor Martin Neimuller is remembered in America as the outstanding minister in Germany who, before and during the recent World War, stood in defiance of Adolf Hitler and all those who were his evil comrades. Neimuller is now on a speaking tour here in America, and he is being cordially received and heard with rapt attention by vast throngs wherever he goes. Recently, he appeared at Davidson College and at Charlotte, N. C.

To those who had the golden opportunity to hear him speak, he seems to come as one of God's great prophets of this day and generation. For more than eight years he spent a miserable life in concentration camps in Germany, enduring much misery and great torture, but throughout all these experiences he was firm and steadfast in his faith in the Bible and in the teachings of Jesus. Had it

not been for his unflagging faith, no doubt he would have been overcome by the many terrible ordeals through which he passed. However, he remained firm to the end, and today in his heart he has a priceless possession in the fact that his conscience is clear; it is a possession which could not have been purchased with gold and silver, but only by blood and sacrifice.

When Mr. Neimuller makes his appearance he does it in the spirit of humility and with great sincerity. It seems that one is able to find in the very expression of his face the assurance that here is a man who is without fears and without doubts, one who is radiant in his personality with confidence and poise. As one looks into his face and hears him speak, the reaction is that here is a man whose life has been blessed with a great spiritual benediction, one who suffered persecution at the hands of the wicked leaders of Germany who sought to eliminate his influence from among the German people. In his appearance there is nothing of the bizarre. He makes a simple straight-forward talk.

Pastor Neimuller, in his discussions, makes it clear that Hitler feared the power and the influence of the church among the German people. As long as there was a strong church preaching against the murdering of innocent people, not only in Germany but in the surrounding countries, and spreading false propaganda, Hitler and his cohorts were not free to carry on their ruthless program. During the war period, the ministers of the churches were taken from their pulpits and exiled to foreign countries or placed in concentration camps. If others came to take their places they were treated likewise. The dominant purpose was to intimidate and cripple the influence of the church. Mr. Neimuller explains, however, that instead of the church being crippled by these actions, it in fact, became more active and more united. Thus, instead of Hitler accomplishing his evil purpose, the church was vitalized and strengthened not only for the German people but for the world.

Mr. Neimuller explains that even though he was confined in concentration camps, he had many Christian experiences for himself and many opportunities for rendering service to others. He explained that, fortunately, he was permitted to keep his own Bible, which he read constantly and passed on to those with whom he came

in contact. In the concentration camps he found many other fellow travelers who endured the same persecution as was inflicted upon him. Many of these were just as courageous and just as faithful as he was.

Finally, Mr. Neimuller seems to try to emphasize the fact that today there is one Christian church, or one brotherhood of man. Instead of being a partisan Lutheran, somewhat intolerant of other denominations and other religious sects, he now explains that he is a co-worker with all other Christian people in the world, be they Roman, Jew, or any other sect. He places great emphasis on the fact that during his many trying experiences he always had the assurance that there were many Christian people all over the world who were remembering him in their prayers and to him this was a great inspiration.

It is indeed fortunate that we have the opportunity here in America of hearing this great religious leader.

* * * * * * * *

FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL BOYS JOIN THE CHURCH

We are happy to announce that fourteen of our boys joined the First Baptist Church in Concord on Sunday, January 5th. These boys had indicated their interest in becoming church members several weeks ago, and the matter was given careful consideration. Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the church, met with these boys several times and discussed the responsibilities of church membership.

In giving these boys an opportunity to join the church, it is felt that the school is performing a valuable service to them. It is hoped that through the experiences of the baptism service and joining the church, their lives will be blessed with this fine religious ceremony. It is hoped that it will, in reality, enrichen life for them and help them to be stronger in the face of temptations. It is realized that these boys, in becoming church members, are only making a beginning in the Christian life, but every person, after all, has to take this important step. If the boys will properly use this experience, they can become better and better through the years ahead. Then, when they are permitted to return to their homes,

they, no doubt, can be a help and an inspiration to those about them. It is planned for these boys either to take their church letters with them when they go home, or else have them sent by mail.

All the boys in this group seemed to enter into the ceremony with a prayerful attitude and in great reverence. Each boy behaved himself so that he was a credit to himself and to the school.

The names of the boys are as follows:

J. D. Gupton
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Jack Jarvis
Herman Kirby
Philip Kirk
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
James Peterson
William Phillips
Ralph Seagle
Willie Stamey
George Swink
Ben Wilson

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 12, 1947

Jan. 12—Kenneth Wells, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
Jan. 12—Carl Wm. Holt, Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.
Jan. 13—Howard Herman, Cottage No. 15, 14th birthday.
Jan. 15—Wayne Eldridge, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
Jan. 16—Keith Yandle, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
Jan. 18—Thomas Corley, Cottage No. 14, 17th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Under Two Flags

By Sammie Lynn, 7th Grade

One show that we saw that I especially liked was "Under Two Flags." It was about the French Foreign Legion fighting the Arabs. I think it helped some of the boys in their geography. It showed the places where the Arabs lived, how they traded, and how they camped. There was a girl in the story who loved a boy so much that she died for him. She found help when he was in danger. She was shot by one of the enemy while riding in battle.

A Special Picture Show

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The show Monday night was a special one. It was entitled "Bud Abbott and Lou Costello in Hollywood." They were always getting into trouble. They were barbers in the barber shop for movie stars. As the picture ended, they were millionaires.

All the boys enjoyed this show very much, and they are looking forward to seeing more like it. We want to thank those who made it possible for us to see it.

Promotion Day at the School

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

January 1, 1947 was a happy time for many of the boys at the School. I am going to list how many of them were promoted, as follows: to the second grade, 8 boys; to the third grade, 13 boys; to the fourth grade, 14 boys; to the fifth grade, 14 boys; to the sixth grade, 13 boys; to the seventh grade, 8 boys. We all hope that these boys will do well in these new grades.

New Boys

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

Recently the School has received twelve new boys. They have started to school now, having started on January 1st, New Year's Day. Their names, grades in which they were placed, and home towns are as follows: William Guffey and Edward Guffey, second grade, Elkin; Billy Brown, third grade, Charlotte; Billy Carswell, third grade, Morganton; John Myers, sixth grade, Hertford; Bobby Poplin, seventh grade, Albermarle; Fred Whitley, seventh grade, Salisbury; Robert Ellers, seventh grade, Wilmington; Wayland Gardned, seventh grade, Angier; Charles Smith, seventh grade, Kannapolis; Carl Rice, ninth grade, Charlotte; and Russell Murphy, ninth grade, Wallace.

We hope that these boys make good records while they are at the School.

What I Do at the Training School

By Bobby Poplin, 7th Grade

I get up in the morning and wash for breakfast. After a while I eat breakfast, and when I get done I put on my shoes and coat and wait until time to go out to our flag pole and say our pledge. Then when the school boys are called, we march to school.

Some of the boys do not go to school in the morning. If they don't go to school in the morning, they go to work. I go to school in the morning and work in the afternoon. We go to supper about 5 o'clock, and after supper we sit in the sitting room for a while. Afterwards we get ready for bed. We say our prayer and go to bed and go to sleep.

Why I Like J. T. S.

By Waylon Gardner, 7th Grade

One reason why I like the Training School is that we had a good Christmas. We went to the show, and we had fruit. We go to school. We also go to church on Sunday. We have, at the Training School, men who are here to help us to become good boys when we go home. We have good food and a good place to sleep. We have a gymnasium in which to box and a swimming pool in which to swim. We have a good teacher to teach us in school.

Radio Program

By Clyde Wright, 7th Grade

Tuesday morning at 11:45, the boys of Jackson TTraining School gave a program.

The first thing on the program was a song entitled "I Would Be Like Jesus." Then John McKinney told a story entitled "The Little Match Girl."

Mr. Hawfield, the superintendent of the school, made a brief talk.

The last part of the program was a song entitled "Jesus Saves."

The boys of the school appreciate the privilege of going to the radio station every Tuesday morning.

The New 11th Grade Books

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

We have just received some new books for the 11th grade. We were glad to see the books come. Now we can study hard so we will be ready for the 12th in a few months.

The names of some of the new books are "English in Action," "Man's Advancing Civilization," and "Voices of America."We are starting on the new books now. The new books are very interesting, and I am sure that we will enjoy them very much.

A Special Treat

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Wednesday afternoon January 2nd, the boys received another treat. It consisted of four apples and eight oranges. The boys all enjoyed getting these treats. All the boys are thankful to God for so many good things, and we want to thank everyone who made it possible for us to get this and all the other treats we received during the Christmas season.

Why I Like the Training School

By Fred Whitley, 7th Grade

I like Jackson Training School because I can learn a trade and because I can learn things in school like reading and writing. I get good food to eat, and I get to know a lot of boys about my size. I get to play games after supper in a nice room, and I get to engage in all kinds of sports like

football, basketball, and baseball. It is not a place to punish boys, but it is a place to make boys grow up to be fine men. There are other things I like about Jackson Training School but I can't put them into words.

My First Two Weeks at the Training School

By Bobby Ellers 7th Grade

When I first came here I did not think I would like the School, but I find myself liking it. I hated to come to a new place where there were strange people, but I soon met the boys and liked them. I got a little homesick, but outside of that I was fine. I was really surprised that they treated me so well. The Training School is a fine place. They have a very large swimming pool and a good gymnasium. It really isn't punishment to be sent to this place.

Letter-Writing Time

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The boys were permitted to write home again last Monday. They had a lot to tell their parents and friends. The boys get to write twice a month now. They enjoy this privilege and want to show their thanks by improving in writing their letters.

Why I Like the Training School

By Charles Smith, 7th Grade

I like the Training School very much for it will help me in future life. We should work and study hard for it is good for us. We get good food, plenty of fresh air, and sleep. The School will teach us a trade so when we get out of the School we can make an honest living. Some people have the wrong idea about a training school. If we come here with a mind to do better, we will find that every cottage officer and school teacher is eager to help us. I came with a mind to help myself as others are helping me. I like the Training School very much.

An Interesting Letter

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

Recently we received a letter from one of the boys who used to be here at the School. He wrote and told how well he has been getting along since he left the School. His letter addressed to the principal of the School read as follows:

Dear Mr. Hines:-- I suppose that you are very much surprised to hear from me after such a long time of no communication. Truthfully, I have been so busy latlely that I have hardly had time to turn around.

I have six subjects this year, not to mention quite a few clubs and organizations of various kinds. I have been elected president of the Senior Class (I am graduating from high school in three years,) editor-in-chief of our school paper, and historian of the Beta Club, not to mention many more things that take up most of my time.

Tell everyone "hello" for me, especially the boys who were there when I was. By the way, if you will allow some of the boys to write a few letters to me, I will be glad to take time to answer all of them. I would like to hear from some of my old friends from down there.

I would like to come down, and pos-

sibly I will when I get a chance. Is anything new going on around there? I would like to know a little about the place now, as I surely do miss it very much.

I have been writing to, and seeing, quite a few of the boys whom I knew up there. I just finished writing a letter to one of the old boys.

We all enjoyed hearing from the writer of this letter, for it shows us boys what a wonderful opportunity we have here at the School to prepare for higher learning.

———:———

AMERICAN INGENUITY

Major Joseph Hunter Reinburg, who commanded a Marine fighting squadron at Peleliu in the Palaus, liked ice cream—so did his men. But there was none to be had on that hot island, so, the major decided to do something about it.

Through the center of an empty ammunition can he ran a small pliable rod which he bent in the middle to make a churn. On one end of the rod, projecting from the end of the can, he affixed a small hand-made propeller blade.

Proper proportions of powdered ice cream mix, powdered milk and vanilla flavoring were poured into the "freezer," which was then attached to the bomb-rack of the major's Corsair. In the late afternoon, Major Reinburg went on his usual combat air patrol. As he skimmed over the blue Pacific, the blade of the "freezer" spun, churning the mixture within. Just before returning to the base, the major went up to 30,000 feet, where the temperature was 40 degrees below zero.

When Reinburg landed his Corsair, his improvised "freezer" contained two and one-half gallons of ice cream—thick and rich, and frozen as hard as a brick. From then on, ice cream was part of the daily bill of fare on Peleliu.—Our Paper.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS RECEIVED

Quite a number of former staff members sent Christmas greetings during the past holiday season. Those sending cards were as follows:

C. B. Barber, Concord.
Mrs. Hattie Brown, Boone.
Charles E. Boger, Concord.
Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, Albemarle.
Miss Lillian Baird, Walnut Cove.
Joe N. Bass, Wingate.
F. S. Clark, Camden, S. C.
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carriker, Charleston, S. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carriker, Concord.
Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Crider, Wilmington.
Miss Vertie Downs, Kannapolis.
Mrs. Geneva Dillard, Crescent City, Florida.
Mrs. Hazel Dotson, Boone.
Mrs. Sadie Dutton, Rockingham.
Miss Vernie Goodman, White Rock, South Carolina.
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hudson, Rockingham.
J. G. Hollingsworth, Winston-Salem.
Mrs. Maude Harris, Harrisburg.
W. W. Johnson, Concord.
Miss Mary P. Latimer, Beaufort, S. C.
Mrs. Bettie Lee, Kannapolis.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Liner, Harrisburg.
Miss Mary F. Redwine, Charlotte.
Horace Ritchie, Concord.
Miss Myrtle Thomas, DeLand, Florida.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thomas, Wadesboro.
Earl Taylor, Baltimore, Maryland.
T. H. Talbert, Concord.
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wyatt, Konnarock, Virginia.
Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Wood, Raleigh.
Mrs. Martha Webb, Charlotte.
Richard Webb, Vista, California.

Many of our former students, some of whom have been away from the School for many years, remembered old friends among the staff members by sending Christmas cards. Greetings were receivel from the following:

Charles Allen, E. M. I., Salemburg.
John Allen, E. M. I., Salemburg.
William Arrington, Hazelwood.
Howard Atkins, Chadbourne.
George A. Bristow, Winston-Salem
Clyde A. Bristow, Winston-Salem.
James L. Brewer, Conover.
Charles Brown, Greenville.
Raymond Byrd, USN, Shanghai, China.
Theodore Bowles, Graham.
William Beard, Chester, Penna.
Donald Bowden, Henderson.
Ernest Bullard, Winston-Salem.
Homer Bass, USA, Camp Stoneman, California.
John T. Capps, Wilmington.
Maynard Chester, Morganton.
Thomas Childers, Morganton..
Hugh Cornwell, Lincolnton.
James Cantrell, Bessemer City.
Kenneth Chambers, Statesville.
Ollie Davis, Florence, S. C.
James Eller, Charlotte.

Sterling Farrow, Wilmington.
William E. Flowe, USA, Fort Knox, Kentucky.
Ramsey J. Glasgow, USA, Selma, Ala.
Earl Green, Boone.
J. B. Grooms, Shelby.
J. Carl Henry, Lincoln Park, Mich.
John Holmes, Washington, D. C.
C. Keith Hunt, Norfolk, Virginia.
Connie Hill, Leaksville.
Norman Hentschell, Asheville.
O. Milton Hunt, Jr., Cucuta, Colombia, South America.
Thomas Hyder, Hendersonville.
Brown Harris, Ridley Park, Penna.
Paul Harris, Ridley Park, Penna.
Nick Nicholson, Roanoke Rapids.
James Jones, Durham.
Gerald Johnson, Charlotte.
Roy Jones, USA, Sitka, Alaska.
Clyde A. Kivett, High Point.
Robert D. Lawrence, Asheville.
Jay Lambert, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robert Lee, Mebane.
James Little, Lincolnton.
Robert Long, Winston-Salem.
Reeves Lusk, Zebulon.
Samuel Linebarier, USA, Fort Belvoir, Virginia.
Harvey Leonard, Greensboro.
J. Lee McBride, Alexandria, Va.
Donald M. McFee, Salisbury.
William G. Miller, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dwight Murphy, Unaka.
Richard M. Mishoe, USA, Aberdeen, Maryland.
Horace N. McCall, Chicago, Illinois.
Robert McDuffie, Lumberton.
Rufus Massingill, Fayetteville.
Rodney Mintz, Wilmington.
Rev. Jack Ward Page, Elizabeth City.
William B. Peeden, Raleigh.
William A. Poteat, USA, Scott Field, Illinois.
Hayes Powell, Elkin.
Zeb Presson, Albemarle.
Hubert Pritchard, Morganton.
Edgar L. Rochester, Charlotte.
J. C. Rhodes, Richfield.
Burton Routh, Randleman.
Alvin Y. Shinn, Asheboro.
Donald Stack, Salisbury.
Kenneth Staley, Winston-Salem.
William Speaks, Winston-Salem.
Jack Sparks, Houston, Texas.
Ernest Turner, Wadesboro.
Vernest Turner, Wadesboro.
Elmer Talbert, Albemarle.
Theodore Wallace, Fayetteville.
J. C. Watkins, Durham.
Thomas Wansley, Salisbury.
William R. Young, Wake Forest.
Gilbert W. Wise, Canton.
L. P. Whitley, USN, Norfolk, Va.
David L. York, Lumberton.

———:———

Disagreement is refreshing when two men lovingly desire to compare their views to find out truth. Controversy is wretched when it is only an attempt to prove another wrong. Religious controversy does only harm. It destroys humble inquiry after truth, and throws all the energies into an attempt to prove ourselves right —a spirit in which no man gets at truth.—F. W. Robertson.

BIRTH OF SCOUTING

(The Yellow Jacket)

From the earliest days, it has been recognized that the best leadership to accomplish the aims of Scouting was that given voluntarily by men (and women in clubbing) who see in Scouting a real opportunity to help boys. Therefore, leadership positions directly related to boys are strong, capable leaders who volunteer their services, and have enthusiasm for the principles and activities which constitutes the program of Scouting. Such persons find in Scouting a fascinating and constructive hobby. Mere willingness to step in as leaders is not in itself sufficient. Any capable volunteer recognizes that he needs help and avails himself of the opportunities for training. He also recognizes the importance of the uniform and his own wearing of it. It helps to establish him as a leader of future men in the community, and it contributes to the spirit and morale o his Scouts.

The Scout Movement has a program of activities in which the Achievement is definitely recognized. These activities, for the most part, provide ways to practice the ideals of Scouting and the obligations of the boys as stated in the Cub Promise and Scout Oath. In Cubbing the activities are centered about the home, the den and the pack. In the home, parents work with their boys on a program of achievement, instruction and advancement from one Cub rank to the next, in order to insure that the boy does his best. Parents certify that their own boy has met his advancement requirements. The den is made up of small neighborhood group of boys and meets once a week iin the afternoon with the Den Chief. A Scout from a nearby troop as the boy leader, and a den mother who is the mother of one of the Cubs, to supervise the activities, consisting of games, tricks, puzzeles, service or handicraft projects and preparation for stunts to be put on at the next Pack meeting.

The Pack meeting of parents, Cubs, Den Chiefs, other Pack officers, and friends, is held once a month. At this meeting Cubs exhibit their work and receive recognition for their achievement, put on stunts and play games. Part of the meeting is devoted to special training for parents in preparation for the next month's Pack and Den Programs. In Scouting a boy participates with his patrol and Troop in hiking and camping.

The very word "Scouting" with the tang of the out-of-doors suggests activities of hiking and camping. The term, "Scouting", as explained by Baden-Powell, the founder, means the work and attributes of the backwoodsmen, explorers and frontiersmen. The Scout is taught to live, on his own and care for his own needs and those of others. Requirements for the first class rank were developed with the idea that a boy who proves himself to that extent might reasonably be considered as grounded in the qualities which go to make a good citizen.

The purpose of the several senior programs is to instill in young men a code in ethics for their use in life. Activities of the Senior Scouting Program are developed around the boy's special interest in a particular phase

of the Senior Scouting Program. Senior Scouting in the Troop in the largest phase of the program for Senior Scouts . It helps to develop in the older Scouts the qualities of Leadership, Self-reliance and Good Citizenship. It gives the Scoutmaster the benefit of the services of older Scouts to improve the Troop's program, and make his own job more effective. Sea Scouting is a Program carrying on the ideals of Scouting as expressed in the Scout Oath and Law built around the lore and tradition of the Sea and water activities.

Explorer Scouting is a program that ofers an opportunity for the Senior Scout to participate in a program which, while closely akin to the Boy Scout Program in activities, such as camping, expeditions and service, still offers an opportunity for the young man to explore almost any phase of activity in which he may be interested.

The Explorer Program emphasizes the traditions and the skill o the pioneer and explor. The air Scout Program is the newest of the Senior Scout Programs, and has grown rapidly. Air Scouts have the opportunity to learn essentials of aviation without actually flying. The program enables a Scout to school himself in aerodynamics, airplane engines, instruments, navigation and other elements of flight as well as the social, citizenship and character values of Scouting. Air Scouting and all other branches of Senior Scouting are open to all young men over fifteen years of age, whether they have been Scouts or not.

Scouting gives boys an opportunity to serve their community. Its activities prepare Scouts to save lives in case of emergencies brought on by tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, fires, disasters, and accidents. A Scout also learns to take care of himself.

Conscience is justice's best minister. It threatens, promises, rewards and punishes, and keeps all under its control. The busy must attend to its remonstrances; the most powerful submit to its reproof; and the angry endure its upraidings. While conscience is our friend, all is peace; but if once offended, farewell to the tranquil mind.—Mary W. Montague.

DANGER SIGNALS IN LIFE

By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper

"There was once a young man sitting in deep meditation, thinking what was going on in his nation, and he found out that unless they changed their policies they were headed for failure. This man was Isaiah, destined to become one of the greatest statesman who ever lived. He set out to be the savior of his country and warn the people of what would come to pass if they did not change their ways. He spoke harsh words but true. The people were not honest, they were full of vice. He warned the country, but the people laughed at him and ridiculed him. To impress them with the seriousness of their actions he went around the country in chains, a symbol of what the country would become if they did not change their ways. He said, "You are becoming weak, unless you change your tactics the enemy will come down and make you all slaves and put you in chains." They did not like to hear him say those things, true as they were.

"A lot of people do not like to hear the truth, but they like flattery. Those people in Jerusalem did not like to be criticized and warned, they heckled Isaiah everywhere he went. They said,"What does he know about what is going to happen in the future?" Finally he replied, "You will find not so much monotony in what I say as you will find when you are slaves in chains."

"Warnings teach us to avoid trouble and accidents. The public demands warnings be put up for our guidance. Every railroad has its warning signs, "Stop! Look! Listen!" It would be interesting to know how many thousands of lives have been saved by obeying those signs all over the country. There is another warning sign, a large W, placed where the engineer can see it. It means "Whistle," to warn people of the coming of the locomotive.

"The Blble is full of warnings. The Ten Commandments are ten warnings for everyone. Those who live up to those warnings will find life at its highest level; those who violate them will find life at its lowest level. When these warnings are not heeded and are regarded as out of date, trouble is in the making that sometimes hurts the violator as long as he lives. All these warnings are not guesswork, they are recorded through the experience of others who lived before us. In the game of football good advice is "Keep your eye on the ball."

"In the game of life a good motto is, "Keep your eye on experience." Religion has its warnings, science has its warnings; health has its warnings; happiness has its warnings. No matter what field you enter, if you disobey the fundamental rules you will be in trouble.,Human nature has its warnings, it shows no favoritism. The laws are fixed. He who obeys them is rewarded; he who disobeys them is punished. Nature holds us one and all to her laws—it makes no difference whether he be the richest man or the poorest man on earth.

"If I put my finger in a frame, na-

ture says it will be burned. A little child does not believe a hot stove will burn her, but after she is once burned she learns the law of nature. Human nature is also a perfect bookkeeper, she records whether or not we obey her laws, she records in every one his obedience or disobedience. In her ledger all the transactions of every day are recorded. They are entered under appropriate headings to show at a glance the debits and credits of each one of us. Our sins will find us out; so too will our virtues find us out.

"Human nature is a most generous giver. She invites everybody to look over her vast storehouses and take what we need. But she warns us that if we do not use our gifts we will lose them. If you put your arm in a sling, eventually your whole arm will become useless. It is the same with your brain—sit in idleness all the time and you will find the brain is shrinking away. When a man uses the things nature gives him he keeps them, when he does not use them nature takes them from him.

"There are people today who heckled themselves on some of these fundamental laws of nature. They say, "Why should I pay any attention to something of a thousand years ago? Why should I let nature prescribe rules for me in 1946? What nature demanded in the past I do not believe she will demand today." Some of us say, "We will have our own way; if we want to riot all day and night that is our business. We are going to have our fling. We know enough to choose our own way in life."

"I have heard young folks say, "The old folks were different, but I will do as I please. I am tired of mother warning me to come home early, of hearing father telling me to watch my step, of hearing the teacher tell us we will regret it later if we do not study now." It is no use heckling human nature, she will not change her rules, they are fixed eternally. It is no use trying to bribe old man experience, he has been right for generations. Remember he is tops in his line of business. You and I should listen to what he has to say. If we close our ears we will have to suffer the consequences."

There is a dissipation of thought and feeling, as well as of bodily energies; and the former is as wasteful and ruinous to the mind and heart, as the latter is to the health and strength of the body. Dreamy reveries, desultory reading, unregulated and scattering thought, plans formed without reason, or never carried out to wise results, are as truly dissipation of the soul as are the wildest revelries and indulgences of the body.—Exchange.

WILD MERRIMENT

Condensed From "Frontiers" in "Our Paper"

To one who lives in the wilderness, as I do, it is no uncommon thing to see wild creatures at play. Sometimes their rollicksome mood is associated with the mystic exaltation of mating; but often it springs from nothing but the pure joy of life.

Late one afternoon, at a solitary lagoon on a plantation next to mine, I discovered five otters having a sliding match. There were evidently two parents and three half-grown children. Overlooking the lagoon was a bluff about 15 feet high, with a slope of black mud from its crest to the water. To use their improvised tobboggan, each would lie flat on his stomach, give a push with his hind feet, and go zipping down the bank.

On striking the water, they performed all kinds of graceful acrobatics before returning to the shore to slide again. And one thing appealed to me as rather humanly touching. One of the youngsters was smaller than the other two, and when his turn came the rest of the family invariably paused in their frolic to see how the "least one" would make out.

One sundown, I left the deep woods and went out on the sand dunes. Soon the full moon rose over the Atlantic, and out of the woods stole a herd of whitetail deer. There is nothing on this beach for deer to eat or drink. They come here, even as you or I, to enjoy the moonlight.

Gracefully they advance, on shadowy steps, with heads held high. Now the buck pauses in front of an old log; then, with a great show of his snowy flag, jumps three times as high as necessary to clear it. A yearling, not to be outdone, does a little Virginia reel all by herself; a doe dashes away, turns, curvets lithely over some low bushes, performs some fascinating ballet steps. And now they all go down into the surf itself, like children sporting at the seashore. When a great comber thunders in, they rush back upon the beach, only to turn and follow the retreating wave.

Stopping one moonlight night on the edge of a field. I saw a group of rabbits having a leapfrog game and general roughhouse. Two of them stood on their hind legs, apparently wrestling. Some crouched low while others leaped over them. Some feigned fighting, and rolled over and over in the short stubble. There were races, games of tag, and zany maneuvers. From time to time I heard squeaks of delight. These were not baby rabbits which like most other wild babies, are naturally playful, but a mature crowd having an awfully good time.

The aerial maneuvers some birds engage in are obviously for fun: the tumbling of pigeons; the marvelously graceful acrobatics of the swallow-tailed kite; the strange towering of the great wood ibis, mounting on an ascending spiral until lost to sight.

One day I came upon a flock of 60 wild ducks who were playing a game. As at a given signal all of them rose, with great excitement, flew up the lake for about 50 yards, and dived into the water with a great splashing, throwing the spray high. In another moment they did this again.

Stewart Edward White, in his book Speaking for Myself, reports the following merry scene: "Some years ago, in Alaska, I saw three ravens flying overhead. One of them carried in his beak what looked like a small fish. After a dozen flaps of the wing, with a quick jerk he transferred it to his claws. A few more flaps and he chucked it forward and grasped it with his beak again. Each time he made the exchange the other ravens dashed at him, yelling at the tops of their voices, trying to rattle him into missing that fish.

"He was remarkably quick and accurate, but after a time he did drop it. The other two plunged down and one managed to snatch it before it reached the ground. He proceeded to do exactly as the first had been doing, while the other two tried to make him miss.

"Soon they came so near that I could see the object. It was a small stick. This was no mere struggle for a tidbit. It was a game of tag, of miss-and-out, with definite rules."

To see wild things playing "just for fun" is to realize a touching kinship of their lives with ours.

LAST MAN BROTHERHOOD

In 1902, thirty-three young men, all residents of Hartford, Connecticut, formed a unique club, "The Last Man Brotherhood." At the first meeting, the thirty-three members pledged themselves to meet once a year until the last man stood before thirty-two lighted candles, representing his departed friends. He was then to drink a toast from a bottle of choice old wine placed in a Hartford vault for that purpose. When that day arrives, the "Last Man Brotherhood" will have fulfilled its functions and cease to exist.

Each year the surviving members have faithfully kept the pledge made in 1902.

At exactly 10 o'clock, roll call is taken and those present around the banquet table arise. The room in which they assemble is lighted only by thirty-three candles. As the name of a departed member is read, a candle is snuffed out and a toast is drunk to his memory.

Today, only fifteen of the thirty-three members are still alive. But they continue to appear once a year in a Hartford club to go through the solemn ceremony of toasting those who can no longer attend.—Exchange.

NEED FOR UNITY

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

No voice has been raised to deny that the public schools of North Carolina are sorely in need of funds, and that the teachers in the schools must have an increase in their salaries commensurate with the tasks they are performing, the rising cost of living, and the ability of the state to finance the schools.

It is expected that the General Assembly, when it meets in January, will tackle this problem of the state, and will allocate funds for increases in accordance with the expected state revenue.

The North Carolina Education Association, with the support of the State Department of Public Instruction, the North Carolina Congress of Parents and Teachers, and other related forces for education, have studied the problems of the schools, the teachers, and the finances of the state, and brought forth a program to be presented to the legislature.

The program as presented, including five provisions, sets up as a minimum requirement for the school teachers of the state a twenty-percent increase in pay, the increase to be computed with the emergency pay boost of the war years as a part of the base.

There are none to deny that North Carolina's schools have suffered from the low salary scale that has been adhered to in the past. It took years for the teaching profession to get relief from the drastic cut it was required to take during the depression years. The relief given was not sufficient, and the united forces for education, seeing the critical condition into which the schools are heading, got together and suggested a workable plan for increased funds for the public schools of the state.

After the NCEA program was released, opposition arose among the members of the NCEA, who declared the increase was insufficient. The opposition has grown into a camp facing the NCEA, instead of an integral force working together for the benefit of the schools and the teachers.

The important point in this matter is that members of the school profession are working toward the same goal, but not as a united force seeking practical solution to a problem.

Charles W. Phillips, president of the NCEA, who has been under fire repeatedly, has made it clear that the program adopted was made through the regular NCEA channels, after studying the funds available from the state for the schools. He has pointed out that it does not represent the maximum for which the NCEA will go before the General Assembly, but the minimum.

Formation of a program outside the NCEA seems to the News-Enterprise a mistake, The NCEA within itself does not have the power to get any increase; nor does any other school organization. The ultimate increase must come from the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, which must consider the needs of all state institutions and

meeting of all state expenses. Leaders of the group proposing the South Piedmont Plan, which amounts to an increase of approximately 68 per cent, urge that taxes be increased commensurate with the needs to meet their demands, or that if necessary the money be borrowed to finance the schools.

The dangers inherent in any group adopting an uncompromising attitude was seen Monday night in Hickory, when a motion was made, seconded, and applauded, that the school teachers of North Carolina should strick in the event their demands were not met. That this motion was later withdrawn, affter County Superintendent M. C. Campbell set forth a few facts and called for sober thought, does not lessen the danger of unwanted action in future gatherings.

The News-Enterprise urges the public in general, along with the school teachers, to give the matter serious thought, in the light of practical possibilities in any move they make to promote the interests of the schools. It would be tragic if this year, when the state is in a position to allow an increase for public education, any situation should arise that would endanger the progress of education. Sober, thoughtful reflection, with a knowledge of the facts, the funds available, and the best use for which they can be spent must be taken into consideration. They are the tools the General Assembly will use when it makes the appropriation in January.

———:———

REMEMBER THE CHILDREN

It is not too early to call attention to the fact that many children will not enjoy the Christmas season, or share in its merriment unless the more fortunate individuals of Burke County take it upon themselves to contribute to their happiness.

The custom that prevails in many areas of the nation to take collections in order to provide Christmas baskets for needy families is a worthy undertaking. Morever, the effort to see that every child of tender years receives some token gift on Christmas Day is one that commends itself to right-thinking people.

Christmas Day offers us the opportunity to forget self in attempting to provide some happiness for others. It is not an occasion to debate the justice of the fate that awaits the unfortunate. It is an occasion of happy festival, designed to share the good things of life with all people for at least one day.

The people of the United States have enjoyed an unusual prosperity in 1946. It may seem unlikely that there are families and children who need special consideration, but the fact is otherwise. In every section of the country and in towns, hamlets and cities, there are individuals who can be helped by the kindly thoughtfulness of other people.

HOPE

By Conley LaForce, in Channel Countries Mason

The three principal rounds of that theological ladder which Jacob saw in his vision are referred to as Faith, Hope, and Charity, with particular stress placed upon the latter. But no attention is directed to that all important round next to it, without which the latter would be of no use —that all effective round called Hope.

The one virtue that is common to all mankind alike is hope, whether with with the highest business executive or the lowliest laborer; the five-star general or the G. I. in a foxhole. And no one is so miserably wretched as the one without hope. No struggle is ever lost until hope is first abondoned.

The trite old expression "live in hope even though you may die in despair" has been so often repeated it sounds like a bundle of empty words. Yet our endeavors prove it to be an apt suggestion. We struggle a lifetime in an effort and with hope of attaining some degree of wealth whereby we can live in comfort and ease; and even possibly then we may end up as a pauper. But at least it was a happy vision that carried us along, and in the effort we provided the comforts our families needed even though we stopped far short of our goal.

By hope we carry on during the short span allotted to us with our eyes on a movable goal just a little further on. Hope leads us on like the star of the East which led the three wise men. We approach the goal we have in mind but by the time we are nearing it our interest is switched to another just a little further on, and we never become self-satisfied.

We can liken it to a mirage. When driving across the desert we see what seeme to be a beautiful lake in the distance. By the time we have driven the distance we thought we observed the lake, either it appears to be still a like distance ahead or it has disappeared altogether. Or let us liken it to a trip as children to the end of the rainbow, in search of the fabl-pot of gold. We may travel toward the rainbow, yet we do not reach it. Even though we never reach the lake nor find the end of the rainbow, yet that blissful anticipation was full compensation for the effort.

By this very same hope we have carried on and sacrificed through these war weary years. And now our thoughts turn to another goal, an era of peace when "the lamb shall lie down with the lion" and when we shall know no more war.

What possessed our boys to endure the horrors of the Jap prison camp? That ever present hope with faith in God that by some miracle they could endure until release by our armed forces, fighting for the right.

Yes, we have "faith, hope, and charity; these three"—but the sustaining and indispensable virtue is hope.

———:———

Idleness trails slowly, but poverty soon overtakes it.—Selected.

A TEACHER'S CREED

By Josephine MacDonald

In the teaching of delinquents an important requisite is that the teacher have a proper mental attitude toward the children. It is not enough to spend six hours a day in the classroom, but one must really feel that he has an opportunity for accomplishing something of lasting value. My conception of the proper mental attitude is explained in the subsequent paragraphs.

The classroom should be a comfortable, plesasant and cheery place where boys may feel a sense of satisfation and of belonging. The work must be planned according to the mood of the class so that it will not become monotonous. It is often found necessary to deviate from the planned curriculum because of the short concentration span found in many of our boys. This offers an excellent chance for radio-listening, talks on manners and curtesy, and it also provids an opportunity for the teachers to become more intimate with the boys and, in so doing, help throw off that general antagonistic manner with which so many of our new arrivals are equipped.

If the boy can be made to realize that he is wanted by someone, he begins to feel less embarassed and becomes a much more social individual. From this start, it is only a step to feeling that he is a gentleman. These periods afford one chance to become acquainted with the boy, so that an intelligent report might be written to determine his progress, handicaps, and aptitudes for the classification committee.

It is my hope that I shall always remember to talk to the boys in a soft voice, to encourage them to reach onward and upward, to let each know how well he is doing and never to offer destructive criticism.

It seems important to me that boys should never leave my room in an angry mood; rather, they should leave it feeling happy and, when necessary, forgiven or forgiving. Finally, each boy must have a confident, and I wish to be that to all of my boys. I want them to feel that they can come to me with the utmost confidence and realize that they will get sympathy, understanding and assistance at all times.

Economy is a savings bank into which men drop pennies and get dollars in return.—Selected.

TALENTS

(The Young Citizen, Fort Grant, Arizona)

In the lore of the Orient, there is a story about a good man who built a large and prosperous business through honest toil and unselfish cooperation with his fellow workers. As old age crept upon him he began to feel concerned for the future of his enterprise. His only living relatives were three stalwart nephews.

One day he called the young men to him saying, "One of you shall be my successor." They thanked him and each vowed to do his very best if chosen.

The old man continued," I have a problem. He who solves it best shall have my business." So saying he handed each youth a coin, "This is a large room, but go and buy something to as nearly fill it as you can, but spend no more than the coin I have given you. Go now, but return at sunset, for I shall be waiting."

All day long the men went about the market place and among the trades people, and as shadows lengthened they made their way back to the house of their uncle. He greeted them kindly and asked to see their purchases.

The first youth dragged a bale of straw into the room. When he had untied it, it made a pile so great that it hid two walls of the room. He was complimented by the others who helped him clear it away.

The second youth brought in two bags of thistledown, which, when released, filled half the room. The other two cheered him.

The third youth stood silent and forlorn for he had no package in his hand. "And what have you?" asked the aged man.

"I gave half my coin to a hungry child," he answered meekly," and most of what I had left I gave to alms at the church, where I asked God to forgive my sins."

There was no cheering, but the youth continued, "and with the farthing I purchased this flint and this small candle." And with that he struck the flint and lighted the candle which filled with light, every corner of the room.

The kindly old man could not help but think of the passage of scripture which he quoted, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over man thyings," and while the young man fell to his knees the old man blessed him and turned over to him all of his possessions.

Nature gives little to him who gives nothing.—Exchange.

NEEDED: A RETURN TO HARD WORK AND COMMON SENSE

(Morganton News-Herald)

Faith, courage, hard work and common sense. That's the American way —or at least we have always so believed.

We have witnessed the lack of faith in the American government on the part of one man . . . and the faith in this man on the part of some 400,000 followers. We not so long ago were forced, along with the rest of the world, to take up arms against another man—with 80,000,000 odd followers—who lacked faith in human justice.

We see courage directed at cross purposes— courage to defy the government of 150,000,000 people, and courage on the part of goverment to stand up for the right to govern. Once before a man, and his followers, attempted to divide the United States and ake unto himself the leadership of a part of this nation—but that attempt failed.

Hard work and common sense are two things that we of late have seemed to put aside as not worthy American attributes. Another great nation of emperors and legions tried it and the glories that were Rome's are no more.

There are three things to do about tomorrow: You can forget it—stand on the sidelines and let the world go by. You can be afraid of it and lose faith, as some would have us do. Or, you can work to bring about a better tomorrow.

It is a will to work that inspires men to reach out and make life easier, richer, happier for himself and his neighbors.

Where else but in America have the workers in industry, in management, in science combined as a team with the necessary effort and capital to contribute so much to the comfort, convenience and happiness of people?

Where else has it been possible for a people to enjoy so freely the benefits of their own labor, for men to speak and think, and worship so free from fear of oppression?

Are a few men with so little faith —to be allowed to destroy all this?

Tomorrow can be kept bright and shining. Let us keep it that way by faith and courage, the hard work and common sense, and the positive Americanism we build into today.

———:———

Physical courage which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp; the latter for the council; but to constitute a great man both are necessary.—Colton.

THE WORLD'S SILENT MEN

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Some men of history won fame because they didn't talk much. They said little and did much. These men were not morose or unsocial. They were simply not loquacious.

George Washington was one of the silent men of our American scene. He talked when it was necessary, was not hesitant when directions were to be given or advise sought but the famed Virginian was not given to small talk nor noted as a conversationalist.

Lincoln had his silent hours when he appeared to be withdrawn from the social chatter about him and was not of the mind to relate incidents of old Indiana and Illinois days. He had his brooding periods, which on occasion were shrouded in deep melancholy.

Calvin Coolidge had a reputation as a silent president, sparing of speech and loving laconic expressions. But when he was in the mood and of a mind to talk, the Vermonter didn't lack for words. These occasions, however, were rare.

Some men are silent because they haven't anything to say, either from lack of knowledge or want of suitable speech to express their thoughts. Some men have acquired a reputation as "deep thinkers" simply because they said little. It doesn't always follow.

The old saying that since man has two ears and only one tongue, he is wise who listens a lot and speaks but little, may have something in it. Good listeners are rare; sprightly talkers are numerous. The proverb "Talk's talk, but it takes money to buy a farm," was meant to evaluate the deed above the speech. Men of the wilderness and the mountains are usually silent men and for good reason.

Here are two proverbs to remember: "A lengthy tongue, an early death." "Dont let your tongue cut off your head."

———:———

Content has a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmuring, repining, and ingratitude toward that Being who has allotted us our part to act in the world. It destroys all inordinate ambition; gives sweetness to the conversation, and serenity to all the thoughts; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them.—Addison.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of the Forest Hilll Methodist Church in Concord, was the preacher at the Sunday afternoon services last Sunday. For our Scripture lesson he read a selection from the fourth chapter of the book of James, verses five through ten.

Mr. Cox made a very interesting and helpful talk to the boys, using as his subject, "Making the Most of the New Year." He used as his Biblical text these words: "Submit yourselves, therefore, unto God."

It was explained to the boys that the beginning of the new year is an important time in the life of every individual. It is a time for serious meditation and for making the highest resolutions of life, committing one's self to the things that are always noblest and best.

Mr. Cox explained to the boys, too, that the world situation at the present time is very critical. It is a time when there is much unrest and there are many disagreements among the leading nations of the world. The gravity of the situation as it is now calls for the best in Christian people. Only those who realize how critical the world problems are tend to be apprehensive of what may happen. Mr. Cox offered a few definite suggestions to the boys as they enter into the new year. First, he advised that every person cease doing un-Christian things and that, as far as possible, they approach the standard of Christlikeness. It is not possible for one to walk towards the north and the south at the same time. Neither is it possible for one to indulge in sin and be Christlike, too. It is needful that everyone make an all-out effort towards being a Christian. The boys were reminded of the fact that throughout all the ages civilization has faced critical moments, but always there occurred a great outbreak of loyalty to the church and an outburst of pureness and goodness among the people, so that the righteousness prevailed in the earth. It was explained, for instance, that our own country here in America was established on moral foundations by the pilgrims who were seeking the opportunity to worship God with a free conscience.

In the second place, it was explained that good society and a good environment, either in the home or in the community, can be produced only by good people. Therefore, every person should show goodness towards the members of his own family and towards all others with whom he lives. When any person does good towards others, it releases a spirit of goodness within his own soul. Many people have resolved to devote much of their time in the service of others, in the church, and hospitals, and everywhere there is need. Then, too, every person can do much if he will always offer thanks to God for the good things that he has, rather than complain of what he has not.

The story was told that once William Gladestone faced the time when he was to make an important speech in the British Parliament. It was necessary that he make very careful preparation for this important appearance. At midnight he received a telephone call asking that he come

to a home in which there was a boy who was critically ill. Gladstone answered the call and went there, where he closed the eyes of a dying boy. To him this, of course, was a very trying experience, but it was a benediction to his life, because he ministered to the need of a mother in her greatest sorrow. The story is that Mr. Gladstone the next day made his greatest speech of all in Parliament.

In the third place, Mr. Cox explained to the boys that every person can make some helpful contribution towards a better society. To do this, it is important that no one underestimate his own strength and his own possbilities for service. Sometimes people are inclined to be pessimistic and excuse themselves because of the feeling that one person can do so little against such great odds. It was explained, however, that such people as Florence Nightingale, Madame Curie, and Robert E. Lee always faced the future hopefully and had a strong faith in the righteous cause. It was explained however, that every person must determine to do his own best.

In the last place, Mr. Cox urged that the boys in the new year invest their lives in God. Every person's life should be centered iin God wholeheartedly. Every person shold endeavor to open the windows of his heart so that the winds of God may blow away the debris of evil that may have accumulated there.

Mr. Cox concluded his talk to the boys by telling the story of a college boy who once stood before a painting entitled "The Man of Galilee." As he stood there he was greeted by an attendant who said to the boy, "It's a great picture, isn't it?" After studying the picture, the young boy turned to go away, but before leaving he turned back to say, "O Man of Galilee, You can count on me."

———:———

NEW HOLIDAYS SET BY CONGRESS

Several new holidays were authorized in resolutions passed during the last session of Congress. Among these are: April 28th to May 4th, National Noise Abatement Week; Thanksgiving to Christmas, nation-wide Bible Reading Period; first Sunday in June, National Shut-Ins' Day; October 28th, Statue of Liberty Day; April 19th, Patriots' Day; February 1st, National Freedom Day; January 1st, Good Neighbors' Day; November 19th, Dedication Day (commemorating the Gettysburg Address); October 11th, Pulaski Day; second Thursday in October, Clara Barton Day; December 5th, Bill of Rights Day.—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Every man's task is his life-preserver.—Emerson.

—:—

Envy has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.—Livy.

—:—

A good face is the best letter of recommendation.—Queen Elizabeth.

—:—

Half the truth will very often amount to absolute falsehood.
—Whately.

—:—

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.
—Disraeli.

—:—

Experience joined with common sense, to mortals is a providence.
—Green.

—:—

It is not so much what you know as how well you use what you know.
—Will Rogers.

—:—

He that is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.
—Franklin.

—:—

Luck is the cross-road where preparation and opportunity meet.
—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

A lie has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—E. W. Rice.

—:—

Fame, to the ambitious, is like salt water to the thirsty—the more one gets, the more he wants.—Ebers.

—:—

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.
—Goldsmith.

There is nothing in the world so much admired as a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage.—Seneca.

—:—

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—Goethe.

—:—

Duty performed gives clearness and firmness to faith, and faith thus strengthened through duty becomes the more assured and satisfying to the soul.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

Faith marches at the head of the army of progress. It is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity.—T. T. Munger.

—:—

Happiness is not a monopoly. No one can "corner it." It is for sale in the marketplace of life for everyone who is willing to pay the price. He who gives it to others gets a double measure for himself.—Selected.

—:—

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

As plants take hold, not for the sake of staying, but only that they may climb higher, so it is with men. By every part of our nature we clasp things above us, one after another, not for the sake of remaining where we take hold, but that we may go higher.—H. W. Beecher.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

If you do not want many friends—wear a long face.

—:—

Love may never die, but sometimes it could be called unconscious.

—:—

A bathing suit is a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.

—:—

The dimmest lights have the most scandal power.

—:—

The income tax bureau states that America is a land of untold wealth.

—:—

Lots of girls that are easy on the eye, can be hard on the pocketbook.

—:—

There is not much to talk about at parties until one or two couples leave.

—:—

When a girl finds that she is not the only pebble on the beach she becomes a little bolder.

—:—

Violent exercise after forty is especially harmful if you do it with a knife and fork.

—:—

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," so this shortage of houses is nothing new.

—:—

There was a time when our bank book was our favorite book, but even that now lacks interest.

—:—

It has been said the nut that holds the steering wheel is the cause of most automobile accidents.

—:—

A Florida newspaper has changed its column heading, "Births, Marriages and Deaths" to "Yells, Bells and Knells." Seeing this a contemporary made this change: "Hatched, Matched and Snatched."

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"
Waiter: "We serve anyone. Sit down."

—:—

Said the mamma mosquito: "If you chldren are good I'll take you to a nudist camp tonight."

—:—

Some folks are given credit for becoming good, when they are only becoming old.

—:—

A doctor inquired after the small boy who had swallowed a half dollar the previous day. The anxious mother replied, "No change yet."

—:—

It wouldn't hurt so much to become angry, except that, for some reason, anger makes your mouth work faster than your mind.

—:—

There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it's hard to tell which one of us ought to reform the rest of us.

—:—

Employer: "You don't seem to realize which side your bread is buttered on."
Employee: "No matter; I eat both sides."

—:—

A lady asked the bus driver, "My good man, are you sure this bus is going to Syracuse?" The driver replied, "If it isn't, lady, I'm in a worse mess than you are."

—:—

News Item: "The man, when discovered, was sitting in the bathtub, a cord knotted about his throat, his wrists slashed, a stab wound over his heart and his skull fractured. He died without making any statement."
Well there are times when a fellow just doesn't feel like talking.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 8,1946

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Epps
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Gray Brown
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Ernest Johnston
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Robert Blake
Julian Commander
Eddie Medlin
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Nathan McCarson
William McHolder
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Christy
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright
Waylon Gardner

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Glenn Bumgardner
Herman Galyan
David Johnson
William Lewis
James Myers
James Norton
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew
James Wiggington

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Earl Hoyle
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Robert Evans
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Jerry Oakes
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edd Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Jerry Peavey
Claywood Sparrow

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Leroy Cowan

COTTAGE No. 14
Leonard Allen
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Fred Whitley
Charles Moore
Eugene Martin
James Walters
Ray Wooten
James Smith
James Shook

COTTAGE No. 15
Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herbert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE
Russell Beaver
Ralph Cranford
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Jerry Ray
Robert Canady

INFIRMARY
Thomas Davis

———:———

Voltaire, the French atheist, lost no opportunity to scoff at religion. On one occasion, dining with the King of Prussia, he concluded, "I would sell my place in heaven for a Prussian dollar."

"Monsieur de Voltaire," observed a stout burgomaster, "in Prussia we never buy costly goods without feeling sure of the owner's right to them. If you prove your right to a place in heaven, I will buy it for $10,000."

For once the quick witted atheist had no reply.

C364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 18, 1947 No. 3

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A YOUTHFUL HAPPY LIFE

One who is willing and active, always,
Is sure of success even though he plays.
To others he's helpful and thoughtful, too,
And peaceful he sleeps, when day is through.
He rises each day with a smile and a song,
He knows by this motto, nothing can go wrong.
More than the average, because of his ways,
He's happier and healthier, and that way he stays.
He gets younger each day, as others grow old,
And the fruits of life, he will always hold.
This way of life is the best I am told,
And you'd better live it, or else you'll grow old.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
EDUCATION—THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH	(Morganton News-Herald)	11
PROGRAM RECOMMENDED BY SUPERITENDENT ERWIN	(N. C. Public School Bulletin)	13
THE UNSATISFIED	(Speakers Library Magazine)	15
THE DREAMERS	(Dare County Times)	17
CRIME CONTINUES TO INCREASE	(The Charlotte Observer)	19
"GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME"	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	20
THE HEALTH CHALLENGE	(Twin City Sentinel)	21
THE INSPIRATION OF A NEW START	(Selected)	22
MORE THAN 20,000 HOMES BURNED	(Mooresville Enterprise)	23
BAD LUCK COST VICTORY	(News-Enterprise)	24
A LESSON IN ENTERPRISE	(Sunshine Magazine)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

IF YOU STAND VERY STILL

If you stand very still in the heart of a wood,
You will hear many wonderful things—
The snap of a twig and the wind in the trees,
And the whirl of invisible wings.

If you stand very still in the turmoil of life,
And you wait for the voice from within,
You'll be led down the quiet ways of wisdom and peace
In a mad world of chaos and din.

If you stand very still, and you hold to your faith,
You will get all the help that you ask;
You will draw from the silence the things that you need—
Hope and courage and strength for your task.

—Author Unknown.

HISTORY OF THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL COMPLETED

The print shop department of the Jackson Training School has just finished the publication of the **History of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.** The materials for this publication were compiled by the superintendent, with the assistance of Mr. C. B. Barber, former budget officer; Miss Ellen Niblock, office secretary; Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, and Mr. Leon Godown, instructor in the printing department.

We believe the many friends of the Jackson Training School will be deeply interested in reading this book. It covers the entire history of the school, beginning with the time when efforts were being made to cultivate sentiment for the establishment of a training school for boys. The history of the institution had its beginning as far back as 1890, when various individuals and organizations began to foster and promote the idea of such an institution. The history

shows that the actual legislative enactment creating the school was passed by the Legislature in 1907 and that the school first opened its doors for the reception of boys on January 12, 1909. Thus, the history of the school covers a period of approximately thirty-eight years.

The history as it has been compiled gives a great bit of interesting information, and it contains many vital statistics concerning the operation of the school. It is felt that the book will serve as an instrumentality for acquainting the general public in the state with the marvelous work that has been done by the institution during its existence. It is planned to send complimentary copies to county departments of public welfare, to juvenile judges, to state departments of government, and to other interested friends of the institution. It is also planned to send copies to the libraries of most of the institutions of higher learning in the state. It is believed that the book will receive a cordial reception throughout the state.

The book contains eleven chapters. In it there are a number of appropriate and interesting pictures which serve to tell in grapic story some interesting facts about the school. In the book there are one hundred twenty-five pages.

The foreword of the book is as follows:

This book has grown out of the universal feeling of the need for a history of both the establishment and the operation of the Jackson Training School in North Carolina. The school has now been in operation for a period of more than thirty-seven years, and prior to this time there has been no other effort to write an account of the work of this important institution.

It is hoped that the readers of this publication will find in it many interesting and helpful facts, but in this connection it should be explained that there is no thought that this represents a complete history of the school. It would have been possible, with more time and facilities for study and research, to have prepared a more extensive and a more elaborate history of the school.

One of the most interesting features of this publication is the fact that it traces the change in the conception which the public has had of a training or correctional institution. It has been a slow and evolutionary process, but today the general public has a vastly different understanding of the function of a training school, because it is now generally recognized as a home, school, and workshop for underprivileged and wayward boys.

This book is designed to accomplish five definite purposes:

(1) To familiarize and acquaint the citizens of the state, both men and women, with the work of the school since its beginning. The school has faced many difficult problems, but in spite of these it has accomplished marvelous things for many boys.

(2) To endeavor to promote among the public a more favorable attitude towards training schools, to the end that many more underprivileged, wayward boys and girls in the state may have a better chance in life than they otherwise would have had. It is hoped that this publication may be an inspiration to the citizenship of this state.

(3) To assemble and put into written form some of the outstanding achievements of certain civic and religious leaders who, by their spirit of unselfish service, deserve the everlasting credit and praise of the people of this state.

(4) To assemble and publish some pertinent information relating to social problems which may be of very great interest and helpfulness to collegiate students in sociology classes, to case workers, to state leaders in social programs, and to other leaders in the various civic clubs in the state.

(5) To give credit to the various staff leaders who have labored here at this institution throughout the years, and who have done such a magnificent job, far beyond the line of duty.

The following is the table of contents:

Foreword

Acknowledgements

Introduction 1

Chapter

I Developing Sentiment for a Training School 2
Efforts of the State Board of Charities 3
Efforts of the King's Daughters 5
Efforts of James P. Cook and Others 10
Messages of Governors 14

II Legislative Enactment Creating the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School and Subsequent Amendments 16

III The Purpose and Function of the Training School 20

IV Early Beginnings of the Institution 23

V Organizational Set-up 26

	Board of Trustees	26
	Superintendents	33
	Staff Members	38
	J. C. Fisher, Assistant Superintendent	45
VI	Gifts and Bequests	48
VII	Population Statistics	58
VIII	Financial Statistics	78
IX	A Description of the School Plant or Facilities	88
X	Outline of Present Program	98
	Admission and Orientation	98
	Life in the Cottages	100
	Academic School Department	101
	The Health Program	102
	Extra-Curricular Activities	105
	Religious Activities	107
	Specialized Trade Training Departments	108
	The Reviewing Committee	118
	The Treatment Program	120
	The Post-Treatment of Parolees	122
XI	The Training School's Contribution to World War II	123

No doubt, there are some details in the book in which certain individuals will not find as great interest as others will. For instance, in chapter five there is given a full list of all the men and women who have served on the Board of Trustees, and in the same chapter there occurs a full list of all the present and former staff members of the institution. For those who have worked at this institution in other years, this part of the publication, no doubt, will prove to be of the greatest interest. It serves to keep a complete record of those who have worked in this important phase of the program.

* * * * * * * *

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT LENDS HIGHLY PEDIGREED HOLSTEIN BULL TO TRAINING SCHOOL

The Jackson Training School has been most fortunate in having a Holstein bull lent to the institution for experimental purposes for

the dairy herd. The bull came to the institution through the co-operative efforts of Mr. Roy D. Goodman, the County Agent for Cabarrus County. One of the School's trucks was taken to the city of Washington, D. C., and the bull was transferred by truck from the Federal Farms at Beltsville, Maryland, to the School on Thurday, January 9th .

This animal has back of him some of the best breeding among dairy cattle in the nation. He is a direct descendant of the Ormsby strain of dairy cattle, generally recognized as the finest in the nation. Complete records will be kept of the breeding and production of the herd here at the Jackson Training School, and periodic reports will be made to the officials of the farm in Washington, D. C.

We are delighted to be able to have this excellent bull in our herd, and we hope and expect that the production of the local herd, which has always been good, will be even better in the future.

* * * * * * * *

MR. J. J. BARNHARDT DONATES FINE PEDIGREED HEREFORD BULL TO THE SCHOOL

We are delighted to announce that Mr. J. J. Barnhardt recently donated an excellent Hereford bull to the Training School. This is a donation which, no doubt, will mean much to the School in the future, and it is one that is sincerely appreciated. The School now owns a beef herd of approximately eighty individuals, and it is the purpose of the School to continue to expand and enlarge its beef herd.

This bull is of the Domino Mischief strain of cattle, which is recognized throughout the nation as being among the leaders in beef cattle. Thus, the School is very fortunate to have this fine registered animal here, and it will be of invaluable service towards the improvement of the beef herd.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 1

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We sang a song, had a talk, and went to our rooms for our programs. Jimmy Wiles, who had the first part on the program, read the Bible to us. on the program, read the Bigle to us. Olin Sealey, who had the second part, read some things from the Bible, too. The third part was given by Floyd Bruce, and the fourth was given by John McKinney, who told about our time for exercise and play. The fifth part was by J. C. Littlejohn. He told about our time for worship. He read some passages from the Bible in connection with his talk.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

On Sunday, January 5, 1947, the B. T. U. had its regular meeting, which was held in the school building. Mr. Puckett gave a talk, and then we were dismissed to our classes. The first thing on the program was a talk by Mr. Hines. Bobby Jarvis gave the first part entitled "The Carpenter Shop." Ray Roberts gave the second part entitled "The Nazareth Home." The third part, entitled "School and Church," was given by Donald Stultz. The fourth part was given by James Shook. This part was entitled "Lost in Jerusalem." The last part was given by Horace Collins. It was entitled "Adventures in the Temple." After this, we were dismissed to go back to our cottage.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 2

By Emory King, 6th Grade

First we had a song, "In the Garden." Mr. Puckett made a talk on the topic, "Christ and What He Is." After that we had a song, "Jesus Calls Us."

In our class, Mr. Crowder, our teacher, started the program by having the parts read. Woodrow Norton had the first part, "Our Time at School." Edward McCall had the second part, and his topic was "Our Time for Exercise." Jesse Hamlin had the part, "Our Time for Play." Charles Bryant had the next part, "Our Time for Worship. After the parts were given, we had prayer, before returning to our cottages.

An Interesting Picture

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The name of the weekly educational film this week was "Winston-Salem." It was a very interesting one. It showed some of the products, agricultural and manufactured, of the city and the surrounding districts. The most important manufactured products were the following: Tobacco, cigarettes, towels, furniture, underwear, and blankets. The picture also showed some churches, hospitals, and parks of Winston-Salem.

The boys enjoyed the picture very much, and we want to continue to be thankful to those who make it possible for us to see an educational film regularly. We thank Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Hines, and Mr. Fisher.

A Contest at School

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

Tuesday afternoon, just before we had the picture show about Winston-Salem, we had a contest about Winston-Salem. We had two sides. One side was called the Winston Wildcats and the other, the Salem Wolves. The boys on one side were from Winston-Salem, and the were the Winston Wildcats. They were the following boys: Gray Brown, Ray Naylor, Richard Messick, Earl Holliman, and Edward Stone. The boys on the other side were as follows: Sammie Lynn, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, John McKinney, and Clifton Rhodes. They were the winners in the contest, having made a two-point lead, the score being 9-7.

The questions were asked by Mr. Hines, and they were questions concerning the settlement of Salem, the industries of Winston-Salem, the schools and colleges of Winston-Salem, etc.

The boys enjoyed the contest very much, for it was a very interesting contest. It helped us to understand the picture better.

The Show

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The name of the show last Thursday night was "San Antonia." The setting of it, as the name suggests, was in Texas. It was about cowboys. At the beginning, some cattle rustlers were stealing cattle and taking them to Mexico. At the last, the rustlers were caught. The picture shows that crime does not pay.

After the show, there was a comedy. It was entitled "The Tale of Two Mice.

All the boys enjoyed the picture very much and are looking forward to more like it.

Radio Program

By Garvin Thomas, 9th Grade

On Tuesday morning, January 7th, the radio program was given by Mr. Hines and a quartet of boys from the 10th Cottage.

The first part of the program was made up of two songs. The first song was "Jesus Paid It All." It was sung by a quartet of boys, Garvin Thomas, R. L. Crawford, Olin Brigman, and Harry Matthews. Later Garvin Thomas sang a solo, "Now the Day Is Over."

Mr. Hines made a talk on "Spiritual Inventories." The last thing on our program was a song, "Give Me Thine Heart." It was sung by the quartet. In all the songs, the boys were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske.

Traffic Safety Contest

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

On December 28, 1946, a policeman came over here from Charlotte. He came to give a dog show, which taught safety. After the dog show, the policeman showed the boys a picture of Lady, Lassie, and Pete, which had been performing in his show. He told the boys that they might receive one of the pictures if they would learn the answers to some safety questions about the safety rules.

We have been busy learning them, There are forty-five questions in all, and after we started learning them we saw what fun it was and how practical these rules are. The boys in the first three grades are required to learn the answers to the first ten questions. The boys from the fourth through the eight grades are required to learn twenty questions, and the boys from the ninth grade through the eleventh are required to learn all of them.

After the boys fulfill the requirements for their grade, they will be presented with one of these pictures. The pictures are autographed by Chief of Police Walter F. Anderson of Charlotte, Captain of Traffic L. W. Henkel, and Traffic Officer E. E. Pressley. Every boy wants one of these pictures.

These pictures will be presented to the boys in the auditorium next Friday. Each teacher is teaching safety and checking on the boys to see if they qualify for these pictures.

Contest Winners

By William Phillips, 6th Grade

Last Friday some of the boys won a picture for learning some of the safety rules. The boys were first tested by their teachers, and upon their teacher's recommendation, they were awarded the pictures. The teachers sent the lists to our principal, Mr. Hines.

The number of boys in each grade who passed satisfactorily on the tests were as follows: 1st grade 25boys; 2nd grade, 31; 3rd grade, 33; 4th grade, 32; 5th grade, 32; 6th grade, 31; Special Sixth grade, 22; 7th grade, 23; Special Seventh Grade, 22; 9th grade, 19; and 11th grade, 2.

Chapel Program

By Glenn Evans, 7th Grade

The program Friday was given by Mr. Caldwell. First on the program was the 23rd Psalm by Robert Trout. Then we all prayed the Lord's Prayer. We remained standing and sang "America."

After this, we had some interesting talks about Benjamin Franklin. They were as follows: "Benjamin Franklin and His Whistle," King Watkins; "Franklin's Education," Russell Beaver; "Franklin's Kite," Alfred Davis; and "Poor Richard's Almanac," Billy Baynes. Donald Stultz made a talk.

Bobby Shepherd gave a quotation about safety. Russell Beaver then gave an impromptu quiz about traffic. He called on different boys to answer questions. When the program w turned over to Mr. Hines, he gave out pictures to the ones who had passed on the traffic rules in the test that had been given in the different grades. Many boys had learned all the rules.

Good intentions are very mortal and persihable things; like very mellow and choice fruit, they are difficult to keep.—C. Simmons.

EDUCATION — THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH

(Morganton News-Herald)

The other afternoon while glancing through one of the many newspapers that come to our desk, we came across an advertisement placed in the San Francisco Chronicle by Roos Bros., of that city. It was unique in that it did not tell of the store's merchandise, nor of its labor trouble, nor did it attack any government policy. Instead its ad told a story of American schools, and what they mean to America.

We were so impressed with the great truth of this statement that we are reprinting it in part because we too feel that the education of our young men and women is "the last best hope of Earth!"

About the turn of the century there lived a distinguished educator, already gray with teaching, who used to walk with his little boy to the opening day of school in the fall, and he would always say, "My son, this is the greatest business in the world. More people in America are engaged in it than have ever engaged in one pursuit in all the time of men."

He used to say it with a kind of awe, for he was an earnest man, he loved his profession. Then he would say that if it kept up, and improved, there need be no fear for America. . . .

The boy was only a boy, and this made no more than a passing impression on him. But in the after years, the proposition that American schooling was the greatest of all human pursuits recurred to him from time to time . . . and then one day he saw it, saw its truth and its meaning. . . .

In America everybody went to school, boys and girls alike. There were sixteen million of them then, and nowhere else on earth had sixteen million ever followed one pusuit, even as the old teacher said.

In those days they learned history, arithmetic, and how to express themselves in the language, and a few other things. . . . You see this was a new social undertaking—all the children of a nation attending school—and it was quite natural that with the pioneer days just behind, there should be some faltering and some blundering in a whole people setting down with no frontier but the mind. Moreover, the relation between learning and the full and satisfying life was not then so persuasive as it has since become. In colleges there were barely 100,000 students, where today with but twice the population, there are 2,000,000.

As the old teacher hoped, however, the schools of America "kept up". They improved with the years, widening there horizon and there attraction for the American youth. As the civilization into which we elders were born became more intricate in history and technology, so the schools became more complex. . . .

The American schools through crises and wars continued to offer American youth opportunity to learn, to become citizens of intelligence and character, with a prodigality never known anywhere else.

A nation of intelligent men and women aware of their environment and their time, sensible, honest, fair-minded, tolerent and self-disciplined, is a nation going somewhere. This is the ideal of schooling the young. It is a goal which has never been won in America or in any other land, but as we love America we must never flag in our struggle toward it, and the promise in that struggle lies chiefly in the American school.

Once again the young people are returning to the schools as we, the grownups, did longer ago than we like to remember. . . . We cannot perhaps impress on them how important it is to the future of their country and to the future of the world, that they are given this freedom to learn. . . . But we can by our resolution and our understanding see to it that nothing stands in their path.

In America, this fall there are thirty million of them, from kindergarten to the spare young men who last year were learning in a terribly different school on Okinawa and the River Rhine. They are still, as the old teacher said, the greatest number ever engaged in one pursuit in all the time of men.

They are adopting the words of one who lacked their privilege though he became the greatest American, "the last hope of earth."

———:———

COSTS OF ACCIDENTS

What do we pay for our traffic accidents;

In Lansing, Michigan, a town of 75,000 population, the total cost to those involved in traffic accidents during the past year was $414, 330. Total direct costs, including maintenance of police, courts, etc., total about three-quarters of a million dollars.

What does it mean?

It mean that what happened in Lansing, happens in other cities throughout the country—it can also happen here!

It means that the current asking price for one medium-sized smashup is enormous. Not only in terms of dollars and cents but also in terms of man-hours lost from the job.

In terms of cold hard cash the average victim—and this applies everywhere—loses $170 in salary, pays $92 doctor and hospital bills plus $26 miscellaneous bills, such as attorney fees, fines and settlement of other parties' claims, and is struck with a $220 auto repair bill as well as if is a car owner.

That's the average cost of driving and walking carelessly according to a study of the costs of traffiic accidents made at Lansing by the National Conservation Bureau and the local safety council.

Average costs paid, if you are in an accident, are as follows: Uninjured Drivers pay $73, Injured Drivers pay $408; Injured Passengers pay $206, and Injured Pedestrians pay $468.

—Morganton News Herald.

PROGRAM RECOMMENDED BY BY SUPERINTENDENT ERWIN

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

Appropriately enough, whether by coincidence or design, the campaign of the North Carolina Good Health Association for an adequate program of preventive and curative medical care for all the people of the Commonwealth has been launched at the beginning of National Education Week.

There is no question but that many of our people need to be educated to the extent of knowing and appreciating the vital necessity for the investment of far more money, time and effort to the cause of better health in North Carolina. Ignorance of the full implications for the 100 per cent cooperation of all citizens, health authorities, physicians, collegiate and medical institutions, publicly and privately financed, and local and State officials may not exist merely among the rank and file. There are certain indications that misunderstanding of the full scope and real objectives of a sound State health and medical care program may exist on higher levels.

Such misunderstanding is highly inimical to the welfare of the State and should not exist in the light of these facts:

1. North Carolina, largely on account of physical defects among its younger male population, had a higher draft rejection rate than any other state in the union.

2. A higher percentage of North Corolina mothers die during maternity than in 41 other states.

3. North Carolina has a higher infant death rate than 37 other states.

4. There are long waiting lists at practically all North Carolina hospitals. We need 6,000 more hospital beds.

5. Fiteen thousands births are attended by midwives annually in this State because doctors cannot be reached. The State needs at least 1,500 more doctors.

6. A total of 34 counties in North Carolina have no hospital facilities at all. In many other counties presently existing hospital facilities are grossly inadequate. Eighty-two of the State's 100 counties need either hospital expansion or new hospital facilities.

7. Many new clinics are needed, together with expanded public health department services to seek out and examine disease suspects and see that victims of incipient, tuberculosis and other physical and psychiatric ailments are given early medical care.

8. Good health is the foundation stone of a sound public school program. Unless children have sound bodies they cannot have sound minds, and without sound minds they cannot be developed properly either mentally or morally.

North Carolina for several years has been hailed as the most progressive State in the South. This reputation has been gained largely through its progress in the developement of its roads and schools. The Commonwealth cannot maintain this position unless it meets the challenge to minister to the health needs of all its peo-

ple in the same courageous spirit with which it has met the challenge in good roads and public education. But maintaining a reputation is merely incidental to the demands of the humane conscience of the State. We cannot be held guiltless of social crime if we neglect to provide adequate medical care for our people.

What can be accomplished in providing better health and sounder minds and bodies for the youth of North Carolina has been graphically shown in facts and figures presented some time ago by Dr. I. G. Greer, head of the Good Health Association, and superintendent of Mills Home. Nearly 50 per cent of the white men and seven out of ten North Carolina Negroes were rejected by draft boards, but fewer than one out of 100 of the boys from the orphanages of the State were medically unfit for military service. These boys received constant examination and care at the orphanages and their defects were corrected in the earliest stages. When the people of the State as a whole receive similar care all our people will benefit in the physical, social, economic and spiritual sense.

It is anticipated that several million dollars of Federal funds will soon be available to assist states and local communities in providing more adequate medical care. Whether or not such funds become available, North Carolina can and must wage and win this battle for good health among its people. This fight must not be lost through disputes and controversies over the detailed means or methods of achieving the great and vital objectives involved. It must not be sacrificed to the ambitions or jealousies of individuals, groups or institutions.

RIGHT APPROACH

Sooner or later some city would be wise enough to see the light. It is New York. Hereafter neglectful parents who knowingly permit their children to become delinquents will face legal action, acording to Police Commissioner Arthur W. Wallander.

That is putting responsibilty precisely where it belongs, precisely where the natural order of the law of God, whichever phrase one prefers, puts it. We have had enough of the theory that delinquency is solved by baseball gloves, swimming pools, cooking classes and the like. We have had enough of the thesis that delinquency is the responsibility of something vague called "society" and not enough of the truth that, included in that society, are neglectful parents who let their children go astray, who are morally responsible and who should be legally responlsible.—Selected.

THE UNSATISFIED

(Speakers Library Magazine)

Someone has well said that "a pain in the mind is the prelude to all discovery." The pain in the mind of the world today is one that does not seem to suggest the near approach to some fresh discovery, nor does it readily suggest a remedy to ease its pain. Men and women are distracted and confused by the tragedy of passing events. This is peculiarly true of youth. Suddenly the normal course of life has been arrested and the orderly ways of living checked. The remedies to which men hitherto turned have relieved some for the while, but have failed largely of their healing virtues. Old systems that seemed permanently established and customs and usages universally observed have lost their place of authority.

That there must come, and come speedily, some form of relief is clearly evident. Without relief there will be nothing of stability, nothing of repose, nothing of confidence. We live in an unsatisfied and deeply inquiring world; the conflict between old and new ideals grows sharper and more intense with every recurring hour. To many men and women it seems that we are entering into another Dark Age.

In Lord Tweedsmuir's "Pilgrim's Way" he describes a situation that is all to conspicuously evident in our life today. He says, "Men would go everywhere and live nowhere; know everything and understand nothing. In the perpetual hurry of life there would be no chance of quiet for the soul." Against such a situation he rebels. He finds himself driven as never before to the deep and unchanging values that men have so long neglected, the loss of which precipitated the recent cataclysm.

Long Tweedsmuir was expressing what may be the inarticulate yearning in the heart of every thoughtful man and woman. Jesus in His teaching clearly visioned such a situation. He saw the utter inadequacy of the sources of supply to which men resorted. The incident of His conversation with the woman of Samaria who had come to draw water from the ancient well of Sycher is pertinent. The dialogue that ensued had to do with the unsatisfying water which at best could only serve its purpose for a brief space. Jesus said too her: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." He was seeking to make clear to her mind that man needed something other than those things to which he resorted for the satisfaction of his physical needs. He insisted that man's nature must recognize and secure the peace and assurance that alone come from the full recognition of the demands of his spiritual nature, his real self. A great Russian has said, "There is at the bottom of modern history man's break with the depts of his own soul." It is because of this break with a right understanding of his real worth and dignity, and along with it the essential worth and diginity of other, that he finds himself in a world characterized by unrest, hopeless confusion and

ever-increasing disorder. The descent of man from his higher levels of thinking and living has been swift, tragic and disillusioning.

No matter what other means we may employ to restore world order and peace, one thing is indispensable —namely, a fresh reckoning with those values with which we have parted company these later years. Armies and navies alone cannot discipline us back into the orderly ways of living. Coercive methods utterly fail to do this. We cannot be statisfied with the kind of life we are experiencing today, and before we shall gain that for which we vainly struggle we shall have to rediscover the real meaning of life and in rediscovering it we shall have to reconize the needs of our souls. Without this we shall have nothing of peace, nothing of order, nothing of freedom, and less of those things that make life worth living.

THE BUSINESS OF AN OPTIMIST

The business of an optimist is to pluck a thistle and plant a rose, wherever it seems likely that a rose will grow; remembering ever that some folks are so constituted that they are never so happy as when they are miserable.

To scatter seeds of sunshine, cheer and hope in the dark corners of life where the dank weeds of sorrow and despair rear their unlovely heads.

To keep his face pleasing to look upon, his constitution free from bile, and his feet warm.

To revel in the glories of the sunlight, the love of friends, the songs of birds, the beauties of flowers, trees, blue skies and rippling waters.

To keep his eyes bright, his heart light, his chin up, his backbone straight, and to walk blithely forward.

To worry over nothing that cannot be helped, and to waste no time in worrying over that which can be helped.

To meet misfortune with a grin, entertain her if he must, and to give her the slip at the first opportunity.

To carry on with a smile in the face of abuse, injustice and lies.

To harbor no bitterness if his good deeds win nothing but ingratitude, but keep on doing them none the less.

To remain human at all costs, lest he commit the grievous sin of setting himself up in judgment on some fellow mortal.

To fret not that his waist line expands apace, nor mourn the loss of hair and teeth, but to cherish in his immortal soul the sublime truth that only three things are really worth while: to gain wisdom, to do good, and to be kind.—Selected.

THE DREAMERS

(The Dare County Times)

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The world has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who give a grudge a cheer.

Wherefor, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel.

Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of destiny call to them from unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which but for one man's dream, would never come true.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the way—who chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and the empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea

and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors—their vassals are the years.

———:———

FIND LONG MISSING BODY OF H. CORTES

A story with all the trappings of a good movie plot is developing in Mexico City.

It goes back hundreds of years and continues right up to the present.

For recently, according to authorities, what are believed to be the long-missing remains of Herman Cortes were discovered in a sealed crypt in the chapel of a hospital in Mexico City which Cortes himself established in the year 1530.

And if you recall your history, you'll remember that Herman Cortes was one of the most famed of the Spanish conquistadores of the early 16th century. He conquered the Indian ruler of Mexico from 1519 to 1521.

Cortes died in Seville, Spain, in 1547 and was buried in the family vault. His son had Cortes' body brought to the monastery of San Francisco in Mexico City in 1562.

The body was moved twice and finally, 123 years ago, during the anti-Spanish riots of 1823, Cortes' body was hidden by his descendants.

A few days ago, a Spanish antiquarian—Fernando Bacz—said he had found what apparently was a church record of the supposed hiding place of Cortes' remains.

With permission of the Mexiran government, Baez searched the now unused hospital chapel until he found the box in a wall.

Now, officials say the two-by-four foot crystal and gold casket answers historical descriptions of Cortes' coffin and asserts its authenticity cannot be doubted.—Selected.

CRIME CONTINUES TO INCREASE

(The Charlotte Observer)

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, the man who keeps tab on the lawless, makes another distressing report of crime in the United States. It isn't a pretty picture, but he says for the first nine months of this year crime increased 8.1 per cent over the same period in 1945.

Statistics are dull reading but Hoover's report is so tremendously important that we shall quote him: Robberies jumped 19.2 per cent; murders 15.3 per cent; negligent manslaughter 9.4 per cent; aggravated assault 7.9 per cent, and burglaries 11.3 per cent. The figures were based on a study of some 400 large cities representing a population of more than 52,000,000.

Hoover is disturbed over the situation, and well that he should be, and incidentally all Americans should be disturbed. The United States is gradually becoming a lawless country. But let us go on with Hoover's report.

Referring to the "gravity of the present juvenile delinquency situation" Hoover said "age 21 predominated in frenquency of both male and female arrests. Among the males alone, the most pronounced increases were 21.5 per cent in the 18 to 20-year-old group and 69.7 per cent in the 21 to 24-year old group over the corresponding nine months in 1945. Persons under 21 accounted for 17 per cent of the 500,000-odd fingerprint arrest reviewed. Their arrests represented 51.1 per cent of the rapes and 28.4 percent of the robberies. Female arrests during the first nine months of this year, compared with the same period of 1945, decreased 22.2 per cent and the decreases were most pronounced in the age groups under 25 years.

What is the cause of the increase in crime among our youth? There probably are a dozen different reasons, some sounder than others. Unquestionably unwholesome living conditions contribute their share, but they probably aren't the chief cause. Police records disclose the startling facts that many of today's youthful criminals come from some of our so-called best families. We can no longer place all of the blame on the war. Some welfare workers point an accusing finger at parents. They will tell you that lack of parental discipline is playing a major role in delinquency. Some parents seem to believe in the fallacious idea that all that is necessary to train a child properly is to send him to school and leave the work up to the teacher. The schools are doing a good job, but they cannot under any conditions substitute for the parents. After all is said and done it is the prime duty of the parents to lead their children into the path of the good citizen.

Mr. Hoover can cite you the figures, but in order to stamp out crime or even hold it to a minimun he must depend upon the wholehearted support of all right thinking citizens.

"GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME"

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Soon the great lady of New York Harbor will celebrate her sixtieth birthday. But there is no evidence of age. Her spirit is as indomiable as ever; her strength undiminished and her head held high.

Since her unveiling on October 28, 1886, the Statue of Liberty has held her torch aloft to thirty million immigrants from the four corners of the earth, as in the sunrise of another day they have turned their faces to her outstretched arms and believed her words of welcome:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breath free,
The wretched refuse of your shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

Nor were they content to enter that door empty handed. They brought to this New World traditions and talents of the Old. With freedom of opportunity opened to them, they brought to these shores their all. They enlarged our horizons of science, art and industry and have kept The Lady perpetually young, by infusing her with new life—the very personification of all that Americas has offered to them. All the earth's nations, races and creeds, they have joined together under Miss Liberty's torch, as one united people. This is what has made the Great Lady's lamp a beacon of hope to the war-torn and oppressed from every land.

Not alone to the new American is she held dear, but to those who leave but to return to this their native shore. In no hearts is she cherished more than those of the armed forces of our country. They have fought her battles in the far-flung battlefields of the globe. The broken chaines at her feet, symbolic of the severed bonds of tyranny; the tablet she holds, bearing the inscription JULY IVMDCC LXXVI (July 4, 1776), reminder of our democratic articles of faith, are living realities to the millions liberated in her name. To all the freedom-loving peoples of the world, she stands as the avenger of race hatred and religious bigotry, the guardian of human rights and the champion of the Common Man.

What more fitting birthday message for Lady Liberty can we give than the thought expressed at her dedication just sixty years ago:

"We dedicate this statue to the friendship of the nations and the peace of the world; the spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood, it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations."

(Note: The Statue of Liberty, by Bartholdi, was a gift of the French people to the United States on the 100th anniversary of American independence. It was placed in position in 1885 and unveiled in 1886.)

———:———

Ingratitude is treason to mankind.—Thomson.

THE HEALTH CHALLENGE

(Twin City Sentinel)

State Superintendent Clyde A. Erwin will recommend an eight-point legislative program to the General Assembly of 1947. The first six of these, it will be noted, are identical with the legislative program of the North Carolina Education Association. In addition Superintendent Erwin will recommend that an appropriation of $225,000 be made for a program of supervision and $8,184 to provide for the direction of a program of special education on the State level.

The complete recommendations are as follows:

1. A more adequate program of health in the schools under the supervision of the school authorities with provision for physical examinations of all school children and corrective follow-through with financial assistance in cases where needed.

2. Increased salaries of school personnel commensurate with the rising cost of living.

3. An effective system, with adequate financial support, for the enforcement of the compulsory attendance law.

4. Increased retirement benefits.

5. A more liberal allotment of teachers in order that (1) the overcrowded conditions in classrooms may be relieved; (2) programs of physical education and recreation, guidance, art and music may be provided; (3) more adequate care may be given to handicapped children, and (4) other worthwhile additions may be made to the curriculum.

6. State participation on an equalization basis in providing adequate school buildings and equipment.

7. State funds for the employment of supervisors of instruction.

8. An appropriation for setting up an office on the State level to promote a program of education for exceptional children.

Additional points will be added, if deemed advisable, Superintendent Erwin states, and these will be explained in more detail later.

———:———

There are two kinds of discontent in this world; the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it had. There is no cure for the first but success, and there is no cure at all for the second.—Gordon Graham.

THE INSPIRATION OF A NEW START

(Selected)

When the Creator arranged the seasons and gave some suggestions about resting one day in seven, thus creating the week, He set in motion a plan of measuring time that man has developed to a much higher degree. The men who worked out the calendar broke the four seasons, making up a year, into months, thus making it possible for those who sell goods to send out bills at the end of 30 days.

While it is sometimes advisable to make a new start at the beginning of a month, we have generally become accustomed to regarding the first of the new year as the proper time at which to make a new start.

The tax years of most business firms conform to the calendar year, and in these days of heavy taxes, it is almost necessary to make a new start at the beginning of the year.

While it is well to review the past in order to see what has been accomplished, the more important task is to plan for the future, profiting by the mistakes of the past.

Although there are those who sneer at the idea of making new year's resolutions, we do not want to be included in that group. We believe that resolutions, put into effect at the beginning of a new year, are well worth while, although we should like to point out that foolish resolutions, giving up desserts in order to streamline the figure, are rarely worth making, because they are too easily broken.

But resolutions that serve to make a man think more seriously of his responsibilities to his family, his friends, his customers or clients, and his community should be made.

Right now as we prepare to begin a new year, we can think of nothing more inspiring than this opportunity to make a new start.

———:———

Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed, the enthusiast convinces and dominates where wealth, accumulated by a small army of workers, would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel for its object, like an avalanhce, overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more nor less than faith in action.

—Henry Chester.

MORE THAN 20,000 HOMES BURNED

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Farmers and timber owners in North Carolina burn more than 20,000 homes each year—that's the way R. W. Graeber, in charge of Forestry Extension for State College, pictures the haphazzard harvesting of this crop.

The Forest Survey of the Southeastern Forest Experiment Station, Asheville, reports that for the year 1943 farmers and timber owners of North Carolina cut and burned as fuel wood "timber of lumber size quality" amounting to 481,600,000 board feet. Graeber says that it requires approximately 22,500 board feet of lumber to build a standard six-room frame house containing 1,250 square feet of floor space. "Now, take your lead pencil and figure for yourself," he suggests. "You will find that this amount of lumber will build 21,404 six-room houses. Likewise, the pulp and paper industry in 1943 consumed 139,600,000 board feet of timber of lumber size and quality taken from the North Carolina forests. This, again, is equivalent to 6,204 standard six-room houses.

Sure its appalling in the face of the demand for building material for approximately 900,000 cords of pulp wood and 6,000,000 cords of fuel wood. A systematic harvest of cull trees, thinnings, and salvage of tree tops from sawtimber operations will yield approximately 10,000,000 cords annually. This is 45 per cent above the present demand for fuel and pulpwood. This type of harvest will also promote faster growth on trees of sawtimber quality.

"The indications are that there will be a heavy demand for lumber and other sawtimber products during the next ten years, even greater than the supply. We can help meet this growing demand by growing more timber. We can grow more timber by allowing saw timber trees to reach larger size and by cutting fuel wood and pulpwood from inferior trees."

———:———

It is reported that during World War II, at a manufacturing concern in Chicago, employees who needlessly missed work through strikes or otherwise were paid for the time lost in German money. A note attached to the pay envelope explained: "This money comes from a country that is glad to pay you not to make supplies for our soldiers. When you don't work for us, you work for the enemy.

—Selected.

BAD LUCK COST NAVY VICTORY

(The Catawba News-Enterprise)

"We had that team licked, and licked good."

That was Capt. Tom Hmilton speaking—Navey's head coach.

"But the final scene capped the bad luck that we have had all season."

The Middies, tried, sweating, some with tears in their eyes, all with set faces and gritted teeth trooped silently to the Navy dressing room, after their epic battle with Army.

They didn't have to speak. Every face asked:

"Well I wonder what they think of us now—a team that lost seven straight games up to this one?"

The double doors on the dressing room were padlocked, and nobody had the key so down went the door, padlock, hinges and all with a bang.

Inside it was quiet. Then the coach walked in. The "kids," as Hamilton calls them stood up, gave three "hip, hip, hoorays" for the boss, and the tension was broken.

Everybody who could get close was shaking Hamilton's hand.

"Army certainly had all the stars, but our kids had the hearts" said Hamilton as he looked back through the broken door at his squad.

"I want to congratulate Army on the completion of three years of undefeated ball. Their performance is a tribute to great players and the fine coaching they have."

Hamilton said "the greatest player on the field was Dick Scott. Although our whole team was great, he was terrific.

"I never saw a bunch of kids battle the way they did. A lot of teams would have curled up and quit after the first half, but not this gang.

It was the best game they have played all year."

As for Army individual stars?

"Blanchard and Davis were great, and of course a fellow named Tucker threw a couple of strikes."

Just then Lee Bramlett, team captain and end who had been delayed by a mob of friends and well-wishers, came into the room. Hamilton slapped his back, shook hands and said:

"I' am sorry we couldn't quite do it. Time ran out on us."

Hamilton was mildly critical of the officials in the final few seconds when Navy was threatening and apparently ran the ball out of bounds, but the electric clock kept ticking away.

"I sent Bill Earl in to substitute and still they didn't stop the clock. It was a double miss, but the ball game is over and I'm not beefing."

Col. Lawrence (Biff) Jones, army graduate manager of athletics, came over and Hamilton told him he had a "great team."

"Yes, but so have you," Jones replied.

Rear Admiral Stuart H. Ingersoll, commandant of midshipman left the room just then with a smile.

"I feel plenty good," he said. "I've just been talking to the winning team."

The blue-coated cop guarding the door expressed the general Navy sentiment:

Why should Navy feel bad. They pushed the No. 1 team in the country all over the joint."

A LESSON IN ENTERPRISE

(Sunshine Magazine)

The current world trend toward communism could readily be thwarted here in America, at least, says Dr. George W. Crane, the eminent psychologist of Chicago, if more boys and girls carried newspaper routes under the "small merchant" plan. By this method they would feel the exhilaration of being independent workers, instead of regulated and overly coddled children of on an allowance. They would learn applied psychology by actually dealing with customers, and would polish up their mathematics in keeping books and making sure their collections balanced properly.

They would acquire the habits of diligence to duty, promptness, and courtesy, for newsboys must arise early in the morning to get their route covered on schedule. Or, if they handle an evening newspaper, they must often sacrifice an hour of post-school play in order to be at the appointed spot to receive their evening edition and get the newspaper to every subscriber before 6 o'clock.

Newsboys thus learn to be manly and responsible citizens. They attain self-reliance early. Indeed, many a newsboy of 15 is far more competent to handle business matters and budget his income than the average young husband of 25.

A person who works only on a salary is not so likely to develop that old-fashioned American feeling of self-reliance and shrewdness, nor a realization of the integrity of work and the value of money.

———:———

LET'S BE HAPPY

I like to turn men's thoughts away from struggle and from strife.
And have them contemplate with me the happy things of life.
I like to lead them down the paths of Nature's wonderland, where beauty, cheer and peace of mind are found on every hand. It seems to me that life should bring more happiness and fun—More satifaction and content with every setting sun;
It seems to me that we should find release from daily care, and spend more time where friendly joys are waiting everywhere.
So many things men think they need, and slave so long to gain, bring only misery and loss and bitterness and pain!
So many things that fill our lives with drudgrey and toil.
Are such a foolish price to pay for all the fun they spoil!
And so, I like to turn men's thoughts as often as I may,
To things that help them to forget the burdens of the day;
I like to guide their weary steps where friendliness and cheer.
Will drive discouragement away,and bring contentment near.

—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Hebrews 11:8-19, and the subject of his message to the boys was "A Successful Religious Life."

The speaker began by explaining that Abraham, the principal Biblical character to be discussed, is called, "the father of the faithful." He added that while Abraham had his weaknesses, he was able to overcome them and become one of the greatest men whose names are recorded in the Bible. He might be called a religious success.

It was then pointed out by Rev. Mr. Tarlton that there were many strong points in Abraham's character, and he called particular attention to the following:

(1) Abraham was strong physically. He made many hazardous journeys which could not have been made by a man who was weak. He was undoubtedly very much admired because of his physical strength.

In this day and time we like people to be strong. Millions of dollars are being spent for the erection of great hospitals, training skilled doctors, building gymnasiums, and for many other health developing projects.

The speaker urged the boys not to do anything that would weaken their bodies.

(2) Abraham was a man of prayer. Everywhere he went, he built an altar where prayer was offered up to God. We, too, need to pray. When we pray, we talk to God and He talks back into our hearts. In this manner He gives us instructions as to how our lives should be directed.

(3) We learn from the Bible that Abraham was a man who loved others. He even loved his nephew, Lot, in spite of the latter's wickedness. He even prayed that the city of Sodom might be spared, in order that Lot might be given another chance to overcome his evil habits. From this angle of Abraham's character we get the lesson that it is a good thing to love something worthwhile.

(4) Abraham was a man of great wealth, as fortunes were figured in those days. But in spite of his wealth, Abraham heard the call of God and obeyed His bidding. We must remember that this great man of the early Bible days was reared in a land of idolatry and sin. It must have been hard for him to get away from the evil environments of his youth. His love of God was so great, however, that he chose to follow as He directed.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton then stated that there were also some weaknesses about the character of the great man. On one occasion he told a lie. He married his own half-sister, a very beautiful woman. When he had made up his mind to go to Egypt, he told his wife not to let the Egyptians know that she was married to him. He said that she should tell them she was his sister. It is supposed that he did this for her protection. While

he told this lie, or half-truth, it did him no good, for the Eygptians found out the truth.

On one occasion, continued the speaker, Abraham doubted God. He did not believe that God was going to keep a promise He had made to him. He did not have sufficient faith in God. He later came to realize that God did keep His promise, in spite of the fact that at one time he had doubted that He would do so.

Abraham was good because of his great faith, said the speaker. When God told him to leave home, he obeyed, and went wherever he was directed. It is the same with our missionaries today. They go where God directs. If we walk by faith, asking our Heavenly Father to lead us, all will be well.

Then Mr. Tarlton spoke of the time God directed Abraham to offer his son, Isaac, as a sacrifice. He and the young boy climbed a high mountain and built an altar. Abraham bound Isaac and placed him upon the alter, and, as he drew back his hand to kill the lad, God stopped him, and showed him where to find an animal to be used for the sacrifice.

Abraham was great, said the speaker, because of his gift to all generations. He gave to the world a great family. Many famous Bible characters were descendants of Abraham, who became the father of the faithful. He was great because he gave to the world a great life. While he made many blunders, he also did much for the world.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Tarlton called attention to the great contrast between the life of Abraham and that of his nephew, Lot, who was a very wicked person. Lot left a pillar of salt, a burned-out city, and two bad families to the world. On the other hand, we lift our voices in praise to Abraham because of the great heritage he left to those who came after him—a great life and a huge family of truly Christian people.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 19, 1947

Jan.19—Harry Matthews, Cottage No. 10, 17th birthday.
Jan. 19—Robert Rice, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.
Jan. 20—Aaron McCarson, Cottage No. 5, 17th birthday.
Jan. 23—Robert Peavey, Cottage No. 6, 14th birthday.
Jan. 23—Jerald Peavey, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Frankness is a virtue, but too much frankness is rudeness.—Gotschal.

—:—

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes.—Washington Irving.

—:—

The covetous man is ever in want.
—Horace.

—:—

Savageness is always due to a sense of weakness.—Seneca.

—:—

Lose an hour in the morning and you will be all day hunting for it.
—Whately.

—:—

Into the well which supplies thee with water, cast no stones.
—The Talmud.

—:—

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.—Gaelic Proverb.

—:—

Thinking well is wise; planning well, wiser; doing well, wisest and best of all.—Persian Adage.

—:—

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character.—Emerson.

—:—

Do not talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be. Just be that man.—Shafer.

—:—

It isn't the size of the man in the fight that counts; it's the size of the fight in the man.—Exchange.

—:—

Speech is precious and should be used not to wound but to heal, not to darken but to enlighten, not to condemn but to release.—Selected.

—:—

If I had but one sermon to preach it would be a sermon against pride.
—G. K. Chesterton.

—:—

To be agreeable, you must patiently listen to many things that you already know.—Exchange.

—:—

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Each year, one vicious habit rooted out, in time ought to make the worst man good.—Franklin.

—:—

Happiness often sneaks in through a door you didn't know you left epen.
—John Barrymore.

—:—

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?
—George Eliot.

—:—

When circumstances demand an immediate answer, use your common sense and the golden rule, and nine times out of ten, when you look it up, you will find the law supports you.
—Lincoln.

—:—

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us toward that which is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.—Whewell.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A brain is no stronger than its weakest think.

—:—

A Jury: Twelve men chosen to decide which side has the better lawyer.

—:—

It doesn't depend upon size, or a cow would catch a rabbit.

—:—

The world has no more use for a "high-hatter" than a fish has for an umbrella.

—:—

Getting an idea should be like sitting down on a pin; it should make you jump up and do something.

—:—

It would be nice to have all the money one has spent foolishly in order to enjoy spending it foolishly again.

—:—

When some people pay bills, they leave the doctor until the last. When they get sick they want him to be first.

—:—

Courtesy is the quality that keeps a woman smiling when a departing guest stands at the open screen door and lets the flies in.

—:—

Said the toe to the sock: "Let me through, let me through." Said the sock to the toe: "I'll be darned if I do."—Exchange.

—:—

If I have to go crazy, I'd rather do it in Washington than any place else, for no one would notice it.

—Irvin S. Cobb.

—:—

The champion athlete, in bed with a cold, was told that he had a temperature. "How high is it, doctor?" he asked. "A hundred and four," said the doctor. "What's the world's record?" the athlete feebly inquired.

The best way to catch a rabbit, according to a recent statement by a radio humorist, is to hide behind a tree and make a noise like a carrot.

—:—

Johnny: "Yah! A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father is!"

Tommy: "Yeah? What did the bird say?"

Johnny: "Cheep, cheep!"

Tommy: 'Huh! Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is!"

—:—

A sentimental lady on a tour of the Oregon State Forest Preserves stopped before a giant tree. "Oh, wonderful elm," she exclaimed, "if you could only speak, what would you say to me?"

The senior forester, accompanying her, said, "It would probably say, 'Pardon me, lady, but I'm an oak.' "

—:—

Old Uncle Zeke had been working industriously with a stub of pencil and some paper. Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a shout.

"Mandy," he cried, "doggoned if I ain't learned to write."

Mandy looked at the scrawled lines.

"Whut do it say?" she asked.

"Can't tell," said Uncle Zeke. "I ain't learned to read yet.

—:—

An army veterinary surgeon was instructing a rookie as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse. He said: "Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat." Shortly thereafter the rookie came running to the vet in a distressed condition. erinary. "I'm dying," cried the rookie. "The horse blew first."

"What's the matter?" asked the vet-

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 12, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Autrey
William Epps
Roger Ivey
Marion Ray
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

Hubert Black
William Britt
Horace Collins
Robert Ellers
Ernest Johnston
Jack Lambert
Clay Shew
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Eddie Medlin
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
William McHolder
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Clyde Smith
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
J. C. Littlejohn
Sammy Lynn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Glenn Bumgardner
James Hunt
David Johnson
James Myers
James Norton
Lacy Overton
Clifford Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
George Byrd
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
Robert Woodruff

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Evans
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Melvin Ledford
Eugene McLean
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Robert Shepherd
Claywood Sparrow
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Edward Guffey
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Harry Matthews
Sile Orr
Donald Stultz
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Leslie Gautier
William Guffey
Miley Gunter
James Phillips
Raymond Cloninger

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Floyd Canady
Leroy Cowan
Charles Shearin

COTTAGE No. 14

Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Smith
Thomas Styles
James Walters
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Howard Herman
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
Herbert Landreth
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Carlyle Brown
Eden Chavis
Ralph Cranford
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Robert Poplin
Jerry Ray

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with true greatness, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves.—George Eliot.

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 25, 1947 No. 4

FAITH

No wisdom, and you perish,
No ideal, and you're lost;
Your heart must ever cherish
Some faith at any cost.

Some hope, some dream to cling to,
Some rainbow in the sky,
Some melody to sing to,
Some service that is high.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
ENDURING SPIRIT OF GENERAL LEE	By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough	12
CRISIS IN SCHOOLS	By LeGette Blythe	16
LIFE EBBS AND FLOWS	By H. V. Melchert	18
TIME TO LAUNCH OUT AGAIN	(Charlotte Observer)	21
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		23
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A FATHER'S PRAYER

Build me a son, oh Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid. One who will be proud and unbending in defeat but humble and gentle in victory.

A son whose wishbone will not be where his backbone should be; a son who will know that to know himself is the foundation of all true knowledge.

Place him, I pray, not in the paths of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and let him learn compassion for those who fail.

Build me a son whose heart will be clean, whose goal will be high. A son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men. One who will learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep. One who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

And after all these are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously, a touch of humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness—the open mind of truth; the meekness, the true strength.

Then I, his father, will dare in the sacred recesses of my own heart to whisper: "I have not lived in vain."—Selected.

———:———

WALTER JOHNSON, A WORTHY HERO

On December 11th, Walter Johnson, one of the greatest pitchers of all time, and one of the most popular heroes in sports, passed into the Great Beyond. The heart of many a sports fan, and especially of many a boy, was saddened by the passing of this athlete. By the sterling qualities of his character and by his superb skill in the arts of pitching, Walter Johnson had won for himself undying fame and honor as one of the outstanding baseball players of all time.

Because of his unusual ability as a pitcher, he was commonly

known among the sports writers as the "Big Train." Whenever it was his turn to take his place on the mound, the opposition knew that the "Big Train" was on the move and if they were to be victorious they would have to do almost super-human deeds.

Arthur Daley, of the **New York Times,** described Walter Johnson as "a perfect model for American youth." Of him he wrote as follows:

> Walter Johnson is dead. Sportswriting is a trade in which the superlatives flow in easy fashion. The words, "greatest pitcher" and "fastest pitcher," often are bandied about too carelessly. But when they are applied to the Big Train they fit with glove-tailored perfection. However, he was more than merely a mechanical marvel, even though his amazing records were achieved for the most part with a last-place team. The big fellow from Coffeyville, Kan., was a gentleman of the highest type, a distinct credit to sport.
>
> Not once did he ever question an umpire's decision in a rowdy display of temperament. Never did he throw at a batter's head in the time-honored dusting operation that is designed to "loosen up the hitters." Safe in that knowledge, they took an unfair advantage of him, but still they couldn't touch his blinding speed.

Billy Evans, who at one time served as an umpire in the American League and was a close friend of Walter Johnson, wrote the following tribute to the Big Train on his death:

> Walter Johnson was not only a great guy, but the greatest pitcher of all time. He was beyond compare as a real he-man and a super athlete.
>
> Walter Johnson is gone, but his pitching deeds will live on forever, inscribed in the baseball records as a memorial to his greatness that will never be erased.
>
> Walter Johnson, who whizzed so many a third strike by the game's greatest hitters, has finally heard the Great Umpire call a last third strike on him. I know he hated to do it.
>
> Walter Johnson gave no quarter to defeat, so I'm sure he went down swinging. He never took that final third one without giving it a battle.
>
> In all history of baseball there never was a greater performer or a more beloved athlete. In the passing of Walter Johnson baseball loses one of its finest characters, a real gentleman, one who helped in making baseball the great game it is today.

I knew him well. I liked him immensely. I umpired the first game he pitched back in mid-season of 1907. Right off the farm without any professional experience, he forced the Detroit champions to the very limit to beat him by a one-run margin. The score, as I recall it as I brush aside the cobwebs on a 40-year memory test, was 3 to 2.

Later, Walter Johnson managed for me at Cleveland.

I umpired the three games that Walter pitched in succession against the New York Yankees—the Highlanders in those days. All three games were shutouts, a record never approached.

I have been behind the plate in many games in which he set marks that present-day twirlers are still shooting at. Yet in the hundreds of games pitched by Johnson, never once in all those games did he offer a single objection on my calling of balls and strikes. Every other umpire who ever officiated in a game pitched by Johnson had the same unique experience I had—never a protest.

* * * * * * * *

THE GLORY OF OUR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

Very few people living in America ever stop to contemplate the glorious fact that here in this county we have the finest expression in all the world of democracy in government. Most people live from day to day under the blessings of our form of government and accept the benefits accruing to them as a matter of fact; they never stop to realize how different it would be if conditions in this county were similar to those in many of the other lands of the world. It seems appropriate, then, that the citizenry of the United States should be made thoroughly conscious at frequent intervals regarding the basic elements of our American democracy with all its privileges and opportunities.

At times there appears to be a constant amount of disunity in America, and to the extent that there is an infiltration of Communism or any other movements foreign to the American way of life, there is just reason that we be forewarned of any impending danger. Certainly, it is always commendable if a large portion of our population feels a spirit of gratitude for the benevolent protection of our constitutional form of government.

There have been times when the unity of the United States was in much greater jeopardy than it is today. For instance, during the

period of the Civil War the very existence of the nation under the Constitution was suspended on a slender thread, and there was grave danger that the total structure would crash over the precipice and into utter destruction. Yet, as great as the crisis was at that time, our nation survived and has become to be recognized as the foremost nation in all the world. However, there are constant dangers which threaten the existence of the nation and against which the citizenry should be cautioned.

We should remember that France, prior to World War II, was rich in traditions. It apparently had a high mission in the councils of nations. It was rich in literature and culture and had to its credit many centures of heroic history. Yet France revealed herself to the world in that terrible crisis as hopelessly divided. Here, then, we should realize that there are in this country potential dangers. Our own democracy and our national unity can be sacrificed, can be frittered away, can be wilfully destroyed, if we are too careless.

Someone has written as follows: "If national unity is to be preserved, the nation must be kept sound and well; the natural resources must be saved, not frittered away; the human resources must be preserved and strengthened, not exploited and weakened."

Last Sunday a national election was held in Poland, and it was declared that this was to be a free election. However, there is every evidence of the fact that the entire process of voting in that tragic country was dominated by the forces of communism under the protection of the Russian government. Of the election it was said there was no doubt from the very beginning as to what the outcome would be, which is another way of saying that the election machinery was dominated and controlled by an external force. The nation today offers one of the most pathetic examples of how democracy in government may vanish before the very eyes of the voters, even before they are conscious of what is happening.

There are those in this country who say to themselves that such a thing cannot happen here, but this is not true at all.

Walter Lippman, one of the most profound thinkers of this age, in one of his columns made the following significant comment: "The democratic system cannot be operated without effective opposition, for in making the great experiment of governing people by consent

rather than by coercion it is not sufficient that the party in power should have a majority; it is just as necessary that the party in power should never outrage the minority. It means that it must listen to the minority and be moved by the criticisms of the minority. It means that its measure must take account of the minority's objections, and that in administering measures it must be remembered that the minority may become the majority."

One of the most redeeming features of the way of our life is that we do have an abundance of tolerance for the rights and privileges of others. We go a long way towards recognizing that opposition is indispensable. If this country is to continue to progress as it should, it must forever open the way for the operation of democracy in government, from the lowest unit to the highest unit of government.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January, 26 1947

Jan. 26—Gray Brown, Cottage No. 1, 16th birthday.
Jan. 26—Robert Phillips, Cottage No. 17, 15th birthday.
Jan. 26—Franklin D. Robinson, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.
Jan. 27—Olin D. Sealey, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
Jan. 28—Jackson Melvin, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Basketball

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Basketball season is here! All the boys enjoy playing basketball very much. Each cottage gets to go to the gymnasium on different nights. Each cottage will have two teams, a large one and a small one. We appreciate getting to go to the gymnasium to play.

Hello, South America

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

"Hello, South America" is a little booklet that Mr. Hines got for us to use in connection with our work in geography. We are now studying about South America. We enjoy every one of these stories in "Hello, South America." They are very interesting little booklets. Some of the stories are as follows: "South America Yesterday," "Sombrero," "The Remembering Skirt," and "South America Today." All the boys enjoy reading and studying these booklets, and we want to thank Mr. Hines for getting them for us.

Quiz Party

By Ray Roberts, 6th Grade

On Wednesday, January 15, 1947 the boys in Cottage No. 10 had a party. The boys had been expecting it for a long time. The boys were all called to the sitting room. Then Mr. and Mrs. Liske asked them questions, and the boys would try to answer them. The first question one answered correctly he got one cent. Some of the boys answered all the questions, and they received sixty-four cents. The boys who answered all the questions are the following: Harry Matthews, James Brigman, Kenneth Wells, Chas. Angel, and Ray Roberts. After Mr. and Mrs. Liske had finished asking the questions, we had some refreshments of cakes, candy, and drinks. After this the boys went into the sitting room and listened to the radio.

We thank Mr. and Mrs. Liske for giving us this party.

Good News

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

Recently, Mr. Hines received word from the North Carolina Gideons, whom he wrote to see if they had enough Bibles for the boys in his cottage, saying that that they were sending twenty-five Bibles. We surely do appreciate this contribution that these people have given to make the boys better and happier. We also appreciate Mr. Hines' thoughfulness in thinking of the boys in such a way. The Bibles arrived last Wednesday, and they surely are nice ones. Mr. E. F. Craven, President of the North Carolina Gideons, sent them and also the following letter:

Dear Sir:

During the holidays we received a letter from Gideon Headquarters covering your letter of December 16th advising that you wanted twenty-five Bibles to use in your cottage for the

boys at Stonewall Jackson Training School. We have been hoping that we could put these in the car and drive over to the school and make personal delivery, but up to this time it seems we haven't been able to do this. We have a number of Bibles here so we are shipping twenty-five to you by express, charges prepaid.

We think the Stonewall Jackson Training School has accomplished wonders in the reforming of boys who have gone astray, and we are glad to have the opportunity of making this contribution.

May the Lord bless you and the boys in the use of these Bibles in your institution.

Yours in the Master's Service,
North Carolina Gideons,
E. F. Craven
E. F. Craven, President.

J. T. S. Boxing Team

By James Peterson, 6th grade, and Horace Collins, 6th Grade.

The J. T. S. boxing team will go to Greenville, S. C., Jan. 30th, to participate in the Greenville Golden Glove Boxing Tournament. This is the first time in the history of the School that J. T. S. has had a boxing team to meet outside opposition. The team will stay in Greenville until all are eliminated from the tournament which ends Feb. 3. The following boys will make the trip: Jack Benfield, James Phillips, Donald Moose, James Norton, Alvin Fox, Ray Burns, Clifton Rhodes, James Peterson, Earl Kinlaw, Charles Autry, Roy Ore, and Carlton Pate. We wish these boys luck and hope they bring back at least one trophy.

Radio Program

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The radio program for January 14, 1947 was given by the first and second grades. Some of the songs they sang are as follows: "Happy New Year," "It's Snowing," "The Little Eskimo," and "The Old Man." They were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Liske.

All the boys enjoyed going to the radio station very much.

Work of the Barber Shop

By Robert Jarvis, 7th Grade

It is hair-cutting time again at the school. The boys were looking forward to this time. Each boy surely is glad to get his hair cut. Having our own barber shop surely is an advantage to each boy, because in some barber shops the cost of getting a haircut is 75 cents. Each boy should appreciate what the barber shop boys and Mr. Horne are doing. The boys who are helping with the hair-cutting are Harry Matthews, James Cartrette, and Fred Whitley.

Boys Attend Movie in Concord

By Eugene Martin, 7th Grade

Some boys who work in the print shop went to town to see a show. It was very nice of Mr. Godown and Mr. Hawfield. We had been making some books, which were entitled "The History of the Training School," and since we did so nicely we were told that we would be rewarded by being permitted to see a show over town. The boys who went were the following: Gray Brown, Charles Moore,

Charles Francis, Robert Trout, Robert King, Richard Sandlin, James Moore, J. W. Sorrell, and Eugene Martin. We thank Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Godown for making it possible for us to go.

The Picture Show

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The title of the show last week was "A Sailor Takes His Wife." As the show began, Robert Walker (as John Hill), met a girl one night and married her the same night. The next night he was discharged from the navy. The picture showed how family quarrels come and go. At last they were happy. This was an enjoyable picture.

Letter-Writing Time

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

Last week the boys wrote letters. All the boys enjoy writing letters and telling their people of their progress which they have made in the School. Their people enjoy getting the good letters. All the boys are looking forward to next letter-writing time and want to improve in their letter-writing.

The Show We Saw Twice

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade and Carl Davis, 5th Grade

On Tuesday morning, January 14th, the name of the show we saw in the auditorium was "Football Thrills of 1945." It was a very good show. It showed several football games. They were these: Duke vs Navy, Army vs Notre Dame, Perdue vs Michigan, Tennessee vs Alamama, Pennsylvania vs Columbia, Ohio State vs Michigan, and Army vs Navy.

Before the show began, Mr. Hawfield made a talk. The show was such a good one that Mr. Hines ran it twice. The boys enjoyed the picture very much.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 2

By Emory King, 6th Grade

First we had two songs, "Somebody Did a Golden Deed" and "Lead on, O King Eternal." Then we had prayer. Mr. Sofness told us about a boy who became a great preacher.

Mr. Puckett was in charge of our group. Emory King had the first part, "A Holy Day." Bennie Riggins had the second part, and his topic was "A Different Day." Lindsay Elder, who had the third part, told about the following topic, "A Day to Do Good." James Christy's topic was "The Lord of the Day."

We had some new members of the B. T. U. yesterday, because fourteen of the boys from the Stonewall Jackson Training School who united with the First Baptist Church on Jan. 5th became regular members of the B. T. U. on Jan. 12th. Four of them were in the Junior Group Number 2.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. 1

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We sang two songs. Then Mr. Max Isenhour led us in prayer, and John McKinney and James Arrowood closed the prayer. Mr. Sofness read us some from a book he had studied. After that we went to our group meetings in the

different rooms.

The first part was by James Arrowood. It was "A Holy Day."He read some from the Bible. The second part was by Ben Wilson. Clyde Hill had the third part. The fourth part was by John McKinney, and Floyd Bruce had the fifth part. The last part on the program was by Olin Sealey.

New Boys

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

On January 15th, there were four new boys who entered the day school. Their names, homes, and the grades in which they were placed are as follows: Glenn Cunningham, Waynesville, 5th grade; Edward Parker, Brevard, 7th grade; Charles Franklin, Morganton, 4th grade; and Bobby Joe Galyan, Gastonia, 4th grade.

We all hope that these boys will do well while they are at the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By James Shook, 6th Grade

After our opening exercises in the auditorium, we went to our class. The name of our program was "At Home in Nazareth." The parts and the boys who had them are as follows: "The Carpenter Shop," Robert Jarvis; "Lost in Jerusalem," James Shook; and "Adventures in the Temple," Horace Collins. James Shook gave out the parts for next time.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The key to every man is his thought. You're exactly what your thoughts have made you. The future—for you—will be only what your thoughts make it. All civilization rests upon the individual thinking of human beings.

Humanity moves forward in a single file. Progress does not occur in the mass because the gravitational pull is too strong. Believe it or not, nations and people are never fully civilized, but they contain, within them in varying numbers, men and women who live up to their high vision and who constitute a civilized vanguard.

It is these who preserve and shelter all human ideals and thus transmit the germ of human progress from age to age.

It is not our struggle to be happy that is mistaken; it is our false idea that we can find happiness anywhere but within ourselves. The perfecting of life is a power residing within the soul..

There is no greater curse than the lack of contentment, no greater sin than the desire for possession. Therefore, he who is content with contentment will always be content.

The milk of human kindness and the fruits of knowledge make a splendid diet.—C. H. Gentry.

ENDURING SPIRIT OF GENERAL LEE LIVES FOREVER

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, in Charlotte Observer

On the 140th anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, his matchless spirit remains as enduring as on that day 81 years ago when he rode silently away from Appomattox, cheered by his friend and foe alike.

In an effort to give the world something of the spirit of Lee, historians, artists, sculptors and poets have exhausted their skill. His glory lies not in marble or bronze, the painted canvas, nor in the printed word, but in his invincible spirit which lives today and shall endure to inspire future generations.

To the majority of students of histoy, Robert E. Lee's greatness seems to lie in his undisputed supremacy among military leaders. In reality, he was so many sided that throughout the years since Appomattox, his actual character has been slowly and surely revealed in all its majesty.

It has been conceded that with the exception of George Washington, there is no military leader of the past to whom General Lee can be justly compared in attributes of character or in the influence for good made upon the age in which he lived. Great as was his military strategy, greater still was his strategy of peace, overshadowing completely his mastery of the art of war.

In the little mountain town of Lexington, Va., hampered by limited means, grieved by the sufferings of the stricken South, his great genius overcast by unfortunate circumstances, he, with endless toil and miraculous ability, rebuilt a war-wrecked and penniless college, saturated the institution with his dauntless spirit, implanted forever its traditions of chivalry, courtesly and personal honor, soothed the bitterness of sectionalism, revived interest in the prostrate industries of the South, thus proving himself one of the wisest and ablest executivies of all times.

Those who new General Lee best have declared he was unique in that during his entire public career there was an utter lack of self seeking. Its absence was shown by his course at the beginning of sectional conflict between the North and the South.

Rich in his heritage of military ideals from Revolutionary heroes and statesmen, he dedicated his life from boyhood to his country. An honor graduate of West Point, a genius in military engineering, a brilliant cavalry leader and the hero of the Mexican War, he was justly recognized as the foremost soldier and the pride of the United States Army. But even while he served under the flag of the Union, the gradually widening breach between the North and the South became a yawning gulf. Contentions, misunderstandings, estrangements, bitterness, the flame of hatred and at last inevitable war.

On the 18th of April, 1861, the supreme commander of the United States forces was formally offered by the President through General Scott to Colonel Robert E. Lee of the First United States Cavalry.

Thus by surging tide of national events was he brought to the pinnacle of temptation. Spread before him was all that military leadership could promise; the command of his nation's armies, the certainty of final victory, fame, praise, gratitude, unrolled before him, strengthened by his own ardent devotion to the Union and its flag, his life long patrotism, training in camp, service on battlefield, his military friendships and associations, his hatred of slavery, opposition to secession, his belief the south was making a calamitous mistake.

Trained soldier that he was, he saw the other course stretch plainly before him. Knowing the vast resources of the manufacturing North and the weakness of the strictly agricultural South, he could not deceive himself with false optimism and never did he feel that the South unaided could win the war.

To his sense of duty there was but one answer. On the 18th of April, he declined President Lincoln's offer, on the 20th he resigned his commission, on the 23rd he accepted command of the Army of Virginia. Putting aside all thought of self and turning his back upon ambition, he unreservedly assumed the task of leading his people, impelled by his conviction that their cause was just.

And through the four bitter years of hopeless effort not one word of complaint or regret or commiseration passed his lips. His stupendous efforts were unavailing, his military career had ended in utter despair, the land he fought to save lay in ruins, his people subjugated and he himself a paroled and disfranchised captive. Even then his majestic character towered above defeat. Throughout those dark and gloomy days, his heroic spirit remained calm and serene.

The verdict of history long ago crowned as the real victor at Appomattox not Ulysses S. Grant but the immortal spirit of Robert E. Lee! As he rode slowly away from Appomattox along the lines of Northern soldiers, they cheered him to the echo. When in all the ages was there ever a similar occurrence of a conquered leader receiving the plaudits of the victorious army?

History records numerous instances of the tumultous greeting of victorious generals by their grateful and admiring countrymen, but in all the annals of this country their is only one record of the populace assembling to acclaim a defeated general, the hero of surrender whose place in history is unique.

ious generals by their countrymen, but in all the annals of the populace assembling to acclaim a defeated general, the hero of surender whose place in history is unique.

Riding into Richmond a paroled prisoner of war, Lee was welcomed by throngs of men and women cheering, applauding and smiling. The matchless character of the man had exalted him in the hearts of his people far above the misfortunes of war.

Soon after the surrender, General Lee, stripped of wealth and power, his home confiscated, a family dependent upon him, was again put to the test. A group of Englishmen seeking to gain this renowned man for their own, tendered him a large estate and liberal endowment that insured a life of ease. The Lee family transplanted to England, the soil of General Lee's ancestry, following

his military eminence would have become a most important social and civic component of the British empire. A company of French aristocrats made him a similar offer. Insurance and railroad companies tendered him positions with salaries as high as $25,000 annually for the mere use of his name.

He was the man of the hour, a forceful spirit that would live on just as his art of welfare still continues the study of every military man. No worldly honors, however tempting could have lured him from the path of duty. Courteously but firmly every orffer was refused. He neither cared for nor sought material gain save to give his loved ones comfort and he was unwilling to accept money for services unrendered. His only wish was to help the people of the war-torn South.

When the trustees of Washington college asked him to become their president at a salary of $1,500 a year, he saw the opportunity of preparing young men of the South for the burdens of the tempestuous times.

He accepted the offer. "I have led the young men of the South in battle and have seen many of them fall under my banner," he said. "I shall now spend the rest of my life teaching them to do their duty in peace."

Mounting his war horse, Traveler, he rode across the Blue Ridge to Lexington where the last years of his life were crowded with loftiest effort and noble sacrifice.

When the life work of the General Lee is weighed in the balance by the Divine Historian, his years at Washington college will in all probability prove to be the most fruitful and enduring of his career. To fully approximate his work the physical condition of the South must be recalled. Her system of economy was disrupted, credit gone, currency worthless, transportation destroyed, agricultural pursuits laid low.

War had closed the doors of Washington college, buildings were pillaged and defaced and the small faculty disorganized. With almost incredible speed, General Lee began adding departments, one each year until his death. Realizing the need of practicle work to accompany the theoretical, he added a school of engineering to fit young men for the physical reconstruction of the South; a school of law and equity to train them in its legislative duties; a school of journalism to develop Southern leaders of thought. He was planning a school of medicine when he was suddenly called from the field of his labors.

Reorganized and developed by the genius of Robert E. Lee, Washington college became a "city set upon a hill." Under his able administration, the college received handsome donations from all parts of the country and even from Europe. His illustrious name brought hundreds of students from all parts of the Unted States, even from the North, and from this institution they went forth equipped with armor more invincible than steel.

Generals Lee's great kinsman being rich, had endowed the college with his money. General Lee, having no money, gave himself to the college and thus enriched it forever. He hallowed it for all time by his spirit and left it the legacy of his incomparable name. In its ennobling memories and traditions, no institution of education in America excells

Washington and Lee university.

Glowing names shine on the roll of this great school which seems set apart as a nursery of American leadership. As a molder and maker of men whose public service has challenged international admiration, she can point with pride to her notable sons on the bench, in the church, at the bar, in national life, in class rooms, hospitals, in the fields of literature, arts and arms.

And in these distinguished men who received their training at the institution reclaimed by the "uncrowned king of defeated people," is reflected the immortal spirit of Robert E. Lee.

The living presence of his enduring spirit has been manifested in countless ways. His statue rises in many Southern cities, his bust has been carried overseas to London and to St. Cyr, famous military school of France; his noble figure on Traveler in bronze marks the Lee highway; his ancestral home, Stratford Hall, has been made into a national shrine; fifty or more biographers have paid him tributes of genuine love and admiration; his face adorns a stamp of the United States government; his portrait hangs in the seven army schools of the United States; chapters of daughters, sons and children of the Confederacy bear his name; Southern youth is educated by scholarships established in his memory while every year the inspiration of his majestic recumbent form at Lexinton casts a profound veneration over the hundreds of students at Washington and Lee university.

The radiance of a stainless life is more lasting than the name of any military career. If General Lee's self-denial, his purity of character, his victory over alluring temptations and his consecration to duty do not make him an example for young men, then no human conduct can attain such position.

A MEDITATION

If I can live in simple comfort and owe no man anything, sharing intimately with loved ones life's varied experiences; if I can bring a touch of healing and a clearer outlook into the trials and problems of those with whom I mingle; if I can humbly undertake public service when the public calls me, caring neither too much nor too little for popular approval; if I can give spiritual values always the first place as did Jesus of Nazareth, and gladly sink from sight like a bit of heaven that the coming of His Kingdom may be hastened, then will this experiment of living yield in full measure the true wealth of contentment, and when the door opens on another stage of existence I shall be ready for the great adventure.—A. Osborne.

CRISIS IN SCHOOLS

By LeGette Blythe in Charlotte Observer

It is generally agreed that the schools of North Carolina are face to face with the greatest crisis in recent years. Authorite in the field of education say so, and patrons of the schools are more and more coming to realize it.

Dr. Edgar W. Knight, Kenan professor of education at the University of North Carolina, calls it "the most serious crisis ever to confront American education." Dr. Knight, who has spent his adult years studying education, declares that no emergency in American history "has been so threatening to the idea of public education as the present and increasing shortage of qualified teachers, unrest in the profession, the decreasing number of promising and able young men and women who are preparing for teaching, and the strikes and rumors of strikes among teachers who have been kept so long on the ragged edge of respectability and whose loyalty has been put to such unnecessarily heavy strain."

He points out along with numerous other authorities, that these unhealthy conditions are warnings against the danger of a complete breakdown of public education unless the profession speedily can be stabilzed.

"Periodic patching and repairing of an inadequate scale through a little war bonus here and a driblet percentage increase there or by other acts of emotional or temporary political expediency" won't do the job, decalres Dr. Knight.

His views were shared by numerous leaders with whom I have talked, among them Chancellor Robert B. House of Chapel Hill, members of the faculty of the Woman's college at Greensboro, and others as well as teachers in high schools and elementary school, and patrons.

It must be a wholesale remodeling of the scale rather than a small patching of the present inadequate structure, as the administration forces in Raleigh seems to envision. Nothing short of that, it appears will attract capable young men and women into the profession.

And this is the purpose that the General Assembly should keep in mind as it prepares to start work upon the biennium appropriation for the schools. A 20-per cent raise would help some of the present teachers and might even keep a few of them from abandoning the profession. But will it cause the young men and women to choose teaching as their life work? And will the scale finally approved provide sufficient increases at the higher levels to keep them in the profession?

North Carolina, along with many other states, needs a permanent scale of salaries for teachers that is not subject to casual changes in economic conditions. Teachers, if they are to be efficient, should have a feeling of security. As Superintendent H. P. Harding of the Charlotte schools recently pointed out, the early settlement of the teacher salary problem by the General Assembly would enable the teachers to settle down to more

efficient work even during the remainder of the current term. Certainly this will be true if the Legislature provides adequate salaries.

Proponents of an adequate salary scale for the teachers—and it is evident that the patrons are becoming aroused to the crisis—insist that there is no valid reason for grouping the teachers with all other state employes. They are in no sense opposed to increases for these employes; on the contrary, they feel that most of these workers, particularly the great majority of those in the highway and public works department, deserve material raises, and they feel that unless such raises are forthcoming, many of these employes will be forced to go into other work.

But as many have pointed out, particularly since this series was begun the situation with respect to the teachers and to other employes in no sense are parallel, except that both groups are underpaid in most instances.

For example, as a group of Wadesboro teachers pointed out in a long telegram, the lack of employes in many other departments is not critical, certainly not as critical as it is in the teaching profession, from the standpoint that the sources are rapidly being dried up. They submit other salient points: "Not all other state employes must have college training. We do. Other state employes do not have to go to summer school. We do. Other employes do not have the responsibility of training the young citizens. We do. Other employers have sick leaves. We don't. Other employes have vacation with pay. We don't. Other state employes required to travel have their expenses paid We don't. It is obvious, therefore, that the teachers should be given larger raises or the same benefits enjoyed by other employes."

Supporters of the program for providing an adequate salary scale for North Carolina teachers point to the findings of a committee on education from the United States Chamber of Commerce, which among other things establishes the fact that the amount provided by the various states for education follows on an almost exact parallel the per capita income of those states. North Carolina, sad to say, is perilously near the bottom in both tables.

These same supporters recall the cries that arose from frightened hosts in this state when Governor Cameron Morrison, they said, was about to "break the state" with his good roads-good schools program. They point out that North Carolina's greatest progress began with the inauguration of that program. They contend that North Carolina is again at the crossroads. The state can either go backward by refusing to go forward, or it can step out boldly upon a program of support of education that by developing a more educated, reliant and independent citizenship will insure a happier, wealthier more intelligent and more progressive commonwealth.

The General Assembly has the ball. Its fourth down and goal to go. North Carolina is yelling for a touchdown!

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Benjamin Franklin.

LIFE EBBS AND FLOWS

By Harold V. Melchert, in Sunshine Magazine

Frank Thompson closed the door with a bang. Usually he left the shop whistling or humming, but not so today. He had just learned that the merchandise his firm was selling had been "frozen" by government edict From now on, sales would be non-existent.

This was a serious matter with Frank. He had built hopes high for a possible promotion which he much needed, for he had just established a snug new home— all his own. He had assumed heavy obligations, but what of that? Had not his earnings increased generously? And was not Silverdale a fertile field in which to work? But what could one do about government orders, except endure them? Like a hurricane, this one had cut across his path and destroyed his future!

Frank turned the corner and started up his own Beech Street. Nestled among the trees was a small, well-kept cottage, within throwing distance of his own.

"Good evening, Frank," someone called cheerily. Then there was a sudden change in the voice. "What's wrong, young fellow?" it asked. "You look as though the heavens had fallen!"

"Oh—hello, Mr Wiley," Frank replied. "Pardon my absent-mindedness, but things aren't going so well with me right now."

Stuart Wiley smiled warmly. "Think nothing of it, Frank," he advised. "I've done a lot of trouble shooting in my time. Give me a shot at this one. You know, when a fellow sets out to look for trouble, he usually finds it."

This was Stuart Wiley at his best. Those who associated with him called him "Gentleman Sunshine." Tall, clean cut, and virile, to know Wiley was to like him.

"I'm not looking for trouble," said Frank; "it comes plenty thick on its own accord," and Frank proceeded to unburden his tale of woe. "Now what can I do about it? What is this world coming to, I'd like to know?" he concluded ruefully.

"Wouldn't we all?" exclaimed Wiley with a chuckle. "I can't say I know the answer to that one, but it's going to be a lot of fun finding out!"

"There's nothing so funny about a freeze-out, is there?" retorted Frank with some emphasis.

I don't like those things myself, Frank," said Wiley sympathetically. "But when one door closes, another opens. Life, you know, has its high spots and its low spots. It moves in waves, just like the ocean."

Frank winced. When would he be able to take another of those drives to the seashore? How well he remembered the pleasant days at the beach, the warm sun overhead, the surge of the waters at his feet! All this seemed farther away than ever now. The picture faded as Wiley continued:

"Remember your history? Our country has seen war and peace. We've

been through boom times and depressions. Every graph of business history shows this. Yet there never was a low spot but sooner or later a high one came along."

It seemed hard to believe that any good could come out of such drastic regimentation as he had just experienced. Yet, he knew the man who stood before him had endured much in his lifetime. Despite man handicaps—weeks of illness so severe that he had to learn to walk all over again, and financial reverses—life had brought much to Stuart Wiley; much that was unpleasant as well as days filled with joy. And now, there he stood, daring to look for the good in it all. There came to Frank the wonder and admiration for his older friend. "How can you see so much good when the whole world is in such a mess!" exclaimed Frank.

"On the contrary," replied Wiley, "I keep on the lookout for trouble. I expect it to come. But troubles are like company; they seldom come along when you're best prepared."

"You're right," rejoined Frank. "If someone had told me twenty-four hours ago that things would turn out this way, I would have laughed him off. It just couldn't happen to me. Yet here it is!"

"I felt that way too, once," said Wiley. "Things did happen—plenty of them. But through it all one thought stuck to me. Man has come a long way since his first arrival on the planet. His path has not been easy. Yet today we have more at our command than ever before in all history. When this cloud has passed, the sun will shine again. This isn't the end!"

Frank stood in silence. The elder man had paused too. All was quiet save the rustling of the leaves as a breeze stirred them. The sun had dipped below the horizon, and twilight was deepening fast. Wiley broke the silence.

"Say, young fellow," he exclaimed cheerily, "I'll bet I'm keeping you from your dinner. Eileen will want to take the broom to me for this! Run along now and get some of that good cooking into your system. Give that good wife and boy a few hugs when you get there. And keep me posted about that job. A man with the stuff you've got can't lose!" And Wiley resumed his leaf-raking.

The days that followed were filled with uncertainties. Earnings delined steadily. Frank looked at his dwindling pay checks, and wondered just what might be coming next. Not many days went by without bits of conversation with "Gentleman Sunshine." Always there was the calm assurance that in due time, "if we faint not," the tide would turn. "The world has no place for the loafer," he would say; "but the man of courage is king!"

One bright Monday morning Frank walked into the shop. There was a puzzled look on his face, as if obsessed with a thought. "When one door closes, another opens," Wiley had told him, and he could not rid himself of the thought. Fine philosophy, but where was the other door? He was

looking for the "other door," and determined to find it. He took from his pocket a sheet of paper on which he had made calculations. He pondered for hours over the paper.

Finally he stepped into the manager's office, and handed him the paper. The manager read long and carefully, then looked a Frank with surprising interest. He asked some questions, then finally said, "Frank, I'll see you tomorrow!"

It was a tense day for Frank. The "other door" had not yet opened. But when the morrow came, the manager was in his office to greet Frank when he arrived.

"Strange I could not have thought of it myself," the manager began. "The line of goods you have in your proposal is without restrictions and our plant is amply equipped to handle it." He paused and looked at the young man, who stood beaming before him.

"There is one condition on which I shall agree completely with your proposal," the manager continued. A shadow came over Frank's face, but the manager quickly dispelled it. "That condition is that you accept a partnership in this business."

A partnership! What a "door"! But there it was, wide and open! Frank's joy was unbounded.

The manager waited for his answer but he found himself standing alone, for Frank had bolted out of the door and dashed down the street in the direction of "Gentleman Sunshine."

———:———

TRY SMILING

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure 'tis hard, but then you might
Try smiling.

Doesn't change the things, of course—
Just smiling.
But it cannot make them worse—
Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place,
Then it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

—Arthur Unknown.

"TIME TO LAUNCH OUT AGAIN"

(The Charlotte Observer)

Recalling that several times in the past, as under Governors Aycock and Morrison, North Carolina was confronted with emergencies that required the state to break away from tradition with bold action, the Lumberton Robesonian sees a similar emergency in the public education system today. In such times the counse of timidity is the counsel of folly.

Feeling incompetent to improve on it, we quote the Robesonian editoral in full:

"Back at the beginning of the present century, when the state was poor as poor, North Carolina launched an ambitious program for a better public school system under Governor Charles B. Aycock. The cost was not considered, or rather, it was decided that whatever the cost it would cost a lot more not to have better schools than the makeshift schools of that day. The state has never had cause to regret that move. On the other hand it has been the boast of the state ever since.

"Two decades later, in 1921, under the leadership of Governor Cameron Morrison, North Carolina launched a good roads program. It was decided that the state was paying for good roads and it might as well have them, that it would cost more to do without good roads than to have them, even going in debt for them. That has proven to be a wise move. It has never been regretted. That also is one of the proud boasts of the state.

"Now, a quarter of a century after the good roads program was launched the state is asked to launch out on a program that calls for saving the schools of the state by paying salaries high enough to retain competent teachers and to attract to the profession women and men of the highest character and ability who are preparing for other professions that offer more adequate remunerations. North Carolina is a wealthy state now as compared to its financial status in 1900 and in 1921. It is far more able now to pay its school teachers decent salaries than it was to pay them any salaries at all in 1900, far abler now to pay the highest salary scale that has been asked for than it was when it launched its public schools program under Governor Aycock.

"It will cost the state more not to increase the pay of teachers in an amount adequate to meet the needs than it will cost to make a small increase that will not deter competent teachers from leaving the profession and will not attract the talent that is needed for the years ahead.

"It is devoutly to be hoped that members of the present General Assembly will see this obvious truth. A crisis confronts the state and the schools. Either we go forward with enough competent teachers to meet the needs or we shall allow our public schools to deteriorate and deprive the children of school age of the educational advantages that all will admit is their right.

"Why are so many of the state's political leaders so timid now, when the state is in far better financial posi-

tion than it has ever been? Timid, afraid to launch out with a treasury bulging with money.

"We need legislators with the courage and faith and vision of those who appropriated for public schools and good roads large sums of money the state didn't have because they saw it would cost more not to do so.

"North Carolina cannot afford to be like the miser who, the more he accumulates, gets stingier and more and more reluctant to dip into what he has.

"Dollar-hoarding now will be state-crippling now and later."

THIS IS AMERICA

We are not likely to lose sight of the fact that, despite its failures, our democracy has largely succeeded.

No place else in the world have men had richer success in coping with the problems that were created when the Machine came in to transform the face of the earth. Opportunity may never have been as abundant as pictured in the story books of yesterday, but rich it has been, none the less.

There have been no barriers to keep any class of people permanently dispossessed and though the upward surge for some may often have seemed heartbreakingly slow, the star of home has never ceased to beckon onward.

Our standard of living is high and its base is broad. The path from the slum to national distinctions, from the hovel to the Hall of Fame, rough and rocky and thorny though it may be, is well trodden.

Our rural population may have suffered greatly because of our lack of sympathetic understanding of its problems, but has never degenerated into a peasantry.

Labor has fought hard to wring from industry a tardy recognition of its rights, but it has never known serfdom. Millions of children are being deprived of adequate education, but ungrudgingly we devote more of our tax money to schools than to any other single purpose.

Often we have been stupid, frequently intolerant, and now and then vicious, but in the main we have been kind to one another.

—Our Paper.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Charles O. Williams, a former student at the School, recently called at The Uplift office. He was admitted to this institution, January 2, 1932, and was permitted to return to his home in Charlotte, March 5, 1938. During his stay here he was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group, where he was a house boy for quite some time. His other work experiences consisted of employment with various outdoor groups. He made a very good record here, developing into a dependable and industrious boy.

Upon returning to Charlotte, Charles was messenger for the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies for several months, and got along very nicely.

On April 18, 1939, Charles enlisted in the United States Army, and for the next two years he was stationed at Fort Bragg. He went overseas as a member of the Fourth Field Artillery, and took part in the invasion of North Africa. About nine months thereafter, Charles contracted a bad case of malaria, and was sent back to the United States. For quite some time he was treated at the Fort Bragg hospital. On August 7, 1944, he was given an honorary medical discharge from further military service.

Charles stated that upon being discharged from service, he returned to Charlotte, and since that time had been employed as truck driver by several firms in that city. For the past four months he has been driving for the J. B. Biscuit Company.

We also learned from this young man, who is now twenty-four years old, that he has been married a little more than three years, and is the father of two fine children—a boy, a little more than one year old, and a daughter, slightly more than one month old.

We were glad to see Charles, and he semed to take great pleasure in getting around for brief chats with old friends among the staff members here.

—:—

Among the recent visitors to the institution was John W. Love, formerly of Cottage No. 1. He was conditionally released about two years ago, at which time he returned to his home in Charlotte. John stated that after going back home, he worked at a "little of everything," part of his work experiences being that of doing construction work, cotton mill employment and working in an ice plant.

John stated that he enlisted in the United States Army, May 8, 1946, receiving his basic training at Fort Bragg, after which he was stationed at the following places: Sack Field, San Antonio, Texas; Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi; and Elgin Field, Florida. He added that at the expiration of his furlough he would return to the latter post, from which he would probably be sent overseas at a very early date.

—:—

Nolan A. Overcash, one of our old

boys, called on friends at the School not long ago. Nolan came to the institution from Kannapolis, December 1, 1943, aand was conditionally released to return to his home, December 18, 1944. During his stay here, he was a member of the group of boys in Cottage No. 5, and was employed on the carpenter shop force.

For about six months after returning to Kannapolis, Nolan worked at the Dixie Theater. We learned from time to time that he was well-liked by his employers, and that his work was quite satisfactory.

Nolan was inducted into the United States Army, February 1, 1946. He was stationed at Fort Bragg for a short time, and was given basic training at Camp Crowder, Missouri; A. A. F. O. R. D., Greensboro, at that time of his visit, he was stationed at Camp Kilmer, N. J. He said that he did not think it would be very long before he would go overseas as a member of one of the armies of occupation.

—:—

Not so very long ago, James H. Turnage, a former student here, walked into The Uplift office, for a little surprise visit. This young man, now about thirty years old, a well-dressed, nice-looking fellow, had just about developed beyond the limitations of our memory. He soon turned loose a good-natured grin, however, for which he was known as a little fellow around these parts, and we were able to recognize him.

James entered the School, February 3, 1930, and stayed with us until September 28, 1932, when he was permitted to return to his home near Wilson. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group, and spent most of his working time on various outdoor forces.

James told us that after going back home, he worked on his father's farm for more than two and one-half years, and then for quite some time he was employed on other farms in the neighborhood. On October 27, 1942, he was married, and then went to farming for himself. He stated that he was still following the same kind of work, and was getting along very nicely, adding that tobacco was the chief crop, and that this had been a very good year for him.

This young man then proudly told us of his children: Myrtle, aged four and one-half years; James, aged two years; and Barbara, four months old. He seemed to take great delight in showing us a number of snapshots of the children, and we couldn't blame him for that, for they are fine-looking youngsters.

James was accompanied on this visit by his wife, his brother and sister-in-law. He said that they had worked hard all the year and had decided to take a little vacation, and that he just had to come past the old school and look up some of his old friends. They were on their way to Nashville, Tenn., where, on the following night, they expected to visit Radio Station WSM, and enjoy the regular Saturday night feature, the "Grand Old Opry" program.

Due to unavoidable circumstances,

James and his party were unable to get to the school in daylight, and he seemed quite disappointed at not having the opportunity of showing his folks the school and its surroundings. He did promise us, however, that he would not wait so long before visiting us again, also that the next time he would bring along those children for us to see.

—:—

Pete Sands, a former member of the Cottage No. 9 group, recently stopped at the School, and made a brief round, greeting old friends. Pete was admitted to this institution, October 16, 1936, and was conditionally released, July 17, 1941. He returned to his home in Mayodan, and after spending a few months there, he enlisted in the United States Navy, February 24, 1942.

Pete stated that he received his basic training at Norfolk, Virginia, and then became a member of the crew of the "USS Nevada." He was later transferred to the "USS Barnett," a transport, on which he served for about six months. His next post of duty was aboard one of the LST boats.

We learned from Pete that he saw service at the following places: Guadalcanal, Russell Islands, Manus Isidential Unit Citation; and the Philippine Liberation.

We noted that Pete was wearing the following ribbons: American Theatre of Operations; Asiatic and Pacific Theatre of Operations; a Presidential Unit Citation; and the Philippine Liberation.

At the time of his visit, Pete said that he was stationed at the Navy Receiving Station, Los Angeles, California.

He had spent the greater part of his leave with his parents, who now live in Baltimore, Maryland. He was on his way back to Los Angeles, where he expected to receive assignment for further sea duty.

—:—

William Ange, who was a student here about twelve years ago, called on friends at the School last week. William, who is now twenty-seven years old, entered the institution, September 1, 1934, and was permitted to return to his home in Durham, September 4, 1935. During his stay at the School, he was in Cottage No. 5 and worked with the carpenter shop group.

We had not heard much from our friend, Willie, until he breezed in the other day. Several members of the School's staff have reported that he told them he spent more than two years in the United States Army, most of which time was spent overseas in the European area of operations. He also reported that he had been married several years and had two children.

Since his discharge from service in the armed forces, William has been driving a Greyhound Bus, operating between Norfolk, Va. and Charleston, S. C. He stated that he liked his present occupation very much, and that he was getting along very well.

—:—

The men who make history, have not the time to write it.

—Metternich.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, in Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 6:-19-34. The subject of his message to the boys was "Heavenly Treasures." As a text, he selected the 19th and 20th verses of the lesson and just read—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

In speaking of laying up treasures, said Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, many people have mistaken ideas of what is meant. He then pointed out that if a father and mother wanted their children to have the advantage of a college education, there would be nothing wrong in their saving money for that purpose. Neither is it wrong, he added, for a boy and girl to plan to get married, and to save up their money in order that they may be able to build a home. Nor is it wrong for a man to save from his daily wages to provide for his care in old age.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told his listeners that he did not believe Jesus meant people to get such a meaning from his statement as to "laying up treasures upon earth." On the other hand, he pointed out that what Christ meant was that we should not emphasize the material things of life, and neglect life's great spiritual values. While those material things necessary to life are important, the spiritual things should always be given first place in our lives, for they have to do with what becomes of us when this life is over.

When we go to college, continued the speaker, we major in certain subjects, the better to fit ourselves for our chosen professions. In the Christian life, Jesus tells us that such things as truth, goodness, honesty, courage and character are of major importance.

As an example of giving things th wrong place in life and passing up those things which are really worthwhile, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told this story: He was talking to a woman whom he had known for several years. She had been reared in a poor home. She married a man of considerable wealth. In the course of the conversation all she could talk about was her very fine and expensive clothing; the beautiful home she was building; her standing in the social circles of her community. All her talk was of the material things of life. Not once did she mention whether she gave any service or any of her money to the church; she said nothing about having helped in the work of the orphanage which was supported by her church; nor did she mention having done anything to relieve the suffering among the poor folks in her town.

That person, said the speaker, seemingly had forgotten her own poverty in early years, and had selfishly set about securing those things which were denied her at that time. She was living for the purpose of enjoy-

ing the material things, and apparently was giving no thought to spiritual values.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt stated that some day such people are going to have to stand in judgment before the great white throne of God. They will be asked to give an account of their lives on earth, and when it is to late, they will find that they have "missed the boat."

The speaker then asked the question, "How we lay up treasures in heaven?" and answered it as follows:

(1) To increase our giving to God's cause as He blesses us.

(2) By thinking of others; by doing something for others.

(3) We lay up treasures in heaven by doing good deeds.

If we profess a belief in God, and then do as little as possible toward building His kingdom upon earth, our belief is dead, said the speaker. God is constantly challenging us to do our best, and if we fail to meet that challenge, our lives will never be successful.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys never to lose sight of the fact that the spiritual things of life are of far greater importance than material things. While certain material things are of some value to us as we go through life, we should always emphasize spiritual values.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change——are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our paths renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast—
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

—— Joseph Parry.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

Any job done reluctantly is a difficult one.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

He who follows the crowd will never be followed by a crown.—Emerson.

—:—

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke.

—:—

From our ancestors come our names but from our virtues our honors.
—Scott.

—:—

He will easily be content and at peace, whose conscience is pure.
—Thomas a' Kempis.

—:—

Who considers only himself will soon have no one else to consider.
—Mark Twain.

—:—

Following the course of least resistance is what makes rivers—and some men—crooked.—Selected.

—:—

The fear of playing "second fiddle" destroys a great many of life's possible harmonies.—Addison.

—:—

A smile is one medium of exchange that is always worth more than its face value.—Williams.

—:—

True, genuine and lasting happiness consists of what a man is, and not what he has.—Addison.

—:—

It is the part of a fool to give advice to others and not himself to be on his guard.—Phaedrus.

—:—

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Froude.

Each life should build a step upon which some that follow can climb a little higher and more safely.
—Exchange.

—:—

Every outstanding success is built on the ability and eagerness to do better than "good enough."
—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

A determined man can do more with a rusty wrench than a loafer can do with all the tools in the shop.
—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

Get pleasure as you travel along. It is foolish to wait until you have scaled the heights before you view the scenery.—Penn Trail.

—:—

There are two ways you can spread light: you can be the candle that makes it shine or the mirror that reflects it.—Selected.

Set the course of your life by three stars—sincerety, courage, unselfishness. From these flow a host of other virtues.—Carlyle.

—:—

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

—:—

We must not contradict, but instruct him that contradicts us; for a madman is not cured by another running mad also.—Antisthenes.

—:—

The average community is as a camera taking pictures of its various members. Each of us has a character that is being filmed by our neighbors.
—Selected.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Repartee is what a man thinks of on the way home.

—:—

Being married saves a man a lot of time making up his mind about things.

—:—

Sometimes "distance lends enchantment"—but not when you're out of gas.

—:—

Little Willie says an adult is a person who has stopped growing except in the middle.

—:—

The few persons we have met who admitted they never made mistakes, were otherwise very uninteresting.

—:—

You probably wouldn't worry about what people think of you, if you knew how seldom they do.

—:—

The first Adam-splitting gave us Eve—a force which man in all ages since has never been able to control.

—:—

If you think your lot is hard, think of the moth. He spends his winters in a bathing suit and his summers in a fur coat.

—:—

A lone chick, taking a look around the electric incubator full of unhatched eggs, said: "Well, it looks like I'll be an only child. Mother has just blown a fuse."

—:—

If you have had experience with mules, you will appreciate this epitaph which appeared on a slab marking the resting place of a faithful army mule: "In memory of our mule, Maggie, who, in her lifetime, kicked one general, four colonels, two majors, ten captains, twenty-four lieutenants, forty-two sergeants, 454 privates — and one bomb.

Psychologists say that in the process of thinking, blood is drawn from the feet to the brain. This, perhaps, explains why, if we think very long about a proposition, we get cold feet.

—:—

Mid-week holidays result in getting more work done. You do twice as much the day before so you can get the day off. Then you do twice as much the day after to try to catch up.

—:—

"I wouldn't vote for you if you were the Angel Gabriel," said an indignant citizen to a politician who was seeking re-election. The politician replied, "If I were the Angel Gabriel, you couldn't vote for me. You would not even be in my precinct.

—:—

"Yes," said the old farmer, "when a feller has to know the botanical name of what he raises, and the etomological name of the bugs that eat it, and the pharmaceutical name of what he sprays on it—things is bound to cost more."

—:—

The driver turned around, faced his wife, who was sitting on the back seat, and said: "Aw shut up. I know what I'm doing!" One minute later, St. Peter handed him a flute with six holes in it and told him to move over into the alto section.

—:—

Little Eddie was almost through his nightly prayer. "Bless my papa, bless my mamma, bless Aunt Jenny, and please make St. Louis the capital of Missouri. Amen," he concluded.

"Why, Eddie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked. "Why on earth did you say such a thing?"

"Because," said Eddie, snuggling down under his blanket, "that's what I put on my examination paper today."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 19, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
William Epps

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Horace Collins
Charles Franklin
Ernest Johnston
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Waylon Gardner
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Glenn Bumgardner
Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyan
James Hunt
David Johnson
James Norton
Lacy Overton
Clifford Shull
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Earl Hoyle
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Melvin Ledford
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
William Ussery

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Arthur Ballew
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Sile Orr
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Carlton Crawford
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Max Herring
Luther Herring
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Floyd Canady

Leroy Cowan
Ralph Drye

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
John Moretz
James Smith
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Willie Stamey

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Carlyle Brown
Ralph Cranford
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate
Robert Canady

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

SAYINGS OF HORACE MANN

The common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man.

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark, all is deluge.

Teaching is the most difficult of all arts and the profoundest of all sciences.

The highest service we can perform for others is to help them to help themselves.

Had I the power I would scatter libraries over the whole land as the sower sows his wheatfield.

I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these, my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.

I hold treason against this government to be an enormous crime; but great as it is, I hold treason against free speech to be incomparably greater.

If ever there was a cause, if ever there can be a cause, worthy to be upheld by all of toil or sacrifice that the human heart can endure, it is the cause of education.—Kansas Teacher.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 1, 1947 No. 5

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE ROAD TO LIGHT

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul,
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll,
When he comes to call you, rise and follow fast,
His way may be through darkness, but it leads to light at last.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
TEACHERS AND SHOVELMEN	(Kannapolis Independent)	14
LAZINESS AND CRIME	By John Ackles	16
MINT MUSEUM OFFERS CULTURAL ADVANTAGES	(Mecklenburg Times)	17
DIMES MARCH ONWARD	(Morganton News-Herald)	20
GIFTS TO PFEIFFER COLLEGE	(Stanly News & Press)	21
GOOD SCHOOLS PAY BUSINESS DIVIDENDS	(Concord Daily Tribune)	22
RAPID GROWTH OF PLAY PLANS	(Charlotte Observer)	23
THE HELPING HAND OF AMERICA	(Mooresville Enterprise)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE COMMON ROAD

I want to travel the common road
With the great crowd surging by,
Where there's many a laugh and many a load,
And many a smile and sigh.
I want to be on the common way
With its endless tramping feet,
In the summer bright and winter gray,
In the noonday sun and heat.
In the cool of evening with shadows nigh,
At dawn, when the sun breaks clear,
I want the great crowd passing by,
To ken what they see and hear.
I want to be one of the common herd,
Not live in a sheltered way,
Want to be thrilled, want to be stirred
By the great crowd day by day;
To glimpse the restful valleys deep,
To toil up the rugged hill,
To see the brooks which shyly creep,
To have the torrents thrill.
I want to laugh with the common man
Wherever he chance to be,
I want to aid him when I can
Whenever there's need of me.
I want to lend a helping hand
Over the rough and steep
To a child too young to understand—
To comfort those who weep.
I want to live and work and plan
With the great crowd surging by,
To mingle with the common man,
No better or worse than I.

—Silas H. Perkins.

TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS PARTICIPATE IN COMMUNION SERVICE AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Here at the Jackson Training School there are approximately

sixty boys who are members of the First Baptist Church of Concord. During a period of several months the boys have been enrolled into the membership of this church. (The last group joined the church there on January 5th.)

Last Sunday night the boys who are members of that church went to Concord and participated in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is one of the most sacred and impressive ceremonies of the church. So far as we have been able to find out, every boy conducted himself on this trip in a perfect manner, and no boy brought any shame on himself or the school.

The school was indeed delighted to give these boys this unusal opportunity, and for a number of them it was their first such experience. Apparently, every boy determined in his heart that he would do the right thing and that he would make a special effort to receive a spiritual blessing through this ceremony. Mr. Summers, the pastor of the church, reported that the members of the congregation were highly pleased and deeply impressed by the spirit of reverence and good behavior of our boys. We thank Mr. Summers and his congregation and we congratulate the boys.

* * * * * * * *

MR. MAURY RICHMOND DONATES VICTROLA TO FIRST GRADE

The Training School is very proud to announce that a new victrola has been given to the first grade by Mr. Maury L. Richmond, of Concord. This electrically-operated machine is a "Tech Master" and ranks among the very best of its type. The boys of the first grade wish to express their sincere thanks for this very delightful and useful gift. The room has numerous plans for its use and is sure it will bring to the boys much entertainment and also much educational benefit.

It was largely through the interest and efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske that this gift came to the school. They made special efforts to make solicitation for the gift, and also to make a special trip to Charlotte to make the selection and the purchase. The boys of the first grade would like to express their thanks, too, to Mr. and Mrs. Liske for their help and their interest towards making their

school work more interesting and life more joyful. This unusual project abundantly demonstrates how much can be done at the Training School by those folks who, with a deep and abiding interest in the work, are able to do such commendable things.

In their program for using the victrola, this schoolroom plans to get a number of standard selections, consisting of records for music appreciation, and toy band work. Thus, it is certain that the victrola will make a definite contribution to the spiritual, educational and recreational life of the boys in this room.

The entire school expresses its thanks to Mr. Richmond for his generous and timely gift. Our good friend has an enviable reputation in Concord and Cabarrus County for his many deeds of unselfish service to various civic projects and also to the underprivileged children of the community. For those who need his help he does many unlifting deeds which are done in secret and are unknown by his fellowmen. In his modesty he has not done his good deeds on the street corners to be seen of men, but whenever a call has come to him it has met a hearty response in his heart.

* * * * * * * *

THE SHUFFLEBOARD GAME OF LIFE

One of the popular indoor games which has a tremendous amount of interest and entertainment is called the shuffleboard game. This game is played on the floor of a gymnasium with the use of small disks and a long cue, or rod. It is played on a smooth floor, and the disks are driven from one end of the court to the other, and the scoring is done by getting the disks placed in numbered compartments at the farther end of the course. On these compartments are placed the numbers 10, 8 and 7, and in addition there are the compartments in which 10 points are taken off for each disk that stops there.

A unique feature of this game is that while it is not so difficult to place the disks on the scoring compartments, there is always the threat that the opposing player may, with his own disk, shunt a well-placed disk out of the scoring zone and even into the minus zones. The team which first scores 50 points is declared to be the winner of the game.

Another unique feature is that there is always the impending danger that the disks will stop in the compartments where the minus scores diminish or ruin the positive scores. Frequently scores are reduced by as much as 10 or 20 points, and this makes it difficult to get ahead.

This shuffleboard game has in it many features which are identical to the spiritual and intangible aspects of character-building activities. In the complex processes of character-building as they apply to every individual, there are the positive and negative scores, and so often it occurs that the person who lives his life with high purposes and high ideals finds himself frequently thwarted by temptations and the destructive evils which tend to cut down the scores in life. If there were never any minus or negative scores in life, it would be possible for most people to build up a great storehouse or "bank account" of character development, but the tragedy is that most people are bewildered and sidetracked on the highway of life.

The great Apostle Paul who possessed unlimited zeal and ambition towards the highest spiritual development in his life, gave testimony to the fact that life is full of many retarding influences and experiences. In his letter to the Romans there occur these words:

"For we know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin.
For that which I do I know not: for that I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I .
If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good.
Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."

Furthermore, in the game of life there is ever present the possibility of any person's life being influenced either for good or for evil by contacts with other people. So often it occurs that one person is misled into wickedness by being in immediate contact with another evil person. In fact, no one can ever relax in his own vigilant efforts. Nor can he ever boast of the fact that he lives his life alone or in isolation from his fellowman. It was never intended that people should live their lives separate and apart from each other, but rather that they should dwell in fellowship and in social relationships one with another.

On the other hand, however, there is in life as in the shuffleboard game the continuous possibility that one person's life is benefitted and uplifted by his contacts with others. In the shuffleboard game a person has to take the chances of the game as they come, play by play, and oftentimes there seems to be little that he can do about safeguarding himself against the dangers. Rather, it appears that the only alternative one has is to play the game with determination, with hope, and with one's very best efforts. In life there is no prospect that one will ever be able to delete or eliminate the spiritual hazards. Hence, it behooves everyone to be vigilant and to be full of faith and hope for the achievement of noble and Christian character.

For each of us there is the challenge of this poem:

"Let us take heart again, let us go on,
Whatever disaster or grief or despair
Walked with us through the old year that is gone.
Let us forget that it was ever there;
Let us forget that it walked by our side,
The year is before us, a pathway untrod;
There will be open roads sunny and wide,
There will be happy days, there will be God.
Let us take heart again, surely we can;
Let us build steps on the errors we made;
Let us climb up to the sunlight again
Out of the darkened wells, out of the shade;
Let us remember no evil can last;
Courage will come again certain as dawn.
The new year is here and the old year is past;
Let us take heart again, let us go on."

* * * * * * * *

WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT

That the teacher shortage in North Carolina is even more serious than was generally believed was revealed by Dr. James E. Hillman, director of the Division of Professional Service of the State Department of Education, when he addressed the Raleigh meeting of school officials.

It had been reported before Dr. Hillman's speech that the turnover of teachers in the North Carolina school system was about 30 per cent. But Dr. Hillman showed that 11,053 teachers

have left their jobs during the current year, which is only half over. That represents a turnover of nearly 50 per cent assuming that the estimate of 25,000 teachers in the state is correct.

No private business in North Carolina could survive that kind of turnover among its employes. If half the staff of any business enterprise should quit within a period of four and a half months, the whole organization would be in disorder, and something drastic would have to be done by the management to prevent the confusion caused by so many resignations.

With these figures before us, coming from such an authoritative source, we have no reason to wonder that our public school system is in a state of demoralization. Like the private business, we shall have to do something drastic if the deterioration of the system is to be stopped.

If the private business upon investigation found that it was paying its employes 72 per cent less than they could get in other jobs, the remedy would be obvious and would be applied without delay. And you can be sure that the private businessman would not expect to make up this 72 per cent difference with a 20 per cent rise in salary for his own employes.

"North Carolina has practically exhausted its sources of teachers," said Dr. Hillman.

Young people are not taking the education course at colleges. The teacher's college's are finding it necessary to add non-educational courses in order to keep up their enrollment. The students will not prepare for teaching because they see no future in it.

"The greatest hope for alleviation of the present shortage," Dr. Hillman truly said, "is an immediate increase in salaries."

But, in determining the size of the increase, we should bear in mind that difference of 72 per cent between the salaries of teachers and the salaries in private employment requiring a corresponding amount of education and experience.

—The Charlotte Observer.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

News Items of Interest

By Charles Moore, 9th Grade

Mr. Hines has a new 8th grade now, and the boys are doing very nicely in their work. The boys appreciate what he is doing for them. The boys in the 8th grade are: Clyde Wright, Robert Jarvis, Talmadge Duncan, Clifton Rhodes, Eugene Martin, Glenn Evans, Sammy Lynn, Waylon Gardner, Bobby Poplin, Charles Smith, Bobby Ellers, Fred Whitley, Charles Autry, J. D. Gupton, Carl Holt, Alfred Davis, Howard Herman, Billy Best and Richard Sandlin.

Mrs. Baucom is absent from the School this week because of illness. The 9th grade boys are being sent to the other rooms, and it gives them a chance to do library reading.

Mrs. Morrison's 2nd grade has changed the pictures in their room, and it looks very nice.

Mrs. Hawfield has been reading "Shep" to her first grade. The boys are enjoying it very much.

The B. T. U. did not meet last Sunday because of bad weather. We all hope that they can meet next Sunday.

Radio Program

By James Arrowood, 4th Grade

Last Tuesday some boys from Miss Oehler's 3rd grade went to the radio station to give the radio program. Mr. Adams gave a talk on the new boys who are entering the school. Then the 3rd grade boys sang two songs, "Old Black Joe" and "Uncle Ned." We all enjoyed hearing this program as much as the boys enjoyed giving it. We listen to the programs as we eat our lunch.

Boys Sing At Kannapolis

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 6th Grade

Tuesday evening, Mr. Hawfield had four boys to go to Kannapolis to the McIver School to sing at the meeting of the P. T. A. The songs they sang were "The Beautiful Garden of Prayer," "The Church by the Side of the Road," and "The Touch of His Hand on Mine."

The boys who went were Clyde Wright, Jesse Hamlin, Talmadge Duncan, and Bobby Joe Duncan. All four of them enjoyed going to sing. They also enjoyed the talk that Mr. Hawfield made. Everyone else enjoyed it, too.

Boys Visit Church at Rocky Ridge

By Charles Moore, 9th Grade

Ollie Daw, Donald Branch, Elmer Sutherland, and Glenn Davis went to Rocky Ridge Methodist Church to have a check-up to see what the church did during the Christmas and New Year's Season. They had done splendid work. They sold Christmas cards and gave the money to the orphanage, and they bought food and

toys for the poor children in Concord and Kannapolis.

These boys appreciate the opportunity of going to the church meetings. They are very thankful for such an opportunuity.

More Boys Released

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

Recently some more of the boys have been released to go to their homes. Their names, grade, and hometowns are as follows: Daniel Johnson, 3rd grade, Wendell; Hubert Black, 4th grade, Kannapolis; J. B. Hollingsworth, 6th grade, Asheville; Jack Lambert, 6th grade, Bessemer City; Claywood Sparrow, 6th grade, Kinston; Charles Bryant, 7th grade, Waynesville; Charles Francis, 9th grade, Durham; D. B. Jones, 9th grade, Durham; Harry Matthews, 9th grade, Greensboro; and Garvin Thomas, 9th grade, Burlington.

North Carolina

ByCharles Moore, 9th Grade

We had an extra show this week, and it was entitled "North Carolina." At first it showed the coast and the monument at Kitty Hawk where the Wright Brothers made the first airplane flight. It showed negroes picking cotton and pulling tobacco leaves. Then it showed the mountains of North Carolina and told us Mt. Mitchell is the highest peak in the South. It showed some other places such as Chimney Rock, Blowing Rock, and waterfalls. It showed Duke University and The University of North Carolina.

I am sure that all the boys enjoyed the show as much as any that we have had yet. We appreciate the opportunity of seeing it very much.

A Good Letter

By Horace Collins, 6th Grade

Last week the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are members of the First Baptist Church of Concord, received letters from their pastor, Rev. E. S. Summers. He invited them to attend the communion service on Sunday, January 26, 1947. All the boys appreciate what he and the other ministers are doing for the boys of our School. His letter to the boys follows:

Dear Jackson School Boys:

I just want to tell each of you boys what a joy it is to be your pastor. Our church is proud of "our church boys" at the School. To know that each of you has believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and has confessed His name by baptism and church membership makes our hearts glad. We pray for you and hope that each of you will live a worthy Christian life. We are happy to promote the Training Union on Sunday afternoons for you, and it is a joy to us to bring the group over to the church every now and then. We do thank your School for this privilege.

On Sunday night, January 26th, our church is having a special observance of the Lord's Supper, so that each of you may take part in the communion service in memory of the Christ who died on Calvary's cross to save us from sin. Communion is the companion ordinance to baptism and should be preceded by much prayer and real confession of and turning

from all known sin. Mr. Hawfield or Mr. Hines will tell you what time to be ready.

With personal love, prayers and good wishes, I am,

Your pastor and friend,

E. S. Summers

Our Scout Meeting

By James Dunn, 6th Grade

The Boy Scouts of Troop 61 had their regular weekly scout meeting Wednesday evening. It was conducted by Harold Kernodle, our Senior Patrol Leader.

First, we pledged allegiance to the flag. Then after old and new business was taken up, we went to our patrol corners and took up reviewing the Tenderfoot Requirements.

Mr. Walters, our scout master, gave a talk. He brought us up to date on our model airplane contest and told us of his trip to Camp Dick Henning and of our troop's possibilities of getting to go there this summer.

We ended our meeting by repeating the Scout Oath. After that, we went to our cottages. All the boys enjoy being in the scouts.

Clear Track Ahead

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade, and Charles Moore, 9th Grade

Last Tuesday, January 21, 1947 we saw a picture entitled "Clear Track Ahead." This was a picture showing the development of the railroads over the period of from 1846-1946. It showed an old-covered wagon, the first railroad and train, and how the horses were scared when they saw the first train. We learned from the picture that the first railroad from one town to another was only sixty-one miles long. The picture showed the loading and unloading of coal, how coal is loaded on a ship, how they test the trains before sending them out on the first run, how the signals to warn for safety have improved from the highball method to the semaphore and from that to the lights methods, and how there are comforts and conveniences in traveling by rail. Many different kinds of cars were shown such as the following: coal cars, oil cars, box cars, flat cars, and cars for livestock.

My opinion of the picture is that it was a very educational picture. Some of us might want to be a railroad worker, and it taught us that many people stay alert and on the job to keep the railroad going. It was a good picture because it showed us that progress has been made from 1846 on up to today. I believe everyone learned very much from this picture.

The Show

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

On January 23, 1947, the School had a picture show, entitled "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." The main players were: Edward G. Robinson, Margeret O' Brien, Lana Day, James Craig, and Johnny Jenkins. The picture had its setting around 1945.

The story portrayed rural life. Zelma and Arnold were walking down the road when an editor came along in his car. The editor stopped and picked them up. A little farther down the road, they met the new school teacher, picked her up, and drove her

to a farm house. She was Miss Johnson. The editor told her he would pick her up after he had taken the children home. He came back and got her.

At the Martin farm, Mr. Martin was bringing the horses in from the field. He put them up and ate dinner. After dinner he told his wife that he was going to take a nap and after that he was going to get a load of salt. He took Zelma with him. He told her that they would stop at a neighbor's farm to see his new barn. They stopped, and the proud owner of the new barn took them in and showed them the barn. He had twenty-one cows and a prize calf. He had a name plate for each one of them. After that, Zelma and Mr. Martin went on to town.

When they returned home, the father gave her a pair of skates. Arnold was over there, and he wanted a turn at skating. Zelma wouldn't let him skate. Her father made her give him the skates and go to bed without any supper. When the mother told the father that a circus was going to pass through the town at 4 o' clock in the morning, he woke her up and took her to see it. Zelma said that she would like to see the elephants on the ground. Her father asked the man if he would take the elephant out and let her see it. He said he would if he had five dollars. He was told by Mr. Martin that he did not have but four dollars. The man said that that would be all right. The elephant did some tricks, picking Zelma up. She was very happy.

When they got up the next morning, there was snow all over the ground. There was no school. When the snow started melting, there were many streams, some little ones and some large ones. Arnold and Zelma were out in the barn, and Arnold wanted to go boat-riding. They had no boat, but they secured an old bath tub. Zelma said that it would sink, but it did not. After they had gone a short distance, they were caught in a swift river and could not get back to the house. In a little while, Arnold's father called up and said for them to send Arnold home. When Mr. Martin went out to tell him, he could not find Arnold. He inquired of his whereabouts, and one of his neighbors said that he had seen the children in a tub. All of the people gathered at the bridge to look for them. Mr. Martin ran all the way to the bridge, but he found out that they had not seen them. Suddenly, a man saw them coming down the river. The editor went down below the bridge, caught the tub, and lifted them out. They were taken home

The next day when Mr. Martin was sleeping, he was awakened by the telephone. Someone had telephoned him, telling him that his neighbor's new barn was on fire and for him to come quickly. They went over there in the truck. When they got there, they could do nothing to save the barn. The owner was in the barn, trying to get his prize calf out of danger, but it would not come out. He shot it with his pistol. The owner nearly suffocated, but when Mr. Martin went in he gave him the pistol and went out. Mr. Martin shot all twenty-one of the cows and had just come out of the burning barn when it fell in. Outside Zelma, who had been watching the fire, fainted. They all went home, and Zelma and the mother went to bed.

All of them went to church the next day, Sunday. After Sunday School the editor said that all the school children would take up a collection for the neighbor who had lost the barn and cattle. The collection was not very much, so Zelma said that she would give her calf. Her father and mother said that it would be all right with them for her to give the calf. Then all the other people started to give cows, calves, silage, corn, wheat, horses, pigs, hay, etc. The editor and the teacher were making a list of the articles donated, as the people left the church together, and Mr. Martin and Zelma went down the road toward home. That was the end of the picture.

All the boys enjoyed the picture very much. We all are looking forward to more good pictures like that one.

———:———

HOW TO JUDGE A MAN

How often in your business and social life you are called upon to take the measure of a man! Here is a classic guide set forth by Confucius, the greatest of Chinese philosophers, who lived more than 500 years before the Christian era:

The master said, "The superior man does not try to criticize others for what he himself fails in. Nor will the superior man try to shame others for what they have tried and failed in.

"The superior man goes through his life without any prejudices or fixed patterns of action. He judges each case on its own merits.

"The superior man is firm, but does not fight; he mixes easily with others, but does not form factions.

"The superior man is constantly improving himself; the inferior man merely adds to his inferiority.

"The superior man is easy to serve, but difficult to please. For the superior man can be pleased only by what is right, and he uses men according to their abilities. The inferior man is difficult to serve, but easy to please. For you can please the inferior man merely by catering to his weaknesses, without necessarily being right, and when he comes to using men, he demands perfection.

"The superior man blames himself; the inferior man blames others.

"The superior man is friendly, but not familiar; the inferior man is familiar but never friendly.

"The superior man loves his integrity; the inferior man loves his property.

"The superior man is always candid and at ease; the inferior man is always worried about something."—Square and Compass.

TEACHERS AND SHOVELMEN

Kannapolis Independent

School teachers and principals are usually referred to as members of the teaching "profession." And these "professional" persons are in the same category with doctors and lawyers in kind of service they render, in the standards of conduct they are expected to maintain and in the expensive education they are required to secure in order to practice their profession. They drop far below members of the other professions in the remuneration they receive.

Instead, teachers rank in pay with the medium—and sometimes the lowest—paid unskilled workers. They spend four years or more acquiring an expensive college education and then they go to work—in North Carolina at least—for annual wages often far below that paid ordinary unskilled workmen whose only specific preparations for their jobs are the filling out of employment application blanks.

And now, members of the general assemly—who probably referred in their campaign speeches to the teachers as members of an "honorable profession"—still further degrade the dignity of the teachers' calling by lumping their salary demands with those of every other state employe.

Teacher pay increases, if early action by the assmbly is an indication, will be considered only if the ditch diggers and shovelmen on the state's roads get equal boosts.

The pay problem, of course, is no nearer formal solution now than it was when the assembly convened in Raleigh. The bonus voted several days ago will cover the final six months of this biennium to take care of rises in the cost of living not anticipated in the 1945-47 biennium budget. The question of salaries for the 1947-49 biennium will come up later.

But if the formula set by the bonus vote is followed, the pay raise will be the 20 percent figure proposed by the budget commision, or slightly higher.

The general assembly is still working at the wrong end of the problem, and doing a slap-happy job at that.

The real question that must be faced is not whether the state shall raise the salaries of its employes by some certain percentage in order to compensate for the soaring cost of living; the question is whether we shall permit North Carolina's educational system to continue its downward trend or whether we shall start it again on the upgrade.

In the first place, the assembly should approach the problem by learning what must be done to bring the school system back to a decent level of efficiency in preparing the children of North Carolina for future citizenship and what must be done to maintain and raise that level in the future. Then, of course, the assembly must act.

The foundation step toward that goal is to attract larger numbers of high type young men and women into the teaching profession. The sharp drop in the number of students preparing themselves to teach in recent years is alarming; the number of unqualified instructors filling North

Carolina vacancies this year is disgraceful; indications of an increasing shortage of trained teachers during the next several years are ominous.

One way to attract more persons into the calling is to increase the remuneration therefor. A nice boost for the 1947-49 biennium might help along the line; certainly it should help keep in the classrooms many teachers now considering leaving that work to take up something that will pay the grocery bill. But we wonder how many thoughtful young people of this and succeeding generations will bother to prepare themselves to teach, even with a school salary boost, after witnessing the legislative dogfights that accompany suggestions to raise the pay of the teaching "profession" to a professional level.

---:---

THE NEW WORLD AT HAND

Many years ago, I spent a week with a clerical friend whose home was on an attractive street in suburban Buffalo.

"When we built here," he said, "that there were many new houses, surrounded by plots of bare ground, adorned only by scrap heaps and relics of construction. The road was unpaved, and the whole district reminded me of a mining camp.

"One of our neighbors, an architect, drew plans for a tree-lined boulevard, with park and fountains but they would have cost a fortune, and our city fathers ignored them. At last, I decided to make my own place as charming as possible, without waiting for the million dollar schemes offered to the municipal sachems.

"That spring, I planted a lawn and a few flowering shrubs. Then I made a rose garden in my front yard and put in a privet hedge. Soon, the man who lived next to me was working on his lawn, and calling to suggest that we and the others whose houses faced north contribute a few dollars each to pay for a double line of elms along our side of the street. Of course, it wasn't long before the people opposite decided to have elms on their side, and then a municipal engineer saw the trees and gardens, and recommended laying the sidewalks. Thus the million dollar scheme took shape—but it was the result of our small individual efforts."

"It's up to you, John Henry!"

If you really want a better world begin it in your own town and neighborhood, your own office, your own home, your own front yard.

—Christian Science Sentinel.

LAZINESS AND CRIME

By John Ackles in The Island Lantern

Man is naturally born lazy. Without some incentive forcing him to it, he would do no work. Hunger, greed, ambition, pride, love, fear, or some other form of administering activating kicks where they will do the most good, alone will make him work. In normal life outside, one or more of these incentives to work are always present. With the incentive is also usually some sort of reward; comforts, security, luxury, food, clothing, pleasure, etc.

In penal confinement, not only are such normal incentives to work absent, but so also are normal rewards lacking. The man holding a job or business or profession outside, seeks to hold and improve it, at least from self-interest, but the man under penal confinement seeks only how quickly he may leave it and he has no future stake in any result of hard work, if he does any.

Outside, fear of losing his job, business, or position is ever present as an urge, but in confinement, the sooner he loses that job and gets out, the better he is pleased.

The assuming of responsibility, exerting initiative, working hard and efficiently in any position outside, usually carries with it some sort of compensation in proportion, but in confinement in penal institutions, it is much more apt to result in his "riding the beef, "as the venacular puts it, if anything happens to go wrong.

Couple with his natural tendency to do no more work of any kind than the particular urge which drives him makes necessary, with this exactly opposite urge in confinement, and he is almost certain to devote the greater part of whatever mental activity he exerts, to scheming how he can get by without doing any work, rather than in trying to do some.

The net result of this usually is, that by the time he does get out, he has lost both his will-to-work, and the incentives for doing so. He has become mentally poisoned, ossified, atrophied, and finds it almost impossible to work. Several years spent in prison, no matter how well managed the prison, or the degree of humanity of the officials, are almost certain to destroy, or at least seriously impare, a man's will-to-work, and poison his entire mentality with a germ of incapacity, unless he sternly and constantly fights against that, himself.

You owe it to yourself to keep this insidious "sleeping sickness" from creeping over you and forever after disqualifying you for any future success. No one else can help you if you do not help yourself fight it.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.—Goldsmith.

MINT MUSEUM OFFERS CULTURAL ADVANTAGES

(The Mecklenburg Times)

The Mint Musem of Art of Charlotte, through its newly appointed director, Joseph H. Hutchison, has entered upon an extensive program of exhibitions and educational work, and in a very cordial manner extends the cultural advantages of this wonderful institution to every person in the county, young as well as the adult.

Aside from its permanent collection of paintings from the old masters, several valuable and interesting exhibits from the various branches of art have been placed on display, and in addition class work is now being offered art students.

On Friday and Saturday afternoons Mrs. Harold Steadman offers instructions in drawing, while the same subject is supervised by Mrs. Catherine Korthueur on Tuesday afternoons.

Life drawing classes are under the direction of Kenneth Whitsett on Tuesday evening.

Daryll Korthueur offers instructions on portrait painting on each Wednesday evening.

Beginning January 21st Mrs. George Harris will begin a course in ceramics, several excellent pieces of which are now on display in the Museum, all the work of faculty members of the art department of the University of Georgia.

The Mint Museum is one of the most important art institutions in the South and stands as a noble example of the cultural and civic pride of the good women of Charlotte.

Opened in 1936, the Museum stands in a 20-acre park in the Eastover residential section of the city, a gift of E. C. Griffith, and can be reached by Eastover city bus No. 9 or via East 4th Street to Crescent Avenue; thence by Scovill Avenue and right on Hemstead Avenue to within one block of the institution. As is generally known the building, one if the most beautiful examples of classic architecture in the South, was originally used as the Government's gold mint in Charlotte. It then stood on West Trade street on the site of Charlotte's stately postoffice and Federal courthouse. The building alone is worth an excursion of 100 miles or more to see and study.

Our own Andrew Jackson, as President of the United States, in 1833, authorized the establishment of a gold mint in Charlotte, then the gold capital of the world, although this honor was lost to California upon the discovery of gold there in 1849. The building was completed in 1836 and was used as the gold mint until the War Between the States, whereupon it was made headquarters for the Confederate army in this area. After the war gold coinage was discontinued, but because gold was still mined in paying quantities in this section it was used as a Federal assay office.

The government finally closed the old building in 1913 and in 1933 when the Government decided to enlarge the Charlotte postoffice it was about to be torn down when the Woman's

Club of Charlotte, together with other interested persons, petitioned the Government for its use as a museum of art and in due course the building was razed stone by stone and transported with the utmost care to its present site. The building was reconstructed even to the most minute detail of its original construction and except for modern lighting and heating is identical with the old building; so today it is still loved and admired by the people of Charlotte as emblematic of our forefathers who so little realized that one day it would become the heart of a great cultural people.

The art objects are so numerous space will not permit naming them: yet one has just recently been reveived from California that warrants a special visit to the museum. Just a few weeks ago a folded packet was received by Carrol Sargeant from Los Angles. Upon opening it he found enclosed a faded painting of the Mecklenburg County jail of about 1800. The sender was a Mr. Richard Jennings; no street address was given and all efforts to locate the gentleman have failed. Though the intercession of Mrs. Harold C. Dwelle president of the Museum, the Colonial Dames of America engaged Paul Barlett to restore the painting. He has performed a fine piece of work and today the old red brick building, with its woodland background, cows grazing in the yard and a lone bird perched upon the bough of a cedar, hangs upon the walls of the museum. Nothing is known of the artist, except the work shows the ancient Italian name of Caput.

The exhibitions arranged for January are so numerous we cannot find sufficient space to enumerate them; yet each and every one of them warrants a visit to the Museum. One of particular importance is an exhibition of silk screens and fabrics, all printed in magnificent patterns and colors by the method adopted by the ancient Chinese craftsmen of the era when our type of civilization and way of life was wholly unknown in the scheme of human existence. While the prints were made in Pennsylvania, the thread was spun in Belmont and Gastonia—the warp in Belmont and the filler in Gastonia; so the citizens of our neighboring cities and towns, even in both Carolinas, will find a welcome at the Museum. There are also 41 pieces of ceramic art on exhibition at the present time from the Sherwater Pottery, Ocean Springs, Miss., and 35 pieces from the University of Georgia; 8 pieces from the North Carolina College and several specimens loaned by artists of our neighboring colony at Jug Town. Preparations are being made for an exhibitions of several historical paintings by young GI artists from the combat zones of Europe and 8 pieces from the North Carolina State College and several specimens loaned by artists of our neighboring colony at Jug Town. Preparations are being made for an exhibition of several historical paintings by young GI artists from the combat zones of Europe and the South Pacific, all of which were formerly on exhibition at the famous Mellon Galleries. Two of the paintings are by North Carolina artists. The Museum is open to the public 10 a. m., to 5 p. m. every day except on Monday, and in addition to the various exhibits, lectures and competitive exhibits are being instituted

for the young people, and if the small endowment and the membership fees can be increased a permanent musical program will be inaugurated for Sunday afternoons.

While many of our county people live a 7-day work week, every one it would seem could well afford to "lay off" to visit the museum with the children one Sunday or more in order that the young folks may spend the entire afternoon in comtemplation upon the artistic conceptions and workmanship of modern artists as well as the masters of three or four centuries ago.

———:———

THE TACK IN THE OTHER FELLOW'S SHOE

Pray find no fault with the man who slips and stumbles along the road.
Unless you've worn the shoes he wears, or have struggled beneath his load;
For there may be tacks in his shoes that hurt, though hidden away from view
And the burden he bears, if placed on your back, might cause you to stumble, too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today, unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall, or feel as only the fallen can know;
You may be strong, but the blows that were his if dealt to you
At the self-same time and in the self-same way, might cause you to stagger, too.

Don't be too harsh with the man who sins, or pelt him with word or stone,
Unless you are sure, yes, doubly sure, that you have no sins of your own;
For you know, perhaps, if the tempter should whisper to you
As softly as to him when he went astray, might cause you to falter, too.

—Author Unknown.

DIMES MARCH ONWARD

(Morganton News-Herald)

Once again it becomes the privilege of every American to join actively in one of the great peacetime battles waged by man in his ceaseless struggle to make his world a better place in which to live.

This is the relentless battle against infantile paralysis—common enemy to all, regardless of age or accident of birth—spearheaded by the annual March of Dimes, held this year from January 15-30.

Coming as it does, in the wake of the second worst epidemic of the disease ever to ravage our nation, the 1947 March of Dimes deserves—and will undoubtedly receive—the fullest support of every American who not only wants to help those unable to help themselves, but to insure for himself and his family the best available care if and when the dread cripple strikes.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which sponsors the March of Dimes, is unique in the annals of public welfare organizations. It is literally the property of the American people who support it with their dimes. It has no other means for obtaining funds, such as endowments, bequests or grants. What it gets, it gets through the March of Dimes and through the March of Dimes only.

Not only is the National Foundation pledged to do its utmost when epidemic—or even individual cases—breaks out, but it ceaseless research into the causes of the disease is the only promise we have that some day that cause will be discovered and rendered harmless.

In the meanwhile, we can all gather satisfaction from the fact that no one stricken with the disease—regardless of age, race, creed or color—need go without adequate care through lack of funds—and polio is among the most expensive of human afflictions.

There are three things we know with certainty. Polio will strike again—where or when we do not know. When it does strike the community will be ready—the National Foundation guarantees that. And the National Foundation will be ready because the March of Dimes will see to that!

Give generously, give proudly, give thankfully—to the 1947 March of Dimes!

———:———

A good creed is a gate to the city that hath foundations; a misleading creed may be a road to destruction, or if both misleading and alluring it may become what Shakespeare calls a primrose path to the eternal bonfire.—Joseph Cook.

GIFTS TO PFEIFFER COLLEGE

(Stanly News & Press)

The new year began auspiciously for Pfeiffer college, with $14,000 being added to the endowment funds. Of this amount, $4,000 came from the estate of the late Mrs. Annie B. Gowell, who was connected with the college for many years, and $10,000 was a gift from G. A. Pfeiffer, a member of the family for which the college was named.

The fact that the donors designated the use to be made of the income from these endowments revealed that they were and are conscious of the problems with which the average college or university, no matter how well endowed, is faced.

There is always a need for funds to help worthy boys and girls secure a college education, and Mrs. Gowell, in her will specified that the money she left to the college be used to help such young people. At the same time, the quality of the training offered by a college depends, to a very large extent, on the calibre of its teaching staff, and so Mr. Pfeiffer specified that the income from his gift should be used to supplement the salaries of the faculty.

The gifts of these two people set an example for Stanly county citizens, for the college is a Stanly county institution and, as such, merits the support of all our citizens. It is already rendering a great service to the county, and the possibilities for expanding that service are unlimited, provided our people give it their support.

Persons who have accumulated more of this world's goods than they need can find no greater joy than sharing them with Pfeiffer college in order that it may provide opportunities to train future citizens to live useful lives. Such gifts may be made while a person is alive, thus allowing him to see the benefits which it brings, or the college may be remembered in his last will and testament.

At the same time, we should like to point out that business and manufacturing concerns as well as individuals can establish scholarships with a reasonable amount of money each year, and thus help the college render a broader service.

We are hopeful that the fine example set by Mrs. Gowell and Mr. Pfeiffer will serve to inspire others to do likewise.

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the things you have to do, when it ought to be done whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man' training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly.

—Thomas Henry Huxley.

GOOD SCHOOLS PAY BUSINESS DIVIDENDS

Concord Tribune

Businessmen should be the first in the Nation to lay the dollar on the line for education because the better educated the people become the greater becomes their buying power —and after all, it's this buying power that determines the fate of business.

Those who doubt this fact should study carefully a report recently submitted by the United States Chamber of Commerce. It shows, for example, that in North Carolina, where sales in '940 were $177 but in Maine where the median school level was 9.2 there was a per capita retail sales of $332.

For Tennessee the educational median was 9.2 and the per capita retail sales were $208 while in South Carolina, which was rated with a median grade level of only 6.8, the per capita retail sales were only $175.

The Chamber pertinently captions its report, "Education— An Investment in People." Boiled down it means people with higher educational attainment spend more money for goods, because they usually are able to earn more money.

This is something our State Legislature could well study and discuss at some length.

We might well afford to follow the example of New York, business center of the United States, where the largest school budget in its history has just been approved. It calls for an expenditure of $175,000,000 on public schools, an increase of $17,000,000 over the present budget.

After studying this budget, The New York Herald Tribune, which is certainly no foe of business says: "Examining the requests for increases, it is impossible to quarrel with the need for any one of them."

Will we in North Carolina be as smart as these New Yorkers? The answer rests with the General Assembly.

———:———

The idle can never support the idle. For each individual who doesn't work on productive, useful work there is a double loss to be charged up. The nation as a whole loses the wealth which that work could produce, and it must be taxed that much more in order to provide a living for this added idler. Unless a person can "pull his own weight," somebody else has to pull it in his stead.

—Selected.

RAPID GROWTH IN PLAY PLANS

(The Charlotte Observer)

The idea of recreation for everyone —not just children and teen-agers, but old people, workers, people with leisure time—is spreading like wildfire all over the country.

That's Dr. Harold D. Meyer's opinion, and if anyone should know what the public pulse indicates as far as recreation goes, he's the man.

Recreation has grown up — its general progress, the impetus from depression days, along with numerous forces, give it a "must" position in community life, he explained.

Dr. Meyer, whose regular job is professor of sociology in the University of North Carolina, has become one of the nation's No. 1 authorities on the need, development and planning of recreation for the masses. He holds at least a half dozen top-notch ratings in the recreational set-up in the United States—on a national level.

His most recent promotion in the recreational field came this fall when he was elected president of the American Recreation society, whose main purpose is to unite in one organization all recreation workers in the country.

Dr. Meyer is one of the approximately 25 members of the national recreation policies committee, which is similar to the Educational Policies commision. These 25 men from all sections get together, pool their ideas, and determine recreational policies for the nation.

One of the most demanding offices he holds is that of director of the North Carolina Recreation commission which in one short year has set the pace for recreation development in some thirty states.

In addition to all this, Dr. Meyer is chairman of the Eastern Conference of State Recreation committees, which group works towards putting recreation on a state level.

He also works with all national youth agencies, holding top offices in the national organization of the Boy scouts, the Camp Fire girls, and the Girl scouts.

All this keeps Harold Meyer on the run—constantly. But he manages to meet all his classes, thanks to careful budgeting of time. He can sand-which in more trips—out of the state as well as within the state—than one would think possible. For instance, within the last two months he has made speeches in Cleveland, St. Louis and Washington, D. C. He will speak in New York in January and in Providence, R. I., in April.

And all the while he, as director of the State Recreation commission is called to towns and cities from one end of North Carolina to the other, for consultation and addresses.

All this enthusiastic interest in recreation—"without a single objection from any quarter, mind you," he says—is largely an out growth of the war.

During the war years the Army and Navy spent into $20 million a year for recreation of the men in the armed forces, he said.

"This emphasis on the part of military leaders has had a great influence in advancing recreation at this time.

"There is far more leisure time than

ever before," he went on. "The time for recreation is here and we have to do something about it. There is no other way. If we don't utilize leisure time to the best advantage the negative forces are set in motion.

"That means that we'll set up a howl about the soaring juvenile delinquency and have to take steps to do something about it. Don't get me wrong—I don't say that adequate recreation will reduce all juvenile delinquency. Juvenile delinquency is a multiple disease and recreation is just one positive approach against it. Everything—the way we live, where we live, schools the way we're taught, churches and their interpretation of life—all are contributing factors toward a juvenile delinquency if they are not utilized and directed in the right way.

"Recreation is a positive approach to the problem, but it is not the solution—not by any means. It is a force toward solution," he declared.

As for more leisure time, Dr. Meyer compared working hours in the last 100 years—72 hours a week of work in 1840; then 60 hours in 1890, and now 40 hours a week of work. "You see," he said, "we have more and more time and we must do something with it. And right now some authorities are predicting a 30-hour work week in the future. Is there any doubt that recreation is a growing and pressing need in all our lives?"

OUR UNUSED FACULTIES

What are some of the unused powers that we own but do not turn to our advantage?

We know not what we might accomplish if we would only use all of our hidden resources of mind and body.

Do we use all of our emotions? A certain reaction in man enables him to guard himself against foes and many other dangers known or unknown. Yet how often do we do things that affect our minds and bodies to destroy this hidden power? We should try to use all our emotions to an advantage for unused, they cripple us. We need to feel deeply to understand the world. To get our heart into our work is to be strong.

Our power of perception evidently is not used to the fullest extent. Do we see our faults and try to correct them? To see is to know.

Do we call into play all of our abilities? Does our work make demand upon our talents and do we put these energies into use?

We need to use our high ideals. Working toward these ideals will raise us to the pinnacle of success.

Thomas A. Edison succeeded as a result of always trying to use all of these hidden powers. "The hardest way is almost invariably the best way," he said. "By always choosing the hardest thing we can employ all of our faculties."—Our Paper.

THE HELPING HAND OF AMERICA

Mooresville Enterprise

The responsibilities that came to the United States as a result of victory in the war are not fully known to the American people. The history making events that are taking place in Europe and the Far East naturally reach the headlines—but many another important job is being accompanied in obcurity.

An example of this is found in the Pacific Islands. The Marshall group which is typical, belonged to Germany until 1914. Then Japan, as one of our Allies in World War I, seized the islands, and her authority was legalized by a League of Nations mandate in 1922. Japan held the island, using many of them as naval aid air bases, until we freed them near the close of World War II.

Thus, purely as a consequence of war, the problems of thousands of natives living on scores of islands became our problems. And it is pleasant to report that the United States Navy, which is the administrative agency, is taking these problems very seriously.

The Navy is training officers in the art of military government. It is making aggressive efforts to reestablish a system of adequate education. It is paying particular attention to health and sanitation. It is attempting to revitalize what little industry and commerce the islands are capable of maintaining. Its purpose, in sum, is to assist the inhabitants to stand on their own feet.

This is no simple task. An immense amount of work is being done by the Navy. Thus the hand of America reaches out to tiny islands whose very names are unknown to all but a few persons.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 2, 1947

Feb. 2—James Dunn, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
Feb. 3—Arthur Ballew, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
Feb. 7—Travis Lee Shumate, Cottage No. 17, 15th birthday.
Feb. 8—Herbert Landreth, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. John H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Christ feeding the five thousand people, as found in John 6:1-14. The subject of his impressive message to the boys was "A Boy's Chance."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. McKinnon reminded the boys that they were going through the most important part of life. He told them there were two attitudes which they could take—that of selfishness or of unsefishness; they could be out to get, or out to give. The unselfish life, he added, is the one which Christianity recommends that we should follow. Jesus Christ, through His teachings, has been the cause of many men to live a life of giving.

The speaker then pointed out that at the time of the miracle of the feeding of the multitude, Jesus was at the most important part of His ministry. His influence was being greatly felt. There was something in His life that when men saw it they wanted it for themselves.

In commenting on the story of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, the speaker called special attention to the boy in the story. This boy, having heard that Jesus was to be in that community, wanted to be there. Boylike, he didn't want to miss anything that might be going on.

It was to be a long journey for the lad, and he would have to walk all the way. Knowing that her son, like all normal boys, would be very hungry, his mother prepared a lunch for him consisting of five small loaves of bread and two small fishes.

A great crowd of people had assembled to hear Jesus. They had spent almost an entire day listening to the Master. It was late in the evening, and it was time to eat.

Christ talked to his disciples as to how the multitude might be fed. They told Him that with so many people present, they did not have enough money to buy food for them. In their opinion, it was impossible to furnish a meal for the crowd.

The boy in the story was close enough to Jesus and the disciples to hear them talking about feeding the people. Having a desire to help, he went to Andrew and offered to share his lunch with those present. Now it would be safe to assume that Andrew and the rest of the group probably laughed at the lad, thinking it absurd that such a small amount of food should be offered to feed so many. The Master, however, was impressed by the boy's generous offer. He asked that the lad be brought to Him. He then told the disciples to have the people sit down.

Under the blessings of Jesus, and through His divine power, the small lunch given by the boy was changed into a quanity sufficient to feed the throng, and to have a considerable amount left over.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon then called attention to three truths to be learned from this story, as follows:

(1) The boy was ready. He had

come prepared. Readiness of spirit and of mind makes us prepared for Christ's call.

Boys of today are learning this important lesson in Boy Scout training. The motto of this fine organization is "Be Prepared."

(2) The boy was willing. He showed the spirit of willingness to give Christ what he had.

The same is true in this day and time. We should be willing to let the Master have what we have to be used in the building of God's Kingdom. Many people, starting out with good intentions, prepare themselves for a life of service, but when the time comes they are unwilling.

A further illustration of the spirit of willingness occured during World War I. At a port of embarkation in Virginia, the troop transports were being loaded. It was discovered there was room for an additional battalion of men. The commander of a regiment called for a battalion of volunteers. The entire regiment stepped forward. It was then decided that lots should be drawn. Each man was given a slip of paper. Some were plain, while others were marked with a cross. The man drawing the latter were to be the ones chosen to form the new battalion to go overseas. Later, a young man wrote his mother: "I prayed that I might draw a cross." That soldier showed the true spirit of willingness.

(3) Christ was able. The boy in the story was willing to do his part, and Christ was able to make that part sufficient for the need. Wherever there is a boy who is ready and willing, we shall find that Christ is able to work a miricle. When men and women bring their readiness and willingness to the Master, He is able to do wonderful things.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. McKinnon asked the boys to never lose sight of the lessons taught in the parable of the feeding of the multitude. He urged them to be prepared to serve Christ and to be willing at all times to give of their best to the finer things of life.

RICH OR POOR

A man is poor when he has lost the confidence of his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him; when his character is honeycombed by deceit and punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when he does not stand clear out, supreme in his idea. When this is clouded he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poor-house is not neccessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands forth square to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compelled to beg bread.

—New England Craftsman.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

The doorstep of a palace is very slippery.—Selected.

—:—

Nobody is trodden upon unless he first lies down.—Selected.

—:—

He who wants to jump far must step back.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.
—Cecil.

—:—

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.
—Thomas Jefferson.

—:—

The time when I was converted was when religion became no longer a mere duty, but a pleasure.
—Prof. Lincoln.

—:—

The world would be a lot better if everybody could spare a few minutes now and then in making the area surrounding him a little better.
—Inland Printer.

—:—

He that speaks of things that do not concern him shall hear of things that do not please him.
—Arabian Proverb.

—:—

To write well is to think well, to feel well, and to render well is to possess at once intellect, soul and taste.—Buffon.

—:—

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation, is, that each is thinking more of what he is intending to say, than of what others are saying; and we never listen when we are planning to speak.
—Rochefoucauld.

Nothing is stronger than custom.
—Selected.

—:—

Go not abroad; retire into thyself, for truth dwells in the inner man.
—Saint Augustine.

—:—

False friends are like our shadow. They keep close to us while we walk in the sun, but leave us when we cross into the shade.—Grit.

—:—

It is not enough to be busy; so are the ants. The question is: What are we busy about?—Thoreau.

—:—

The big things in life are never done by fussy people. Poise is one of the earmarks of mental strength.
—Selected.

—:—

Remember this—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act.—Marcus Aurelius.

—:—

Covetousness is both the beginning and the end of the devil's alphabet—the first vice in corrupt nature that moves, and the last which dies.
—South.

—:—

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence and educational advantages, but what he will do with the things he has.—Mabie.

—:—

Life is a prologue to eternity, and while we glide down the river, why not enjoy the flowers, stars, music, love and the service in life. Each year more sand escapes from the hourglass of life, and leaves a clearer vision.—Square & Compass.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

There aren't any idle rumors—they're always busy.

—:—

Ideas are funny things. They never work unless you do.

—:—

The trouble with many people in trying times is that they stop trying.

—:—

Don't throw your mouth into high gear until you are sure your brain is turning over.

—:—

The fellow who continues pulling on the oars does not have much time to rock the boat.

—:—

It requires hundreds of nuts to hold an automobile together—and only one to knock it apart.

—:—

Did you hear about the clever cat which ate cheese and breathed down the rat-hole with baited breath?

—:—

A man was asked why he encouraged his wife to quit playing the piano and start playing the clarinet. He replied: "Because she can't sing when she's playing the clarinet."

—:—

Put in sixty per cent of your time attending to your own business, and forty per cent in letting other people's alone, and you'll get into very little trouble.

—:—

The co-ed, seeing a football player on crutches, asked if he got hurt while he was on the eleven. He told her: "No. It was while the eleven was on me."

—:—

When asked to describe steel wool, a freshman in an engineering class said he thought it was the fleece of an hydraulic ram.

On a bus, a man gave his seat to a woman. She fainted. On recovering, she thanked him. Then he fainted.

—:—

We may not be responsible for all the things that happen to us, but we are responsible for the way we behave when they do happen.

—:—

A Swede walked into the ticket office and asked for a ticket to Chicago. "Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" the agent asked. "My gudness, no. ef Ay can't go by train, geeve me reindeer," said the Swede.

—:—

An undertaker wired a man to inform him that his mother-in-law had died, and inquired whether the family would prefer embalming, cremating or burial. The man wired back instantly, "All three. Take no chances."

—:—

Two fishermen, sitting on a bridge, their lines in the water, made a bet as to which would catch the first fish. One got a bite and became so excited that he fell off the bridge. "Oh, well," said the other, "if you are going to dive for them, the bet's off."

—:—

The doctor told the nurse on duty at the hospital to ask the accident victim his name, in order that his family might be notified. The nurse returned a few minutes later, and said: "The patient says that's all right, his family knows his name."

—:—

The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics solemnly announces that its recent survey reveals that women spend more money on clothes than men. We wonder how much of the taxpayers' money was spent to find out what every married man already knows?

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 19, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Epps
Roger Ivey
James Moore
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Carl Church
Paul J. Church
Horace Collins
Charles Franklin
Donald Hall
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Robert Blake
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Jud Lane
Eddie Medlin
Thomas Martin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Daniel Johnson
Emory King
Sammie Lynn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

J. C. Alley
Joe Lee Bean
Glenn Bumgardner
Hurman Galyan
David Johnson
Russell Murphy
James Norton
Lacy Overton
Ray Swink
Clifton Shull
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Aaron McCarson
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Kenneth Holcomb
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Robert Evans
Lester Ingle
Melvin Ledford
Robert Peavy
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Cecil Clark
Leslie Gautier
Luther Hull
James Phillips
Jimmy Reynolds
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
Floyd Canady
Donald Carter
Leroy Cowan

COTTAGE No. 14

Carl Ballew
Clifford Martin
John Moretz
Charles Moore
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
Herbert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Solomon Shelton
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Eden Chavis
Ralph Cranford
Harold Kernodle
Robert Phillips

FRINDLY MISTAKES

There are about three things a fellow can do when he makes a mistake. He can resolve that he will never make another, which is fine, but impracticable. He may let that mistake make a coward of him, which is foolish; or, he can make up his mind that he'll let it be his teacher and so profit by the experience that if the situation comes his way again, he'll know just how to meet it.

Think it over. Each one of us must decide whether he will let his mistakes remain his enemies or become his friends. Why should we let a mistake, or even two or three break our spirit and sap our fighting strength? A lad who showed that kind of disposition on the gridiron or on the baseball diamond would never make the team. We all make mistakes, but if we let them be our teachers, counseling us, advising us, admonishing us, in due time we shall acquit ourselves all the better in life.—Selected.

c 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL XXXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 8, 1947 No. 6

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THY NEIGHBOR

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim;
Enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

—William Peabody.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
AMERICAN YOUTH	(Morganton News-Herald)	15
TURN YOUR CROSS INTO A PLUS SIGN	By W. G. Sonastine	16
THE EXAMPLE OF THE PINE	(Sunshine Magazine)	17
SO YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE	By Dale Clark	18
HAVING A GOAL IN LIFE	By H. P. Blanchard	20
TOLERANCE	By Helen Woods	22
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

CHARITY

Do something to-day to bring gladness
To someone whose pleasures are few,
Do something to drive off sadness—
Or cause someone's dream to come true.

Find time for a neighborly greeting
And time to delight an old friend
Remember,—the years are fleeting
And life's latest day will soon end!

Do something to-day that tomorrow
Will prove to be really worth while;
Help someone to conquer sorrow
And greet the new dawn with a smile—

For only through kindness and giving
Of service and friendship and cheer,
We learn the pure joy of living
And find heaven's happiness here.

—Selected.

SOCIETY'S RESPONSIBILITY IN YOUTH PROBLEMS

The most important asset in any community is represented in the youth of that community. Of course, there are other assets which represent physical and material resources of the community, and in order for society to function as it should these tangible possessions play an important part both in the stability and the progress of the social order of the community. However, in the final analysis the human resources in any community are those factors which really lend importance and value to all the other community possessions.

It is the chief responsibility of the local leaders—men and women who are concerned with the character development of its youth—to develop a deep sense of their own responsibility relating to the training of youth. There are the adult responsibilities for the guidance of youth which cannot be delegated to other shoulders and

which must be assumed by the fathers and mothers residing within the community. In this connection, every wise parent should easily recognize that no matter how secure and how wholesome his own home may be and how certain he may be that he is going to attempt to lead his own children along the thoroughfares of Christian living, there is always the impending threat of his own children being touched and influenced and misled by the children of other homes where rectitude and righteousness do not prevail to any marked degree.

After all, the problem of society is that it shall protect and safeguard itself by striving to make the local community a safe and secure place for every individual child who resides therein. It was Theodore Roosevelt who said the world would not be a wholesome place for anyone until it was a wholesome place for everyone. All the agencies in the community should reach out as far as possible and touch the lives of every individual youth as profoundly and as earnestly as possible, to the end that the life of every boy and girl may be made strong and vigorous in the spiritual realms. The sad truth is that in every community there are some boys and some girls who are born into the substandard, underprivileged homes where, because of their limited and restricted environment, they never have the chance in life to which they are rightly entitled. These boys and girls have in them the potentialities of developing into the finest type of citizens, but they cannot do it in their own strength.

Many of these children have, day after day, felt the devastating effect on their spirits of unwholesome living, so that eventually they have drifted into evil habits and have developed anti-social attitudes. In numerous instances small boys have looked to the future and have thought that life for them held many golden opportunities, but month by month and year by year their morale has been battered down. They have continuously experienced disappointments and discouragements, so often that they have tended to lose their hope and their faith in what life has in store for them. It is this group of boys and girls for whom the community must assume an ever-increasing responsibility for their proper spiritual, mental and social developments.

It is generally recognized that character is usually the result of environment. First, let us take two small twins and teach them the same lessons in school, but give them different surroundings, companions and homes. Let us put one under a kind, encouraging mother, among clean and straightforward playmates, where honor is the respected rule of life. Then, take the other boy and let him loaf in idleness in a filthy home, among foul-mouthed, thieving, discontented companions. There is no doubt but that the twins would develop entirely different characters, and in the end life would be far different for them.

In life there is probably nothing that is more important than for an individual, from time to time, to be given encouragement and inspiration. This is particularly true of the young boy. So often he needs someone in whom he places implicit faith and trust, to stand by and offer him encouragement, inspiration, and help as he meets the problems of life. He needs someone to inspire him and give him a vision of the better things in life. If the home does not properly do this, then someone in the community, through the school, the church, or some community recreational agency, should provide it for the boy.

Scientific studies have been made by social workers which prove beyond any doubt that the delinquent child is the product of a home life that is tragically inadequate to meet the needs of the child. It is almost always true that the delinquent youth comes from the home where there is relative ignorance or where the financial status of the home is poor. It has been found that the actual financial condition of the homes where there is juvenile delinquency is on the lowest rung of the economic ladder, and where the home hovers precariously on the margin between self-support and dependency, and where there is often nothing accumulated for any critical periods of unemployment or illness. In these homes it is found that employment is often irregular and uncertain. The unfortunate aspect is that the child has not been responsible for the conditions in which he finds himself. If the home is poverty-stricken, he did not make it so, and as a child neither can he do anything about it.

He can only look to the social agencies of the community to protect and safeguard his opportunities in life. No community can ignore or be indifferent to the cause of these children.

Recently, a study was made of the juvenile delinquency problem in the City of Boston, and among other things there occurred the following comment:

> Certainly the psychological atmosphere of the homes in which these boys were reared was inimical to the development of a sense of security. No fewer than 92 per cent of the homes either were "broken" by the death of one or both parents, by desertion, separation, or divorce, or by the prolonged absence of one or both parents owing to imprisonment or mental illness, or were otherwise clearly unsuited to the rearing of children, even though both parents were in the home, for they were households in which one or both of the parents were criminalistic or markedly incompatible or poor disciplinarians or careless supervisors of the lives of growing children.
>
> Half the thousand boys had left or had been taken from their parental homes at one time or another prior to their appearance before the Court. In 27 per cent of these cases the precipitating cause of this first breach with homes ties was the death, separation, divorce, or desertion of the parents; the illness of a parent in 3.5 per cent; the delinquency of the boys themselves in 18 per cent; the unsuitability of the home because of neglect by the parents or their inability to provide properly in 4.5 per cent. In 11 per cent of the cases the boys ran away from home for one reason or another, and were thus at an early age shifting about and readily exposed to possible vicious influences. Some of them also had the unstabilizing experience of excessive moving about (more than once a year,) thus having little opportunity to strike root in any one neighborhood. Still others had been brought to the United States from foreign countries and so had to adapt themselves to life in a new world. Thus, in at least 50 per cent of the cases, the early lives of these boys did not run a smooth course. They were subjected to experiences of a kind which could only add to their feelings of insecurity. It must also be remembered that, even though the remaining half of the group were not thus shuttled about from pillar to post, the homes of most of them were inadequate in one way or another for the proper rearing of children. Finally, it should be pointed out that 323 of the boys had already, prior to their appearance in the Boston Juvenile Court, been in orphanages, and a few had been in correctional schools.

In this connection, the wise leaders in any community will be vigilant and alert in studying these local problems and working to-

wards the correction of all devastating influences in the community. They will recognize that this must be a constant and relentless struggle and one that calls for the deepest sense of service to the community and for the highest devotion to the correct training of the youth in the community.

* * * * * * * *

CURRENT SPORTS EVENTS AT J. T. S.

Recently a group of fourteen boys went from the Jackson Training School to Greenville, S. C., where they participated in the annual A. A. U. Boxing Tournament. The boys were accompanied by Mr. Earl Walters, who is the Physical Education Director here at the School, and his brother; Mr. Luke Walters. They all report they had a delightful trip, and that they received royal treatment. They left the School Thursday morning, January 30th, and returned on Tuesday, February 4th.

Mr. Walters reports that all the boys conducted themselves in a gentlemanly manner, and no boy did anything to bring discredit upon the School. The boys, because of their good behavior, received many nice compliments, and, after all, this was the most important feature of their trip. They went out away from the School and demonstrated to themselves and to others that they would be on good behavior when they were out on their own. Mr. Walters made a special point to tell the boys that they were on their honor, and only good behavior would be tolerated.

This was the first time the boys from this institution had participated in such a tournament. All the boys were novices at the game. In fact, all they knew about the game was what had been taught them within the last four or five weeks. However, in the tournament they contested against boys who already had much more experience and training. Because of their inexperience it was not expected that the boys would win many trophies, but rather that they would have some pleasant experiences and that they would gain some valuable information.

One of the sports writers, in commenting upon the showing of our boys, made the following comment: "For sheer grit you can mark up those Jackson Training School boys as a good example. The Concord

team failed to get a winner Saturday, but Coach Earl Walters' mittmen were in there with a grin the whole time and didn't know what the word 'quit' meant." This showed a very fine spirit that causes us here to be proud of them.

Carlton Pate was the only Training School boy who won in the finals, and he received a lovely trophy as his award. There were two or three other boys, however, who went into the finals, but failed to win there.

The newspaper account of Carlton's bout was as follows:

> Carlton Pate of the Jackson Training School was awarded the verdict over Wilbur Armstrong of the Greenville YMCA in the junior light heavyweight class. Pate knocked Armstrong down twice, each time for the count of nine, and his last blow, a shoving left to the jaw, had the Greenville boy on the canvas when the bell ended the third round.

We here at the School were pleased with the results of this tournament, and we look forward to participation in other tournaments after the boys have had more experience.

During the last two weeks the annual basketball tournament between the cottages has been in operation. The boys are having a grand time playing basketball, and most of them are participating in this sport for the first time. The major purpose in the tournament is to give each and every boy an opportunity to play. The tournament will last over into the month of March.

Each cottage has an A and a B team. The A team is composed of ten or twelve of the best players in the cottage, and these contest against the A team of another cottage. This gives each A group two separate teams, and insures the opportunity of each boy having a chance. The competition is very keen and spirited. Among teams showing early skill are the ones representing cottages 1, 3, 10 and 15. However, these boys are going to find plenty of opposition from the teams representing the other cottages before the tournament closes.

The small boys in cottages 6 and 7 are in a different league, and they have an opportunity to play against each other on equal terms.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Devotional Exercises

By Waylon Gardner, 8th Grade

When we get to school in the morning, Mr. Hines reads us a chapter from the Bible. At this time, we are learning about the first book in the Bible, Genesis. We have about finished the story of Joseph. We learned how he was sold as a slave, how he how he was taken to Egypt, how he was taken to Egypt, how he was put in prison for doing what was right, how he could interpret the dreams, and how he became the ruler of the land. It was intersting to learn how his brothers came down to Egypt to buy food and how Joseph sent for his father to be brought down to the land of Egypt. We hope to hear much more from the Bible. All the boys in the 8th grade appreciate what we can learn here at the Stonewall Jackson Training School about the Bible.

Our Mural

By Robert Kerr, 7th Grade

Some of the boys of the Special Sixth Grade are working on a mural about America. The subject is taken from a song, "God, Bless America." It is divided into six parts. Number one is a map of America with these words written under it. "God Bless America, land that I love." Number two picture is one about farm houses and mountains. Under this picture is written, "Stand beside her and guide her." The next picture is one of the Statue of Liberty, and under this one is written, "Through the night with a light from above." There are soldiers, sailors, and marines placed around the Statue of Liberty. The fourth picture is one of mountains and plains. Under this one is written, "From the mountains to the prairies." The fifth picture shows the ocean waves lashing a lighthouse, and under this picture is written, "To the ocean white with foam." The last one is a picture of an American eagle, and under this one is written "God, Bless America, my home sweet home." The whole mural is combined to make the verse of "God, Bless America."

Weiner Roast

By George Swink, 6th Grade

On January 25, 1947 the boys of Cottage Number 5 went to a weiner roast, which was held at the log cabin that the boys and officers of the School built. It is a nice place to have a weiner roast, and it is built near a creek. All the boys of Cottage Number 5 were glad that the other carpenter shop boys not in that cottage went along. Mr. Corliss, the substitute officer at Cottage Number 5, and Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, went with the boys.

When the boys arrived at the cabin, they found Mr. Adams and the Receiving Cottage boys down there, working on the cabin. The boys surely had a good time, eating weiners, drinking cold drinks, wad-

ing in the creek, and climbing trees. They stayed all the afternoon. It was surely an enjoyable occasion.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By James Shook, 6th Grade

In our group meeting, we first had a prayer by Mr. Puckett, followed by his reading Psalm 124. The first thing on our regular program was the introduction by Harold Kernodle, and the second topic about healing was by Horace Collins. George Swink had the third part, and Clifford Martin had the fourth part. His topic was "Working Miracles." After that, Clyde Wright led the closing prayer.

B. T. U. Junior Group Number II

By Robert Woodruff, 6th Grade

On January 26th, the B. T. U. meeting was held as it usually is. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Puckett made talks, after which we went to our group meetings. We made a study of the missionary work with the Indians of America. The boys who were on the program were the following: Thomas Staley, Charles Bryant, and Jesse Hamlin. We learned about the Indians who live in our country and about the languages used by the Indians in our country. We were dismissed by prayer.

Boys Attend Southside Baptist Church

By Clifton Rhodes, 8th Grade

Sunday, January 26, 1947 a number of the boys from the School went over to the Southside Baptist Church of Concord. Rev. E. B. Hicks, the pastor of the church, had as his subject for his sermon, "The Samaritan Woman." Rev. Mr. Hicks preaches some very good sermons, and he has helped many of the boys of the School. We appreciate the privilege of attending his church.

B . T. U. Junior Group No. I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

The regular B. T. U. meeting was held on January 6th. The first thing on the program was a talk by Mr. Hawfield. Then Mr. Puckett, one of the B. T. U. teachers, gave a talk. After this we went to our rooms, and Mr. Sofness told us a story about an inventor. J. C. Littlejohn gave out the parts. James Arrowood gave the first part, which was about the Indians in the South. The second part was given by Olin Sealey, and it was entitled "Oklahoma Indians." The third part was given by Clyde Hill. The fourth part was given by John McKinney, and the fifth and last part was given by Ben Wilson.

Boys Attend First Baptist Church

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Last Sunday night the boys who are members of the First Baptist Church of Concord had the privilege of attending the church services and of partaking of the Lord's Supper. The boys appreciated this privilege very much, and they expressed their thanks for being allowed to go. This service helped the boys to remember what a great thing took place when Jesus was in the Upper Room with His disciples.

Rev. E. S. Summers, the pastor of the church, had written to each boy and expressed his anxiety for the boys to attend the service. The boys are looking forward to going to this church again.

Boys Worship at A. R. P. Church

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Sunday, January 26, 1947, a number of boys from the School visited the Associate Reformed Church at Concord. Mr. Caldwell, the substitute officer of Cottage No. 3, took the boys. The boys who went are as follows: James Dunn, James Christy, Olin Sealey, Waylon Gardner, Paul Denton, Thomas Staley, and Talmadge Duncan. All the boys enjoyed the privilege of worshipping at this church.

More Boys Released

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

There have been some boys who have been permitted to go to their homes within the last week. They are going home to prove what they can do, and a lot of good they can do if they will try. The boys who have been released very recently are as follows: J. C. Alley from Greensboro, Donald Carter from Lincolnton, Robert Kerr from Durham, and George Byrd from Asheville. Everyone hopes that these boys will make good and behave themselves.

The Ramparts We Build

By Howard Herman, 8th Grade

Last Monday, we had an educational film, entitled "The Ramparts We Build." The picture showed how Westinghouse, with its one hundred thousand men and women, turned the electrical company into a war plant. It showed people at different works, such as making guns, and search lights that would shine for fifteen miles, signal lights, army helmets, generators for airplanes, bombs, radios, and other materials.

After it showed them making the different parts, it showed how they were used against the enemy in the war. For example, it showed the torpedo, being made and how they tested it. Then it showed how it was used against the enemy ship.

This was a very interesting picture which all the boys enjoyed very much.

Interesting News

By Ray Wooten, 7th Grade

Each week every 7th grade student has a chance to write something for the "Uplift." I want to tell something interesting that happened last Thursday. Mr. Caldwell gave us a history test, and James Phillips made the highest grade. His grade was 90. Some of the other pupils made good grades, too.

Radio Program

By Glenn Davis, 6th Grade

The first on the program was a solo, "Jesus Paid It All," by Max Herring. Kenneth Halcomb read two poems, "Winter Time" and "What the Wind Brings." Then there were two songs by the group.. One was "Work for the Night Is Coming" and the other was "A Shelter in the Time of Storm." Mr. Hawfield announced the

program, and Mrs. Liske accompanied the boys at the piano while they sang. Mr. Hawfield made a talk about the religious life at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. He told about the number of boys who had been baptized while they were at the School, and then he commended them for taking this important step and for the great spirit of reverence they showed during the ceremony.

My School Work

By Earl Hoyle, 7th Grade

My work in the 7th grade is very interesting, for we study arithmetic, history, English, spelling, and other subjects. Some boys go to school because they have to go, but I go because I want to learn all I can. The reason for that is that some day I might want to have a trade of my own. Some of the grades that I have made in the seventh grade are: spelling, 100; history, 85; arithmetic, 70; and English, 98. I have been in the seventh grade for about six weeks, and I am trying to make my grades higher all the time.

Our Spelling Contest

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

The boys in the 8th grade have been having a contest in spelling. It started on Wednesday, January 1, 1947 and ended on Wednesday, January 29, 1947. The boys have really learned how to spell many new words.

The boy who won first prize in the contest was Clyde Wright, with Clifton Rhodes winning second and Robert Jarvis winning third. Honorable mention was given Talmadge Duncan, who ranked fourth, and Glenn Evans, who ranked fifth.

The boy who won first prize made a wise decision. He decided to send his present home to his parents to show them what he had earned and also to show his love for them.

Each boy is looking forward to the next contest, which will be a contest on North Carolina History.

New Club Is Organized

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

The boys of the Special Sixth Grade have organized a new club, which they call the Good Citizenship Club. The purpose of the club is to stress the best characteristics of good citizenship such as honesty, teamwork, resourcefulness, obedience, truthfulness, and will power, as well as many others. Too, the club work promotes better oral expression and thinking while talking before a group. Some of the things emphasized by the class critics are voice, pronunciation, enuciation, poise, etc. The work of the club will be of permanent value.

The club membership is divided into five groups. For this week the groups and their topics for research and group study, as well as for presentation, are as follows: Group I, composed of boys of Cottages 1 and 2, "Teamwork;" Group II, composed of boys of Cottages 13 and 14, "Will Power;" Group III, composed of boys of Cottages 3, "Thrift;" Group IV, composed of boys of Cottages 7 and 10, "Resourcefulness"; and Group V, composed of boys of Cottages 5 and 15, "Companionship."

We appreciate Mr. Hines' help with the programs, and we are looking forward to improving our programs. We are going to see which one of the five programs will be the best.

Chapel Program

By Glenn Davis, 6th Grade

Friday afternoon, we had a chapel program given by Mr. Corliss and the 6th grade. The first part was the scripture reading by Edward Lee Johnson. The second part was a poem, "The Creation," by Ray Roberts. Next, there was a song by six boys, and it was "Old Black Joe." Then there were two solos by Edward Lee Johnson. They were "Long, Long Ago" and "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." Leroy Cowan was interviewed concerning the school where he used to attend, Boys' Town. The entire group sang "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Darling Nelly Gray," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." A poem, "Annabell Lee," was read by Johnny Myers. Calvin Owens recited a poem, Chums." There were four harmonica solos by Buddy Marshall. We appreciated this program very much.

Our Club Programs

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

The initial meeting of the Good Citizenship Club of the Special Sixth Grade was held on Monday afternoon. I mean the meeting was the first meeting of the week. At that time the subject for discussion was "Teamwork." Gray Brown, who is in the 11th Grade, helped with the program and was in charge of it. Charles Franklin read the scripture reading which dealt with the account of the seventy who went out by twos. Talks on the subject were made by Julian Commander, Horace Collins, and Gray Brown.

On Tuesday, we had our second program for the week, and we had a program on the subject of "Will Power." The first part was by Earl Allen. He read a story about will power. James Shook gave a poem, and four of the boys were in a play. It showed how the soldiers who went off to the war had to have will power.

Group III had the program on Wednesday, and it was entitled "Thrift." The program was as follows: Devotional, Robert Jarvis; Song, "Take Up Thy Cross," Clyde Wright, Emory King, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, James Arrowood, and Robert Jarvis; Poems, James Arrowood and Glenn Evans; Debate—Resolved That Time Is More Valuable Than Money, Glenn Evans, Clyde Wright, James Dunn, and James Arrowood; Poem, Emory King; and Famous Sayings of Early Americans (about thrift), Emory King.

The fourth meeting of the week was held on Friday, and Glenn Davis was in charge of this program. The subject discussed was "Resourcefulness." Billy Jenkins proved that George Washington was resourceful at Valley Forge. Clifford Millian gave a reading of how Doctor Gorgas was resourceful in Panama. Philip Kirk gave a reading entitled "Inventor as a Boy." This proved that Edison was very resourceful. This program, like all the others, was very good and very helpful.

Senorita from the West

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The show for Thursday night was entitled "Senorita from the West." Three men were supposed to be looking after a girl named Jane. She ran off to New York and got a job. Ted Winters, who was a popular singer, was in love with her. Another man, named Phil, loved her, too, In the end Phil and she were married.

The comedy was good. The name of it was "The Lost Nut," starring Woody Woodpecker. This comedy was liked by all of the boys.

New Boys Enter School

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Recently twelve new boys entered our school, and they were enrolled in the day school February 1, 1947. Their names are as follows: David Gibson, Eugene Newton, Francis Dean Ray, Bernie Hauser, Harold Sloop, Bobby Billings, Cecil Burleson, David Hill, Lloyd Alley, Donald Forbes, Sam Finney, and Jack Hensley. We hope that these boys will make good use of their opportunities at the school.

A PRAYER FOR VISION

Give us the vision, Lord of all, to see
Behind the somber bareness of the tree
Thy life divine.
In swelling bud upon the branches stark
In pulsing sap beneath the lifeless bark
God's own design.

Though brown and bare may seem the tumbled sod—
We see again the mystery of God—
Green stars the grass!
Infinitesimal, yet a harbinger
Of His great plan that causes life to stir
And death to pass.

If sometimes shadows loom upon our way
Hiding the light—we feel forlorn, astray,
Misunderstood—
Give us the vision, Lord of all, to find
Closely enthroned within our heart and mind,
Signs of Thy good.

—Theodosia P. Smith in Progress.

AMERICAN YOUTH FORTUNATE

(The Morganton News-Herald)

American boys and girls— in the United States particularly—have a social growth and development more wholesome than that offered the youth of any other nation. They have opportunities for clean development in a wholesome envionment that is not possible anywhere else in the world.

The normal life of the High Schoolers in our country, with the large metropolitan cities offering some unfortunate exceptions, includes school affairs, sports, dances, dates, the drug store, the movies, football trips, house parties, and other group activities in general. While all may not be just as it should be and some mistakes are made, the average conduct of our young people is amazingly good compared with those of European countries.

Of course, the Europeans have had wars and they have lived under adverse cicumstances in the past few years, but the European way is different in peace or war time. It is inferior. It is far more involved than the average American boy or girl's life becomes at the age of sixteen.

In the first place, the Europeans have no counterpart to the drug stores of the Americans. Young boys and girls must go to a neighborhood pub for their drinks and there is no cola or crush to order. It's usually a mild or a bitter.

Until the young Englishman becomes old enough to take his mild beer, he has practically nowhere to go. He doesn't have a chance to get a milk shake, a soda, a cone or hot-dog. Only in London are the English just beginning to catch up.

France and Italy are as bad. Spain and the other Latin nations also drag behind in providing their youth with the modern, wholesale environment offered in the United States.

Of course, there is much room for improvement in some things here but, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, Americans are far ahead in giving American youth the chance to begin life with an education to fit them for life in this complex world.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of Febraury 9, 1947

Feb. 10—Clifton Rhodes, Cottage No. 3, 15th birthday.
Feb. 10—Donnie Grantham, Cottage No. 13, 13th birthday.
Feb. 14—George Swink, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.

TURN YOUR CROSS INTO A PLUS SIGN

By Worral G. Sonastine, in Our Paper

During the war a patrol plane was forced down in the ocean, and its two occupants swam to a tiny island near by. The island was just a coral reef that rose a few feet above the surface of the water. It was about two hundred yards long, and there was not a sign of vegetation on it. At one end of the island, however the two fliers found a rough wooden cross. It stood about ten feet high and was made of two heavy pieces of ship's timber. The base of the cross rested in a hole that was obviously dug by human hands, but there was not a grave or anything else it could be marking.

The fliers had enough water to last three days, and that time passed quickly without a sign of a boat or plane coming near. They had however, discovered a tiny green speck far off on the horizon. It was evidently another island, one on which there was vegetation, but it must have been at least twenty miles away.

On the evening of the third day, the two men decided to start swimming towards the other island at day break the next morning.

"Look, Mason," said the flier, "we'll never be able to make that long swim without something to support us. So, let's take down that cross and use it to help us keep afloat on the trip."

"Nothing doing," replied Mason. "That would be sure to bring us bad luck. You can't tear a cross down like that. It would be sacrilegious.

An argument ensued and it began to look as though Mason would win his point, but the other one insisted that his plan was the logical one to follow. "I do not know much about religion, but I read something in camp last week about a little boy who called a cross a 'plus sign'. The writer said we should all stop regarding the cross as a minus sign and begin to think of it as a plus sign. He said that was what Jesus did. In his case, crucifixion plus resurrection equaled victory. So, why can't we make a plus sign out of this cross and use it to save our lives?"

Mason finally gave in. Early the next morning they put the cross into the water. It kept them afloat during the long swim to the other island. There, they obtained food and water and were evnttuolly picked up by a recue plane.

So grasping is dishonesty, that it is no respecter of persons; it will cheat friends as well as foes; and were it possible, would cheat even God himself.—Bancroft.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE PINE

(Sunshine Magazine)

One day a boy and his father went into the mountains. They took shelter from a storm in the lee of some great gray boulders that lay like sleeping giants close to the crest of a lonely ridge. As the two looked upward, they saw the wind lay its grim hands on a mountain pine that towered from the summit of the ridge. It was a sentinel that could escape no-danger, an outpost to receive the first shock of the enemy's attack. Savagely the wind tore at it, shook it violently, and howled through its branches.

To the boy, the tree, strong though it was, seemed about to be torn to pieces. "Look, father," he said, pointing upward, "what the wind is doing to that pine!" The full fury of the blast just then made the pine shudder and sway. It heaved desperately against the black sky.

"Storms are an old story to that tree," said the father. "A tree like that lives in a struggle from the time it is high enough to catch the first breath of air. Tennyson says a tree is 'storm-strengthened on a windy site.' The strongest trees are always those that have weathered the greatest number of gales. Besides, the question is not what is happening to the tree, but what is happening in the tree."

"The pine doesn't really seem to mind fighting the storm, does it?" the boy said.

"No, because it is able to withstand the strongest wind," the father answered. "It's the same with us. It really doesn't matter what happens to us, but it matters a great deal what happens in us. You see, one's character is tested by everything that happens to him—he becomes either weaker or strnnger. The test is not nearly so important as the result of the test. If you think clearly, nothing can really happen to you, but everything can happen in you. The old pine is safe because it resisted the first storm years ago; and it has kept on resisting. It is getting stronger all the time. Because of what has happened in it, nothing bad can happen to it."

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy. Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Work while it is called today, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow. One today is worth two tomorrows, as Poor Richard says. And further, never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.

—Benjamin Franklin.

SO YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE

By Dale Clark, in Our Paper

So you've made a mistake. It's probably not as serious as the kind of error which results in the court-martialing of a navy officer. With the indelible mark of such a blemish upon the man's record, few careers survive the blow.

That's why, in the course of a recent Washington press conference, Admiral Sherman wondered aloud whether any court martialed officer had ever afterward been promoted to the responsibilities of flag rank.

"I am one" a quiet listener replied. "I was court-martialed as an ensign for running an old destroyer, the Decatur, ashore at Batangas in the Philippines, in 1908. Though she was undamaged, I was reprimanded."

Thirty-five years later, the luckless ensign, who had been censured for grounding his ship at the outset of his naval service, became a highly prominent figure in those Philippine waters—as Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

Perhaps you've made more than one mistake . More than a century ago, a teen-age seaman, too poor to employ a professional gunsmith, hired an unskilled mechanic to make two metal models of a hand-whittled, wooden revolver.

The first gun refused to fire. The second blew up at the first shot. Young Sam Colt went on the stage with a "laughing gas" exhibition in order to finance his invention. But the Patent Arms Company he founded proved a financial failure.

For five years, the inventor turned his attention to submarine mines. At last he became associated with Eli Whitney—whose mistake was the cotton gin.

Whitney's cotton gin was so simple an affair that any blacksmith could easily duplicate the device, and many did. The device which might have made him a millionaire brought so much vexatious litigation that Whitney, in disgust, turned to the manufacture of firearms. Sensing the mistake of devoting his life to the cotton gin, he became the originator of modern, standardized assembly manufacturing methods.

Perhaps it wasn't your fault. No body knows whether the young bank teller was guilty, or whether judge and jury erred in sentencing him to five years' imprisonment. Whether it was his mistake or theirs, William Sydney Porter overcame the handicap. Adopting the pen name, O. Henry, he became one of the foremost of American short story writers.

The breaks went against you. Brilliantly planned on paper, the first of General Robert E. Lee's military campaigns bogged down in West Virginia's mountains, rain, mud and cold. His plan called for more than green troops could deliver, but sharp newspaper criticism of his early mistakes did not keep him from becoming the Confederacy's and perhaps the country's greatest soldier.

You're too old to make up for the mistake. But Mark Twain wasn't. The author of Tom Sawyer and

Huckleberry Finn piled mistake upon mistake as a series of business speculations and unsound investments swept away his earnings and left him deeply in debt. He started life anew—after he had reached "the age of retirement."

Or you will say it wasn't a mistake, or it's the other fellow who was wrong. Ninety-nine years ago, a stubborn young congressman from Illinois stood up to offer his "Spot Resolutions," criticizing the Administration's explanation for the cause of the Mexican War. Unpopular with the voters at home, he retired to private law practice.

When he returned to public life to debate with Stephen A. Douglas, his friends begged him to remove one sentence from a speech. "A house divided against itself," they said, was a mistake which would cost him a seat in the United States Senate.

They were right, but Abraham Lincoln's stand won him the presidency two years later.

Lost elections and lost battles, bankruptcy, court-martial and imprisonment are high prices to pay for mistakes, or for what the world takes to be mistakes.

But men can live down their errors, learn from them, or turn to something else. They can go on—and up.

———:———

IF YOU'RE EVER GOING TO LOVE ME

If you're ever going to love me, love me now, while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings which from real affection flow.
Love me now, while I am living; do not wait till I am gone
And then chisel it in marble—warm love words on ice-cold stone.
If you've dear, sweet thoughts about me, why not whisper them to me?
Don't you know 'twould make me happy and as glad as glad could be?
If you wait till I am sleeping, ne'er to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us and I couldn't hear you then.
If you knew someone was thirsting for a drop of water sweet
Would you be so slow to bring it? Would you step with laggard feet?
There are tender hearts all around us who are thirsting for our love;
Why withhold from them what nature makes them crave all else above?
I won't need your kind caresses when the grass grows o'er my face;
I won't crave your love or kisses in my last low resting place.
So, then, if you love me any, if it's but a little bit,
Let me know while living; I can own and treasure it.

——Author Unknown

HAVING A GOAL IN LIFE

By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper

One day several years ago I was rearranging the books in my library at home and a book fell off the shelf. It opened up to a picture of a young man standing on a chair. In his left hand was a tack; in his right hand a hammer, and there is a white placard on which is a large letter V. The young man was Horace Maynard, I discovered on reading the story accompanying the picture. He was tacking that letter V over his room door at Amherst College. The very day he entered Amherst he went to the room assigned him and put up that letter. Other students asked him what he did that for, and he replied that that was his secret.

When graduation day came four years later, Horace Maynard was the highest in his class, and he was chosen valedictorian, being praised by the college president and the board of trustees for his magnificent work. When he went back to his room, the first thing he did was to take down the letter V. His fellow classmen asked him, "Did you put that V up there, thinking that you were going to be valedictorian of your class?" To which he replied, "I surely did." I learned that later he was head of the University of Tennesse, Ambassador to Turkey, and head of the United States Postoffice Department.

That all happened over 100 years ago, but the same thing is happening even today. People are following the same course as Horace Maynard did.

Aim—Purpose—Ambition—they are three things every man needs, and they are the same today as they were 1000 years ago, and the same as they will be 100 or 1000 years in the future.

A little while after I discovered that story in the open book on the floor, I was asked to give a talk to a group of fellows in Cambridge. I told them what I have just been telling you. There were three young fellows who were chums living in that neighborhood; they came from poor families and never had many pleasures in life but they were good boys and they seemed to have aim, purpose and ambition but did not know just how to put them to use. After they heard the story of Horace Maynard, as they went home they probably talked it over and each boy went into his house that night and got a piece of paper and tacked it over his bedroom door.

One boy put a letter O on his paper. When his folks asked him what it stood for he said it was his secret. He wanted to be an organist but he had very little chance of ever being one. By and by an organist in one of the big churches in Cambridge heard of him and told him he could come there and practice on the organ. That organist gave this boy the chance and he played and studied music whenever he could. He has become one of the big musicians in the far West today; he has a great organization of musicians and has taken them to various places to sing. That letter O was hig ambition in life.

But what about the others? The second boy put the letter T on his placard over the door—that was his

secret. He wanted to be a student of technology because he liked to study metals. He worked in different shops where they handled metals and he finally got a scholarship in technology. The boy became proficient in metallurgy and so pronounced was he that some big manufacturer of metals gave him a job. During the war he was of great assistance to the government, testing the strength of metal girders, etc.

The third boy went home and put a letter L over his door. His home had little to spend on him, they were quite poor. He wanted to be a lawyer. I did not see how he ever could be. But he worked for it, even though his mother and father could not give him a cent. He went to night school and studied hard, his mind riveted on getting an education. Eventually he graduated, a lawyer. I have always congratulated him for coming up in the world. He has been appointed legal advisor to one of the largest firms in Connecticut.

Any letters you may put over your door have no magical powers. They are put up there simply as reminders to get inspiration for you to do what you want to do. Horace Maynard had ambition and he accomplished what he set out to do. The others put their letters up and carried their plans through to success.

Aim—Purpose—Ambition—all are laughed at by many people. You will find that type in all parts of life—he is the fellow standing on the street corner with his hands in his own pockets or in someone else's pockets. He thinks he was not born to work, he was born to take it easy and depend on someone else for support. Even though he knows work is going to make him independent and free. The thought is growing deeper in young fellows today that Uncle Sam is going to support them while they take life easy. But do not believe it! Put a letter over your door, live up to it and strive to accompilish the goal you have set for yourself.

OXYGEN TO THE SOUL

There are high spots in all of our lives and most of them have come about through encouragement from someone else. I don't care how great, how famous or successful a man or woman may be, each hungers for applause.

Encouragement is oxygen to the soul. Good work can never be expected from a worker without encouragement. No one ever climbed spiritual heights without it. No one ever lived without it.

Note how good you feel after you have encouraged someone else. No other argument is necessary to suggest that you never miss the opportunity to give encouragement.—George M. Adams.

TOLERANCE

By Helen Woods

About four hundred years ago, people from Europe began to migrate to this new land in the western hemisphere. They came for many reasons, from many countries and from many walks of life. They worshipped God in many ways. They brought with them varied racial and national traditions, customs and habits, as well as their individial dreams, desires and ambitions. Nevertheless, through the years, these diversified peoples, were able to reach an agreement upon certain fundamental, vital principles,, namely, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." As a result of this agreement, they emerged a unified nation, the United States of America. What potent forces accomplished this welding of unlike individualities? One of the forces was tolerance. Tolerance is respect for beliefs, habits, practices and viewpoints different from your own.

In recent years, the meaning of the word "tolerance" has been narrowed down to apply chiefly to racial and religious issues. Tolerance operates in a wide scope. Tolerance is required in every activity of man. It must be exercised by each individual toward every other individual in every relationship throughout every day. The mere granting of religious freedom and equal privileges and rights to other races does not cover the whole field of tolerance. Since tolerance is a respect for differences of belief and viewpoint, then it must extend beyond race and religion to the single differences which distinguish one individual from another, whether in dress, manner, color of eyes, speech, politics or methods of housekeeping. Parents should be tolerant with children, children with parents, husbands and wives with each other and teachers with pupils. We need tolerance between employer and employee; among passengers riding a bus, and customers shopping in a store; between neighbors, and children at play. In every activity of life people must learn to respect individual differences and grant to each other his right to be different.

Beholding the good! Do you know what tolerance really is? It's seeing the good in all men. To behold the good in your fellow man is to give him a priceless gift. To do that, we must first acknowledge that all men are the children of the same Father, God. Therefore, when you see the good in your brother-man, you recognize the same spark of divinity that is in you. Recognizing that, you grant him the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in his own way, provided his way does not encroach upon the rights and privileges of others. Tolerance is not weakness, but strength. It does not mean that you allow anyone to take advantage of you. It is great strength because it recognizes the good in others, and by doing that encourages others to express the good that you behold.

Lack of tolerances fosters prejudice, criticism and condemnation. Many are quick to criticize their neighbors' children, the woman who works at the next machine or thegirl next door who dresses beyond her means. We do this because we fail to see the good in these people and because we have set up our own beliefs and behavior patterns as standards of good and right. Individual man is continually setting up standards and claiming a deviation therefrom is wrong, and all others must conform to his way of thinking and doing.

Tolerance and Democracy— Any tendency to regimentation is undemocratic. The setting-up of standards which restrain individual freedom leads to dictatorship of personal life, and finally to totalitarianism in government. A totalitarian government does not tolerate individual opinions. It forces all citizens into a rigid, artificial pattern. Anyone who refuses to conform is persecuted, imprisoned and even executed. A totalitarian government is the product of intolerance, and does not behold the good in its people, but only in the standard of its own creation. In a dictatorship, all human beings are reduced to a state of regimentation. Under our form of democracy in the United States, conditions are the direct opposite. We do not believe in regimentation as it is not equality. Equality is preserved by tolerance. Tolerance is a fundamental principle of democracy. Democracy cannot function without complete tolerance. Tolerance is firmly rooted in the national life of the United States of America by the very nature of our beginnings. It is everyone's duty to keep it alive, and to promote its full expression in all walks of life. We cannot legislate tolerance into being. We can, and do, have laws to protect the victims of intolerance, but no man-made law can compel one human being to behold the good in another. As with all virtues of democracy tolerance must be cultivated and practiced by each in his own way. The degree of tolerance displayed by the individual is reflected in the family, the community and ultimately in the nation. In the great crisis we have just passed through tolerance was the mighty power that moved the wheels of industry, commerce and agriculture in one great symphonic whole.

It is hard for the face to conceal the thoughts of the heart—the true character of the soul. The look without is an index of what is within.—Selected.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Homer Bass, a former member of the Cottage No. 8 group, who left the School, December 16, 1943. Homer is now a member of the United States Army. His letter written at Nishonomiya, Japan, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope these few lines find you the same.

"I am now on the Island of Honshu, about three hundred miles from Tokyo. Honshu is the biggest part of Japan, but I am at the southern tip, in a town called Nishonomiya. I am taking a two weeks refresher course, after which I will be assigned to a school for technicians or go on to a job at a training base.

"The weather here is at a temperature of about 47 degrees low. We march twelve miles a day as part of our training. We go to Koshien, which is three miles from here, to drill and to see training films.

"Mr. Hawfield, I wish you would send me a few copies of The Uplift, so I may know how things are going at the school.

"Tell all the boys I said 'hello' and please don't forget to write. Also remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Liske. I'm hoping to be able to see you all in a couple or three years. Best regards always. Your devoted friend, Homer L. Bass."

—:—

We recently received a letter from Clyde A. Bristow, of Winston-Salem, who was a member of the printing class at the School more than twenty years ago. Ever since leaving this institution he has been one of the most regular correspondents among the many boys who have gone out from here to make their way in the world.

In his latest letter, Clyde proudly stated that he had just been appointed terminal manager for the Winston-Salem branch of Roadway Express, Inc., a large trucking concern.

About ten years ago, Clyde started with this company as a hired truck driver. Several years later he was operating a 12-ton truck, which he owned, for the same firm. His record as a driver was excellent. At one time he was given a special safety award for having driven more than 450,000 miles without an accident. He was the recipient of several similar awards.

Because of the fine record he was making, promotions came rather rapidly to this young man. Leaving the long, tedious trips over the highways, he was made a clerk in the office of the company at Winston-Salem, and a few months thereafter he was transferred to the operating department, and he continued his fine work at each place of employment.

About two weeks ago, when it became apparent that the company's terminal manager in Winston-Salem would be compelled to to resign because of failing health, our good friend, Clyde, was informed that he had been chosen to assume that vacancy. He is scheduled to take up

the duties at his new post on or about February 15th.

In one short paraghaph in his rather modest letter, telling of his promotion, Clyde writes: "The 'Missus' seems very well pleased with her old man, and so do practically all the boys here with whom I've worked during all these years. As for myself—I'm delighted to be in a position which I did not dream would ever be open for me."

It was a source of genuine pleasure to Clyde's friends here at the School to learn of his recent promotion. Knowing the young man as we do, and judging from the excellent work he has done during the past ten years, we feel sure that he will not fail to measure up to the duties of the position to which he has been elevated. Congratulations, Clyde!

—:—

Elbert and Homer Head, former students at the School, called at The Uplift office about a week ago. Elbert is now twenty-four years old and Homer's age is twenty-two.

Elbert, who left us in October, 1939, returned to his home in Mt. Airy, and on November 23rd of the same year, he enlisted in the United States Army. He was stationed at Fort Moultrie, S. C. for a while, and was transferred to a military post in Iceland, where he stayed for twenty-two months. From there he went to England as a member of a field artillery unit of the Third U. S. Army. He saw service in France, Holland, Belgium, Austria and Germany. At the time of the German surrender he was stationed at Studgart, Germany.

Upon returning to the United States in December, 1945, he was stationed at Fort Bragg, where he remained until receiving his final discharge from further military service, September 28, 1946.

After leaving the service, Elbert worked in a bakery in Charlotte for two months. He then obtained employment with the Seaboard Railroad, where he is now employed as car inspector. He stated that he was married in September, 1946.

Homer Head was inducted into the United States Army in the early part of 1942, and was stationed at Fort Bragg and at Fort Riley, Kansas. He saw considerable service overseas in the European Theater of Operations. Returning to the United States in August, 1945, he went to Camp San Luis Obispo, California, and was discharged from further service, September 29, 1945.

For quite some time after leaving the armed forces, Homer worked as truck driver in and around Mt. Airy, hauling fruit and produce. For the past seven months he has been working with his brother on the Seaboard Railroad. He stated that he expected to re-join the army soon.

———:———

Wherever the kind man goes he brings into being priceless things—golden sympathies, radiant faces, glowing and grateful hearts.—Dr. Herbert A. Keck.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. For the Scripture Lesson he read Galatians 6:1-10, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Golden Opportunities."

The speaker began by explaining that the word "opportunity" is derived from the Greek, and means "at the port." There would be no ocean or river trips for any of us, he added unless we were at the port, ready to go aboard the boat at the regularly scheduled time of sailing.

As another illustration of recognizing and making use of opportunity, he used this idea: When an ordinary person looks at a huge rock, he sees nothing but a mass of stone, while in the same rock the sculptor sees the opportunity to carve out a beautiful statue.

Rev. Mr. Harbison then stated that many people have the idea that opportunities come to us but once. This is not entirely true, he said, for there have been many instances in which opportunities presented themselves to men many times. Of course there are those unusual things which we call "golden opportunities" which are so precious that they come only once in a lifetime.

As an example of how a poor boy took advantage of meager opportunities, the speaker called attention to the life of Abraham Lincoln. A golden opportunity came to him and he accepted it.

Abraham Lincoln, continued Rev. Mr. Harbison, was born in a very humble home—a small log cabin—in the hills of Kentucky. When he was less than ten years of age, his mother died. Her dying words to the boy were: "Love everybody, Abe. Hinder nobody. Never drink; never lie; and the world will some day be glad that you were born." That bit of homely philosophy, spoken by a dying waman, in her humble home in the wilderness, had much to do with shaping the character of one of our greatest Presidents.

The speaker then told how the Lincoln family moved to Illinois, where young Abe, as a small boy, had to do his share of the hard work of building a new home in that unsettled country. He also pointed out that Abe was a great reader, borrowing every book that he could get hold of, even going so far as to walk many miles to borrow them. He worked in a store, later operating one of his own. He became a surveyor. After long, hard study he became a lawyer.

After practicing law for a while, young Abe Lincoln was sent to the state legislature by the people of his home community. He ran for the United States Senate twice, and was defeated both times. Finally, at the Republican National Convention, he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, and was elected.

As a boy, Lincoln had seen slaves sold, said the speaker. He had seen families divided by this custom. Although just a boy, he determined to do all he possibly could when he grew up to eliminate slavery. Concerning that practice, he said, "I shall hit that

thing hard." His administration as President was troublesome, even heart-breaking, but he finally made good that resolution which he had uttered as a boy.

Rev. Mr. Harbison told his listeners that from the study of Lincoln's life we learn that from early boyhood, he constantly sought to improve himself in every possible way. He took advantage of every opportunity which came to him.

The speaker then used a simple illustration as to how we may improve our lives. He spoke of an ordinary drinking glass, which, being open at the top, has some air in it. The only way to drive out the air from the glass would be to fill it with water or some other liquid. So it is with our lives. The only way we can drive ignorance out of our lives is to add all the learning we can. Thinking, acting and speaking right, he added, will go a long way toward making our lives worthwhile.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Harbison urged the boys to never be satisfied by living mediocre lives. He told them to seek to do all they could at all times in order to make life more worth living, both for themselves and for those with whom they came in contact. By taking care of the little things early in life, he added, some day they will find themselves ready to meet important opportunities when they come.

"PEACE, MY PEOPLE"

Shadows creep toward the east as night is born
As the moon-light gleams the golden corn.
As the night-birds wing their blissful way,
You can hear the darkness say;
"Peace, my people, peace."

As the sun rises to the hark of day,
As small children awake to play,
As the cows are driven to the meadow pasture,
You can hear the west-wind say;
"Peace, my people, peace."

As the sun hangs aloof at moontide,
And the flowers wave to and fro,
As the robin shows his red-breast robe,
His singing seems to say;
"Peace, my people, peace."

As day cools into evening,
As fowls go to roost,
Listen to the dove call back the day
Listen to his song and hear him say,
"Peace, my people, peace."

—By Monne

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

A man is what he is, not what he was.—Exchange.

—:—

If one word does not succeed, ten thousand are of no avail.—H. H. Hart.

—:—

Patience demonstrates the art of hoping.—Sphinx.

—:—

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.
—Halifax.

—:—

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Lytton.

—:—

If you are patient in one moment of anger, you will escape a hundred days of sorrow.—Franklin.

—:—

Men, even when alone, lighten their labor by song, however crude it may be.—Quintilian.

—:—

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any fools should be wroth.—Dodsley.

—:—

All truth is an achievement. If you would have truth at its full value, go win it.—Munger.

—:—

There is far more hunger for love and appreciation in the world than there is hunger for bread.—Selected.

—:—

"Give the best you've got today." That's a recipe for a better tomorrow.—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome.—Exchange.

A penny will hide the biggest star in the universe if you hold it close enough to your eye.—Samuel Grafton.

—:—

A man is a little thing while he works by and for himself; but when he gives voice to the rules of love and justice, he is godlike.—Emerson.

—:—

When you are so devoted to doing what is right that you press straight on to that and disregard what men are saying about you, there is the triumph of moral courage.—Brooks.

—:—

Unselfish ambition, life-motives, and purity—these constituents of thought, mingling, constitute individually and collectively true happiness, strength and permanence.—Mary Baker Eddy.

—:—

The weakest part of a man's creed is that which he holds for himself alone; the strongest is that which he holds in common with all Christendom.—McVickar.

—:—

To love our friends is a work of nature, to love our enemies is a work of grace. The troublesome thing is to get on with those who are betwixt and between.—S. M. Crothers.

—:—

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.—Shaftsbury.

—:—

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

No, you do not have to live in Paris to be a parasite.

—:—

All tombstone peddlers are not monumental liars.

—:—

People, like boats, toot loudest when they're in a fog.

—:—

The high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on its popularity.

—:—

One good way to have a clean mind is to change it occasionally.

—:—

When a man is old enough to know better, expect the worst.

—:—

Minds, like streams, may be so broad they are shallow.

—:—

A friend is a person who knocks before he enters, not after he has taken his leave.

—:—

The best way to kill time, says old Uncle Seth, is to get busy and work it to death.

—:—

Too many of us conduct our lives on the cafeteria plan — self service only.

—:—

One sure way to avoid the disadvantage of old age is to ignore the safety rules.

—:—

The person who is always up in the air and harping on something is not necessarily an angel.

—:—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "&$*!-&**X&(:)**?," as he stubbed his toe on the foot of the bed?

The reason that most people like dogs may be that a dog wags his tail instead of his tongue.

—:—

It is just as easy to say something good about a bad guy as it is to say something bad about a good one.

—:—

If the Lord had wanted us to look back He would have put eyes in the back of our heads.

—:—

A wise husband will buy his wife such fine china that she won't trust him to wash the dishes.

—:—

The United States Treasury Department says the dollar bill will last nine months. That's another good laugh!

—:—

To insure permanent peace, let the leaders of all nations agree not to have another war until the recent one is paid for.

—:—

Trouble sometimes takes on what might be called a patriotic hue. It makes the eyes red, the hair white, and the feelings blue.

—:—

Said a little boy to his mother: "The people next door must be very poor." His mother asked why he thought so. The boy replied: "Because they make so much fuss over the baby swallowing a quarter."

—:—

A government inspector is a man who knows less about your business than you do and gets paid more for telling you how to run it than you could possibly make out of it if you ran it right instead of the way he tells you.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 2, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Billings
William Epps
Roger Ivey
Johnnie Myers
Marion Ray
Carl Rice
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE **No. 1**

William Britt
Gray Brown
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Ernest Johnston
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE **No. 2**

Bobby Blake
Julian Commander
William Holder
Judd Lane
Eddie Medlin
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Nathan McCarson
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE **No. 3**

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Waylon Gardner
Jack Jarvis
Emory King
Sammy Lynn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE **No. 4**

Joe Bean
Glenn Bumgardner
Herman Galyan
James Hunt
David Johnson
James Norton
Roy Swink
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE **No. 5**

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Robert Wilkins
Howell Willis

COTTAGE **No. 6**

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Ganey
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Mathison
Eugene McLean
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Jerry Peavey
Robert Shepherd
Franklin Stover
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Arthur Ballew
Ted Clonch
R. L. Crawford
Edward Guffey
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Sile Orr
Donald Stultz
Robert Trout
Keith Yandle
Wayne Eldridge

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Carlton Crawford
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Curtis Helms
Luther Hull
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
James Reynolds
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Floyd Canady
Leroy Cowan
Charles Shearin
James Upright

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Carlyle Brown
Eden Chavis
Ralph Cranford
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Jerry Ray
Robert Canady

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Thomas Davis
William Hunter

THE END

———:———

There are a few things which have no real substitute. There is no substitute for kindness. There is no substitute for loyalty. There is no substitute for gratitude and there is no substitute for faith. There is nothing in the world "just as good" as any of these virtues.—Exchange.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1947 No. 7

GOD'S WILL FOR US

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright;
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key;
This is God's will for you and me.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-9
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		10
YOUR HOME AND YOUR BOOKS	(Selected)	13
OPPORTUNITY TRIED TO KNOCK 'EM DOWN	By Webb H. Garrison	17
THE FLEETING LIFE	(Speakers Library Magazine)	18
FACTS ABOUT AIRPLANE SAFETY RECORDS	(Mooresville Enterprise)	20
AT HOME ON THE FARM WITH THE CITY COUSIN	(Exchange)	22
DOES IT PAY TO "GET EVEN?"	By Richard Maxwell	24
CHAMPIONSHIP SPIRIT	(Our Paper)	25
PIN MONEY	(Upward)	26
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		27
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TRAILS

We came to a cross-road, you and I,
And the sign-boards told us where and why
To turn, and which was the way to go,
And all of the things we wished to know.
Springtime and fancy were in the air,—
We lingered a lazy moment there,
Then off again on the smooth highway,
And, "How many miles can we make today?"
The hills, the rocks and the ancient trees
In a mild contempt that mocked our ease
Whispered of people who used to go
Travelling by in the Long Ago.
And they were as young as you and I,
With golden dreams of the lands that lie
In some remote, enchanted space
Beyond the realm of the commonplace.
With never a sign to tell them where,
But the joy of living theirs to share,—
When hopes are high in the early dawn,
And the urge to journey on and on,
They pause to ponder the untried trail,
The rock-bound hills, and the wooded dale,
And their voices echo far away:
"Oh, how many miles can we make today?"

—Enos B. Comstock.

THE RECEPTION AND ORIENTATION OF NEW BOYS

When a boy is committed to the Jackson Training School by the juvenile courts of the State, he at once starts wondering to what kind of place he is going, and if all the wild tales that he has heard of the place are true. Usually someone from the juvenile court or the social worker explains to the boys as best he can what the Training School is like, and what it will try to do for him. Sometimes the worker paints too nice a picture, and then again he sometimes underrates the institution. As a whole, he paints a fair picture and

tells the boy that any ultimate good the school may do will depend upon the boy's own cooperation, his own response.

The day arrives when the boy is brought to us by some official from his county. The boy is naturally upset by coming to a strange place and meeting so many strange people. One of the ladies at the office asks the boy about his money and cigarettes, and explains to him that his money is kept at the office like a checking account and that he is not permitted to smoke. He is also given a handbook for students. The boy is then brought to the Receiving Cottage, issued new clothing, and his own clothing is bundled up to be sent home. He is examined for lice, itch, and any other infectious ailment. He is then given a bath, puts on his new clothing, and is ready to begin his new life.

As the boy begins this new life, he is advised about different matters in order that he might be helped and his adjustment made easier for him. First, we would like for the boy to feel that he is among friends at the school and among people who are willing to help him. We tell the boy if he is coming to us with a chip on his shoulder or a grudge against us to forget it, as the school had nothing to do with his being sent to the school. We also tell the boy that our job here at the school is solely for the purpose of helping boys, but the best way for us to help him is for him to cooperate, to work with us, and to help himself.

Second, we tell the new boy that he will have to start thinking of other people now, as he will be living with them, eating at the table with other boys, sleeping in a bedroom with about twenty boys, working together, playing together, getting down on their knees and saying their prayers together at night—in fact, living intimately together as a large family group. In living together this way, it becomes necessary that we observe certain rules for the good of all in the cottage. These rules are explained to each new boy, and the reason for them is explained in order that he might understand and cooperate.

Third, it is explained to each new boy that he will be treated fairly and that he will be treated just as good as he himself will permit. It is also explained to him that those boys making the best records are given special privileges, such as belonging to the Boy Scouts, or

attending one of the churches in the city of Concord. A boy is granted these special privileges by showing us that he is trustworthy and dependable.

Fourth, one of the first questions that a new boy asks is "How long will I have to stay at Jackson Training School?" We answer the new boy something like this: "Your release will depend upon your record at the school, but most boys spend a year or more here." He immediately asks, "Why is it necessary that I stay so long?" We explain to him that his delinquency has extended over a considerable length of time—months or even years, and that for him to acquire sufficient training to enable him to stay out of trouble it becomes necessary for him to stay at least a year.

The new boy learns a certain amount of routine in the two weeks that he spends in the Receiving Cottage. He learns regular hours of going to bed and getting up, of eating, of work, of school and play. He learns to make his own bed, to keep his clothing and personal things put away, to do some regular duty in keeping his cottage clean. He learns that some work is expected of him, but that the hours are not long. He learns to take a bath at regular intervals, to wash his teeth and comb his hair. He learns to have grace before meals, to observe reasonably good manners at meals and at other times.

In order that the new boy will not be too homesick, we try to keep him occupied at something all the time, working, playing, eating and so on. If a boy has too much free time on his hands he becomes discontented and is headed for mischief. We try to give him a full, well-rounded program of activities so that he will not have time to think about his troubles.

During the two weeks that the new boy stays in the Receiving Cottage, he writes a letter home. He is given an intelligence test, and usually an achievement test. The intelligence test and achievement test help us in advising the boy in his choice of work here at the school, and help us in placing him in the proper grade in the academic school. The boy's case history and record are studied during these two weeks in order that we might understand the boy better and be in a position to help him more by understanding him.

After his two weeks in the Receiving Cottage are up, this infor-

mation helps us in placing him in the proper cottage group and in a type of work that he is best adapted to do and suited to do. We also try to place him in a grade in school where he can perform on a par with boys of like intelligence and attainment and where it is not too difficult nor too easy for him.

While in the receiving Cottage the new boy has had a chance to observe the school as a whole, seeing the different trades or vocations that the school has to offer, and he has had a chance to ask questions of the different employees so that he might make an intelligent choice when the opportunity is given him to make a choice of a trade. On the last day that a new boy is in the Receiving Cottage he goes to the Administration Building, where he makes his choice of trade, and his weight and height are checked.

Then Mr. Hawfield, superintendent of the institution, gives the new boys a personal talk on how to deport themselves while at the school, their length of stay, what they might expect of the school, and what the school has a right to expect of them. He also talks to them about their choice of a trade and how long it might be before they will be working at their choice, and so on. There is a question and answer period when the boys present their problems to Mr. Hawfield. They can be assured of a wise answer, for he is well educated and has the necessary training or background. He has had two weeks in which to observe them, read their case histories, check daily behavior reports and weekly reports concerning attitudes and responses.

On this same day an assignment list is drawn up, with assignments of the boys to their new cottage homes. They eat their supper in the Receiving Cottage, and go out to their new cottage homes ready to begin their regular life at the Training School.

When the boys leave the Receiving Cottage and go to another cottage they are beginning a broader phase of their training here at the school. The two weeks that are spent in the Receiving Cottage are just a stepping-stone or a help toward their new life. They should be ready by that time to enter the academic school without too much trouble in making a satisfactory behavior adjustment; be ready for the give and take of association with a large number of boys; ready for playground activities including various sports and group games with the necessary good sportsmanship.

In their first two weeks they learned a little something about work; while at home most of them had never worked any, and just a little bit is a step in the right direction. As one mother said when she came to see her son for the first time, "I am so glad that you are teaching Charles to work, to do things for himself. I have waited on him hand and foot for fourteen years, and he told me today that he could make his own bed and keep his clothes put away. I think it is wonderful. I have prayed for Charles, tried to get him to go to Sunday school and preaching with me, but he wouldn't go. He tells me that he goes to Sunday school, even studies his Sunday school lesson, attends preaching and that they say prayers before they go to bed at night." As she started crying, I asked her what was the matter, and she said, "I am crying for joy because he is showing so much improvement."

That isn't just an isolated case, there are many others who have shown equal improvement. There are some, though, that we have apparently not helped. Maybe they were too far gone when we received them, and rehabilitation will be at a much slower rate.

With the boy's cooperation and willingness to try, the home community pulling for him, the school trying in every way that is possible, a boy's chances are exceedingly good, and the outlook for his being a worthwhile citizen is very favorable.

—T. R. Adams, Supervisor of the Receiving Cottage.

THE SURVIVAL OF GOODNESS

There is one thing of which mankind may always be certain, and that is that goodness and the forces of righteousness have in them the qualities of eternal survival. It occurs sometimes that men become alarmed and they even get disturbed because of the feeling that there is not some outburst of the forces of goodness before their very eyes. It frequently occurs even today that men express a fear that the world is becoming worse and worse and that the forces of goodness are on the decline.

When Christ was on the earth almost two thousand years ago, He proclaimed the coming of the Kingdom of God, and He gave as-

surance that the church which is the symbol of the forces of goodness would endure forever, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Yet, in spite of all such assurances, their sweeps across the minds of many people a feeling of doubt as to whether or not the forces of righteousness will be able to conquer and overthrow the legions of sin.

It has been true throughout the history of mankind that there were moments when the forces of goodness seemed to be frightfully weakened and when the survival of goodness in the earth seemed to hang upon a very slender thread. In such moments people seemed to have forgotten God and to have forgotten that the prophets of old knew full well that in the end goodness would dominate and prevail and that the Kingdom of God would cover the earth, even as it was in heaven.

If one delves into the history of the Hebrew people he will find numerous illustrations of how the remmant of God's people prevailed, even though there was fear and doubt. Under the guidance of God, Isaac named one of his sons Jacob, and the meaning of Jacob to him in that day was, by interpretation, "the remnant of God." Throughout the years, the followers of Jacob have multiplied and have covered many parts of the earth.

Seneca, one of the early Roman philosophers, expressed a profound truth when he uttered these words: "A good man is influenced by God Himself and has a kind if divinity within himself; so it may be a question whether he goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him."

Likewise, Francis Bacon, an English philosopher, uttered a significant truth in these words: " Of all virtues and dignities of the mind, goodness is the greatest, being the character of the Diety; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing."

Later on, William Cullen Bryant, a nAmerican poet and philosopher, expressed in poetry a similar truth, as follows: "Truth crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are hers; but error, wounded, writhes in pain and dies amid her worshippers."

In the early history of America, the pioneers faced tremendous obstacles in their conflict with the mother country. There was a time when it seemed as if the spirit of freedom and liberty would be

crushed by the superior forces of the British redcoats. On the one hand, there were the patriots, or the Loyalists, under Washington, who represented only the minority of the population. On the other hand, there were the Tories who fought side by side with the British, and then there was the third group of the inhabitants, who maintained a spirit of neutrality, and who had no convictions as to the righteousness of the cause of the Revolution. However, history proclaims the eternal fact that the patriots under Washington, though representing only a minority, were aflame with a passion for freedom, and these forces marched on to victory, to the end that liberty and freedom were won for this nation. Thus, there were those who enjoyed the fruits of victory which were purchased by the life and the blood of the patriots.

Let us then be assured that there need be no fears but that goodness will survive forever and that the cohorts of wickedness have no weapons nor any powers with which they can obliterate goodness in the world. On some glorious day the Kingdom of God will be accepted and acclaimed by all mankind across the land.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 16, 1947

Feb. 18—Charles Cain, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.
Feb. 18—Leroy Wilkins, Cottage No. 6, 14th birthday.
Feb. 19—Harold Sloop, Cottage No. 16, 15th birthday.
Feb. 20—Elbert Gentry, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
Feb. 21—Julian Commander, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday
Feb. 22—Billy Smith, Cottage No. 1, 13th birthday.
Feb. 22—James Wiley Cauthen, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday
Feb. 22—Charles Moore, Cottage No. 14, 16th birthday.
Feb. 22—Lloyd Purdue, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

In the general meeting of all groups, we sang some songs and had prayer by Harold Kernodle and Ben Wilson. Mr. Sofness gave a reading about a missionary in England. Mrs. Robinson gave a reading, "From Bethlehem to Calvary." After another song was sung, we went to our group meetings.

Mr. Puckett gave some rules on how to be in sword drills. We then had a Bible sword drill, and the boys who were in it were the following: Clyde Wright (who was the winner in it), Talmadge Duncan, Eugene Martin, Sammie Lynn, Harold Kernodle, and Robert Jarvis. We enjoyed our meeting very much. Mr. Hines is going to teach us more about how to be in Bible sword drills, for some time some of us might get to go to a retreat or convention where they really have Bible sword drills.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

Mr Max Isenhour was in charge of our class. He began the program by leading us in prayer. Lindsay Elder had the first part, and his topic was "Our Church Is Built on Jesus." Bobby Woodruff gave a talk on "Jesus Loves the Church." Bennie Riggins had the next part entitled. "Saved People Become Church Members." "All Church Members Are Equal" was the topic discussed by James Swinson. Emory King had the next part, "The Purpose of the Church Is to Win Others to Christ." After this, we went back to our cottage.

B. T. U. Junior Group No. I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We assembled in the auditorium first and sang "Somebody Did a Golden Deed" and Lead On, O King Eternal." Then we had some prayers. We learned about the life of a missionary, and that was very helpful and interesting. We learned how the heathen people of foreign lands learn to know about Jesus.

We learned in our group meeting that the church was built on Jesus. James Arrowood and Ralph Seagle had the parts on the program.

Picture Show about World Series

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

Last Tuesday, February 2, 1947 we saw a picture show entitled "The World Series of 1945." The picture showed the winning team from each league playing for the World Series, the Detroit Tigers from the National League and the Chicago Cubs from the American League. The Series lasted the full seven games. Chicago won the first game by the score of 9 to 0. Detroit won the second game by the score of 4 to 1. The third game was won by Chicago, by the score of 3 to 0. Detroit won the fourth game by the score of 4 to 1. In

the fifth game Detroit won again by the score of 8 to 4. In the sixth game, after playing extra innings, Chicago won by the score of 8 to 7. The seventh and deciding game of the Series was won by Detroit, by the score of 10 to 2. So Detroit won the World Series of 1945.

All the boys enjoyed this picture very much, and we are looking forward to seeing more pictures like this.

An Educational Picture Show

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

On February 3, 1947, we had a picture show. The name of it was "Electronics at Work." It told about the new electronic tube. It can do six things. They are as follows: Rectify, Amplify, Generate, Control, Turn light into electric current, and Turn electric current into light.

All the boys enjoyed the picture very much and are looking forward to other good pictures.

Inside Baseball

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

Tuesday we had a show entitled "Inside Baseball." It was a very interesting show. It told all about baseball and what one has to do to become a good player.

One has to have very good habits. No smoking or drinking are allowed. These things will cause one to become a bad player. If one does these things his mind cannot work fast. One has to like the game and practice and practice. He has to learn to play fair. If he plays fair it will get him a long way in baseball.

A player's health has to be good. Exercise and training play an important part in baseball.

It told about the importance of bunting and showed how to hold the bat. It is also important to have the right kind of bat. One should use a short and heavy bat. If anyone has a short and heavy bat, he will make the ball go further. Most of the bats in use are Louisville Sluggers. They are made in Louisville, Kentucky.

The show was long and interesting, and I am sure everyone learned a great deal from it. It was a very good show. We hope to have another one as good soon.

Library Activities

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

Recently, Mrs. Baucom has been reading some good books to the boys of the different grades as they come to the library. The books are as follows: "Two Little Confederates," "Grenfell, Knight Errant of the North," and "Copper-Toed Boots." All the boys enjoy these books very much.

Radio Program

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday the radio program was under the direction of Mr. Hawfield, Superintendent of the Jackson Training School. The first thing on the program was a song entitled "I'll Live for Him." It was sung by a quartet of boys, Clyde Wright, Jesse Hamlin, Bobby Joe Duncan, and Talmadge Duncan. Clyde Wright read a poem, "My Work." Then the quartet sang "The Touch of His Hand on Mine" and "An Evening Prayer." Calvin Owens gave a reading, "Chums."

Ray Roberts gave two readings. In the singing, the boys were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske.

Our Regular Picture Show

By John D. Gupton, 8th Grade

The picture last Thursday night was very good. The name of it was "Sing Your Way Home." Stephen Kimball played in it. He was in charge of some boys and girls who were on their way back to America. They thought it was terrible because he was so strict. At heart, he was very good. He had written a book which was entitled "My Views of the War." Many copies of his book had been printed, and different people were expressing their ideas about the book. He was a newspaper correspondent. There were problems to be oversome in the picture. Everything worked out all right in the end of the picture. There was problems to be overcome in the picture very much.

FACTS ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Marriage and divorce both hold surprises. Since 1940 it is estimated that about a thousand books and articles have been published, dealing with the subject. Boards have been formed to answer domestic relation problems, schools, churches and courts attempted to help solve marital problems. Broken homes influence our whole country. An article by the Director of the National Institute for Human Relations, has garnered some facts that probably many readers did not know. Women average three proposals between 19 and 25 and one in four marriage proposals is made in a car. Bachelorhood is gaining in popularity while the trend with women is for a career plus marriage. Husbands are less eager than wives for big families. Chief causes of separation are disputes over money while children are the best insurance against divorce. Suits for divorce are generally not contested and divorce rates are due to rise. The danger years in marriage are 3rd, 4th and 5th. Chances for remarrying are good as most American women want marriage. Fortunately, divorce and remarriage after divorce has been made harder in most states in the last 50 years. Younger marriages are not as successful and it is not true that opposites attract since records prove those people with similar tastes are happier. You can add items to this list compiled by educators, sociologists, biologists. But we don't need a degree to realize that the main trouble is that not enough people work to keep a marriage secure.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

YOUR HOME AND YOUR BOOKS

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

When Theodore Roosevelt had completed his term as President of the United States and sought an outlet for his abundant energy in a hunting expedition into the jungles of Africa, he took heed of his long experience in woodsmanship and pared his equipment down to what he considered bare essentials.

In that equipment were the necessary weapons of the chase, the minimum of clothing fitted for the conditions he would meet, a few scientific instruments, and a small library of carefully selected books.

It was a notable thing that this collection contained what some people believed to be a disproportionate number of volumes of poetry. Roosevelt himself explained the selection. He said that he had room for very few books in his equipment, that these books he would probably read over and over, that poetry was a quality of reading which one could read again and again.

Stripped to the barest equipment, reduced to the minimum of clothes to cover his body, to canvas over his head instead of the wide spread roof of the White House, Roosevelt, whose life had been more thrilling than any book, still believed it necessary to have books with him and believed it so firmly that he carefully selected books that he could read and enjoy not once but many times during the comparatively few months of his hunt.

Teddy Roosevelt knew what Frederick Denison Maurice meant when he wrote a volume named "The Friendship of Books." He knew that books are the most reliable of friends to one who loves them, that they are the best company one can find, that they offer comradeship to the lonely, that they are pleasant traveling companions and sincere welcomers when we return, that they are ready to clear our minds of troubles, that they are the comrades of the young or the old, the healthy or the infirm, that they bring the world to our rooms or take us to the uttermost ends of the earth, that they are our teachers as well as our companions.

Theirs is the quality of friendship which cares not whether one be wealthy or poor, whether he lives in a palace or in a hut. They served Abraham Lincoln faithfully when he was a poor boy in a backwoodsman's log cabin and when he was President of the United States in the Executive Mansion at Washington. Because they were the companions of Teddy Roosevelt in the pleasant home of his boyhood and the spacious areas of his Oyster Bay estate they were his warm friends in a tent in the hinterland of Africa. But how much richer was that log cabin where Lincoln pored over a few worthy books; how much more a home was that canvas covering in the jungle with the warm companionship of books than a marble palace in the richest city which did not know the charm of the presence of books! One can imagine the residents of such a house, for it could not be called a home, so preoccupied with a daily and nightly round of pleasures that they

had not time for the study of these friends so eager to be called to serve and to cheer them. How much of life they could miss not to know Scott, not to know Thackeray, to miss the wide human interest of Dickens, the thrilling tales of Hugo, the beauty of Tennyson and of Shakespeare. Think of the treasures of biography which such people would miss, the opportunity to meet Washington, Lincoln, the great of all times and of all lands.

The deep beauty and guidance of the Bible, the inspiration of the lives of the saints, the message of the great religious writers would be lost to them. If they have splendid homes and but few good books, they are poor indeed.

For books are also the finest expression of the great fact of modern civilization. With all the wealth that they represent they are still accessible to all. The great public libraries put them within the reach of the poorest man. No longer must the son of a poor father trudge miles to borrow a volume as Lincoln did in his boyhood. Today he can take his choice of the greatest minds in the library a few short blocks away. A newsstand or a book-store is always nearby if he lives in a city, and nowhere in the country can he find a place so remote that the mails will not bring whatever he may desire to read.

Yet the very wealth of this opportunity brings its dangers. With so much spread before him he may choose what he reads unwisely. But there is no need for this. It should not be hard to know the good books from the bad. The average man distinguishes between the persons he wishes to make his friends, and those he would avoid, by reputation. Books and authors have their reputations just as all people do. Scott, Kingsley, Stevenson, Hawthorne, France, and Kipling, and many others have been tried and proved worthy, and their works have brought pleasure and knowledge to thousands upon thousands. Why the pick up the cheap novel of doubtful character and morality, or the type of magazine that on its cover bears evidence that it offers nothing but what is commonplace and tawdry.

The record of the universal human mind is history. If we have access to this universal mind through books, then epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, will enter our consciousness and our understanding.

But as we read the record of the ages we must become in turn Greeks, Romans, Turks, even kings, and experience their hopes and fears really to learn. In the greatest phases of Universal history we shall then feel not as intruders but quite at home.

For all literature is the record of all men of all ages, and as it is the record of mankind it is the record of each of us. Every thought that occurs to the sages might occur to us. By recognizing and studying these we acquire a true kinship with the great of the world. Carlyle emphasizes the benefits of contact with the great characters to be found in books when he says: "These young obscure years ought to be increasingly employed in gaining a knowledge of things worth knowing; especially of herioc human souls worth knowing."

When we are tempted to "read all the new books" let us remember that

Emerson tells us to wait a year before reading a new book; and Lowell in the "Fable for Critics" says:

"Reading new books is like eating new bread,
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy."

If a person has many friends he takes advantage of every opportunity to see them, to talk or work or play with them. He does not exchange greetings hastily, say what he has on his mind in the fewest possible minutes and then rush away to find new ones. The person who really loves books would no more think of rushing through the greatest possible number of them quickly without really considering and enjoying and studying their contents than he would think of treating his friends thus discourteously. Such a man would invite his friends to visit him at his home, for an empty house, no matter how spacious or beautiful, is seldom a happy home. And such a man would bring to his home these best of friends, his books, for with these around any home is a splendid one.

A NICE TRIBUTE TO OUR BOYS

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from the president of the American Business Club, of Greenville, South Carolina, sponsors of the Carolinas' A. A. U. Boxing Tournament, held in that city about two weeks ago. It is pleasing to note the nice things he had to say concerning the boys from Jackson Training School who participated in the tournament. His letter reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

May I take this opportunity to thank you for sending to our Carolinas' A. A. U. Boxing Tournament such a fine group. It was a pleasure to have them with us and their conduct was excellent. In the ring they gave their best and their courage and sportsmanship was admired by all. Their behavior in the hotel was perfect. We just wish that we could get all the teams that enter our tournament to display the fine sportsmanship, the spirit of cooperation and the excellent conduct that your boys did.

We of the American Business Club trust that we will have the pleasure of having your school represented in our tournament again next year. We also commend Mr. Earl Walters for the fine job he did.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,
M. Curran Bridges,
President

AN EVENING PRAYER

A little boy knelt by his bed,
To say his evening prayer;
His father sat and bowed his head,
While listening to him there.

"If I should die before I wake"—
A tremor touched his voice,
"I pray Thee, Lord my soul to take;"
And then his heart made choice

"God, make me good like daddy is,"
He prayed in earnest tone;
Then with an eager goodnight kiss,
Was soon to slumber gone.

The father sat before the fire,
And lingered long in thought;
For him life's days had not led higher,
No peace of mind they brought.

He thought of youthful aims let down,
Of compromising deals,
Deceptive words, night sprees in town,
The pace which virtue steals.

A father knelt and prayed, with pain
In heart that once knew joy,
"God, make me pure and good again,
Just like my little boy!"

—John Cline.

TWO PRAYERS

Last night my little boy confessed to me
Some childish wrong;
And kneeling at my knee,
He prayed with tears—
"Dear God, make me a man
Like Daddy—wise and strong;
I know you can."

Then while he slept
I knelt beside his bed,
Confessed my sins,
And prayed with low-bowed head.
"O God, make me a child
Like my child here—
Pure, guileless,
Trusting Thee with faith sincere."

—Andrew Gillies.

OPPORTUNITY TRIED TO KNOCK 'EM DOWN

By Webb B. Garrison

There is a familiar proverb to the effect that Opportunity knocks on every man's door once, but only once. Here are a few instances when her knock wasn't heard:

A Nottingham plumber submitted to the British War Office, in 1911, a design for a tank—a then unknown military device. Across the drawing, in red ink, was written the official comment: "The man is mad." . . . It is difficult to give proper recognition to those who loaned Robert Fulton the money for his steamboat project. So fearful of ridicule were his backers that they stipulated that their names be withheld!—When George Westinghouse had perfected his airbrake, in 1875, he offered it to Commodore Vanderbilt. The railroad magnate returned Westinghouse's letter, with these words scribbled across the bottom. "I have no time to waste on fools."—One day a stranger approached Mark Twain with a request for $500, for which he would sell half interest in his invention. Twain, "bit" several times before, refused flatly. But from courtesy he asked the stranger his name. "Bell," the man replied as he turned away, "Alexander Graham Bell."—It wasn't a stranger who approached Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with a proposition. A young actor playing in one of Doyle's productions, he suggested that he and the writer agree to divide their incomes with one another the rest of their lives. Doyle laughed heartily. "Charlie Chaplin," he said, "if I didn't know you were joking, I'd have you fired for such audacity!"

———:———

If you have ships upon the seas,
May every friendly wave and breeze
Return full-freighted argosies.
If you have caravans afar,
May they, beneath a lucky star,
Bring back their wealth to where you are.

Or, if the treasure that you hold
Is not of frankincense and gold,
But all your stores of precious things
Are cherished dreams and visionings,
Hopes long deferred and kept apart,
Dear inner secrets of the heart,
Then may the future bring to you,
Like homing ships across the blue,
Each wish fulfilled—each dream come true.

—Author Unknown.

THE FLEETING LIFE

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Modern industrial engeneers are devoting much thought and study to the prevention of needless waste. This study has found its reward in the utilization of the by-products from many of the large industries and in making from things that were formerly thrown into the scrap-pile articles of commercial value.

Thus, in the refining of petroleum, recent years have seen many valuable things manufactured out of that which was formerly thrown away. New standards of efficiency and production in factories throughout the country have arisen based on this principle of allowing nothing to go to waste that can be put to commercial usage. The proper and intelligent carrying out of this idea may spell the difference between fortune and ruin.

If it is an industrial bit of wrong doing to permit waste of material, how much greater crime is it to permit the waste of that most valuable commodity—the hours or minutes of one's allotted life time. A piece of cloth ruined by a careless cutter may be replaced by a similar bit of material from the mills. A piece of iron wasted in the moulding can be re-cast or more raw material can be supplied in its place from the vast ore deposits in the hills. A loaf of bread spoiled in the baking is lost, but in the thousands of acres of wheat fields Mother Nature is generously supplying year after year new grain which can be milled into an almost inexhaustible supply of flour. But a minute wasted in one's life can never return. Each second that is ticked off by the clock is gone so far as we individually are concerned, from our lives forever. It cannot be recalled.

It is an axiom that the youth most likely to succeed in later life is he who starts out with a definite purpose or aim and who holds rigidly to it. A purpose steadily held trains the faculties into strength and aptness. Industry in this country seeks largely to fill its higher places from below, and chooses for promotion men who in minor capacities have steadfastly applied themselves to a mastery of their tasks and the business so that they might be capable of filling a place of responsibility when it is open and their big chance comes. Concentration in all lines of work is essential to excellence.

William Pitt, one of the greatest English statesmen, attributed much of his success to the fact that he had trained from his earliest years for the place he filled. With the complexity of modern industrial and social life there is so much to be studied in holding steadfastly to a purpose that there never was a time when it was more foolish to waste precious hours in pursuits unproductive of real learning or real enjoyment than today.

But the man who resolutely follows his aim does not necessarily shut out all pleasure from his life. In his working days he concentrates on the task before him, be it at the easel of the painter, at the desk of the writer, at the lathe of the mechanic, or at the books of the lawyer. His leisure hours

and holidays may yield their enjoyment and their benefit together. An evening with a good book instead of a deck of cards; a holiday in the woods instead of at the movies; these are well spent hours.

The great minds of the past and present have much to say that will hold a young man to his purpose from between the covers of books. Washington and Lincoln you may find there, the wisest philosophers of ancient Greece, the most beloved poets of all time, the greatest scientists of modern Europe and America. The trees and the animals in the forest have their message. What can equal the restful sleep enjoyed after a day spent in the woods, or a long tramp through the open air?

An appreciation of literature, an understanding and sympathy with the moods of nature are valuable equipment for any man to carry through life, no matter what his particular aspiration may be. But if his precious hours of leisure are wasted in a form of recreation or pleasure which adds nothing to his mental equipment but detracts instead, then the precious minutes of life are being wasted.

"Art is long and life is short." It was Michaelangelo, one of the greatest artists, who said, "Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains." Infinite pains take many precious minutes in the life of an artist. He realizes, therefore, that he cannot afford to waste those minutes in aimless pursuits that add nothing to his moral and mental stature.

There is no tradedy like a wasted life, a life failing of its end, or life turning towards a false end. There is no art like the art of living. Among the necessary attributes of this art is that of good citizenship, for one cannot avoid good citizenship without injuring himself as well as his neighbors.

A hearty and practical interest in the affairs of his community and his nation should be a part of every man's purpose in life. To ignore it is wasteful to himself and to his nation. To participate in it does not necessarily mean seeking political office, but rather doing all in one's power for public welfare as every good Roman felt it his duty "to see to it that no harm came to the republic."

To intelligently conserve the precious minutes of life one should study his own capacities and determine to get the most out of one's self that is possible, to train the mind to think, to work wisely and well, to serve one's needs faithfully. One should learn how to be a good friend and neighbor, how to get the most out of books, how to feel the true inspiration of our great faith, how to help and to love—if these general purposes are resolutely followed, the act of living may yield, in the few brief years that life contains, a wealth of enjoyment and usefulness.

A purpose closely followed, good citizenship as the sum of public duties, a developed sense of the beauties of culture—these three spell the way to success and true happiness.

"There is always some sunshine, and we can move ourselves into it."

THE FACTS ABOUT AIRPLANE SAFETY RECORDS

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

A big airplane accident is a spectacular and horrible thing; with its eye-witness descriptions and pictures of wreckage, it burns into the memory. Thus, the cumulative effect of the recent accidents has been to alarm the public and arouse Congress. There is no getting away from that.

But we think now is a good time to sit back and survey just what the score is with the air transport industry. Now is a good time to insist on the use of the most modern safety devices—and now is a good time also to insist that no measures be taken to cripple needlessly a young and strong and growing transportation giant.

Let's take the case of the scheduled (certified) airlines of the United States.

We are not talking, please remember, of nonscheduled flights by chartered planes, of private planes, or of American-made air-craft in the service of foreign companies, where, incidentally, the more recent crashes have occurred. We are talking of the big American companies, whose scheduled flights last year carried some 13,000,000 passengers all over the United States and abroad.

Well, what are the facts? We are using statistics supplied by John W. Thompson, director of information of the Air Transport Association of America , of which Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land is president. That is an organization, with headquarters in Washington, that speaks for all the scheduled airlines.

The first fact is that in domestic operation in 1946 the airlines established the best safety record in history.

This is measured on the basis of passenger fatalities per 100 million passenger miles, which is the standard measurements.

In 1946, then the fatality rate was 1.2, as against 2.17 in 1945 and 3.05 in 1940.

It is an interesting comparison that the corresponding figures for automatic travel in 1945 was 2.9.

For overseas operations in 1946 the rate was 3.68, considerably higher than the domestic operation rate. Yet even here the fatality trend was slightly down from 1945 and the safety trend slightly up. For 1945 the overseas operation fatality rate was 3.75.

Too many statistics are tiring, but we would like to give you a few more.

The domestic scheduled airlines had three accidents involving fatalities in 1940, eight in 1945 and nine in 1946.

Yet the number of revenue passenger miles flown was nearly-six times as great in 1946 as in 1940, and nearly twice as great in 1946 as in 1945.

In round figures, the domestic carriers flew 108 million miles in 1940, 214 million miles in 1945 and 328 million miles in 1946. The corresponding totals for the international lines were 10 million miles in 1940, 32 mil-

lion in 1945 and 67 million in 1946.

This, it seems to us, is an impressive record. Congress already has discovered, in its concern over recent accidents, that the record is unassailable. It is there.

What, then, is the problem? Essentially, it is to reassure the public by making a good record better.

To this end, the airlines will spend more than $1,000,000 in 1947. The lines already have spent $25,000 at La Guardia Field as their share in developing an automatic control system, and will spend $20,000 in necessary modifications.

They are going to spend $100,000 in installing radar units with scanning scopes in the control towers at Chicago, LaGuardia and Washington traffic control towers, working with the Army and the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

They are experimenting with a fog dispersal system at the landing aids experiment station in Arcata, Cal., and they will spend nearly $500,000 in the development of control and navigational systems, using as many wartime developments as may be adaptable to commercial use.

Safety, yes. Let us insist on every safety device possible. But let us also remember the facts.

———:———

"YELLOW JACK" HERO

An American hero died in an obscure Florida town recently and the newspapers said little about it. Possibly he would have wanted it that way.

He was John R. Kissinger, 68-year-old Spanish-American War veteran, once credited with having performed "the greatest single act of courage in Army annals." Congress gave him the Medal of Honor and a pension. Hollywood made a picture about him.

It was while serving as a private in Cuba in 1899 that Kissinger became a hero. Major Walter Reed of the Army Medical Corps was convinced that yellow fever was caused by the bite of a certain mosquito, but he had to have some sensational demonstration to "best it into heads" of the medical profession.

He called for volunteers, and Kissinger, the first to respond, submitted to the bite of mosquitoes known to be infected with "yellow jack," a desease fatal to 40 percent of its victims.

After being bitten, Kissinger survived a grave attack which for years left him paralyzed from the hips down. But never once did he regret what he'd done. Several years ago in Washington he attended a luncheon in his honor and the premiere of the movie Yellow Jack. He told a reporter:

"I volunteered because here was a chance to risk my life to save the lives of a lot of other people instead of killing them. I thought I was sort of lucky to get a chance like that.—Pathfinder.

AT HOME ON THE FARM WITH THE CITY COUSIN

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

Disinterested as they are in world affairs, I feel sure that Tar Heel chickens would spurn all other candidates to name as their choice for "Man of the Year" slight able Prof. Dearstyne, head of the Poultry Department at State College.

There is little likelihood that even the Rhode Island Reds would veto his nomination.

Few men have so strenuously championed the cause of the cacklers during the past twelve months, nor has any man displayed the warmth, the human understanding, and the down-to-earth approach of this ardent campaigner who has learned the innermost secrets of his feathered friends. They have come to think of themselves as "Dearstyne's Chickens," in the true Hiawatha tradition.

Through the State College Extension Service, he helps farmers mediate disputes by explaining why egg production is falling off in the hen house, and he has built up a case for the "satisfied fowl" that makes a sulking piker out of the so-called "contented" cow.

I have read, somewhere, about mules being strong of will and taking a narrow-minded attitude about buckling down to work, but this business of chickens striking—well, it just never occured to me that they were well enough organized, in the first place.

Manufacturers who are stumped by such knotty personnel problems as portal-to-portal pay, increased wages, and shorter hours, have never been up against an irate hen who refuses to lay her best when:

She dines on old, stale mash; the floor of her house is too bare; her house is chilly, and she catches cold; there is less than one nest for each five hens or her drinking water is too cold when she goes to work of a morning. And if there's anything that depresses her, saps her vitality, and cuts down the number of those nice egg-shaped objects she turns out, it's the realization that there just isn't enough elbow room in the place!

This ground has been covered thoroughly by the hard-working professor, who leads you to believe that if the chicken's wellbeing is not taken into consideration, the expression "As scarce as hen' steeth," may well become "As scarce as hen's eggs."

I thought I'd better take this up with the "Chickens' Man of the Year," so I got him on the phone. "About these crowded pullets," I says, "just how much room do they need for utter happiness?"

"Well Cousin," he tells me, "you want to allow 20 lineal feet of feeding space for each 100 hens. American breeds need an average of 4 square feet of floor space, and Leghorns require 3 1-2. Comfortable quarters are mighty important during the winter."

He also tells me to provide dry litter at all times, pay close attention to the ventilation, and to rap gently on the hen house door before entering

so the birds won't get all flustered.

Tar Heel chickens are extremely fortunate in being represented by a man like the professor. His efforts will not go unnoticed.

———:———

TO THE STATURE OF A MAN

The resignation of Secretary of State, Mr. James Byrnes, known and beloved by many Americans as Jimmy Byrnes, came as something of a surprise, and with regret. Mr. Byrnes, like another famous South Carolinian, the late Ben Tillman, began his political life with a concealed greatness. Those who knew him well, knew that he was a smart politician, and a man of courage and ability, but hardly expected a real statesman. Mr. Byrnes grew to fit the larger posts of responsibility as they came to him. He gave his best, and as he moved into higher places he grew in measurements. He was never a small man trying to fill a big place; he grew to its size.

He entered the work of Secretary of State with little previous experience in such work, and there were many who expected him to play little more than a political role in the game of politics. But he took his work seriously, and manifested much real statesmanship. Vigorously he went to work to formulate something of a foreign policy, and when he left the office we had something as near akin to a real foreign policy as we have had in many years. Those policies were fixed sufficiently to warrant his successors in following them. Much of what has been accomplished has been by the patience of Mr. Byrnes, who though acting firmly made every effort possible to secure the cooperation of Russia. As he left office, Russia had a far friendlier attitude towards the United States than when Mr. Byrnes entered upon it.

The whole country appreciates his work and appreciates the greatness of the man. Millions wish for him a good rest, restored health, and many more years in which to live and enjoy the fruits of his high endeavors.—Mooresville Enterprise.

DOES IT PAY TO "GET EVEN?"

By Richard Maxwell, in Our Paper

A brilliant young statesman once came within a single vote of becoming President of the United States. One man alone defeated him. So he sought revenge, and challenged that one man to duel. Thus ended two of our country's most promising careers, his own and that of the man he succeeded in killing—Alexander Hamilton. Aaron Burr found that revenge is not sweet—as so many think. Revenge is bitter.

So did another gifted young American named Benedict Arnold. His revenge against those who obstructed his rapid rise to greatness and fame led him to a despicable and lonely lfie of exile, scorned by his country and its enemies alike.

Revenge is a boomerang, as our proverbs advise. "Never break your enemy's rice bowl," is a Chinese saying. "Biting off your nose to spite your face,". is another angle. An ancient Hebrew sage warns: "Vengeance is mine, said the Lord." No pious platitude, that. Change the word "Lord" to "nature," if you choose; the significance is just the same.

Those who harm others are sowing the seeds of their own destruction, as history proves and re-proves. Witness, Hitler.

Julius Caesar, the noblest Roman of them all, was once handed a list of his eenmies. Without looking at it, he ordered it destroyed immediately. "I do not care to know who they are," said Caesar. "When they realize I am a better friend than enemy, they all will become my friends."

Revenge might be called self-defense run amuck. Harness its power and use it on your side. So—forget that grudge, and get to work.

———:———

WELCOME

"Welcome" is a lovely word—it means so many things;
The warmth of human friendship, and the pleasure that it brings;
True greetings of the kindly hearts who share what they possess;
The cheery hearth, the cozy home, and joy and happiness.
For hospitality does not depend upon our store—
It's what we mean by "Welcome," when our friends are at the door.

—Patience Strong.

CHAMPIONSHIP SPIRIT

(Our Paper)

In the world wars, at the peace tables, as well as through the more normal years; for a generation or more, we have found the same championship spirit which has typified American sports and athletics, permeating our leaders and our forces in world affairs.

The position of the spokesmen and the fighters of the United States has ever been an unselfish one and a benevolent, democratic and sportsmanlike one.

The "will to win" which has emanated from our many friendly fields of sports has manifested itself in ingenuity of an irresistible force which is kindly and considerate, but firm and determined; and today the world is learning to depend upon that American sportsmanship for stability and security.

By contrast it is well to note that in this championship spirit is not found the regimentation of mass calisthenics, but rather the freedom of choice and action, the ingenuity and initiative of individual enterprise—the true spirit of America. It is the spirit of friendly contest, tempered by the zest of winning and the fear of losing and lifted by lofty ideals of clean sportsmanship.

As General MacArthur so ably expressed it while directing the affairs of the United States Military Academy at West Point:

"Upon the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds that, upon other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory."

Thus is the championship spirit of America transmitted from the field of sport in the U. S. to do service to the world in more serious fields.

May its power and its grace multiply.

———:———

Education is a companion which no misfortune can decrease, no crime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice, guides virtue, and gives grace and government to genius. Education may cost financial sacrifice and mental pain, but in both money and life values it will repay every cost one hundred fold.—Selected.

PIN MONEY

(Upward)

Did you ever wonder why that little bit of extra money jingling in your pocket is called "pin money"? I used to think it had something to do with the fact that my grandmother, who loved excuses for being good to us, paid us a penny for every ten pins we picked up off the floor on dressmaking days. Or perhaps, I used to think, it referred to the five pins admission we charged when we gave a play in our attic or circus on our lawn.

In the sixteenth century, the giving of New Year's gifts was an important part of the year. In fact, the people of those days made as much of New Year's gifts as we make of Christmas gifts. It is said that Queen Elizabeth counted on her New Year's gifts to keep her supplied with jewels and finery.

One of the most treasured of these New Year's gifts for ladies were pins, spelled "pynnes." These were not fancy pins, but plain straight brass pins with a point at one end and a head at the other. Pins had been invented only a short time and were still a luxury imported from France. Before this the people had used thongs or skewers to fasten things together. The rich people had these carved of bone, or silver, or choice boxwood. The poor had to be satisfied with ones made of the plainest wood. A sharp-pointed metal pin that would weave securely into the cloth without gouging ugly holes in it was a discovery to delight any lady.

Sometimes, however, instead of actually giving pins, the giver would give money specifying that it should be spent for pins. It was not to go for any such work-a-day bills as those owed the landlord or the green grocer. It was to be spent for that most desirable of novelties, pins. This money naturally came to be known as "pin money."

Though we no longer spend it for the luxury of common pins, we still call it "pin money."

———:———

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it. God is our continual incitement because we are His children. So the ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are. Every time we see a man who has attained our ideal a little more fully than we have, it awakens our languid blood and fills us with new longings.—Phillips Brooks.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

At the regular hour for the preaching service last Sunday afternoon, there were several guest present who took part in the service. Following the singing of two of the boys' favoite hymns, Superintendent Hawfield presented Rev. H. F. Goodwin, pastor of Kerr Street Baptist Church, Concord, who read the Scripture Lesson and made the opening prayer. He read the sixth chapter of James.

Mr. Hawfield then recognized in the audience, Rev. E. B. Hicks, pastor of Southside Baptist Church, near Concord, and requested that he come forward and sing a solo. Rev. Mr. Hicks responded by singing "I Love to Tell the Story" in a very impressive manner.

After the boys had sung another hymn, Mr. Hawfield introduced Mr. and Mrs. S. T. McGinnis, of Jackson County, who sang two numbers, "There's A Change In Me" and "By the Side of the River of Life." Mrs. McGinnis played the piano accompaniment.

Mr. Hawfield then explained to the boys that Mr. McGinnis, who was going to speak to them, was at one time a student at Jackson Training School. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group, and worked at the dairy. He further pointed out that this young man was a student at a Baptist seminary, where he is studying for the ministry.

As he began his talk to the boys, our friend, S. T., as he was always known here, stated that he had been looking forward to this occasion for quite some time. He told the boys that instead of trying to preach a sermon, he simply wanted to talk to them about what they wanted to make of their lives.

There is in every boy's heart, said the speaker, a desire to be successful in life. In this great country of America there is no goal impossible for a boy to reach, provided he is willing to work for it. As long as men live under the "Stars and Stripes" they can go as high in life as they desire.

He then told his listeners that he was glad that he had been sent to the School when he was a boy. He called attention to the fact that they would some day go out into the world, and urged them to take advantage of every training opportunity offered here.

S. T. then told the boys that each one present should immediately make up his mind to really amount to something in life. The first thing to do, he said, would be to determine to live a Christian life. Next in order would be to choose a vocation, and then work hard to follow that vocation to success. Another important step, he continued, would be to choose the right kind of companions, for one's associates have much to do with his conduct.

In conclusion, the speaker asked the boys to consider this question: Why live the worst kind of life, which leads only to sorrow, when the best things in life may be obtained by right living? The choice is ours. We must either serve the evil forces or serve Jesus Christ. There is no middle ground.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

They never fail who die in a great cause.—Byron.

—:—

Silence is one great art of conversation.—Hazlitt.

—:—

He that is never satisfied with anything, satisfies no one.—Addison

—:—

Where the speech is corrupted, the mind is also.—Seneca.

—:—

To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage.—Confucius.

—:—

The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.—Morell.

—:—

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.
—Daniel Webster.

—:—

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of one's own.
—Montaigne.

—:—

The cross is the only ladder high enough to touch heaven's threshold.
—G. D. Boardman.

—:—

Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and inspiration.
—Macduff.

—:—

The telling of a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—Saadi.

—:—

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.—Knowles.

—:—

It is not only what we do, but also what we do not do, for which we are accountable.—Exchange.

—:—

A timid person is frightened before a danger; a coward during the time; and a courageous person afterward.
—Richter.

—:—

A curse is like a stone flung up to the heavens, and is most likely to return on the head of him that sent it.
—Sir Walter Scott.

—:—

Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following him like shadows, till they drive his steps into the pit he dug.—Creon.

—:—

He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity, will revolutionize the entire world.—Franklin.

—:—

Never does the human soul appear so strong and noble as when it foregoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—E. H. Chapin.

—:—

The block of granite which was an obatacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—Carlyle.

—:—

All that any of us has to do in this world is his simple duty. And an archangel could not do more than that to advantage.—H. C. Trumbull.

—:—

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people if you would not have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are those who abuse others the oftenest.
—Richter.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

The man who saves money now-a-days isn't a miser; he's a wizard.

—:—

The most annoying thing about the stand-patter is not his stand but his patter.

—:—

Black eyes usually indicate a strong character, but quite frequently they also point to a weak defense.

—:—

If a husband's words are sharp, perhaps it is only because he is trying to get them in edgewise.

—:—

Then there was the fellow who called his best girl "Postscript," because her name was Adeline Moore.

—:—

The man who never thought anything of walking ten miles a day now has a grandson who doesn't think so much of it either.

—:—

It is said that to have a black cat following you is a sign of bad luck. It may be—but it depends on whether you are a man or a mouse.

—:—

A local clergyman, upon hearing that liberalism was creeping into the various churches, remarked, "If that is true, I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

—:—

The head of a soap company received the following letter from one of its customers: "Gentlemen, your soap is great. My mother-in-law fell on a cake and busted her jaw.

—:—

"Is your mother at home?" inquired a visitor of a small boy who was mowing the lawn. "You don't suppose I'm cutting this grass because it's too long, do you?" said the boy.

One old philosopher has told us that happiness is the pursuit of something, not the catching of it. Wonder if he ever chased the last bus on a rainy night.

—:—

During the war, this sign was seen in a grocery store: "We know it's hard to get meat, butter, sugar, shoes and other things—but it's harder to learn to speak Japanese."

—:—

An old lady went up in an airplane for the first time. When the plane had been in the air for some time, she pointed to the propeller and said, "All right, young man, you can turn off the fan now. I feel much cooler."

—:—

There was a young lady whose boy friend was recovering from wounds in an army hospital. She was visiting the hospital for the first time. She walked boldly up to an elderly woman whom she thought was the matron in charge, and said, "May I see Lieutenant Barker, please?" "May I ask who you are?" inquired the woman. "Certainly, I am his sister," replied the girl. "Well, well! I am glad to meet you. I'm his mother," said the lady.

—:—

Man can criticize woman all he wants to, but there are three things in her favor: First, she never wastes two dollars' worth of shotgun shells in order to get a twenty-five cent rabbit. Second, you never heard of one going into a restaurant and buying a fifty-cent meal and giving the waiter a twenty-five cent tip because he smiled at her. Third, we've never heard of a woman who will use twenty gallons of gas and pay $25.00 for boat hire to get to where the fish are not.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 9, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Robert Billings
William Epps
Roger Ivey
Johnnie Myers
Gerald Johnson
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Gray Brown
Paul Church
Horace Collins
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Donald Hall
Ernest Johnston
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Robert Blake
Julian Commander
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Nathan McCarson
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Jack Jarvis
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
David Gibson
Dean Ray

COTTAGE No. 4

Joe Bean
Glenn Bumgardner
Russell Murphy
James Myers
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Clifford Shull
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Donald Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Earl Wood
Robert Wilkins
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 6

John Ganey
Robert Evans
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Ralph Gassoway
Ed Guinn
Arthur Lawson
Eugene Newton

Robert Shepherd
James Wilds

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Charles Autry
Arther Ballew
Wayne Eldrige
Edward Guffey
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Sile Orr
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Wade Cook
Leslie Gautier
William Guffey
Miley Gunter
Conley Haney
Jimmy Reynolds

COTTAGE No. 15
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Edwin Parker
Charles Shearin
James Upright

COTTAGE No. 14

Joe Cain
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
Thomas Styles
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 12

Donald Baker
Charles Rhodes
Robert Sugg's

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Edwin Chavis
Ralph Cranford
Harold Kernodle
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Robert Phillips
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Charles Davis
William Hunter

There are three kinds of men in the world: fits, misfits and counterfeits.

Fits are those men who fit naturally into the scheme of things.

Misfits are those who, owing to their own inaptitude, are square pegs in round holes.

Counterfeits are those who are mentally cut on the bias, and who imagine that they can fool an entire world simply because they can fool themselves.—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1947 No. 8

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A SONG

Why should we not begin each day with a song in our hearts—a song as rich and full and free as the birds sing in the earliest dawning of the sun's light—a song so attuned with infinite life and hope and love that it must be sung? After all, no matter how poor we may feel, in reality we have a plenty and to spare—and that is all the richest of us can use.

So let us mount our souls unto the highest reaches of living thoughts and generous deeds, that we may give to others of the good that has come to us. Unfettered by unholy greed, we can feel the unity of universal brotherhood, and we can be just and true.

—Henrietta G. Moore.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-5
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		6
SWITZERLAND, THE LITTLE GIANT	(New York Sun)	11
THE CURFEW ISSUE AGAIN	By Harold F. Strong	13
DR. ERWIN SPEAKS ON TEACHING CRISIS	(Kannapolis Independent)	15
CRISIS IN THE SCHOOLS	(Stanly News and Press)	16
AMERICANS FIGHT FOR VOTE AND THEN DON'T USE IT	(Mooresville Enterprise)	18
TREE TOP HOTEL	(The Ambassador)	19
THE GOLDEN THRONE	By Mabel Ruth Jackson	20
165 YEARS SINCE YORKTOWN	(Morganton News-Herald	23
YOUR FUTURE IS NOW	By Elsie Robinson, in Our Paper	24
BIBLE PECULIARITIES	(Portals To Bible Study)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

Sometime, at even, when the tide is low,
When the voices call in the water's flow,
And the night stoops down to embrace the day
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of the sail,
And a ripple of water to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager sailing away
To the mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft in the busy bay.
Some friendly barques that were anchored near,
Some loving souls whom my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear,
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have gone before,
O'er the unknown sea, to the unknown shore.

—Author Unknown.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD WEEK

It is generally realized that these are bewildering days, when the whole world is holding its breath in apprehension of a threatened explosion or cataclysm, and when the guaranteed securities of the past have suddenly become insecure. It seems as if the dependable reservoir of good will has broken, and the whole world is bobbing about in the flood, looking for something solid and permanent to hang on to.

This is not the first time that the survival of civilization has been in jeopardy. There have been other long eras when the progress of mankind—en route from the darkness and ignorance of the jungle toward something like a Utopia—has slowed almost to a stop. Of one of the earlier Dark Ages, it was said that men's confidence in one another had been so completely lost in the heavy fog of mutual suspicion and distrust that "no man's life was safe, even in the home of his brother."

Through the observances of International Brotherhood Week, the people of the United States, as well as those in other countries, have a new opportunity to pledge their loyalties and their united efforts toward the fulfillment of age-long dreams for peace on earth and goodwill toward men. Today we live in a new age, when under the dispensations of the United Nations Organization, representing at present fifty-five nations, there is reason for new hope and faith in the future. Although the ways of peace seem dark at times, we have, in fact, come a long ways.

One of the crying needs of the hour is that all people, particularly the international leaders of the world, shall be genuinely interested in promoting the spirit of Christian brotherhood. It certainly is no time for people to harbor racial prejudices in their hearts and at the same time proclaim the glory of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. The needs of the day call for sincerity, for humility and for tolerance. One cannot pay mere lip service to the cause of universal brotherhood and at the same time hope to accomplish positive results.

It is the responsibility of Christians throughout the world to stamp out the spirit of intolerance and bigotry wherever it is found. In far too many places it is still possible for a cheap, second-rate demagogue to stir up racial prejudices for selfish purposes.

In the pre-war days in Germany, Hitler himself was the perfect example of a cheap, rabble-rousing demagogue whose chief purpose was to arouse racial animosities in the hearts of the Germans. He made a strong appeal to the spirit of religious intolerance which was smouldering in the breasts of the Germans. That ill-fated nation proved to be a fertile field for Hitler's pagan ideas.

Today the entire world can catch a new vision of the world as it

was envisioned by Jesus of Nazareth many centuries ago. The attainments of treaties and world organizations for peace involve terrific struggles, but the benefits are worth the costs. Jesus ministered to the needs of all races without a murmur. And when he commissioned his followers to continue his program, he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and whithersoever ye go, there will I be also."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 23, 1947

Feb. 24—Charles Bryant, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
Feb. 25—Robert Lee Hinson, Receiving Cottage, 16th birthday.
Feb. 28—Roy Glenn Marsh, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
Feb. 28—Edwin Parker, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Picture Show

By Howard Herman, 8th Grade

The name of the picture show for this week was "Captain Eddie." This picture told of the life of Eddie Rickenbacker. It told of his life when he was a boy and how he loved machinery. His father was a bridge-builder. When Eddie was fourteen, his father was killed and he had to go work to help his people. It told how he fought in the World War and shot down twenty-six German planes. When World War Two broke out, he was flying in a B-17 that crashed into the ocean. At first there were eight men, but one died. After twenty-one days of suffering, the navy rescued them. All the boys enjoyed this picture very much.

Letter to the First Grade

By James Walters, 1st Grade

The first grade was very glad to get the following letter from Mr. Richmond.

"You are very kind to write me that nice letter, and I should have answered it sooner, but I am busy most all of my time even on Sunday—with Sunday-School, Church etc.

It is a great pleasure to me that you enjoy the Victrolo, and I am sure you will benefit by the songs and stories you hear.

I think about you fine boys at Jackson and know you will make fine men. I hope you will stop in and see me some time.

With best wishes and my prayers for you.

Most sincerely,

Mary Richmond.

Second Grade News

By Jack Hensley, 2nd Grade

The second grade has memorized the commandments, and we are now studying the catechism.

We have been drawing pictures of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln's log cabin, hatchets, and cherry trees.

We were glad to have Mr. Hawfield visit us for a while Friday morning. We like to have him visit us.

Valentine Day

By Billy Jenkins, 6th Grade

Some of the boys received valentines from home, and some of them gave valentines to their teachers. Miss Oehler and the third grade gave a nice program on Valentine Day. The boys in Mrs. Hawfield's first grade sent some valentines home to their people.

Radio Program

By Clyde Hill, 3rd Grade

The 3rd grade gave the radio program. The first part was a group of stories about Abraham Lincoln. "Lincoln and the Wood-Cutter" was told by Paul Denton. Clyde Hill gave the story of "Lincoln and His Dog." Then

John McKinney told a Valentine story, "The Tiniest Pigeon."

A group of boys sang the following songs: "Who Will Be My Valentine," "A Valentine for Mother," "My Valen- "Would You Be My Valentine," and "Snip, Snip."

More New Boys

By Howard Herman, 2th Grade

Feb. 14th, there were some more new boys who began their academic work in the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The boys' names, hometowns, grades in which they were placed, and the cottages where they live here are as follows: Donald Bass, Asheville, 5th grade, Cottage 15; Charles Farmer, Lincolnton, 6th grade, Cottage 15; Jack Griffin, McAdenville, 7th grade, Cottage 16, James Wilson, Kings Mountain, 6th grade, Cottage 4; Ernest Kitchen, Belmont, 6th grade, Cottage 4; Gerald Johnson, Charlotte, 11th grade, Cottage 2; Richard Whitaker, Winston-Salem, 6th grade, Cottage 4; and Bernie Hauser, Winston-Salem, 6th grade, Cottage 17.

We hope that all these boys try hard and do their best while they stay here at the School.

Trophy Was Presented

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

Carlton Pate, one of the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School who went to Greenville, S. C. to participate in the annual A. A. U. Boxing Tournament, was presented a trophy by Mr. Hawfield for winning in the finals of the A. A. U. Boxing Tournament. This trophy was presented to him last Sunday morning in Sunday School. All the boys were happy that Carlton Pate won, and we hope that he and the other boxers will bring back trophies in the other tournaments in which they are going to participate.

Our Scrapbook

By Earl Allen, 6th Grade

The 6th grade is going to make a scrapbook about history. We are going to put pictures of the presidents and other great men of history in our scrapbook. It is a class scrapbook. The boys are looking forward to making a nice csrapbook, and we want to thank Mr. Godown for making the books for us. We are looking forward to making other scrapbooks, too.

Marks of Merit

By Solomon Shelton, 4th Grade

We saw a very interesting picture show. Since this is Scout Week, it was a very suitable picture.

The characters were: Billy, Betty, Grandfather, Father and Mother. The picture opened with the children sitting on the floor, reading a book about the knights of old, all dressed in armor.

Billy wanted to do some of the brave deeds like the knights had done. His grandfather finally proved to him that there are many other things just as important. He points to his Uncle John's picture and shows Billy what honor it is for Uncle John to wear the uniform of the army. Too, he shows Billy what honor it is to be an Eagle

Scout. The Scouts gave their oath. Billy saw what good can be done by the Scouts. Grandfather explained to the children about free competition in a free country. He told them about the labels on shirts and other articles and how the manufacturers have to live up to their labels. The picture taught that we have to depend on the label for everything we buy.

Cabin Naming Contest

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

The boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School were invited the other day to enter the"Cabin Naming Contest." It was a real challenge, too. The officers and boys of this school, especially Mr. Adams, have worked hard on this project.

Mr. Adams has now issued the rules of this contest. They are as follows:

The following are the rules governing the contest to choose a name for the recreation log cabin built on a rocky knoll overlooking Coddle Creek.

A pound box of Norris candy will be the prize going to the boy who submits the name chosen by the judges as being the most appropriate.

Mrs. Hawfield, Mrs. Liske, and Mrs. Kiser will be the judges.

Each boy in the School is entitled to one entry. His choice of a name for the cabin is to be written plainly on a numbered piece of cardboard given him by his teacher. The boy's own name is not to be written on the card, but it is to be written on the sheet of paper on the line opposite the number corresponding to the number on the card given the boy. In this way, the judges will be able to make their decision without knowing which boy submitted that entry.

The boys may secure suggestions from their officers, matrons, and teachers, but not from any of the three judges.

All entries must be in to your school teachers not later than Tuesday night. The numbered sheets with the boys' names will be kept by Mr. Hines, and the numbered pieces of cardboard with the suggested name for the cabin will be turned over to Mrs. Hawfield and the committee for judging.

The judges will have their decision ready by Sunday, February 16, and Mr. Hawfield will award the candy to the winner at Sunday School on that date.

B. T. U. Intermediate Group

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

After church, as usual, we assembled in the auditorium where we sang some songs before going to our classrooms. In our group meeting we discussed the lesson and had a Bible drill. This is how the Bible drill is: Mr. Puckett gives the scripture verse, and the one who finds it first steps forward one step and reads it. We like this drill and are looking forward to next Sunday.

B. T. U. Junior Group Number 2

By Emory King, 6th Grade

On Feb. 9th, we had the regular meeting of the B. T. U. Our first song was "Living for Jesus." Bible verses were given by different boys.

We sang "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder." Mr. Snyder was our teacher. During the discussion period, Howell Willis had the first topic,"My Church." Jesse Hamlin's part was "Deacons and Other Church Officers." Woodrow Norton had the last part, "Church Organizations." Mr. Snyder told us about some important characters in the Bible.

B. T. U. Meeting Junior Group No. 1

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We assembled in the auditorium Feb. 9, 1947. Mr. Puckett gave some of the boys some parts to read. Then we sang a song, "Standing on the Promises of God." Next, we went to our room. Mr. Sofness made a talk on what kind of weapons men used during the war. This was before the regular program.

The titles of the parts and the ones who gave them were: "My Church," Olin Sealey; "Our Pastor," Ralph Seagle; "Deacons and Other Officers." Ben Wilson; "Our Church," James Arrowood; and "The Work of My Church," Mr. Sofness.

Scouts Give Program

By Willips Phillips, 7th Grade

Monday, Feb. 10, 1947 some of the Boy Scouts of Troop 60 and Troop 61 went over to the radio station at Concord to give a scout program. First on the program was a talk by Mr. Walters. He told about a boy who spent his time doing things he should not do. We had a little play about it. Talmadge Duncan and Harold Kernodle were the first boys on the program. We next gave another play about a boy who saved a girl's life. The people who took part in this play were the following: Mrs. Hawfield, Charles Moore, and Ray Roberts. Our third play was one about a patrol of Boy Scouts who did different things such as tying knots and giving the code on a buzzer. These parts were given by the following people: Mrs. Liske, Mrs. Hawfield, and William Phillips.

We were glad to give a program like this one. We were very happy that Mr. Ross Garrison wanted us to give the same program that night at the Scout Hall. The people said that they enjoyed this program very much.

Chapel Program

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

Last Friday we had the regular chapel program which was presented by Miss Oehler's third grade. The first thing on the program was a song entitled "This Is My Father's World," sung by all. After the song Thomas Martin read a Bible Story, after which we stood and prayed the Lord's Prayer. Next we sang "My Country' Tis Of Thee", and while still standing we gave the "Pledge to the Flag." Next a group of boys of the third grade sang a song entitled "Birthday Month," which was a song of February. Next on the program William Britt told of how Lincoln was kind to animals. Then Paul Denton told a story of Lincoln and a wood cutter. After this Carl Church gave a poem entitled "Big Little Book." Thomas McGee then gave a poem en-

titled "On Lincoln's Birthday." Then five boys gave some of Lincoln's sayings.

John McKinney told a story about Valentine entitled "The Tiniest Pigeon." Then Keith Yandle gave a poem entitled "Valentine." After this some of the boys of the third grade gave a play, "The Valentine Man."

All the boys enjoyed this play very much and are looking forward to seeing more like it.

KEEP CHEERING SOMEONE ON

If you can't lessen your own gloom directly, perhaps you can lessen it indirectly by paying heed to people and forces outside you. It was a modification of this principle which led the seasick negro to say, "Good Lord, if you cain't do nuthin' fo' dis pore nigger, you might bring the sea to attention."

Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.

All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering some one on.
There's a lot of sorrow 'round you,
Lots of lonesomeness and tears;
Lot of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years.

And the world needs more than triumphs;
More than all the swords we've drawn;
It is hungering for the fellow
Who keeps cheering some one on.

—Folger McKinsey.

SWITZERLAND — THE LITTLE GIANT

(The New York Sun)

The Swiss believe, with George Washington that if you want peace you must prepare for war. And, though the big battle in Europe is over, they are going on training their young men as if their liberty depended on their might alone, without benefit of the UN.

It is a little odd to find such passionate interest in soldiering in this country of Geneva and the Red Cross. "But it is impossible to understand us," I was told, "if you overlook our national resolve to remain in a constant state of military preparedness."

Here in this barracks—a fortified Thirteenth-Century chateau—they are training young conscripts. They have been at it but a few weeks yet their discipline is something to see. It is almost Germanic in its heel clicking and exaggerated deference to officers. The commander is a young lieutenant who was a lawyer before he was drafted.

I was told it is an honor in Switzerland for a young man to be drafted into the army—though they speak of it as militia. The draft he regards as a call to the responsibility of manhood. When he returns home, a fully trained soldier, he takes his arms, his uniform, his kit and munitions home with him, so as to be ready to turn out at a bugle call. Until he has got this equipment safely installed in his home, he does not feel he is a grown-up. That is probably why he accepts this strict initial discipline so readily.

The Swiss believe that a man can not be free, unless he has won the right to bear arms and to carry them. I am told that in certain parts of the country when a man goes to the poll, he goes sword in hand in token of his personel sovereignty. I have seen them on Sundays, in plain clothes, going out soberly, with rifles slung over their shoulders, to the local target range to practice shooting.

Despite the strict discipline required when men are actually under arms, the Swiss deny that there is any caste system in their army.

Any young man who wishes can apply to become an officer. But he is required to meet two basic qualifications. He must be sober, respectable and attentive to duty in his personal life, and his family must be respected in the community where he lives. With these qualifications he can go to officer's school.

As a young lieutenant, however, his life is little better than the men's. He eats in a mess hall with other lieutenants and company commanders. Each group of company officers eats to gether. Also they sleep together in dormitories as do the men, but of course there are fewer of them, and they have extra tables and chairs for their military studies. Too, they have a civilian valet for the officers of each company; not a soldier. He is there to clean their highly polished boots and to maintain their uniforms in spick-and-span condition. They could not possibly keep themselves in the standard of smartness required and do other duties as well. They would

not have time. They would have to be cleaning all day.

We of the world outside do not know whether the Swiss could stand up to an invasion by an army of American standards. The Swiss believe they could.

They say that since 1939, their army of about 500,000 men has been trained and exercised so untiringly and is so buttressed with Alpine fortifications that even Hitler was warned against attaking them.

———:———

LOVE

A Persian ruler once had a wonderful pearl white and pure, and of great price, and this pearl he wished to give to one of his three sons who would show the greatest nobility.

One day he called them to him and said "During all this past year, what is the greatest deed you have done?"

The oldest son spoke promptly: "When I took my last journey, a merchant gave me some valuable jewels to deliver to safe-keeping. He kept no account of them. I could easily have kept one, or even two, and the merchant would not have missed them. But I gave up the chance of becoming rich, and delivered every one of the jewels to safety."

"You did well, my son, you were honest," said the ruler; "but could you have done differently without great shame?"

The second son told his story modestly. He said, "I was watching a child play by a lake. Soon he fell in, and I at once plunged in after him and so saved his life."

"You did well, my son, you were brave," said the ruler; "but you could not have left the child to drown.

The third son hesitated. Finally he spoke. "I was coming over the mountain one day, and I saw a man who hates me, and has done me harm. He was asleep and had rolled near the edge of a great precipice. One push would have sent him over. Just passing him by would have left him to move in his sleep and fall to his death. But I waked him, and told him of his danger, and he abused me for it."

"My son," declared the ruler, "the pearl is yours. You did right, without the hope of reward, to one who had done you wrong."

—Selected.

THE CURFEW ISSUE AGAIN

By Harold F. Strong

Attorney General Tom Clark has had, and will undoubtedly continue to have, conferences on juvenile delinquency. The problem has become so pressing that it seems each local community is in search of something which will cut down its juvenile delinquency.

Apparently taking a cue from the Army, many communities have hit upon a curfew as a preventive measure for delinquency. This kind of children's curfew is one that is a mechanical ruling requiring that teen-age children be kept off the streets after a certain hour in the evening. When that hour strikes, all children are sent home at the police officer's command, and that is the end of that.

There is, however, another kind of curfew which can be considered, one which is in effect without law, one not given the publicity of a community ordinance. This second curfew acts more as a fact-finding procedure into the life structure of youth, and into what young people do at night. In brief, it is an index of what is going on in a young person's mind.

A mechanical curfew merely sweeps youth of a tender age off the streets, and more times than not, sweeps them into a back alley. On the other hand, a curfew conducted as an inquiry can result in an effective community program, which will stir up the citizens of a community, as well as yield definite progress in cutting down juvenile delinquency. This approach recognizes that we must get down to fundamental issues of youth and that no curfew is a preventive measure in itself.

In combating delinquency it is necessary to analyze every aspect of the problem. We must discover the driving forces outside and inside a child which motivate him in the wrong direction. For example, most youngsters entering their teens gain strong drives to emancipate themselves from family controls. At a later age, this may manifest itself in the desire to "go away to school," even though the best school in the country may be just around the corner.

Unfortunately, while trying to emancipate themselves from the family, many teen-agers go into the streets unprepared to meet the hazards of the community. It is into the lives of these youngsters the community must look in order to discover the individual need and motivation.

We approach something of a preventive measure when we go into the fundamental issue of family life. It is necessary for the family as well as the community to recognize a youngster's demand for emancipation. This does not mean, however, that the proper procedure is to permit him complete freedom to wander outside the family. It does mean that the family must recognize and give fertile soil to his need for freedom within the family structure itself. A teen-ager should be made a new participant of family life. His plans should be helped to develop around the family core.

For example, a young lad just beginning to date frequently does not

know where to go for entertainment, and perhaps after a while does not know what to do. If the girl's parents, however, recognize the boy's needs for activity and occasionally invite him to continue his friendship within their home, within the family group, not only would this boy come to understand his responsibilities toward his date, but he would also find the means of having the pleasant time he is seeking.

It is important that the adolescent attitude be respected, and not treated as one does a little boy being taken to the circus. Properly treated, adolescent life can be made wholesome.

On the community level the same recognition must be given to adolescent life. Youth clubs must accomplish this by giving youngsters free rein to exercise their own initiative. Youth must be permitted to make its own regulations within those organizations. In that way, regulations are more binding than when superimposed by adults. Young people should be permitted, for instance, to elect their own officers, or to choose their own chaperones for a dance.

It is up to the community to see that youth organizations are started where they do not exist in sufficient degree. In this regard, we can learn a great deal from the various armed forces canteens which answered the need of our men and women in the service when we had an army of ten million.

Some citizens will say that curfew is unsound. Actually it is not unsound; rather it is not enough. Policing children off the streets is not a preventive measure. We need something more dynamic in their lives.

In its most constructive form a curfew is only an avenue into something more constructive. Those citizens living in a community where a curfew is imposed should feel challenged to make such a measure unnecessary. By going into the fundamental issues of adolescence and combating the problem of delinquency on those grounds all curfews can be made unnecessary.

MY ROSARY

A rosary of friends I keep,
At some I smile, for others weep;
But life for me with all its needs
Is richer for my string of beads.

—Maie Sherwood Maloney.

DR. ERWIN SPEAKS ON TEACHING CRISIS

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Talking straight from the shoulder to the parents and teachers who gathered at Cannon High last night to celebrate the golden aniversary of the Parent-Teacher Association, Dr. Clyde T. Erwin brushed aside praise and glory for education. Instead, he warned: "It is degrading into a state of absolute mediocrity."

The greatest handicap facing education today is the personnel problem, the superintendent of public instruction in North Carolina told the small but appreciative founder's day crowd.

"Never have I seen such a migration from a professioon," he asserted. "Over the nation one third of the 900,000 teachers have quit to go into other jobs. This year we have 29,000 more emergency teachers than we had in 1945-46. Numbers of men and women preparing to teach are less than half the pre-war figures."

North Carolina has suffered greatly. Three thousand teachers have left the profession since the 1945-46 term. "They are still leaving; we have received 1,100 resignations since the current team began,' said the state's top man in public instruction.

Chief cause of this problem that is threatening to break down the educational system is the low pay for teachers.

"There is division among the teachers. It has grown out of frustration and disappointment. The time has come when we must do something about it," he added.

Much has been said about percentages in recent months, Dr. Erwin declared. "I have told the legislature, and I believe it with all my heart, that percentages mean nothing; North Carolina must make available every possible dollar for education, and until every possible dollar is provided the state is not doing its best."

Then the speaker cited some comparative figures. In 1946, the national income was 164 billions of dollars and only two and a half per cent of the money was spent for education.

"Why last year," he asserted, "we spent for education only one third of the amount we guzzled in alcohol."

Education has reached its greatest crisis, he continued.

"We are facing only the little problems in the post-war period. Our children will have to face the big ones, and God knows I want them to be smarter than we were. I want them to have keen eyes, level heads and the ability to see ahead," he declared. "Adequate education is the answer."

Dr. Erwin cited the looming clash between Communism and Democracy. "It is inevitable that eventually challenges of Communism and Democracy will come face to face and will have to be settled by war or education."

The challenge of the mighty atom also was brought into the open. "We have the power in our hands. We have used it to smash totalitarian forces, but, we have never used it in an effort to enslave the world. I have often wondered what Hitler

would have done with those bombs if he had them,"

Although education faces a great crisis, it has come a long way, Dr. Erwin said, giving much credit for the progress to the Congress of parents and Teachers which this month reaches the half-century mark.

"We must invest heavily in education to give our children a heritage nothing can take away from them," the speaker concluded.

———:———

HIGH COST OF STRIKES

The Associated Press has furnished from Washington data on the two coal strikes which we summarize here:

Loss of 54 working days, 39 last spring and 15 recently, cost 400,000 miners $240,325,000.

Mine owners lost about $54,000,000, a million a day, in keeping 2,200 idle mines in working condition.

The nation lost 95,000,000 tons of coal which normally would have been mined.

Steel shutdowns for lack of coal cost 1,350,000 tons of steel production, enough to make 500,000 automobiles. (The magazine Iron Age has estimated the "ultimate" loss of steel at 1,8000,000 tons.)

Another large item cannot be estimated—loss of wages and production in all industries which were crippled or shut down.

An entry consists of the costs the government has borne and continues to bear in employing 250 persons while operating the mines.

As to wage and other gains, the miners "won" the first strike and "lost" the second one—but it all sums up as a grand climax in proof of the fact that nobody wins strikes which effect the entire community. And, in money and suffering endured, the general public is the biggest loser.

The coal record takes its place at the head of a long list arguing for prompt action by Congress to provide in labor law far better recourse than now exists for preventing or quickly settling damaging strikes.—Kannapolis Independent.

CRISIS IN THE SCHOOLS

(Stanly News and Press)

The pay of school teachers has always been low in comparison with other professions, and since the money which they are paid comes from the public treasury, it has always been well nigh impossible to make salary adjustments in boom periods. The solution lies in working out a long-range program which will put salaries on a basis that will be more or less satisfactory in good times as well as bad.

We have come through a long war period, with the resulting inflationary pay levels in business and industry that are to be expected. Only now when there are signs that the trend may start in the other direction has anything been done to increase the pay of teachers, but the matter should be pressed in order that the rate of pay may attain that level which is fair and right, even in so-called normal times.

Standards in all the professions, including the ministry, law, medicine, teaching and other vocations which have come to be recognized as professions have been raised considerably in the past 25 years. When standards are raised it is natural to expect that salaries and fees shall go up proportionally, and this has been the case in all professions except that of teaching. Of course, teachers' salaries have advanced, but not in proportion to the increase in standard requirements.

The state of North Carolina employs some 25,000 teachers, which is quite a large number and means that it is difficult to rate their abilities except by the amount of education to which they have been "exposed" and the experience which they have had. But adequate education and years of experience does not guarantee that a teacher is qualified to teach.

Therefore, it appears to us that perhaps the solution to the problem of attracting and holding teachers lies in a plan whereby the state pays a reasonable salary and the city or county supplements the salaries of those who do an exceptional job. This plan has been followed in Albemarle to some extent, but not in the county where funds for such a purpose are not provided.

It appears almost impossible for the state to provide incentive pay for quality work, but it can be done by cities and counties.

The crisis which has developed in the schools and which may result in the closing of some schools because of a lack of teachers will not be cleared up in a matter of months, but if some long range program is adopted whereby the good teacher is given pay commensurate with her efforts we believe that within a few years North Carolina will have adequate teachers who are doing a good job.

———:———

"The fearless power of the spirit goes before and makes possible the way."

AMERICANS FIGHT FOR VOTE, THEN THEN DON'T USE IT

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

Fewer than half of the eligible Americans will vote in November, if statistics of recent "off year" Congressional elections are a criterion.

This means that more than 40,000,000 men and women, fortunate possessers of the privilege of the free ballot, will not exercise this right for which millions in the world envy them.

This is a deplorable situation and one that should be of deepest concern to all citizens. This growing apathy to elections endangers the very future of this system of representative government which is dependent on active participation of the whole people through the voting processes.

Americans will fight to preserve this right, yet they will not exercise it.

Men who have pondered this strange parodox of the American scene say that strong action may be necessary to get people to the polls if democracy is not to go by default. Some propose a reward—perhaps a small tax exemption for the voter. Others think an extra tax on those woh do not vote might quickly crowd the voting booths.

There is another alternative, a terrible one. That may be the outcome of the American voter's indifference to his right to vote, to participate in his govenment, to have his free say on the way his government is run, to pass judgment on the men who run it.

This alternative is dictatorship—minority dictatorship of right or left. There will be voting under the dictatorship—be the tyrant individual or party. It will be compulsory.

Figure it out for yourself, my lad,
You've all the greatest men have had,
Two arms, two hands, two legs, two eyes,
And a brain to use if you would be wise;
With this equipment they all began,
So start for the top, and say, "I can."

—Selected.

TREETOP HOTEL

(Adapted from The Ambassador, in Sunshine Magazine)

In Africa there is a hotel built in the top of a tree. It is called "Treetops," and is located in the heart of the jungle, in the Kenya Territory. To reach Treetops, one has to travel twenty miles by automobile from the town of Nyeri, over an almost impassable road through the jungle, then walk the remainder of the distance through the heart of the forest, with armed natives acting as guards against attacks from wild animals. The cost for the privilege of spending a sleepless night in this queer hotel is forty-nine dollars in American money.

Why would one wish to go to such a strange hotel? It is for the thrill of watching and studying the natural actions of big game in Africa. The idea originated with Lady Betty Walker of England, and has been carried out by the proprietor of the Outspan Hotel at Nyeri.

Treetops was built in a spreading equatorial tree near a large water hole where wild animals come at night to quench their thrist. It consists of three rooms, a bathroom, and a balcony, and is reached from the ground by a ladder at the foot of the tree. The rooms are so constructed as to follow the natural lines of the tree. Not even a branch has been cut, and all is hidden among the leaves in order not to attract the animals.

There are strict rules the occupants must observe. No smoking, no talking after night falls, and as little movement as possible. Rubber-soled shoes are required in order to avoid the slightest sound, for any unusual noise will frighten away the wild animals. Trips are made only at the time of the full moon in order that there may be enough light for observation.

As soon as it becomes dark enough, the guests are settled on the balcony to await the show. While they wait, they are entertained by the mysterious sounds that fill the forest—weird cries of night birds, the crashing of branches as some elephant or rhinoceros passes in the distance, and the unearthly laughter of the hyena. If the watchers are quiet, and the wind is in the right direction to carry the scent of humans from the path, they will not be disapointed. Soon there will be a procession of such animals as the elephant, wild dog, water buck, rhinoceros, hyena, bushbuck, wild pig, leopard, baboon, monkey, and zebra. Sometimes the elephants come in droves of as many as twenty-five.

Some animals will not come until others disappear, as they will not mingle, such as the elephant and rhinoceros. At times the animals play about the water for hours, but many return to their lairs as soon as they have satisfied their thirst.

A night at the Treetop is a night of thrills!

"Each sin has its door of entrance; keep that door closed."

THE GOLDEN THRONE

By Mabel Ruth Jackson, in Sunshine Magazine

The familiar blue-coated figure proceeding leisurely down the street paused at the old weather-beaten cottage where "Uncle" Jim Harvey lived all alone. "Hi Jim," he exclaimed "a letter for you."

"For me?" asked the kindly-faced man in surprise.

"Your long-lost brother's left you a cool million," jested the postman, flipping an envelope toward him.

"My, my" pretended Uncle Jim, his eyes twinkling, "'what an awful nuisance! Whatever will I do with a million dollars?"

The postman went on, smiling, and Uncle Jim held the letter gingerly in his big brown hand as though it were a bomb that might explode if handled roughly. He would read it later. Just now he was feeling too indolent and happy. He shifted his position slightly on the worn step and leaned against the stoop post. His tanned face was lighted by blue eyes possessed of an eternal youth that time had enriched by an added depth of kindliness.

But those kindly blue eyes could turn to ice, and that slow drawl could cut like the sting of sleet at an injustice done to child or animal. People had learned to be careful when Uncle Jim was around, and even in his absence the thought of his opinion exerted a potent infiuence.

It was Uncle Jim who had persisted until an aroused public sentiment razed the old fire-trap schoolhouse and erected a safe new one. It was Uncle Jim who had persuaded Banker Havens to be less harsh and more understanding with his high-spirited son. It was Uncle Jim who had gently shown Mrs. Reid the harm she was doing to the three-year-old's tender little body when she dragged him along by one arm, giving him a jerk when he lagged behind.

It was Uncle Jim who convinced Dr. Grant that he was making a mistake in trying to force Edward into a surgeon's career when he was happy only when creating lovely music with those slender fingers of his. It was Uncle Jim who acted as intermediary for those who had dogs and cats to give away, and those who wanted them. And he made sure they were well treated there.

The children loved Uncle Jim just as naturally as they did the sunshine. He knew how to make willow whistles, and tops and kites. He was an excellent doll physician, correctly diagnosing each sawdust ailment. He was, too, an unprejudiced judge when it came to settling youngster's disputes.

Just now Uncle Jim was reveling in the perfection of an early spring day. The impalpable, intoxicating odors of awakening earth were like incense in his nostrils. The row of willows along the brook across the road delighted his eyes. All winter they had etched the tracery of their delicate lines against a cold sky, but now they were clothed in tender green, and the sky was a worm, white-flecked blue bowl.

The gate creaked, and a small figure in a faded pink frock came dancing up the walk. A large gray cat walked along behind her.

"Hello there, Pansy-blossom!" greeted Uncle Jim.

The little girl giggled. "It's not Pansy—it's Vi'let."

"Oh, my goodness, how forgetful I am!" exclaimed Uncle Jim in a whimsical pretense. "Of course I know you're a princess turned into a flower, but sometimes I can't remember which one. Won't you sit down on this golden throne, Your Highness?"

Violet laughed aloud and settled herself beside him, holding the big cat on her small lap. "I guess you haven't read your letter yet," she ventured.

"Well, now, if you aren't a smart little girl," he said admiringly. "How'd you ever guess that?"

Violet gave a peal of childish laughter. "Cause you ain't opened it yet!" she cried triumphantly.

Uncle Jim took up the envelope and examined the supercription. "I reckon it's from Sister Sarah," he said in a resigned tone.

"My dear Brother:" it began. "I haven't written you for a long time, but lately I've been feeling that I was not doing my duty by you." Uncle Jim groaned, and Violet's eyes widened with alarm. "So, after thinking it over," continued the letter, "I've decided to have you come and live with us. It's awful to think of you there being all alone in that little country town, wearing shabby clothes and using your pension for others instead of yourself. I have a nice room for you, where you can be alone and quiet. There won't be any children around to bother you. We live in an apartment where they'er not allowed."

Uncle Jim dropped the letter in a sudden panic, and placed his hand gently on Violet's head, as if to reassure himself. "There won't be any children—" he repeated under his breath. No shouts of childish laughter, no patter of little feet, no soft hands thrust confidently in his, no boyish confidence to hear. No children! Ah, Sarah would condemn him to utter desolation!

A shadow fell across his face. Alice—she had loved children! If only she could have stayed, things would have been different. Uncle Jim didn't talk much about it, but he knew—for did not flowers bloom again in a wonderful way from the little brown seeds he put into the black earth? He sighed, and looked down at his faded blue overalls. "Don't look like much," he reflected, "but mighty comfortable!" Then he glanced up, and his eyes fell on a boyish figure at the gate. One grimy hand held an old tin can, and the other grasped a fishpole.

"My land!" exclaimed Uncle Jim, rising with youthful agility. "I pret' near forgot my fishin' engagement. So long, Sweet Alyssum; see you later."

Uncle Jim closed the gate behind him as he glanced back at his little house with its comfortable shabbiness. Give that up for a chill apartment in the big city? From a branch of the big maple in the yard hung a swing. The scuffed ground beneath gave evidence of constant usage. In a corner were a sandpile with a tin bucket or two, and some small spades. Near by were a teeter-totter and an overturned scooter.

The little flower girl still sat on the steps, contentedly holding the amiable

cat. Uncle Jim waved to her gaily, then joined Freddy, and the two set off down the road on their way to the river.

The letter, more than "pret' near" forgotten, lay on the steps where it had dropped, until a disrespectful breeze carried it across the yard. There it stuck fast in a chink in the fence, to disintegrate with the fallen leaves.

ABOUT MAKING BOOKS

"Of making many books there is no end." So wrote the author of the Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes, written many hundreds of years ago. Such a statement sounds a strangely modern publishing note. For this is uniquely an age of printing, publishing, and libraries.

When Woodrow Wilson left the White House, according to a report, he found that his library had increased by 8,000 volumes, mostly given him by friends and publishers. Every President is the recipient of numerous books, some of them of rarity.

The Congressional Library at Washington has around 7,000,000 books and pamphlets.

The Public Libraries of 10 big cities average 1,500,000, with New York leading with 2,482,353 (statistics of 1942.) Sixteen other cities follow with libraries in excess of 500,000. A rough estimate of the books in all the public libraries of the U. S. A. would likely be somewhere near 60,000,000.

Add to this huge number the private libraries, a few of which run as high as 25,000 volumes. Add also the volumes on the shelves of bookstores and the total would be astonishingly large. There is reason to believe that there are more books in America than there are human beings.

The most widely circulated book is, as every body knows, the Bible. The American Bible Society some years ago announced it had printed and circulated 100,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures.

There is a copy of the Bible, or parts of it, for every man, woman, and child in the world. That would mean 500,000,000 copies for China alone. Sounds incredible, but there are facts to make good the claim.—Kannapolis Independent.

165 YEARS SINCE YORKTOWN

(Morganton News-Herald)

The anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., on October 19, 1781, reminds the people of the United States that this momentous event occurred only one hundred and sixty-five years ago and that the United States, as a nation, is something of an adolescent in the family of nations.

The combination of land forces, under General Washington and the French La Fayette, assisted by French fleets in the Bay of Yorktown, was more than the British Commander could counteract. Evidently, some 7,244 English and Hessian soldiers laid down their arms and subsequently, the surrender was celebrated in many sections of the colonies and later of the nation.

It should be borne in mind by Americans of today that the war against the colonies was not an enthusiastic belligerency on the part of the British people. The colonies were not without their advocates in the British Isles and it might be well said that the British Crown was not without its adherent in the colonies.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, it was somewhat taken for granted that the cause of independence had been successfully asserted. Thereafter, the colonies began the business of organizing a workable government, under a framework of legal machinery that would forever preserve the rights of free men. The conception of liberty and freedom, as it exists in the United States today, is a considerable advance over the ideals in the minds of the colonists and revolutionists.

The Federal Government now owns about two thousand acres in and around Yorktown, known as the Colonial National Monument. Special celebrations have been staged in connection with the surrender and that on the 150th anniversary, in 1931, was marked by the presence of a descendant of the British General who surrendered. In unveiling a bust of his ancestor, he said, :'I feel that it would be as agreeable to him as it is delightful to me that a member of the family can be here today. War is behind, peace is in the future, let us hope, forevermore."

This sentiment can be well recognized by the people of the English-speaking nations. There exists in this country a number of citizens who delight in twisting the British lion's tail and there, likewise, exists in the British Islands some individuals who take delight in pulling the feathers of the American eagle. Neither group represents the fundamental feelings of the people of the nations and their friendship and solidarity has been cemented by joint participation in the two great world-wide wars.

———:———

Go put your creed into your deed.—Emerson.

YOUR FUTURE IS NOW

By Elsie Robinson, in Our Paper

You wonder about your future. You spend hours wondering what may happen to you ten, twenty or thirty years hence. What sort of man or woman will you be then? What blows will fate have dealt or what luck will it have handed you? And in what circumstances will you dwell?

Perhaps you even go to "fortune tellers"—crystal gazers or palm readers. Or seek the answer to your future in teacups or the stars. If so, believe me, my friend, you are wasting your time and money, and merely kidding yourself.

For your future does not lie in the years ahead. It will not be determined by the blows or the boostings of fate. It will not be handed to you on a platter by some mysterious change in your present program.

Your future is now. You are building it bit by bit by every decision you make today, by every gesture you make of self-control or self-indulgence.

You will be in 1960 exactly what you decide in the next hour. Your circumstances may be greatly changed. Your environment may be vastly altered. But none of this will affect the essential YOU. To the contrary, that essential YOU will largely determine both the circumstances and environment of your future without any shoving around by fate.

For you are your own fate. You mold your own tomorrows. You may avoid many of the shocks and handicaps which are the universal human lot, but you yourself can determine how you will receive and how you will handle those shocks and handicaps, and the even greater menace of success.

If you would concern yourself as much with what you do in the rest of today as with what you will be doing fifteen years hence, your life would be infinitely more powerful, profitable and serene. For your greaest enemy and your greatest friend lie in yourself. You will mold them from the clay like any other animal.

But there was planted in you a spark of that divine fire which makes us all the "sons of God" and gives us mastery over even the most obscure and most underprivileged place in life. Yet, like wistful children, we clutch at the fairy tale of Cinderella and expect some magic to happen which will transform our rags and fear into riches and confidence.

Cut out the day dreams. The only magic we will ever meet lies in ourselves. And the only thing that can totally destroy us is ourselves.

No I'm not forgetting the cruel lash of social injustice. I am not deceived by the high sounding slogan that we are all born free and equal. We are are all born free and equal. We are not all born free and equal. We are not all equally equipped for the battle of life.

However, barring the mentally defective, we are all equipped with the power to mold our future now. But it takes a lot of doing.

You can be everlastingly sure of

this. If you indulge your laziness or emotionalism or stupidty or your supersition or intolerance today, they will rest as shackles around your ankles and as a yoke around your neck even though you inherit a million dollars ten years from now.

———:———

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though the way be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God and do the right.

—Norman MacLeod.

———:———

BIBLE PECULIARITIES

(Portals to Bible Study)

There has been a diligent search of the Bible in recent months because of an item appearing in this magazet concerning a supposed single verse in the Bible containing all the letters of the alphabet. No one as yet has reported such a verse, but many have cited Ezra 7:21 as containing all except the letter J.

The discussion has proved interesting and profitable in that it has revealed other peculiarities of the Bible. For instance:

There are 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,566,490 letters in the Bible. In the Old Testament there are 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words and 2,728,110 letters. This leaves in the New Testament 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, 181,252 words and 838,380 letters.

The shortest and the middle chapter in the Bible is Psalm 117. The middle verse of the Bible is Psalm 118:8. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times; in the New Testament 6,853.

In the Old Testament, the middle book is Proverbs, the middle chapter is Job 29, and the middle verses are II Chronicles 20:17,18. The shortest verse is I Chronicles 1:25.

In the New Testament, the middle book is II Thessalonians, the middle chapters are the 13th and 14th chapters of Romans, and the middle verse is Acts 17:17. The shortest in the New Tesament (and in the Bible) is John 11:35.

There are several passages of some length identical in the Bible, for example, Isaiah 37 and II Kings 19. The Bible is a peculiarly interesting book.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 11:1-15. As a text for his message to the boys, he selected the sixth verse—"And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

The speaker first told the boys that there were many interesting incidents surrounding John's life. We first think of him on the banks of the Jordan River, and of the baptism of Jesus. It was John who, on many occasions, told the people of the coming of Jesus.

Rev. Mr. Bumgarner then pointed out that many of John's important utterances were made while he was in prison. He was in a very lonely place. Many of the things for which he longed were denied him. However, he did not let his personal trails interfere with his duties to Jesus.

We all go through experiences somewhat similar, said the speaker. They frequently dim our faith. They often blind us to Christ. These adverse circumstances seem to drive out the sunshine, and we find it quite difficult to overcome them.

No matter how much darkness comes into our lives, continued the speaker, there is one who is always giving light to us. Jesus Christ is that great source of light. Although we may find ourselves completely shut in by the great trials of life, we can always turn to the Master for help.

In commenting upon prayer, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner had this to say: Many people have prayed that they or some of their loved ones might be restored to health. Often their prayers are not answered, and they become discouraged. For every prayer which is not answered there is an explanation. It may be that the prayers were not made in faith. There may have been something in the lives of those making the prayers which was blinding them to Christ.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner next called attention to the number of people who go through life suffering great trials. Many of them have spent their entire lives in poverty. Others have struggled and worked hard to save enough to care for them in old age, and then their savings are suddenly taken from them, and they, too, find themselves in poverty.

Many bitter lesson scome to us, continued the speaker, and in some cases there will arise in our minds questions as to the goodness of God. We do not stop to consider that by severe trials, God tries men's faith, often causing them to be subjected to very difficult tests. He who can hold fast to his faith in Jesus Christ, even during the greatest trials, will find that the Master is the greatest source of help. No matter how hard we may be stricken, if we keep our eyes on the Cross of Calvary, we shall survive even the greatest hardships of life.

The speaker then pointed out that Jesus made this great promise to men: "I am the resurrection and the

life." Too often we lose sight of this promise. In far too many instances, in moments of discouragement and doubt, we can see only self, and that keeps us from seeing Jesus.

People's indifference and unbelief will blind them to Christ, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. There are those who are not willing to put their trust in God. Many of them are unwilling to trust people with whom the are in daily contact. They foolishly think they are right and all other people are wrong.

Such people, said the speaker, need to check up on themselves, and get a new idea of life. By thinking more of others and less of self they will find that life is really worthwhile. If we would attain the greater things of life, we should strive to serve others. Jesus Christ gave to the world the greatest example of service to others. Whenever we help others, we help ourselves. When a person realizes the value of service to mankind, his attitude towards life will be different.

The opinions of those of worldly wisdom sometimes blinds men to Christ, said the speaker. In the olden days, while the Master was on earth, the scribes did not believe that he was the promised Messiah. They argued that a great king should have been born in a beautiful palace, and not in a stable. They continued to so state their views, preaching a doctrine of hatred, until they stirred the people into such a frenzied state of mind that they demanded that Jesus be crucified.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that some people today have practically the same feeling. They need to be made to realize that simply to be born in a high place in society does not give them the right to look down upon those of lowly birth.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner said that if we want to take our difficulties to the right place, we must take them to Jesus. He alone can help us. By holding fast to faith in the Master when trials beset us, we need not worry how they may be overcome successfully.

———:———

When you look at the world in a narrow way, how narrow it seems; when you look at it in a mean way, how mean it appears; when you look at it selfishly, how selfish it is; but when you look at it in a broad, generous, friendly spirit, what wonderful people you find in it.—Horace Rutledge.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master."—Ben Jonson.

A good heart is worth gold.
—Shakespeare.

—:—

Lying is a certain mark of cowardice.—Southern.

—:—

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—Penn.

—:—

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—Ruskin.

—:—

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—Disraeli.

—:—

When the occasion is piled high with difficulty, we must rise high to the occasion.—Lincoln.

—:—

Good manners are a part of good morals; and it is as much our duty as our interest to practice both.—Hunter.

—:—

The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer.
—TheodoreRoosevelt.

—:—

Execute every act of thy life as though it were thy last.
—Marcus Aurelius.

—:—

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
—Franklin.

—:—

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.
—Washington Irving.

—:—

Judge thyself with the judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with the judgment of charity.
—Mason.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of both the church and the state.—Bacon.

—:—

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero.

—:—

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.

—:—

To attain happiness in another world we need only to believe something, while to secure it in this world we must needs do something.
—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

—:—

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.
—Colton.

—:—

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

—:—

To be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all those qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.
—Thackeray.

—:—

Friendship with the evil is like the shadow in the morning, decreasing every hour; but friendship with the good is like the evening shadows, increasing till the sun of life sets.
—Herder.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Some people whistle while they work; some just whistle.

—:—

Some people are like blotters—soak it all in, backwards.

—:—

Many wise words are spoken in jest, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones spoken in earnest.

—:—

A pinch of salt can easily be improved by dropping it on a big hunk of steak.

—:—

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world, because you can't quit and rest.

—:—

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right — and then, she might be left.

—:—

If you want to know the horsepower of your automobile, lift up the hood and count the plugs.

—:—

If absence makes the heart grow fonder, a lot of people ought to love their church more than they do.

—:—

If you keep your mouth shut long enough, somebody will suspect that you have more than the usual amount of common sense.

—:—

Lives of ancestors remind us, we give photos to our kin, and departing leave behind us relatives who point and grin.

—:—

Here are some rather humorously worded want ads clipped from various newspapers:

LOST—Green fountain pen by a man half full of ink.

WANTED — Man to wash dishes and two waitresses.

WANTED—A man with horse sense to drive a motor truck.

LOST—A five-dollar bill by a working woman tied in a knot.

WANTED—Energetic housekeeper who can milk cows, to keep house for one.

WANTED—Small furnished apartment by a couple with no children until March first.

WANTED—A writer with a sense of humor who will not be funny around the office.

NOTICE—Anyone found near my chicken house at night will be found there the next morning.

SALE—Special sale of apples and chestnuts. Come in the morning, the early bird gets the worm.

FOUND—Lady's pocketbook in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this ad. If she can explain to my wife how the pocketbook got there, I will pay for the ad myself.

—:—

This news item was clipped from the Norwood (N. J.) Examiner: "The flags of the United Nations hung from the walls. In the center of the room was a long food table, presided over by Mrs. Deborah Fullbright, all in white, and filled with luscious fruit, pies and cakes."

—:—

The following item appeared in one of our small-town weeklies: "The bride was given in marriage by her father while wearing a white satin and marquisette gown with sweetheart neckline, fitted bodice, and full train." My! my! Dad certainly must have been the best-dressed fellow at the wedding.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 16, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Johnnie Myers
Charles Smith

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Horace Collins
Worth Craven
Alfred Davis
Donald Hall
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Nathan McCarson
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Judson Finch
William Lewis
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Roy Swink
Robert Thompson
James Tew

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Charles Cain
James Cauthen
Danny Mac Hayes
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Kenneth Holcomb
Clyde Hill
Lester Ingle
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Eugene McLean
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Arthur Ballew
Edward Guffey
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Robert Trout

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Leslie Gautier
William Guffey
Conley Haney
Curtis Helms
Luther Hull
Robert King
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
James Reynolds
Bennie Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Floyd Canady
William Carswell
Jack Hensley
David Hill

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Joe Cain
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
Charles Moore
John Moretz
James Smith
James Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Howard Herman
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Willie Stamey

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Ralph Cranford
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Donald Moose
Harold Sloop

———:———

The road winds up the hill to meet the heights,
Beyond the locust hedge it curves from sight—
And yet no man would foolishly contend
That where he sees it not, it makes an end.

—Emma Carleton.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 1, 1947 No. 9

DEFINITION OF A REAL MAN

One who has self-confidence but does not show it.
One who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy.
One who keeps his word, his temper, and his friends.
One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful.
One who understands people, and can make himself understood by people.
One who has a steady eye, a steady nerve, a steady tongue and steady habits.
One who is silent when he has nothing to say.

—Good Tidings.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
NATHANIEL MACON	By Lou Rogers	14
YOUR HAND	(Upward)	18
INCOME RISES SHARPLY	(Mooresville Enterprise)	20
THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE	By Margaret Hill	21
CONCERNING LAUGHTER	(Alabama Baptist)	22
THE PRAYER OF CADETS AT WEST POINT	(Selected)	23
LOOK PLEASANT	By Harris P. Blanchard	24
PRODIGAL WITH LIFE	(Mooresville Enterprise)	26
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL	By J. W. Hines	27
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A FRIEND

I will not think that I have failed,
Or lived my life in vain,
If to my credit I shall find
One friend to be my gain,
And though the road of life is rough,
With mountains hard to climb;
I find there's joy along the way,
And the journey, it is fine.

If there's a friend beside me—
To cheer me with his song,
To smile his understanding,
When everything goes wrong;
It gives me strength and courage,
The mountains to ascend,
And I find that life's worth living,
As long as there's a friend.

Then be not hasty when I'm gone,
To say I lived in vain,
Though ghosts of many failures,
Like monuments remain.
But when life's sun is sinking,
And I reach my journey's end;
Then count my earthly riches
In the number of my friends.

—Author Unknown.

SOME OBSERVATIONS FROM THE SUPERINTENDENTS' CONFERENCE

The annual meeting of the National Conference of Superintendents was held in New York City on February 19, 20 and 21. At this conference there were approximately fifty institutions represented. Representatives were present from such states as Florida,

Louisiana, Arkansas, Iowa, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, and Virginia.

Most of the men who attend these conferences from year to year are veterans in the field which deals with juvenile delinquents. They are men who have spent their entire professional careers in some phase of the juvenile program. Most of them have had specialized training, and they would reflect credit and honor upon themselves among any group of educators or other professional leaders. It is always a grand privilege to attend a meeting of such distinguished leaders and to have the benefit of their experiences and of their thinking in terms of modern problems.

One of the inevitable observations seems to be that every institution has its own individual problems, and while it is always possible for an administrator of any institution to secure helpful information from some other leaders, it is never possible at anytime to find a pattern or a program which has worked well at some other institution and which will work with corresponding success at another institution. Thus it is that any wide-awake and alert administrator finds it necessary to get as many ideas from others as possible and then work out the solution of his own problems as best he can, and with the help of his own folks. For instance, it was found that the ratio of the various staff members to the student body varied from 1 to 2 up to 1 for each 7. It was found also that the training and salaries of staff members showed a marked variation. It was found also that the number of hours worked by the various staff members ranged from 40 to 85. When these facts are realized it is obvious that the various schools have their local problems and their local needs which must be met from time to time.

It was noted, too, that the population of the various institutions showed a wide range of variation. In some instances the age range was from 15 to 21. In other institutions the age range was between 10 and 18. Likewise, the size of the enrollment at the various institutions showed considerable variation. There were no two institutions with the same problems as they related to the student body. In some instances it is possible for the institutions either to accept or reject the boys who are proposed for commitment to them, while others are required to take any and all who

come. It was found that children were committed to some institutions merely because they were dependent and had no other suitable home available to them.

Generally, however, it was found that all the boys and girls in correctional institutions in the nation have certain common characteristics and present uniform problems. For instance, they have come out of homes in which there were substandard wages, economic insecurity, poor housing, vicious neighborhood environments, and inadequate medical and welfare services. These factors have led to the necessity of boys and girls being rather aggressive. They have found it necessary to resort to numerous life experiences in order to take care of themselves; they have learned to be rather daring and adventurous, and to take long chances; to be self-reliant at all times. These facts are so well known that they are assumed to exist before any study or diagnosis is made of the case histories. The big problem is how to deal with these youngsters who are aggressive without at the same time destroying one of their most valuble personal assets. The big problem is one of helping the child to make proper adjustments to society and to discover and enlarge upon his own personal talents and resources.

For some administrators it seemed that the major emphasis should be placed upon the fact that a correctional institution is a character-training institution. To others the chief purpose is one of vocational training. To others the institution is an educational enterprise and to others the emphasis is on the fact that correctional schools are hospitals for children who are mentally and socially ill. When all these viewpoints were presented to the group and thoroughly discussed. it was found that the purpose of the correctional institution, in fact, includes all of these and that they all are essential for the rehabilitation of youngsters who have fine possibilities once they are put on the right road.

Probably one of the greatest deficiencies from which institutions of the South suffer is the lack of adequately-trained professional staff members. It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of all members of the conference that no institution was being fair to its youngsters unless it offers the services of a well-trained psychiatrist or a psychologist, or both. Likewise, it was the general feeling

that there is an absolute need for one or more case workers who would study the institutional program of each child. Such case workers, according to the group, should make regular contacts with the cottage officers, work supervisors, teachers and all others who enter into the treatment program for any boy, and keep a continuous record of his progress in the institution. It is felt that here at the Jackson Training School there is great need for the services of a psychiatrist and one or two case workers.

Furthermore, in appraising the effectiveness of any correctional institution it was generally agreed that the boys and girls should be taught as much trade training as possible. However, it was generally agreed that both training school administrators and the public should understand at all times that it is not possible to give these boys and girls enough vocational training for them to become expert tradesmen by the time of their release. It was pointed out that most high schools require at least two years in trade training and industrial arts, and as a rule their students are on the high school level. On the other hand, most youngsters in the training schools are deficient in their academic training, and many of them are mere youngsters who do not remain more than about a year. Thus it is a mistake for the public and welfare workers to lead any boy to believe that he can go to a training school for one year, or less, and learn to do many types of work. It is simply an impossibility.

In this same connection, considerable stress was placed on the importance of having strong academic school departments in which the standards of work are at least on a par with those of the public schools. It was pointed out that the children in training schools should not only have the opportunity to learn to read and write and do number work, but that they should have every opportunity to express themselves in the various fine arts, such as drawing and painting. Great importance was attached to the fact that a boy or girl who is good in art has a wonderful opportunity of developing within himself or herself a feeling of pride and self-confidence. It was pointed out, too, that in most instances the art work can be definitely related to and correlated with the other school subjects.

These and other types of treatment require a considerable amount of time before positive results can be expected.

It was found, during a disussion of the details of institutional administration, that some of the group emphasized the importance of having institutions train boys and girls for the normal and natural life experiences. Stress was placed on the importance of having every institution to be as homelike and happy and beautiful as it is possible. While some institutions make use of the honor cottage and others make use of strong security units, the usage of these devices does not predominate. It was pointed out that there could be many opportunities for the best boys in every institution to exercise leadership and other qualities of good citizenship in each and every cottage. It was even pointed out that some boys who had an opportunity to be transferred to an honor cottage had even asked to be permitted to remain where they were. In the matter of self-government for students, it was generally agreed that this could be done to only a limited degree, and that all of it should be under very close supervision.

Finally, it was generally agreed that every effort should be made by administrators to provide comfortable and convenient living arrangements for staff members. The more that is done in this direction, the more the staff members will tend to have good morale and be cheerful and optimistic toward their work. Much stress, too, was placed on the fact that the salaries of staff members should be in keeping with the services rendered and that staff members should not be over-worked in point of time. With the national trend towards shorter hours, it is inevitable that the hours of training school staff members will have to be curtailed. Shorter hours, better wages, and better living conditions are factors which always have and always will contribute to stronger institutional staffs. When good conditions prevail and a good program exists, there are unlimited possibilities for doing great things for the under-privileged children of the nation through the work of good correctional institutions.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

More Boys Join the Church

By W. L. Steele, 6th, Grade

Last Sunday night, February 16, 1947, some boys joined the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. Rev. Mr. Harbison, the pastor, received them into the membership of the church. It was a beautiful and impressive service. The boys who joined the church were: Billy Jenkins, Paul Allen, Solomon Shelton, Evan Myers, Donald Baker, and W. L. Steele.

Record Player

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Recently the First Grade received a record player, and the boys enjoy playing the records that Mrs. Hawfield has been buying for them. Some of the records that the boys have are as follows: "Little Black Sambo," "Swinging on a Star," "Butter Milk Skies," and "The Soldier's Last Letter." We know that the boys will enjoy playing and listening to these records.

Prize Given

By Julian Commander, 6th Grade

On Sunday, February 16, 1947 a prize was awarded to James Wilson, of Cottage No. 2, who won the prize for naming the cabin for our school. He named it "Wildwood Cottage." Mr. Hines went up on the stage to announce that the boy whose name was the best would get a box of Norris candy. Then Mr. Hawfield had the envelope, and he called the number that was the winner. The number was 26. The boy was glad that he won the prize.

What We Did Scout Week

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

Last week was "Scout Week," and the boys of our school who belong to the Scouts had a very good time. On February 8th, they were invited to the Cabarrus Theatre at Concord to see a picture, "The Hurricane." It was a very good picture.

On Thursday night, February 13th, all the Scouts of the Training School went to the "Father and Son Banquet." It was held at the Concord Armory.

Radio Program

By Wilton Wiggins, 5th Grade

In the absence of Mr. Hawfield, the superintendent of the School, Mr. Hines, the principal of the School, was in charge of the radio program this week. The 5th Grade boys, under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. W. V. Tarlton, had prepared a George Washington Program which was presented. It was given Tuesday morning, February 18.

The following boys went to the radio station to sing and recite: Cecil Clark, James Swinson, Carlton Crawford, Jesse Hamlin, James Christy, Wilton Wiggins, Max Ray Herring, Odell Cain, Howell Willis, and Ralph Drye.

The songs which were sung were: "America," "Morning Prayer," "A Song of Washington," "George Washington," "To Washington," "The Stars and Stripes," "There Are Many Flags in Many Lands," "Washington and Lincoln," and "Father of the Land We Love."

The poems that were recited were the following: "Greetings," by Carlton Crawford; "First, First Citizen," by Cecil Clark; and "February Twenty-Second," also by Cecil Clark.

An Original Song

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

One of the songs that the 5th grade boys sang over the radio last Tuesday and again Friday during the chapel program was written by Mrs. Liske, the pianist at the School. The song is very good, and all the boys surely do appreciate Mrs. Liske's helping them with it. The title of the song is "To George Washington." The words are as follows:

To George Washington, Our first president,
Man of Strength, and Love, and Honor,
We hold dear, We owe loyalty, and love a sacred duty.
For our freedom that he won so brave.

George Washington, George Washington!
One that we adore!
The man whose memory we hold as
Ours forevermore!

Boxing Tournament

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Some of the boys of Jackson Training School have recently returned from Charlotte where they took part in the Golden Glove Boxing Tournament. None of the boys won a trophy, but we're proud to say that we tried anyway.

Not long ago some of the same boys went to Greenville, S. C. to represent Jackson Training Scohol in Greenville's annual Golden Gloves Tournament. We had a champion in that tournament. His name is Carlton Pate.

Some of the boxers are the following: Clifton Rhodes, James Norton, Donald Moose, Carlton Pate, James Peterson, James Phillips, Charles Autry, Roy Orr, Ray Burns, R. L. Crawford, Jack Benfield, and William Ussery.

Keeping Our School Ground Clean

By James Arrowood, 4th Grade

We have been keeping our school ground clean. We want to keep it cleaner from now on, too. The school ground looks better if all the paper is picked up regularly. We are going to do our best to keep all the paper off the ground.

Health

By Charles Angel, 8th Grade

North Carolina today is paying a lot of attention to sanitation and public health. The people are interested in public health, contagious diseases, and other phases of sanitation.

The Jackson Training School is trying very hard to keep good health throughout the School. We have at the School an infirmary that is available at all times for the boys. The

School has all the facilities for adequate sanitation and strives to maintain a good health record regularly. It is surprising how very few boys here at the School have to remain in the hospital for any length of time. Good health is valuable! Guard it carefully!

Our Program

By Sammy Lynn, 8th Grade

We have been working on a chapel program recently. It is about the history of North Carolina. Some talks will be made about such subjects as: "Schools of North Carolina," "Textiles," "Farming in North Carolina," "Different Sections of the State," etc. We are going to present talks about other interesting subjects connected with North Carolina history. These talks will be presented in the same manner that a declamation contest would be held, and the boy who does the best will be given a prize by Mr. Hines, who is our teacher and principal. We are looking forward to this contest.

Church Hour

By Robert Ellers, 8th Grade

Sunday before last we had a preacher to come and talk with us, and we were glad he came because he used to be a boy here at the Jackson Training School. He said that he came the other Sunday, not to preach to us, but to talk with us as one of us. He made a plea for all of us boys to do our best and to make the most out of ourselves. He and his wife sang two very pretty songs for us. He said that he was glad that he was sent here when he was a boy, because it did him so much good.

Our Flowers

By Jack Jarvis, 4th Grade

In Cottage Number 3, we have many different kinds of flowers. The ones we have in bloom now are: tulips, begonias, hyacinths, grape hyacinths, primroses, and amaryllis. Our officer has got us a lot of flowers. Our matron has helped us a lot, too. We are glad that there are many more kinds of flowers to bloom yet.

Visiting Day

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

Not many visitors came Wednesday morning, but during the afternoon there were many more. Visiting day is always Wednesday, unless Wednesday is a holiday. Visiting day is a delight to most of the boys here at the School. It is a delight for the visitors, too, for they can talk with Mr. Hawfield, the teachers, the officers, and the boys.

How I Like The Traning School

By David Gibson, 4th Grade

I am a new boy here in the School, and I like it here. All the boys and officers help me to do the thing that is right. I have been here a short while, and I am doing my best right at the beginning. "A good start is half the battle," they say. That is true of every undertaking. I am going to do my best in school, work, and play. I have a good time, playing

basketball and shooting marbles. I like to play with the other boys.

A Surprise

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Monday, Mrs. Baucom sent around to the rooms to get the boys who were the best readers in their grades during December. They were in a reading contest she had sometime ago, in connection with her chapel program. Monday we went to the library where Mrs. Baucom gave each boy a cold drink. We want to thank Mrs. Baucom, for we appreciate this courtesy.

8th Grade Mural

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Recently the boys of the 8th grade have been working on a mural entitled "Home on the Range." They have divided it into five parts, and under each part is a line from the song entitled "Home on the Range." They have drawn pictures of buffaloes, deer, Indians, antelopes, wagons and ranch life, trees, blue skies, barns, etc. We are not through with this mural yet, but we do hope that it will be a good one when it is completed. Emory King, one of the 6th grade boys, has done much work on the mural, too.

My Work At J. T. S.

By Cecil Burleson, 8th Grade

My work at the Training School is very easy sometimes, but at other times it is hard, as working at the barn. I work on the cabin some of the time, and it is easy work. The work that I like is driving a team, plowing, and driving a tractor. It may be hard work, but still I like it. I don't want to get out of Mr. Adams' cottage if I can help it, because I like my officer. I work for him, also.

Repairing the Milk House

By Howard Herman and Billy Best, 8th Grade

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been working on the milk house for some time. They have been putting in new floors, painting the milk house, and putting in a new pump and a new pasteurizer. They have not quite completed the work, but it looks better already. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Carriker are anxious to finish it soon.

Basketball

By Clyde Wright and Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade.

Basketball season is here again. It is our favorite game. Most of the boys like basketball, and we really do play it here at the School.

Each cottage is now in the tournament, and each cottage has two teams —a team for the little boys and a team for the larger boys. We call the little boys' team the "B" team and the larger boys' team the "A" team. We play on the "A" team for our cottage, Cottage No. 3, which is the "A" team that has not lost a game. We are glad that we have been successful thus far and only hope that we can win the tournament. All the boys on our team are working hard to keep the scores up. They get a lot out of playing these games.

A Spelling Match

By Earl Hoyle, 7th Grade

Saturday morning when we got in our classroom and were seated, our teacher, Mr. Caldwell, told us that we might have a spelling contest if we wanted to have one. All the boys agreed to have it. We had it after recess, at which time all the boys lined up against the wall. Mr Caldwell started to pronounce the words. For a while it seemed that none of the boys were going to miss a word and have to sit down. After a while all the boys were seated but two. They were Hugh Ball and Earl Hoyle. Hugh Ball won the honor of being first, and Earl Hoyle was the second best speller in the seventh grade.

Party At Cottage Number 11

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

On Feb. 14, 1947, Cottage Number 11 was the scene of a Valentine party. A very large crowd was present at the party. We had some guests present. They were: Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield, Mr. Corliss, anl Mrs. Hooker.

We played games for a long time. Some of the games were as follows: Bingo, guessing how many beans there were in a jar, dropping clothpins into a milk jar, etc. We played Bingo until refreshments were served. For refreshments we had pepsi colas, cookies, peanuts, sandwiches, and candy. When we were through, we played some more Bingo. The winners in the games were the following: Bean-guessing contest, William Guffey (who guessed 205 beans, and there were 300); Clothes pin-dropping contest, Robert King (who dropped eight out of twelve into the jar); Bingo, Mr. Hawfield, Bennie Riggins, Calvin Owens, Carlton Crawford, Max Ray Herring, William Guffey, and Robert King.

All the boys enjoyed the party very much, and we thank the one who made it possible for us to have it.

Educational Film

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

On last Tuesday, 18th of February, we had the regular picture show. The picture was entitled "On The Air". This picture told how the radio programs are brought to us. It also demonstrated how sound effects are worked. It showed many of the improvements from the time it was invented in 1920 to the present time. It told how the microphone had been told how the microphone had been ininvented and improved. Everyone enjoyed the show and extend their thanks to Mr. Hines, our principal, for showing it to us.

What I Do at the Cottage

By Robert Poplin, 8th Grade

When I am in the cottage, I have something to do. When I get up in the morning, I know just what my duties are. After I dress and wash up for breakfast, I comb my hair and brush my teeth. Then after I eat breakfast, I sweep the officer's sitting room. When I get done with that, I go to the basement and get ready to go to school. I am in school all the morning.

When I go in for dinner, I wash my

hands and face and comb my hair before eating dinner. When I get through eating, I go out to play on the playground near my cottage. When I have finished playing during the noon hour, I go to work and work all the afternoon.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, I go back to the cottage. I get ready for supper. After supper, I go to the sitting room and stay until bedtime. In the sitting room, we play indoor games, listen to the radio, and read books. After we get ready to go to bed, we march orderly to the bedroom. Then every boy says his prayer and retires for the night.

News Items of Interest

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield are spending this week in New York. While Mrs. Hawfield is away, Mrs. Talbert is teaching the 1st grade.

The school rooms are attractively decorated now. February, the month of birthdays of great men, gives us many ideas about decorating the rooms. Lincoln and Washington decorations are much in evidence at this time in the school rooms.

The flowers are very pretty in some of the school rooms. However, some of the teachers lost some of their flowers because of the cold weather.

Mrs. Dwight Morrison, the 4th grade teacher, is absent because of sickness. The boys are surely looking forward to her return.

———:———

GET THE HABIT

Get the habit of rising early.
Get the habit of eating slowly.
Get the habit of being graceful.
Get the habit of being punctual.
Get the habit of fearing nothing.
Get the habit of speaking kindly.
Get the habit of being industrious.
Get the habit of a forgiving spirit.
Get the habit of speaking correctly.
Get the habit of radiating sunshine.
Get the habit of closing doors gently.
Get the habit of relying on self always.
Get the habit of neatness in appearance.
Get the habit of seeking the sunshine daily.

—Exchange

NATHANIEL MACON

By Lou Rogers, in We the People

Each state has men of whom it can be proud, men to whom it can point with satisfaction and say, "This man is ours. We loaned him to the Nation and he served it well." Such a man was Nathaniel Macon.

Nathaniel was not a poor farm boy who rose to eminence, as some people think, but a planter's son whose greatest pleasure was in serving people. He was born with, as Virginius Dabney says, "A distinguished ancestry, an aristocratic background and a democratic attitude of mind." He was related by blood and by marriage ties to many prominent people of Virginia, including the families of Madison, Custis and Washington. His father, Gideon Macon, took up land in the Granville Grant in North Carolina and became a substantial planter. His plantation, Macon Manor, was in the Shacco Creek Community of that part of Burke County which later became Warren County. Nathaniel Macon, the sixth son, was born at Macon Manor, December 17, 1758. When Nathaniel was only five years old his father died.

Nathaniel's early education was received in the neighborhood school run by Charles Pettigrew, who later became the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in North Carolina. When Nathaniel was about fifteen he went to to the "College of Nem Jersey" at Princeton. His college days were shortened by the Revolution which closed the doors of the college. During his first year there, 1776, he went on a "tour of duty" with the New Jersey Militia. When this duty was performed, Nathaniel returned to his father's home where he studied law for three years. He never practiced law, however, as his main interest was farming. His early youth, we are told, was marked by diligence, generosity, frankness and an inquiring mind and an independence of thought and of action.

Nathaniel Macon's late entry into the ranks of the American Army was probably due to the fact that Burke County was not endangered by the British and there was no direct call from his own colony for this young man's service.

When the British launched their southern campaign, however, Warren County, created in 1789, immediately organized a company of militia to join Horatio Gates. John Macon, Nathaniel's brother, was made captain. Nathaniel was offered a lieutenancy but refused it. joining as a private in his brother's company. He served as a humble soldier, refusing any pay for his service. One writer later said of him, "neither love of fame, nor acquisition of wealth had any influence on his well-balanced mind."

While he was fighting in General Greene's army, Nathaniel Macon's county elected him to the State Senate. This was in 1781, in the crisis of the war, and Nathaniel paid no heed to the announcement of his election, preferring his duty as a soldier. When his Commander-in-Chief heard of this he called the twenty-one year old soldier to his tent and advised him to

serve his State as senator. Nathaniel Macon told General Greene that he thought that the army needed his services more than the Senate. The General disagreed with him but Nathaniel Macon remained in the army and was not present in the first session of 1781, at Halifax. The summer session at Wake Courthouse did find him in his rightful place.

For the next ten years, Nathaniel Macon and his two brothers, John and Harrison, were leaders in the Assembly. His intelligence and ability were recognized and he was placed on numerous commitiees and given many important assignments.

The young legislator went courting in his own territory. The object of his affection was Miss Hannah Plummer of Warrenton, an accomplished woman, a charming lady and a member of an excellent family. Naturally Miss Plummer had many suitors. Mr. Macon, a man who knew his own mind in legislative measures and always dealt his political cards fairly, also knew his own mind in the love realm and was quick to play his hand. While on a visit to Miss Plummer's home he met one of her suitors there, and "with characteristic frankness, proposed to his rival in the presence of Miss Plummer that they should play a game of cards for her hand, as that was the shortest and an amicable way to decide the controversy." Each one of the triangle agreed. The game was played and Macon lost. His eyes beamed with affection as he sadly raised his hand and spoke with emotion, "Hannah, I have lost you fairly but love is superior to fortune. I cannot give you up; I will always love you."

To make a love story short, Hannah fell for his impassioned speech. They were married in 1783, and for nearly ten years they were quite happy together and proud of each other. They called their new home, which Macon and his slaves built, Buck Spring. It was built on a hill overlooking the Roanoke River and it was on land that Macon had inherited from his father. It was not a pretentious mansion but a comfortable and delightful home, one and a half stories high. The slave quarters and other buildings were neat and better built than those of many homes much larger. This was the home where he found his great happiness, his deepest grief, his inspiration and his consolation. In this home three children, two daughters and a son, were born to Nathaniel and Hannah Macon.

Except for his brief trips to the Legislative Assembly, Macon spent his days operating his productive plantation from which he derived a modest fortune.

Even if Macon was content with his private life, his congressional district was not. He was elected in October of 1791 as a representative to Congress from the Hillsboro district, and thereby began his long period of service to this nation.

With his new responsibilities came also his greatest sorrows. A year after his election, Macon's wife died, and then his son, only two years later. Although not yet 33 years old, Macon never married again. He left the children at Buck Spring in the care of a relative and joined them there when his congressional duties did not keep him in Washington.

For 37 straight years Nathaniel Ma-

con served his district in Congress, first as representative and then as senator. In 1828, at the age of 70, he voluntarily resigned his three puplic positions of trust—those of Senator in the United States Congress, Trustee of the University of North Carolina, and Justice of the Peace of Warren County.

Serving at different times as Speaker of the House and as President Pro-Tem of the Senate, Macon's ability, good judgment and sense of fairness won for him the applause of his contemporaries. At two different times he was offered a position in the president's cabinet but refused each time, giving as his reason that he did not care for a public position to which he had not been elected by the people. Wheeler says, "He believed implicitly and cordially in the people and the people knew it." If he believed that a congressional measure would not be for the best of his people, nothing could induce him to support it. In his nearly forty years of service in Congress, no ten members gave as many negative votes. One of his intimate friends in Congress once said, "If Mr. Macon should happen to be drowned, I would not look down the current for his body, but up stream." The wisdom of his great mind and the purity of his personal life, were recorded by his intimate friend, John Randolph, who wrote, "Mr. Macon was the best, the purest and the wisest man I ever knew." Thomas Jefferson, whom Macon ardently supported, said of him, "At his death 'the last of the Romans' of our republic would have departed."

Present-day citizens who deplore the waste in government spending, excessive taxes, government intervention in free enterprise, and the "pay-later" policies of our National Government would glory in a current leader with the brain and the courage of Nathaniel Macon. He was not afraid to say "no" and his opponents respected his convictions. States Rights and the dignity of the individual were his pet theories. The original "watchdog of the treasury" kept an eye on all international affairs and studied each new act of Congress in its relation to States Rights and the Constitution. It was he who sponsored a bill creating a state from the New Orleans territory. When Massachusetts gave the first secession threat which was over slavery in the territory, Macon replied that slavery was the new state's problem—not the nation's.

After his retirement, Macon rarely left his home but his resignation from the Senate did not end his public career. In 1835 the State Convention met in Raleigh to amend the Constitution and the people demanded the aid of Nathaniel Macon's experience, wisdom and justice. This able body of men choose Mr. Macon as president.

His last public act was rendered in 1836 when he presided at the College of Electors and gave the vote of North Carolina to Martin Van Buren.

A month later Nathaniel Macon faced death without fear. His daughters, by this time Mrs William Martin of Greenville, and Mrs. William Eaton of Warrenton, were no longer at Buck Spring. Somewhat deaf and subject to stomach and chests spasms, Nathaniel Macon knew that his days

were numbered. On the morning of January 29, 1837, he arose and dressas usual and went about his business on the plantation. At ten o'clock he was seized with a spasm and was carried to bed. In spite of this, he sent for his doctor, asked for his bill and paid it, called the undertaker and paid him in advance, arose, shaved and dressed, lay back down and gave instructions for carrying out his will. His will provided "dinner and grog" for all those who attended his funeral. He died at noon and the requests in his will were noted. Of the 1,500 people attending his funeral, not one went away hungry. According to directions, "He was buried beside his wife and son on a barren knoll near his home and his grave was covered with a stone." His explanation of this direction was that "no one would want the stone for building purposes and neither would people consider it worth while to cultivate such a poor piece of land." Although he cared for no monument, his memory has been honored by a North Carolina town, a North Carolina county, Georgia city and a Virginia college, Randolph Macon, all of which bear his name.

Only a man whose public service and personal life were above reproach, could live as serenely and die as peacefully as Nathaniel Macon. A few lines from one of Henry van Dyke's poems, mirror a picture of North Carolina's own statesman.

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely."

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 2, 1947

March 2—Robert Evans, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
March 4—Donald Edward Hall, Cottage No. 9, 13th birthday.
March 5—Edward Guinn, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
March 6—Hoyt Mathis, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
March 7—Ralph Tew, Cottage No. 4, 17th birthday.

YOUR HAND

(Upward)

Your hand is a wonderful creation. The extent to which it may be developed is marvelous. The magician can use his hands so expertly that the eye cannot follow their motion.

Or watch the hand of the musician. How wonderfully does he play his fingers across the keys without missing a note, and so fast one cannot follow the movements. How beautiful, graceful, and artistic is the hand of the musician!

Then, take the hand of the surgeon. How steady it must be; how true when it takes hold of the knife! Your life or mine may tomorrow depend upon the hand of the surgeon. Let that highly trained hand slip ever so little from the true course, and it may be fatal. The hand of the surgeon must not shake, it must not tremble, it must be true.

How beautiful then and useful is the hand. How marvelous with its palms and fingers and nerves! How senstive in touch, how godlike in motion! The hand was designed for us by an all-wise God and given to us in answer to a thousand needs.

Despite all our machinery, we still live by hand. Daily bread is still wrested from the soil with the hand. No machine will ever displace the human hand in making a livelihood.

Whatever the machine can do, the hand still must hold the throttle, press the button, or direct the course. Behind all commerce and toil and trade is a hand.

Even the fine arts depend upon the hand. When you select the finest article, instrument, or subject of art, it is invariably handmade. Machines cannot produce statues, paintings, mosaics and fine violins. That old violin worth forty thousand dollars was made by the hand of Stradivarius. That valuble piece of pottery or beautiful vase was made by hand. Machinery is used for quanity production. The hand is used for quality work.

With your hand you build or write or paint something that endures. Great documents of state are signed with the hand, not with typewriters. Famous old authors like Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray wrote volumes with the hand.

All the Gospels were written with the hand. God gave his messages to us through human hands, and the Bible itself is a handmade book.

The artist, Millet, was a poor man, he and his family often being hungry, with no food in sight, but he had a wonderful hand. It is told that one day he purchased a brush and some paint at a total cost of seventy-five cents and with his hands he gave us the Angelus, which, in the course of time, sold for $105,000. Thus, the hand has finacial value, too. No wonder musicians and artists have their hands heavily insured.

You also talk with your hand. With the hand you give signs of welcome, joy, distress or pain. With your hand, you welcome the stranger or turn him away. With your hand, you feed the beggar or drive him from your door.

Peter stood by the Gate Beautiful

and extend his hand to a crippled man. With his hand, he helped him to his feet, and the beggar understood the message of the extended hand. Others may not always understand what we say; our words may have no meaning for them, but they do understand when loving hands are put under them and they are lifted up. They understand this because the hand speaks the language of the heart.

Thus, we find that nearly all tender, loving service is a service of the hand. With the hand you protect the little child from falling, you steady the infirm or aged, and with the hand you carry your beloved to the last resting place.

Then, think of the touch of your mother's hand on your head. To us, that touch was as holy as an ordination. We still think at times that we can feel that touch, though she has been gone for years. How soothing, comforting, and consoling was that touch! Her hand had power in it! It drove away pain; it cooled fever. The touch of that hand was like medicine for me. It was balm and ointment and everlasting ordination into a life of right living. Never shall we forget that hand which worked and wrought so much for us while all the time pointing our childish footsteps toward the heights.

Your hand often does its best service in the handshake. Your handshake has heartened many people or else left them cold. It depends upon how you do it what you put into it. It is the expression of yourself. A good handshake has given many a person faith and hope in dark moments.

A buinessman was telling us why he gave so much to the new church building. Said he: "When I was a boy without money or friends, I came to this city hunting work. I was lonely. On Sunday I went to church. Mr. Graham met me at the door and shook my hand heartily. After service, he took me home with him, and the next day he helped me find a position. When I made some money through the years, and when the new building was erected I gave $10,000 on it. That amount was wrung out of me by Mr. Graham's handshake the first day I went to church."

It is with your hand, too, that you say farewell to your friends. Nothing on earth can be more beautiful than this. And when they start upon the long journey, the last thing we give them is the hand. Through the hand we give the heart.

Young people want to keep their hands beautiful, and this they should do. Your hand, however, is soiled most of all by sin, and it is made beautiful by service. The idle hand is never beautiful, however well manicured it may be; while the hand busy with being useful is always beautiful. We have seen hands wrinkled and broken by unselfish service which were perfectly beautiful.

When you look at your hands, what do you see about yourself? How have they been used? What are you doing with them today?

To say the least, your hand is divine. If it is a hand of service, it is a symbol of all that is sacred, something to be proud of forever.

INCOME RISES SHARPLY

(Mooresville Enterprise)

The commerce department's latest survey of current business shows incomes in the south to have risen faster than in any other part of the country during the 1940-45 period.

In the five-year span individual income payments in North Carolina increased 124 percent as compared with the national average gain of 99 per cent.

Individual annual income payments in the Tar Heel state climbed from $316 in 1940 to $732 in 1945, and include income from wages and salaries proprietors' income, income from property and other income.

Military payments such as family dependency allotments were an important element in this increase, but the expansion of nonmilitary payments from 1940 to 1945 exceeded the national average.

The south's war-period improvements are a continuation of its prewar developments, according to the survey. Income payments in North Carolina and other southern states in 1940 were 4 per cent higher than in 1929, in contrast to the 10 per cent decline for the rest of the country.

In the war period North Carolina's expanion of factory payrolls continued to exceed the national average, despite the substantially lesser importance of its war industry as compared with the already highly industrialized states in other parts of the nation.

During 1945 total factory pay rolls in the Tar Heel state were approximately 115 per cent higher than in 1940 and 101 per cent above 1940 average in the country as a whole.

The department does not attempt to explain or give any reasons for the south's industrial gains over other portions of the country, but economist and industrial engineers generally credit it to the fact that industries of the region are largely based on readily available raw materials that have heretofore been shipped to other areas for manufacturing industries in the Tar Heel state were relatively small in 1940, amounting to only $13,000,000 for that year. In 1943 they had climbed to $107,000,000, and reached $117,000,000, in 1944.

Although the department does not furnish figures for the full year of 1945, its report on war industries pay rolls for the last quarter of that year indicate continued gains, the fourth quarter pay rolls totaling $56,000,000, more than 50 per cent of the 1944 total.

Wages and salaries constituted income in North Carolina, with income from business in second position, while income from property was next and miscelaneous income was fourth largest.

The department, in breaking down these incomes by years, started with 1943 when total individual incomes in the Tar Heel state were $2,218,000,000. By 1945 this had climbed to $2,575,000,000, a gain of $375,000,000.

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

(Adapted from Margaret Hill, in Boys Today)

Who has not read the story of Robinson Crusoe, and been thrilled with it clear into the night? Near the hill road on Juan Fernandez Island, off the coast of Chile, South America, is a spot marked "Selkirk's Lookout," and a bronze tablet dedicated to the memory of a sailor who was born about two hundred and fifty years ago in Scotland. Alexander Selkirk was the real "Robinson Crusoe." He is the man who was left alone on the Island for four years and four months, and it is thought Daniel Defoe got his inspiration to write Robinson Crusoe from the account of his adventures.

When Alexander was a boy, he had dreams of being a sailor. His country had no navy for him to join, so he got work on a private ship bound for the South Seas. But he had a self-willed disposition, and when the ship anchored at the island of Juan Fernandez, Alexander insisted on going ashore. The captain of the ship said if he went ashore he would have to stay there, but Alexander took the challenge. No sooner was he off the ship than he regretted his hasty action, for he saw the island was barren and uninhabited. But the captain would not let him return to the ship, and the ship sailed away.

Alexander had taken some clothing ashore with him, and also his duffle-bag containing bedding, a gun, sea chest, a pound of gunpowder, flint and steel for starting fire, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, food enough for two meals, his Bible, and some books on mathematics and navigation. It did not take him long to satisfy his physical needs; learning to live without human companionship was far more difficult.

Within two days Alexander had started to build himself a hut, and had learned how to find and prepare shellfish for food. He also feasted on turtle meat.

The island was overrun with wild goats, cats, and rats. Alexander hunted the goats for food. After his gunpowder was gone, he chased the goats until he became such a fast runner that he could run uphill as fast as the swiftest goat.

The rats nibbled at his clothing and his toes while he was sleeping, so he tamed the cats for the purpose of catching the rats. When his clothing was worn out, he tacked dried goatskins together for garments. He made knives from iron hoops which he found among some wreckage drifted ashore.

At first Alexander was very lonesome, and wanted to die. But he decided to study his books on mathematics and navigation, and read his Bible. He had certain hours and a special place where each day he prayed aloud for a ship to come and rescue him.

When at last he saw a ship, he built a fire to draw the attention of the crew. It was the good ship "Duke," of which Captain Woods Rogers was the captain. They brought Alexander Selkirk back to civilization.

CONCERNING LAUGHTER

(The Alabama Baptist)

We remember that about twenty years ago the motion picture people in Hollywood suggested the month of January as National Laugh Month. The writer was glad then, and is still glad, that they did not make it a year. Since, as Solomon said, there is a time for everything, certainly there is a time to laugh and also a time not to laugh.

A real laugh that bubbles up suddenly and spontaneously from some well of humor that has just been touched is contagious and as helpful as a whiff of fresh air scented with the odor of violets. But unwholesome laughter is the abomination of desolation.

There is a vicious laugh but one need notice that only enough to avoid it. Some music is called "devil's music." And certainly there is a kind of devil's laughter. Sometimes laughter is meant to be mockery without limit. It is at the expense of another, or because of the ill fortune of another. There are children whose hearts have been broken and whose lives have been wrecked by laughter that was heartless. Merriment is medicinal—mockery is poisonous.

There is the sarcastic laugh too and this may be both sardonic and sadisitc. The hard laugh of the cynic is an echo from the pit. Every cynic is possessed of the superiority complex and he believes that laughing at what he calls the mental abberations of others places himself upon a higher pinnacle than they are.

But there is a brighter side to laughter for wholesome laughter relieves tension—both mental and bodily tension. As everyone knows, nature must have safety value. If pain is too intense, nature gives relief in a swoon. When a man laughs, his whole organism takes a momentary holiday and any such temporary freedom from strain is of the highest possible value.

It is perfectly well known that when one relaxes and laughs he eliminates dead tisues. When he cries he harbors toxin. It is more than probable that laughter and longevity go together.

The humor of a kindly heart, the friendly wit that is the bubbling over of a full humanity, the clean and sunny laugh that with its genial broadness rebukes one's narrow thought, the sane and tender smile that purges one's egotisms—these are but friends of man and through him to everything worthwhile in this sinning and selfish world.

———:———

It is said that, "all men are born equal," but the man of genius who is willing to develop his talents in the proper direction, does not remain long on equality with men of slothful habits.

—Abraham Lincoln.

THE PRAYER OF CADETS AT WEST POINT

(Selected-

"O God, our Father, Thou Searcher of men's hearts, help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. May our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship of Thee be natural.

"Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of hypocrisy and pretence ever to diminish. Encourage us in our endeavor to live above the common level of life.

"Make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half truth when the whole can be won.

"Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice and knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy. Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the sacred things of life.

"Grant us new ties of friendship and new opportunities of service. Kindle our hearts in fellowship with those of a cheerful countenance, and soften our hearts with sympathy for those who sorrow and suffer.

"May we find genuine pleasure in clean and wholesome mirth and feel inherent disgust for all coarseminded humour. Help us, in our work and in our play, to keep ourselves physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight, that we may the better maintain the honor of the Corps untarnished and unsullied, and acquit ourselves like men in our effort to realize the ideals of West Point in doing our duty to Thee and to our Country. All of which we ask in the name of the Great Friend and Master of men.—Amen."

———:———

There is nothing more important for the public weal than to form and train up youth in wisdom and virtue. Wise and good men are, in my opinion, the strength of a state, far more than riches and arms.—Franklin.

LOOK PLEASANT

By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper

"Now look pleasant, please." The photographer is the only person I know who can afford to tell his customers to look pleasant. How hurt and insulted we might be on entering a store if the proprietor said to us, "Look pleasant, please." But the photographer knows the value of those words. He knows that the customers want a good picture. He knows that a cheerful countenance in his pictures will mean more business for him, and that countenance will be satisfactory to those who had their pictures taken.

Have you ever had a talk with a photographer? Do not be surprised to have him tell you that everybody who comes into his studio is a professional poser. Everyone wants a good picture—that is their objective. He will tell you that everyone who comes in is primped up and poised; they are going through an ordeal. Boys and girls, men and women, go through the same ritual. All the mirrors are in demand, the ladies will finger hairdos, the men do the same if they have any hair. Each one seems to realize if anything is not right it will show in the picture. Some want their dimples to be in evidence, and they all want a smiling countenance, even though a perpetual frown has furrowed itself across their foreheads.

The camera clicks, the ordeal is over. In a few days the proofs are sent out; the people come in with them and say, "I do not like it, my friends say I look like a fright, and I want to sit again. Please do me justice this time." Finally the finished photos are made. What do we do with the pictures? Some go on the piano, some on the mantel. But they do not stay there very long. Soon they are taken off; a few get into the family album but eventually they are taken up to the attic with the other relics of the past. No one is judged very long by the photograph taken when he is all dolled up.

I like to think of the boy in the high school graduating class who had his picture taken. The proofs came; he looked at them and was flattered. He showed them to his little six-year-old sister, and she asked, "Brother, who sat for you?" He was deeply insulted. "What do you mean?" He demanded, losing his temper and becoming very mad. His sister looked at him and said, "If the photoghapher took your picture now I would know you."

We are all judged by the snapshots taken of us without prparation, on the spur of the moment, as we are. Somewhere behind your forehead there is a clicking mental camera and it is always taking pictures of someone else. We see and hear so much, and those mental cameras are always sizing people up. You size others up and they size you up. That is where we get our reputation, from the pictures taken when we are not aware of it. Those pictures you take of others and they take of you and me are the ones by which we are judged.

We are judged by our attitude in.

schoolroom, in the shop, on the athletic field. Never a moment passes that someone is not taking a mental picture of us, making a picture of our disposition, habits, behavior, judgment, cheerful moments and moments of depression, what we see and do, are all recorded in someone's mind. From those recordings a man's reputation is made, not from the studio portrait. We cannot stop people from using their mental cameras on us. Our pleadings cannot influence them.

Look well to your reputation. Remember your reputation is always built by right living, in the great world of the outdoors. There you stand or fall by what you are. The mental camera holds its print; let it be a worthy impression.

Every man carries his own bulletin board for every other man to read. On it are recorded what he writes himself. No man wants to be judged by the worst things he has ever done, but if he records them on his own bulletin board there is no one to blame but himself. No man has anything to fear if he lives up to the best that is in him.

THE SUPREME COURT

Linked with the history of our country is the story of the Supreme Court of the U. S. February 1, 1789 was its birthday. This third branch of the government was originally composed of five associate judges and a chief justice. They were named to office by the president George Washington, who spoke of this august body as "the keystone of our political fabric." And at that date the court was not invested with the power it holds today nor was it receiving the respect it does today.

The story of this nation's progress is influenced by the decisions of this highest court, it directing the procedures of the states and their people. At one time, as students, we learned that the Supreme Court can't make laws nor legislate them but that it can interpret, change or invalidate the laws according to their opinions. This is a potent power since personal beliefs enter into decisions although all such decisions are believed to be based on the Constitution. This means, consequently, that the Constitution can be changed by the force of this court. Appointed by the President, there may be a balance of power among the members. At all times, however, the position of a Supreme Court judge represents independence of belief, an obligation for fairness, lack of prejudice and strength of character. Naturally, since times change so does the interpretation of laws. But through the rise and fall of American situations, the judges must bear in mind their trust and through combined efforts continue to preserve the people's rights.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

PRODIGAL WITH LIFE

(Mooresville Enterprise)

The tragic death of Grace Moore, one of the world's outstanding singers, serves to emphasize the prodigality of the modern world with human life. The thousands killed in short spaces of time during the war gave us some shock, but even then those who were far removed from the battlefields were not greatly disturbed. The toll of lives by automobiles and planes makes the loss greater than deaths in the war, yet somehow we fail to be impressed.

There ought to be a lot of investigations. Those who serve the public in transportation owe it to that public to safeguard the lives of those who travel. For many years accidents in train travel, work in coal mines, and in many industrial plants brought about public demands for safety in these areas. The results are that accidents were greatly reduced in all of these. This newest mode of travel has had such a large number of accidents that it has aroused the suspicion of many that perhaps there is more to it than the inevitable mechanical breakdowns almost certain to occur. If there is any thing possible to secure greater safety it should be done. We are already to prodigal with human lives.

Grace Moore is another typical example of the privileges one enjoys who lives in a genuine Democracy. She was born in little place called Slabtown, in Tennessee. She began a great musical career singing in a small Baptist Church. She ended this earthly life as a world citizen, and as a renowned singer, known and loved by people the world over.

Her talents moved her into classical circles, but there was something in the quality of her voice, and in her acting on the screen which reached and touched the great mass of people. Characteristic of great artists, she was at times temperamental, but she never lost touch with the people whose music and art comes through the less classical avenues. She will be mourned in her passing by kings and common folks alike.

Don't make yourself the prophet of doom. The man who keeps saying it can't be done often finds himself interrupted by someone doing it. The man who lives for himself is a falure. No measure of wealth or power can make him otherwise. Only those who live for others achieve success.—Henry Ward Beecher.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

By J. W. Hines

On Sunday, February 23rd, the the guest speaker who delivered the message at the afternoon service at the Jackson Training School, was Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord. He read for the Scripture Lesson from the fourth chapter of Paul's letter to the Philippians, beginning with the eighth verse and continued through the thirteenth verse. He based his message on the 13th verse—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Rev. Mr. Moore told the boys that he himself could do nothing, but that there is a power that strengthens us. He said, "By His strength I can suffer anything, because of Him." He said that is the real secret of life, that we have nothing about which to brag, and that there is more power from which our strength to do things comes.

The speaker told of the life of Beethoven, who could get more out of a piano to cheer the hearts of others than anyone else. He said that Beethoven was incurably deaf at the age of 25 or 26, after he had already become famous in music. Now he could not hear music. He wept and was disappointed, because the doctors could not cure his deafness. He had already been disappointed, because of poverty, because of small physique, and because of his facial appearance due to smallpox. Beethoven received a terrible disappointment, but he said, "I cannot see my music but I can write music for others." In a lonely garret room, he wrote music. One day he was called to play before the king and queen of Austria. Great people came to hear him. It was the story of his own life set to music—his disappointments, trials, and troubles and also his strength, peace, and joy.

This story taught the boys that a deaf man of peasant birth had won a great victory. He had not let his last dream be defeated. He had written some of the most beautiful music the world had ever known.

In closing, the speaker pointed out that Paul, too, had learned how to conquer. He gave us the secret to an inner peace. He pointed out that there is no boy who hasn't had disappointment. He asked the question, "What are you going to do in time of affliction and disappointment?" He advised the boys to talk it over with God.

While the new order is destroying itself, a new relationship of men and nations is already beginning its slow but sure evolution. Its name is "Brotherhood;" its method "Cooperation."

—Prime Minister King of Canada.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

He has half the deed done, who has made a beginning.—Horace.

—:—

I have never been hurt by anything I didn't say.—Calvin Coolidge.

—:—

It is better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.—Gibbs.

—:—

Make the most of yourself, for that's all there is of you.—Emerson.

—:—

Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive.
—Scott.

—:—

If a man be endowed with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

—:—

Our friends see the best in us, and by that very fact call forth the best from us.—Black.

—:—

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good-nature.—Montaigne.

—:—

The test of every religious, political or educational system is the man that it forms.—Amiel.

—:—

Dictatorship is like a great beech tree—nice to look at, but nothing grows under it.—Stanley Baldwin.

—:—

The longer you gaze at a difficulty, the bigger it looks. Tackle it at first sight, and lick it.—Elbert Hubbard.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.
—Alphonse Karr.

Many good purposes and intentions lie in the churchyard.—Phillip Henry.

—:—

Most of the critical things in life, which become the starting points of human destiny, are little things.
—Roy Smith.

—:—

When you have a number of disagreeable duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable first.
—Josiah Quincy.

—:—

If we did but know how little some people enjoy the great things which they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—Young.

—:—

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—Holmes.

—:—

There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.—Emerson.

—:—

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—Bulwer-Lytton.

—:—

The ease, the luxury, and the abundance of the highest state of civilization are as productive of selfishness as the difficulties and privations of the lowest.—Colton.

—:—

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of of the distingushing vices of the lowest and basest of people. Wherever it ance and meaness.—Jones of Nayland. is found, it is a certain mark of ignor-

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A lot of people who never took music lessons can fiddle around.

—:—

The man who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth rarely makes much stir with it.

—:—

A pessimist is a person who, when given the choice between two evils, chooses both of them.

—:—

A beauty parlor in Philadelphia has this sign in the window: "Don't whistle at the girl leaving here. She may be your grandmother."

—:—

A cute shopper asked the floorwalker: "Do you have 'notions' on this floor?" He replied: "Yes, ma'am, but we have to suppress them during working hours."

—:—

There are three kinds of kickers—mules, shotguns and men. The mule kicks because he was born that way; the shotgun kicks because it was made that way; men kick because it is a right granted them by the Constitution.

—:—

In the last days of the war, the Japanese radio reached heights of almost hysterical confusion. One commentator, attempting to describe a great naval victory, shrieked into the micraphone: "Much damage was done to the American convoy. The extent has not yet been determined, as none of our planes have returned."

A restaurant proprietor had little money for advertising purposes, so he bought an enormous fish bowl, filled it with water, and put it in his window with a sign: "Invisible goldfish from Patagonia." Policemen were called to keep the gaping crowds moving.

A bunch of germs were hitting it up in the bronchial saloon. Two bugs on the edge of the larnyx were jazzing a ragtime tune; while back of the teeth in a solo game, sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo, and watching him admiringly was his light-o'-love, that lady that's known as Flu.

—:—

A man failed to remove his hat when he entered a church, and was presently sighted by a horrified deacon, who quietly called the man's attention to his apparent forgetfulnes The man explained that he had been worshipping in that church for three years without anyone speaking to him, and he thought the hat might do the trick.

—:—

A father whose son was in college, received the following note from the boy: "Dear Dad—Gue$$ what I need mo$t. That'$ right! $end it along. Be$t wi$hes. Your $on, Ru$$." The old gentleman replied: "Dear Russ—NOthing ever happens here. We kNOw you like the school. Write us aNOther letter soon. Tim was asking about you at NOon. NOw we have to say goodbye."

—:—

An economist is a man who begins by knowing very little about a great deal and gradually gets to know less and less about more and more until he finally gets to know practically nothing about everything.

Whereas, a statistician, on the other hand, begins by knowing a great deal about a very little and gradually gets to know more and more about less and less until he finally gets to know practically everything about nothing.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of February 23, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Robert Billings
William Epps
Jack Griffin
Roger Ivey
Marion Ray
Carl Rice
Charles Smith
J. W. Sorrell
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE **No. 1**

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
J. Paul Church
Carl Church
Horace Collins
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE **No. 2**

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Carlton Pate
William Phillips
Marion Ross
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd

COTTAGE **No. 3**

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE **No. 4**

Glenn Baumgardner
Glenn Cunningham
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Lacy Overton
Clifton Shull

COTTAGE **No. 5**

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE **No. 6**

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyon
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Eugene McLean
Bobby Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
William Ussery
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE **No. 7**

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Ralph Gassoway
Edward Gwinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Eugene Murphy
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey

Robert Shepherd
Franklin Stover
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Corley
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Donnie Grantham
William Holder
Donald Hall
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
Carl Jenkins
James Norton
Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
James Upright
James Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
George Ammens
Arthur Ballew
Ted Clonch
R. L. Crawford
Edward Guffey
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Hoyt Mathis
Clifford Millian
J. C. Mikeal
James Moore
Sile Orr
Ray Roberts
Donald Stultz
Robert Trout
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Leslie Gautier
William Guffey
Miley Gunter
Luther Hull
Edward Morgan
James Phillips
James Reynolds
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Carswell
Leroy Cowan
Edward Grant

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Smith
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
Charles Farmer
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Howard Herman
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
Herman Kirby
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Perry Martin
Donald Moose
Robert Phillips
Robert Poplin
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 8, 1947 No. 10

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MAR 10 '47
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE CLIMB

There's a beautiful view at the top of the hill,
If the will be yours to climb.
There's always a lift, and a rift in the clouds
To disclose the peaks sublime.
The road may be rough;
You may blow and puff;
But never you mind, you'll be scaling the bluff,
Then yours is the view at the top of the hill,
If you've but the will to climb.

—James McGregor Beatty.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-9
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		10
BILLIONS FOR UNNECESSARY ITEMS; SCHOOLS SHABBILY TREATED	By Rob Riley	12
LIVINGSTONE AND CENTRAL AFRICA	(Clinical Excerpts)	14
THE KING'S EMERALD	(Author Unknown)	17
THE HERITAGE OF THE HANDS	By Joseph Faus	19
DIVORCE RATE RISES TO RECORD HIGH	(Mooresville Enterprise)	21
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		24
FORWARD MARCH	By Edward W. Hill	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a mighty ship
That weathers many gales,
And leaves a blessing to the world
In every place it sails.
It helps the dreary, cheers the sad,
And drives dark clouds away;
It gives a helping hand to those
Who've fallen by the way.

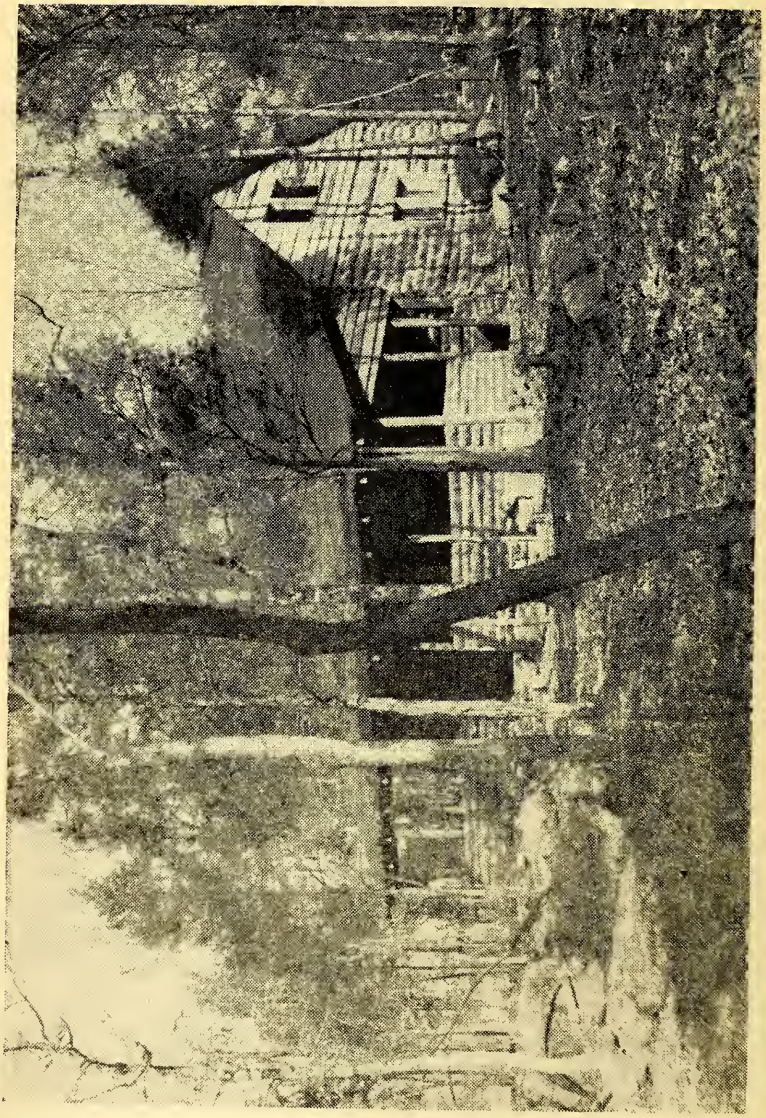
Friendship is a blessed ship
That's full of peace and love,
And carries sunshine everywhere,
From God's own blessed above,
And makes the world a better place—
E'en more like heaven sweet—
And helps to smooth the pathway out
For weary pilgrims' feet.

—Walter E. Isenhour.

———:———

WILDWOOD COTTAGE

Efforts have been made from time to time to broaden the scope of the recreational activities and facilities here at the school. We find that the more diversified the program of activities, the richer the program is, and also that the quality and quantity of the facilities behind the program are the things that enable the program to reach and help a large number of boys. In line with this broadening phase of the recreational program, it was decided to build a cottage or cabin for the boys to use on camping trips and similar outings. This decision was reached only after experimenting with camping trips, hikes and other outings. The boys' reactions were very favorable; they enjoyed the trips; it helped their morale; it provided a pleasant



"Wildwood Cottage," Our New Recreation Center.

break in institutional routine; and, best of all, it gave them some idea of a wholesome way of enjoying life.

After the decision to build was made, ways and means were discussed. The state had not appropriated any money for such a purpose; spring and summer farm work needed to be done; the carpenter shop force would be busy building a shed and barn for beef cattle. In the face of these obstacles, the boys of the Receiving Cottage voted to work on the cottage in their play time. It was also decided to use the materials that were at hand for the building, such as logs from the woods for the walls, scrap lumber for sheathing, and such other second-hand materials from torn down buildings as could be used, also any donations that we might receive from interested friends of the school.

The school had in years gone by purchased a small tract of land south of the school on Coddle Creek for a pumping station; however, it had never been used for this purpose, as the school later on entered into an agreement with the City of Concord for a water supply. This left the tract of land on Coddle Creek idle. The tract is a wooded rocky knoll overlooking Coddle Creek and is a beautiful location for a cabin of this type.

The boys of the Receiving Cottage immediately set to work in their play time, cutting and peeling pine logs for the main building. After getting the logs cut and racked in the shade to cure, they cleaned off the undergrowth, dug and rocked up an old spring, leveled off and built the foundation. Then came the job of notching and putting up the logs. As this work was all done in play time, progress was prolonged and slow. It was started in the spring of 1946 and the logs were up by early fall.

The carpenter shop force then found time to put a roof on the building. In the fall, the work was practically at a standstill, due to the rush of the harvest season. During the Christmas holidays and since, work has gone on at a faster pace. The walls are daubed, the chimney and fireplace finished, part of the windows put in, a stairway built to the large upstairs bedroom, logs cut and peeled for a kitchen and small bedroom, and these logs at present are partly up. So far the floors for the building have not been constructed as there is no money available for the necessary materials.

The plans for the finished cottage call for a main living or recreation room, 24 feet by 30 feet, with a large fireplace. Above the living room is a bedroom, 24 feet by 30 feet. Across the front of the cottage is a porch, 12 feet by 30 feet. A room at the west end of this porch is the kitchen, 14 feet by 16 feet, and adjoining the kitchen is a bedroom, 10 feet by 16 feet, to be used by the man and his wife accompanying the boys on their camping trips. The finished plans call for the front porch to be screened in and to have a concrete floor. This screened porch may also be used as a dining room. Plans also call for the building to be wired for electricity so that it can be used more often by cottage groups.

The cottage sets on a rocky knoll facing the creek to the south. Ample shade will be provided by a grove of hickory, oak and maple trees. The grounds nearby are made beautiful by a natural surrounding of native trees, such as dogwood, cedar, black haw and red bud.

During the month of February a contest was held at the school to choose a name for the cabin. Each boy was permitted to submit his choice of a name. There was much interest in the contest and the judges had a hard job deciding on the best one submitted. The judges, one of the school teachers and two of the matrons, finally decided on the name, "Wildwood Cottage" as being most appropriate. One of the first grade boys, James Wilson, of Cottage No. 2, submitted the winning name, and was given a one-pound box of Norris chocolates as a prize.

We hope to have the building ready for use by the summer months of this year, but there remains much to be done. The progress of the building is held up by lack of funds and the inclement weather. Even after the building is completed, there will still be the problem of furnishing and equipping it to take care of approximately thirty people on a camping trip.

Special recognition and thanks should go to the people who have made the building possible so far by their interest, donations and cooperation, as follows: Concord Lions Club, a contribution of $25.00; F. A. Williams, of Wingate, donation of building stone for fireplace and hearth; S. G. Hawfield, for his cooperation, interest and moral support. Thanks should go to those boys of the Receiving Cottage

who donated their play time and labor when they knew they would be leaving the institution and would not receive any of the benefits from their work.

This cottage, when completed, will fill a need at the school. It will help in providing worthwhile recreation at the school and be a very pleasant break in the routine of institutional life. It will give the boys some idea of wholesome ways of enjoying life. It will help make their stay at the school more pleasant, boost their morale, and provide an outlet for their boyish energy.

Any contribution that any individuals or organizations make would be appreciated. It would be used to help finish and furnish the building. The donor of such a gift would know that his or her contribution would be helping the boys at the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * *

THIS WAY UPWARD

It is not unusual that teachers, preachers, and other adult leaders of youth proclaim frequently that the doors of opportunity are wide open to those who aspire to great things in life. It is explained that any boy or girl who really wants to attain fame and honor in some high position can do it if he or she wants to hard enough. This is usually done in order to stimulate and inspire the youngsters to look ahead in life with the hope of completing high school and eventually graduating from a higher institution of learning. Thus it is that great things are predicted for the oncoming youth. This is as it should be.

After all, it is the duty and the function of those in adulthood to inspire the youth and to point out the possibilities that lie ahead. It is their grave responsibility to enable the boys and girls of the rising generation to catch visions of all the potentialities of successful living. To a very large degree the minds of the youth are conditioned by their elders toward the higher ideals of life and toward fame and fortune. No teacher or parent is fulfilling his or her obligation who is not actively propagandizing for the noblest achievements of life.

On the other hand, it is a sad commentary to say that only a very small percentage of those who complete college ever reach very high

positions of honor or achieve as they had hoped to do. Someone has said that only about ten per cent of those who finish college ever reach positions of high honor or make great accomplishments in life. This means, of course, that very few of those who stop at the elementary or high school level ever advance very far.

Someone has explained that the chief reason why so many people fail to achieve great things is that they cease their education, or they stop growing once they have completed their formal education. The tendency for too many people is that they become self-satisfied and fail to continue their education beyond the day of their graduation. A great many people, unfortunately, subscribe heartily to the theory that once a person reaches adulthood or passes middle life, it is no longer possible for him to learn as he could in his youth. To those who know better, this is a falacious theory. By scientific experiment it has been proved beyond doubt that people in good health, even when they are sixty years old or more, can learn as quickly and as permanently as they would in their youth.

Someone has aptly explained the necessary formula for continued growth and development in life by saying that the essentials necessary for continued growth are industry, ambition and perseverance. The person who has in his life these three characteristics has the necessary ingredients for making a successful career. Too frequently people have hoped that fame and good fortune would come to them gratis, and they have sought to evade the necessity of paying the price for success. They have thus deluded themselves throughout their lifetime with a false hope.

Benjamin Franklin at one time expressed a profound truth in these words:

> Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains. He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, at the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while idleness and neglect increase them.

Furthermore, the ambition or desire to get ahead is a fundamental need for success. No person has ever improved himself or gotten

ahead in the world who did not aspire to greater things and who did not have an unquenchable ambition to rise to higher heights. This does not mean, however, that a person should be unscrupulous, nor that he should be so selfish in his ambition that he will trample upon the rights of others, but that he would have a wholesome conception of an ambition that would lead him on to superior accomplishments. One of the great curses of the world is that so many people are satisfied in their lives with mediocrity, when they could achieve superiority.

Finally, it should always be remembered that perseverance is a virtue that is unsurpassed in its worth and value. It is easy for almost any person to do things well for a short period of time, but, after all, there is no substitute for the ability to stick to any task through thick and thin and through rain and sunshine, and through the hours of darkness and good fortune as well.

Someone has aptly said that "no road is too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; and no honors are too distant for the man who prepares himself for them with patience."

Another person has wisely said: "Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance. He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 9, 1947

March 9—Jerry Ray, Indian Cottage, 16th birthday.
March 9—Harold Kernodle, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.
March 10—David Hill, Cottage No. 13, 14th birthday.
March 11—Robert Thompson, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
March 11—Ransom Edwards, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
March 12—Marcus Hefner, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
March 12—Donald Branch, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
March 13—Clyde Smith, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
March 15—James Robert Hunt, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

An Interesting Scrapbook

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Mr. Sofness, one of the leaders in the B. T. U. work at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, has made a very interesting scrapbook about the British Isles. He collected many pictures and articles about many places that he saw while he was in the army over there. There are pictures of Belfast, Edinburgh and London, as well as other places. They are beautiful pictures.

Mr. Sofness brings the scrapbook with him to the B. T. U. meetings, because there is a story in it of an English missionary, and he is reading about the life of this missionary to us each Sunday.

Mr. Hines showed the scrapbook to some of the eighth grade boys, because it is right along the line of our work in school. Bobby Jarvis, Talmadge Duncan and I enjoyed looking at the scrapbook very much. We are doing some special work about the British Isles.

B. T. U. Meeting-Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

At the beginning of our meeting last Sunday afternoon, we sang two songs, after which Mr. Puckett gave a talk. After that, we went to our classroom for our group meetings.

In our group meeting, we had a sword drill on the Scripture. The boys who were in this Bible Sword Drill were the following: Glenn Evans (who won by the score of 40 correct answers), James Dunn (who got 35 answers right), Harold Kernodle, Clifton Rhodes, Eugene Martin, and J. D. Gupton.

We all enjoyed this meeting very much.

B. T. U. Meeting—Junior Group II

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We sang a song, "He Keeps Me Singing." Then our leader told us a story of a preacher. Then we sang another song, "I Would Be Like Jesus." Mr. Crowder gave us some questions to answer. We had a story read to us at the last of the program.

B. T. U. Meeting Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

In the absence of Mr. Sofness, the leader of one of the Junior Groups, both of the Junior Groups of the B. T. U. had their program together. Mr. Crowder was in charge of the lesson.

Baseball Pictures

By William Jenkins, 6th Grade

On Friday, February 21st, we saw two shows about baseball. One of them was "Circling the Bases," and the other was"World Series of 1944." The latter showed the game between the St. Louis Browns and the St. Louis Cardinals. The former picture showed how to tag bases, how to steal

bases, and how to run properly from base to base. I am sure all the boys enjoyed this picture.

More Boys Released

By Billy Jenkins, 6th Grade

Recently, several boys have gone home. They had made good records, and we hope that they will do their best. The boys who went home, their grades and home towns are as follows: Eugene Murphy, fifth grade, Murphy; William Ussery, seventh grade, Hamlet; Charles Bryant, seventh grade, Waynesville; William Phillips, seventh grade, Durham; Robert Phillips, fifth grade, Durham; and Howard Herman, eighth grade, Lenoir.

———:———

GOOD WILL IN ACTION

Singing hymns about goodwill and talking about goodwill is not enough; we must take the next step—we must put goodwill into action.

Goodwill in action is a dynamic way of life.

Goodwill in action means reaching out and up toward the best in life. It means thinking the most inspiring thoughts; expressng the finest emotions; acting the noblest parts.

Goodwill in action means the heroic conquest of fear, anger, jealousy, hate and all the other negatives that poison the mind.

Goodwill in action means the bigness to forgive and forget the wrongs done us; it means raising our mental-sights above the impulse to retaliate.

Goodwill in action means radiating thoughts of faith and love and fellowship toward those with whom we live and work.

Goodwill in action means seeing the good in everyone and helping others to grow and expand their personalities.

Goodwill in action means being a good sport; it means cheering the winners even when we lose.

Goodwill in action means teamwork; it means helping, not hindering our fellow-workers in reaching all worthy goals; it means shoulders to the wheel in a common cause.

Goodwill in action means an attitude of tolerance and understanding toward men of every faith and race.

Goodwill in action means stepping into the other fellow's shoes and looking at his problems through his eyes.

Goodwill in action means putting God on both sides of the table whenever men confer.

Goodwill in action means rolling up our sleeves, and putting the ideals of the Master to work in the world.

—Wilferd A. Peterson.

BILLIONS FOR UNNECESSARY ITEMS BUT SCHOOLS SHABBILY TREATED

By Bob Riley, in Masonic News Digest

Citizens of the United States spend more money each year for chewing gum than they do for public education.

The same statement is true of candy, tobacco, liquor, motion picture shows, and dozens of other equally unnecessary items for whichs the American public has acquired a taste—or a habit and upon which they squander vast sums which might well be put to better purposes. It seems to be characteristic of human nature that people will pamper their appetites even if they must sacrifice some essential to do so. While we satify the desires of our bodies, more often than not with things that are definitely detrimental to our health and well-being, the needs of the mind and the spirit are left to struggle along practically on a "catch-as-catch-can" basis. The movies and the saloons can flowish with incomes in the billions, but the church and the school must fight for survival on a mere pittance. And we acknowledge these facts—by our attitudes, if not in so many words. Without a whimper we part with large proportions of our income to indulge ourselves in the pleasures of the flesh; but our taxes, for the maintenance of public education are given only after "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." To our everlasting disgrace we have to admit that, in terms of money spent, the training of the citizens of the future, the education of those upon whom we must depend to correct the errors we have made, and to clean up the messes into which we have plunged both our national and our international affairs, is of less importance to us than a stick of chewing gum or a "shot" of bourbon.

Our faces should be red!

Many have complained and continue to complain, that our system of education is inefficient, that our teachers are unprepared and unqualified, that our schools do not prepare the children to meet the problems of life and of making a living. Much of this criticism is well founded. But what should one expect? It has long been an axiom in every field of business that "cheap help is, in the long run, the most expensive help one can hire." It simply does not "pay" to put anyone on a job who cannot get that job done. Business men have learned this fact that there is only one way to get the efficency they demand—that is to invest their capital in adequate equipment, and then pay, in wages and salaries, sufficient money to attract prepared and competent persons who can get the most out of that equipment. The lesson we all must learn is that these same rules apply, with even added force, to the education of our children. If the schools are to accomplish what we want them to accomplish, they must have competent instruction. These things cost money—money which we have, so far, been

too short-sighted to supply, but which we MUST supply if we are to avoid a complete breakdown of our social order and utter chaos in the next generation.

THREE KINDS OF BOYS

In all groups there are three kinds of boys. First there is the boy who is a help. He is the one who takes a keen interest in the whole concern. He feels that he is a part of the set-up, and takes pride in it. Every now and then he suggests some improvement. Often he does more than he is expected to do. When he is given a job to do, he doesr not enlarge on the difficulties or the responsibility of it. He just pitches in and does it. He really feels proud when he hears his cottage praised.

Secondly, there is the boy who is a habit. He is a good worker. He takes an interest, more or less, in his job, but seldom concerns himself in the least about the whole concern or the cottage. He has learned to do one thing and does it reasonably well. His work is all a matter of habit. He hates to be shifted from one job to another. He lacks drive. He is a good man, but he has nailed himself down to a routine and sees anything outside that routine as a nuisance rather than an opportunity.

The third type is the boy who is a hindrance. He is the one who dislikes his job. He does not want to work, and he almost feels a grievance against anyone who gives him a chance to help better his lot. He never has a good word for anyone or anything. He is strong on objecting, great on refusing, marvelous on criticising, but weak on doing. He is against everything that spells an effort. He can't take it. He never takes correction in good spirit; instead he walks off with a growl. He is a boy who can never be promoted or advanced. He is a hindrance.

Where do you come in? You can take your choice.

—Hilitop Hubbub.

LIVINGSTONE AND CENTRAL AFRICA

(Clinical Excerpts)

David Livingstone was born March 19, 1813, in the factory village of Blantyre, Scotland. He had few economic advantages and a far harder struggle to obtain an education. When only ten years of age he had to go to work in the cotton mills; but he took his books to the factory with him and utilized every odd moment for study. After working from six in the morning until eight at night, he went to an evening school maintained for the mill children. Progress under such circumstances could not be rapid; but by the time he reached the age of 23, Livingstone had saved a little money and acquired sufficient education to qualify for entrance to Glasgow University. His aim was to become a medical missionary and at Glasgow he embarked on both medical and theologic courses. After two years he offered himself to the London Missionary Society and was accepted as a candidate, so that during the latter half of his university course he was assisted by that organization. He took his medical degree in November, 1840, and in the following month sailed from England for missionary service in Africa.

Before leaving England he had made the acquaintance of Robert Moffatt, a pioneer missionary who had long been carring on his work at Kuruman, Bechuanaland, on the edge of an immense area of completely unexplored territory. To this station Livingstone was assigned and a few years later he married Moffatt's daughter, Mary.

During his first years in Africa, Livingstone began to evolve a new conception of the manner in which he could be of greatest service as a missionary. He soon came to believe that his proper work was not to settle down and slowly win a limited number of converts, but to open up new territory into which Christianity and civilization might penetrate. This became his guiding motive throughout the rest of his life. "A naturalist and a physician," says a medical commentator on Livingstone's career, W. Cameron Blair, "he (Livingstone) must have deemed it as futile to sit down among one little parochial pagan tribe as it would be to treat a rash without any regard to the systemic derangement of which it was a symptom."

Livingstone possessed an extraordinary faculty for winning the confidence and cooperation of the African natives. This is the more remarkable inview of the fact that he was not adept in dealing with men of his own race. His medical skill also won friends among the Negroes. Sometimes, however, they expected too much of him, as in the case of a chief who said, "I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud proud and angry, angry always." Livingstone, taking his words in a symbolic sense, began to speak of the power of faith, but the chief interrupted. "Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine, to drink and have it changed at once."

Livingstone's travels in Africa were so extensive that no detailed account of them can be given within the limits of a brief article. It has been estimated that over a period of more than thirty years he traversed about 29,000 miles in Africa, mostly in territory never before penetrated by white men.

His first notable achievement was the crossing of the Kalahari Desert and the discovery of Lake Ngami. The Kalahari had been called the southern counterpart of the Sahara, but Livingstone showed that its extent was much less than that of the northern desert and that it was confined to the western half of the continent. In this and subsequent journeys, Livingstone demonstrated that southern tropical Africa was a fertile and populous region, where agriculture and trade flourished, watered by large rivers and containing many great lakes.

Between 1852 and 1856 Livingstone traversed the breadth of Africa from west to east, exploring the great waterways of the upper Zambesi River and discovering the now famous Victoria Falls. This journey provided for the first time a basis for an accurate understanding of the river systems and the general form of the entire southern portion of the continent.

This great effort, during which Livingstone had driven himself mercilessly, was followed by a return to Great Britain for the first time since he had sailed as an unknown young missionary-doctor fifteen years before. News of his achievements had preceded him, so that on landing he found himself a national figure and the object of enthusiastic acclaim. Reunited with his wife and children, who, because of ill health had gone to England in 1851, Livingstone enjoyed an interlude of peace and happiness. He was not idle, however; instead he was hard at work on his book, "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa."

Livingstone's views of the functions of a missionary had not always been in full accord with those of the London Missionary Society and while at home he decided to sever his connection with the organization and to accept an appointment from the government to explore the region of the lower Zambesi with a view to determining the nature of its resources as a field for settlement and commerce. He was given the rank of consul and a number of capable men were appointed to serve under him. The party sailed from Liverpool on March 10, 1858.

In spite of its hopeful beginning, this expedition proved more disappointing than previous ones undertaken with fewer resources. Constant bickering went on among Livingstone's European subordinates, the boat provided for the navigation of the Zambezi proved defective, and there was serious trouble with slave raiders, against whose appalling depredations Livingstone had taken an uncompromising stand. Yet much new geographic information was obtained and the long-sought Lake Nyasa was discovered.

After another visit to England, Livingstone returned to Africa under the auspices of the government and with aid from the Geographic Society. The scientific aim of the journey was the ascertainment of the watershed in the region between Nyasa and Tanganyika, but Livingstone was also to work

for the suppression of the slave trade.

Livingstone set out into the interior with a company of sepoys and Africans, and with camels, buffalos, mules and donkeys; but he encountered one disaster after another and this cortegy gradually melted to four or five faithful followers. The explorer was robbed of his supplies and finally of his most essential possession, his medicine chest. Attacked by malaria and dysentery and without drugs, exhausted by illness and hardship, the outlook seemed hopeless; but at this juncture Stanley arrived bringing aid. Instead of returning to civilization with his rescuer, Livingstone preferred to remain where he was until Stanley could send men and supplies to continue his explorations. These arrived in due time, and Livingstone attempted to go on. But his dysentery returned, his strength gradually failed, and on the morning of May 1, 1873, his men found him kneeling by the side of his bed, dead.

There followed a striking testimonial to the reverence this man was capable of inspiring in the African among whom he had spent the best years of his life. His followers would not permit him to be buried. "Oh, no," they told the head man of the village where Livingstone died, "very big man; cannot bury here." His heart they buried, but his body they embalmed as best they could and they bore it all the long and difficult journey to the coast. Thence it was sent to England and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among Britian's greatest sons.

SOLDIER OF PEACE

"Nations must guide their destiny by the light of the stars, not by that from other ships."

Phrases like this fell from the lips of Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Veterans' Administrator, appearing before the Council on World Affairs in Cleveland, Ohio, recently. Bradley, whom the admiring General Eisenhower has called his brains, showed himself to be a top-flight military man who could preach the spiritual necessities of peace.

"Unless we walk this earth in the company of other men from others nations, any refuge that we seek alone will become our tomb. We have finished the last great war where natural barriers can serve as effective defense."

On the much-debated matter of international control of the atom bomb he said:

"If nations contend that international control and inspection would infringe on sovereign rights, I reply that it is a cheap price to pay for peace."

This man exemplifies the highest ideal of the soldier, namely that he fights for the sake of peace, not wars. He is more than a soldier. He brings world vision to his strategy, and points this with spiritual values.—Exchange.

THE KING'S EMERALD

(Author Unknown)

Rupert stood by the side of the road watching an unusual number of people hurry past. At length he saw someone he knew, little Giovanni, who came to play with him sometimes. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" Rupert asked.

Giovanni paused and gazed at him in surprise. "Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"I have heard nothing," Rupert answered eagerly. "What is the news?"

"Why, the king has lost his royal emerald! Yes, the king's emerald," Giovanni went on. "Yesterday he attended a wedding of the nobility and wore the emerald on the slender golden chain around his neck. In some way the emerald became loosened from the ring that held it to the chain, and it must have dropped on the road. All the countryside is searching, for the king has offered a reward of ten pieces of gold to the one who finds it. Come, we must hurry."

"But I cannot go without asking grandmother," Rupert faltered.

"Then I cannot wait. Who knows but what I might be the one to find the emerald!"

Rupert's eyes sparkled as he hurried back to the cabin at the edge of the woods. How splendid it would be to find the precious gem, and earn not only the reward of ten pieces of gold, but the gratitude of the king as well! His feet fairly flew over the ground.

"The king has lost his emerald, Grandmother," Rupert almost shouted, "he offers ten pieces of gold to the one who finds it. If I could go and find it, we could leave this hut with its dampness, and buy a piece of high land up on the hillside."

His grandmother shook her head. "What would the sheep do?" she asked. "Already they are restless in the pen. You must take them into the fields to feed them on green grass, and do not forget to take them to water when the sun shines high in the heavens."

Very sorrowfully Rupert drove the sheep from the pen and into the woods. If only he could have helped in the search for the emerald! "Other boys have their chances, but I never do," he said sadly. "There's always something that I must do—the sheep to herd, or the sticks to gather for the fire, or the weeds to pull!"

But sad and disappointed as he felt, he was gentle with the stupid sheep, and when the sun was high in the heavens, he drove them to the brook in the woods.

Rupert sat down on a large stone by the stream. "If I could only have had a chance to look for the king's emerald!" Turning his head to gaze down into the sandy bottom of the brook, suddenly he stared into the water. What was it? It couldn't be! He leaped into the water, and his gripping fingers held something that was green with delicate threads of yellow, slender strands of gold woven into a crest.

"The king's emerald!" shouted Ru-

pert. "It must have been flung from the chain when the king was crossing the bridge on the highway, and the water washed it here. I have found the king's emerald!"

With shining eyes Rupert ran to his grandmother's hut to tell her of his great find. "Bless you, my boy," she said, "but you never would have found the emerald if you had not been doing your duty in herding the sheep." And Rupert knew that this was the truth.

THE CHILD

There have been many articles and editorials about the teacher shortage and the chief reason for this shortage—inadequate pay. Practically all of the editorials that we have seen favored more pay for the teachers. They were all unanimous in their contention that the present pay is too low and that the General Assembly of 1947 should do something about the matter. To this we heartily agree.

In the arguments for a higher salary schedule for teachers, however, most advocates give us the reason the relief that such pay will give to the teacher shortage or to the underpaid teachers themselves. To this we also heartily agree.

But there is another and more fundamental reason why the salaries of teachers should be increased, and that is the child. A higher salary schedule for teachers will attract a higher type of person to the profession. Where we have a mediocre teacher now with little or no college training, we might have a better teacher if the salaries paid teachers had been more attractive in recent years. And it would not have been necessary to call back into service those persons with lower certificates or none at all.

The child is the one who is suffering on account of this situation. It is estimated that one out of every six chldren will be the victim of an incompetent teacher. This, then, is where the greatest harm is done. The child is the victim.—N. C. Public School Bulletin.

THE HERITAGE OF THE HANDS

By Joseph Faus, in Sunshine Magazine

Would Gustav never come? Albert looked impatiently from the attic window at the cobbled street with its noisy burden of dog carts and merchandise hawkers. No slim figure in tight trunk hose and gay jacket, with cap cocked jauntily, showed in the throng.

Albert relaxed in his chair by an easel. Gustav, he thought, was destined to become a great artist very soon now. In his exquisite hands lay talent, nay, genius. Said Albert to himself, "His hands will reach into the far tomorrow, and peoples unborn will be helped over many a weary hurdle."

Albert remembered the day he and Gustav had first realized they both were destined to become artists; the day their etchings had formed so quickly and smoothly under their flexible fingers. And they had suddenly looked at each other with that hungry, happy look. Oh, you can tell! You don't want food; you don't want travel—you want to paint! you have the touch!

"But," the practical Gustav had spoken, "we must have better lessons than a mere Herr Professor offers. What is the touch without the technique trained to highest degree? We need a Herr Master!"

Gustav was right. And they, friends so close, looked at each other despairingly. Money—powerful money. Who would lend marks to a pair of poor artists? No one in Nuremberg! Artists were dumbkopfs, bruising their chins on the clouds!

"I know!" Gustav raised a white hand triumphantly. "One of us will get a place with a tradesman. He will support the other in the Conservatory until he sells some canvas. Then the first one will study under Herr Master while the other supports."

A grand idea! And a fair one. Albert took the last coin from his jacket pocket. "Whose head is on it?"

"Maximilian's!" cried Gustav.

It was Fredrick the Third's.

Gustav grinned gamely. He pondered. "I have watched the neighbor build barns and things," he finally said, "I will be a carpenter."

"Not for long, dear friend!" Albert hugged him fervently. "I will skimp on expenses—I will sweat like an Ethiopian slave, and study hard. I will succeed soon, and then you will succeed soon after!"

Gustav hired himself to a builder of houses. He came every fortnight and brought Albert much of his earnings. He always admired Albert's improved work. He talked little of the drudgery that was his. "I am producing a masterpiece," he said once, "for the Burgomaster himself! A touch of oak here, a splash of elm there—ten rooms in all!"

Sometimes Albert would ask him to try his skill at the palette, but he always lightly refused. Albert wept inwardly, but he painted as one obsessed—and how Herr Master smiled! Albert soon sold still life and wood cut and copper engraving.

Came the grand day, a Thursday agone, when he sent a message to Gustav. "It is my turn. Come!"

And now Gustav was coming! For steps, quick and heavy, sounded in the brief hall without.

"Gustav!" Albert threw open the door, flung his arms around his friend, then stood off and surveyed him exuberantly. "What did you tell the builder?"

"Aufwiedersehen!"

"What did you do with that awful kit of heavy tools?"

"The fish in the Regnitz were hungry!" They both laughed uproariously.

"Gustave," Albert shoved his friend firmly into a chair, "now I go to pay our way while you make Herr Master smile—yes! I am as yet but a mediocre dauber. Except for you I would be a chimney-sweep perhaps. Now we shall become famous artists together!"

Albert's rapture ran him to the easel. He tossed off the veil, revealing a half-finished portrait of a pink-cheeked peasant baby wrapped in blue shawl. He dipped a thin brush in a basis of pigment and held it eagerly toward Gustav. "Take this brush, Gustav!" Feel of it! Draw the line and curve of shawl—see, from here to here—from neck to elbow. It is an azure blue, cool and delicate. Make it contrast softly with the healthy pink!"

With what hungry, happy look Gustav reached for the brush—with what hungry happy look! Oh, you can tell! You don't want food; you don't want travel; you don't want talk—you want to paint!

Gustav took the brush—and dropped it. "It's so light!" he laughed excitedly. He picked it up again. "Light as the feather of an angel wing!" He thrust the brush a bit awkwardly, roughly, at the neck of the child, and drew its every bristle in flat line outward.

"Not that way!" shouted Albert, and his slender hand quickly took the brush from Gustav. "You bring it around so—like this, see? And then impress the lower side gently, then boldly. Gustave, don't you remember how you get the beautiful soft feel?"

"I remember," Gustav mumbled, "but Albert—I cannot—just cannot!" He looked at his hand — at both of his hands in numb minuteness. Albert looked at them in dismay, in growing horror. The backs were tanned and scratched; the palms were calloused and yellow; the knuckles were large and hard. Several fingernails were torn and split.

"I smashed a finger once with a hammer," Gustav said, as if to himself. "And I fractured my wrist, too." He turned in sudden fright and fear. "Albert! My hands—they will not! I have lost the touch!"

"No!" cried Albert passionately. "No, no! We shall oil them; we shall hire the most expensive bleeder in all Bavaria! Your fingers shall become soft again!"

Gustav did not answer. He did not look at Albert. He did not look at his hands. He looked upward, his lips trembling. And then, slowly, the hands, broken by toil for a friend, came together, raised up in prayerful pose. "Thy will be done," they said. And then Gustav smiled in strange hapiness.

Did Gustav know? Did Gustav know that not in vain had he given his artistic life for a friend? "His hands will reach into the far tomorrow, and peoples unborn will be helped over many a weary hurdle."

And Albert, tasting the salt of tears, began to move his brush on a white space on the canvas.

DIVORCE RATE RISES TO RECORD HIGH

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Government figures on the annual trend of the nation's divorce rate give an indication of the impact of the disruptive forces threatening the solidarity of American family life, the conerstone of national progress and well-being.

These figures show that the divorce rate has gone up at a record-breaking pace in this war period and since, both in actual number and in the relationship to the number of new families created by marriage.

Such a situation has profound implications to the nation in the economic as well as moral spheres in view of the fact that the whole structure of American business and industry rests on the foundation of serving the needs and desires of-the American family—children as well as parents.

Based on the trend of the last few years,Government sources place the number of divorces in 1946 in the neighborhood of 600,000. This is a preliminary estimate, and if it materializes it would represent an increase of about 20 per cent over the previous high of 502,000 divorces in 1945 and and 142 per cent over the pre-war average of 248,000 divorces annually for the three-year period, 1937 to 1939. Divorce figures include annulments.

The war, of course, created abnormal stresses andd strains in American life, put such an increase in the divorce rate surpasses by far the rise in any similar period in the past, including the first World War period as well. The number of divorces in 1914 was 100,584. By 1920 the number of divorces increased to 170,505, a rise of 70 per cent in the six-year period. Thus compared with the 1939-46 showing, it is seen that the divorce rate went up twice as rapidly in this war period as in the last war.

In general the national divorce trend has been going up steadily. A study of Government statistics for the last 60 years, from 1887 to the present, shows a broad trend of a rising number of divorces during periods of high economic activity, an accelerated rate of increase during war periods, and a falling off during business recessions and depressions. As far as specifics are concerned, though little is known on a national basis of the various factors responsible for the rising divorce rate and what should be done as a counteractive. Authorities do agree, however, that wise and sensible money management in the home is of inestimable importance in making for greater family happiness and contentment, thereby contributing to the solidarity of family life.

A further indication of the magnitude of the problem is provided by a comparsion between marriage and divorce rates. This comparison shows that the rate at which families are being broken up by divorce has been going up more rapidly than the rate at which new families are being created by marriage.

Back in 1887 there was one divorce for approximately every 17 marriages. By 1900 the divorce rate had gone up to one divorce for approximately every 12 marriages. In 1914, the ratio was one divorce for every 10 marriages and by 1920 the relationship had increased to one divorce for every 7 1-2 marriages.

The divorce rate continued to gain on marriages in the '20s and by 1930 the ratio was one divorce for approximately every six marriages. There were further gains in the '30s and early '40s, but the big rise has occurred in the last four years. In 1943 one marriage was broken up by divorce for every 4.4 new families created by marriages. Two years later, in 1945, the ratio was up to one divorce for every 3.2 marriages. Last year one family was broken up by divorce for every four new families created by marriage, and this despite a big jump in the marriage rate in 1946 to an estimated 2,300,00 marriages for the year, a new all-time high and about 42 per cent above 1945.

ACQUIRING TRUE WEALTH

A man's true worth depends not on what he has, but on what he is; not on the amount of his possessions, but on the quality of his being and his living.

What are you worth? Dare you ask yourself that question? What is your life worth to those among whom you work and live? What is your life worth in terms of helpfulness and service to others?

It is not a question of the size of your banking account or the amount of your earthly possessions. It is a question of your whole attitude to life. The people who really possess the earth are not the landowners and the people of great wealth, but the men and women who have learned to make their lives worth living, those who have found great riches in the simplicities of life such as human affection, working for others, and who pay their rent on earth with the service they render to God and man.

I never envy rich men, for I have so often found that money cannot buy happiness, but I do envy those who have discovered the invisible riches of God and who have found that taking an interest in life, caring for others, and honestly trying to follow the right road, is the best way to worship God and to make a man's life really worth the living.—Our Paper.

TRAINING SCHOOL BOXING TEAM COMMENDED

Two nice letters have been received, complimenting the Jackson Training School boys composing the school's boxing team, who recently participated in boxing tournaments at Charlotte and Greensboro. We appreciate these thoughtful letters, and we are pleased to know that our boys conducted themselves nicely on these trips.

Although our boys did not win any trophies in Charlotte, three boys did win trophies at Greensboro, as follows: Ray Burns, 118 pounds, in the open class bout, won over his opponent, for which he received a special trophy. Clifton Rhodes and Charles Autry won runner-up awards in their respective classes. Charles Autry had the distinction of being judged the most popular boxer in the Greensboro tournament. To all of these boys we extend our hearty congratulations. The letters received recently are as follows:

Charlotte, N. C., March 3, 1947

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent
Jackson Training School
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

It was a pleasure to have your team here for our Carolinas Golden Gloves and we hope you will be back next year.

Your team was very well trained and handled by Mr. E. H. Walters. Your boxers gave a fine account of themselves and conducted themselves splendidly while in Charlotte and in the ring.

Team competition grows keener each year and it is through your cooperation and aid that this was the best year ever. Our tournament is growing all the time and this year's field was a fine one.

Thanking you again for your cooperation and assuring you it was a pleasure to be associated with Mr. Walters and your boys,

Sincerely,

Harry A. Allen, Chairman.

Greensboro, N. C., March 3, 1947

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent
Jackson Training School
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

I want to let you know I have attended the Golden Gloves Tournament at the Y. M. C. A. for the past few days and have observed the conduct of the boys of Jackson Training School who participate. They have not only made a creditable showing in the fights but have also conducted themselves otherwise in a way which reflects credit to your institution. You have at least two boys in the finals tonight, and I sincerely hope it will be my pleasure to present to them a winner's trophy.

I also met Mr. Walters, the Athletic Director, who seems to be doing a splendid job and appears to have the respect and confidence of the boys under his charge.

I hope in the future when the tournaments are held in Greensboro your school will again be represented and the boys make as good a showing as they have in this tournament. Others join me in wishing you and your associates continued success in your work at Jackson Training School.

Very truly yours,

C. M. Vanstory, Jr., Mayor.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Walter Cooper, formerly of Cottage No. 10, and a member of the bakery force, recently wrote us. He has been in the United States Army for several years, and is now attached to a military police battalion, serving as a part of the army of occupation in Europe. His letter, written from Munich, Germany, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: It is a great pleasure to write you again. Since last writing, I have been very busy. Then, I've had quite a rough time trying to get used to this winter weather over here. Have recently returned from the hospital after spending twenty-one days in bed with a slight case of pneumonia.

"We have had quite a bit of snow in and around Munich, but from all indications, the worst is yet to come.

"Aside from being a considerable distance from home, my Christmas season was very pleasant. I trust that Christmas with you and all of the other people at the School was the very best.

"Am looking for the year of 1947 to be a successful year for people all over the world. Above all, I am hoping for the best of relations and cooperation between all nations. It seems that in 1946, too many people were debating as to whether or not there might be a third world war started within the next four or five years. It is my earnest prayer that never again shall our men have to fight in total war, as they have had to do twice in the last thirty years.

"It is my opinion that if the world is to survive, there must be no wars, nor suffering caused by wars. I do believe that the United Nation can and will promote brotherly relationship throughout the world.

"Since it will be necessary for me to go on guard in a few minutes, I shall have to cut this letter a bit short. Please remember me to all old friends at the School, and don't forget that I shall be looking for a letter from you real soon. Sincerely yours, Cpl. Walter Cooper."

—:—

Just a few days ago, an announcement came to The Uplift office stating that to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Cobb, of Clayton, there had arrived a fine eight-and-one-half-pound baby boy. This youngster, who was born on February 7th, has been named Frank Dennis Cobb.

Frank E. Cobb was a student at this institution quite a number of years ago, and was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. After returning to his home in Rocky Mount, he worked for some time at the carpenter's trade. He later took up farming.

Frank served as a paratrooper all through the recent war with the United States Army. Most of the action in which he participated was in the European Theatre of Operation.

Since being honorably discharged from further military service, he has been farming near Clayton, in Johnston County. Occasional letters from Frank have revealed that he has been getting along nicely.

—:—

William Poteat, who was a member

of our printing class a few years ago, called on friends at the School a little more than a week ago. Bill has been in the United States Army for a little more than a year. At the present time he is stationed at Marietta Army Air Field, Marietta, Georgia. Bill stated that he had attained the rank of "PFC" and liked the army life very much. He also told us that he was well on the way toward being eligible for a good conduct award, since he had not had a single demerit marked up against him during the time he has been in the service.

FORWARD MARCH!

By Everett W. Hill, in Sunshine Magazine

Donatello, the Italian sculptor, was sought by his native city of Florence to create a masterpiece that would fitly represent the spirit of Italy. He accepted the challenge, and after many days completed the work. The people of Florence, desiring that the creation be above criticism, called upon the greatest of all sculptors. Michelangelo, to inspect the work and offer criticism.

It was a gala day in Florence when Michelangelo came. Throngs of people lined the streets as the famous artist passed along on his way to the big cathedral where the work of Donatello stood. As he entered the cathedral and mounted the inspection scaffold, men and women held their breath in agony of suspense. The future history of art in Florence was at stake.

Slowly the curtain that shielded the work of art was drawn, and there stood forth a marvel in marble, the like of which even Michelangelo had not seen before. It was the porttrayal of the Italian army, man after man, artillery without end, every soldier's face drawn taut, every nerve a-tingle. Even the veins of the drummer boy's face stood out bold in cold, pure marble. The Italian marble army, tense and alert, was ready to march.

And the people of Florence stood tense and hopeful. What would Michelangelo say? Then suddenly, in the deathly stillness of the great cathedral, the great sculptor clicked his heels, saluted the marble slab, and gave the command, "Forward March!"

The command of Michelangelo was flung to the breezes of Florence. Its people could hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the marble feet, and Donatello wore the crown of genius in his masterpiece.

"To speak wisely may not always be easy; but not to speak ill requires only silence.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. B. A. Sisk, pastor of Westford Methodist Church, near Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 7:17-29, the closing words of the greatest sermon ever preached, the "Sermon on the Mount." As a text of his message to the boys, "The Parable of the Builder," he selected the 24th and 25th verses.

The speaker first told the boys to never lose sight of the fact that we are all building or creating something as we go through life. There are two kinds of builders—the foolish builder or the one who builds wisely and well.

This is not only true of those who build physical structures, said Rev. Mr. Sisk, but it also applies to the building of character. If we build our characters upon a strong, solid foundation, all is well; but if we use the sandy, or weak type of foundation, we shall never know how to attain the best. This building of character is a daily proposition with us. One way or the other, we are constanly building. There are no holidays, vacations or time off for anything.

Rev. Mr. Sisk went on to explain just what character really is. Character, said he, is just what a man is, and reputation is what people say about him. Character is that which guides us to eternal life—by God's help, of course—but largely through our own efforts.

How do we obtain character? asked the speaker. Does God force it upon us? The answer is definitely "no." Do we inherit character? The answer is again in the negative. We come into the possession of character by building it ourselves—either weak or strong—and there is no other way in which it may be obtained.

Rev. Mr. Sisk then pointed out that we come into the world with life—neither good nor bad. We cannot at the time be called either a sinner or a saint. We are just human possibilities. For a long time, as we pass through our tender years, we are developed, to a great extent, to our parents' teachings.

Character building, said the speaker, begins when we are young. At that time the foundation is being laid. During that period of our lives the responsibility belongs to our parents. It is their duty to see that nothing but the best is used in that foundation. To have good, Christian parents is the best inheritance any child can have.

Then comes the time when our fathers and mothers are no longer responsible, continued Rev. Mr. Sisk. We are then old enough to learn what to use in building our lives, and what to leave out. The time eventually comes when each individual must take himself in hand and build his own character.

Attention was then called to the fact that we can build either good character or bad ones. If we are wise, we are going to build wisely. We are going to go high and build upon a rock. The man who builds upon a rock is one who keeps in mind the sayings of Jesus, and lets Him

design and plan his character building. On the other hand, he who does not heed the voice of the Master, is foolish. Such a person builds on a low level, and it will be easy for the evil current to sweep away the building. When it comes to that which has to do with the soul, many people seek to build on a low level, but such building is dangerous. The lower we build, the easier it is for the storms of evil to wipe us out of existence.

In looking at the two buildings—the one on the rock and the other on the sand—we would be inclined to say that both houses looked alike. So long as no storms beat upon them, our opinion would be that one would last as long as the other. People are much the same. In clear weather, when the sailing is smooth, it would seem that one man was as good as the other. But when the storms come—and come they will—great floods will sweep down the valleys of our lives. When that happens, only those who have build upon strong foundations will survive.

There is a safe haven for man in the storms of life, said the speaker, and that is the Christain religion. Of course, religion does not promise that the storms will not come, but it will give us the necessary strength to fight them and keep from being swept away. A true Christain can take what comes, and, with the help of Jesus Christ, he can finally evercome all obstacles.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Sisk told the boys that they should strive to build strong characters. He assured them that by calling upon the Master for strength and guidance, even the most destructive storms of life could not destroy them. Founded upon the "Rock of Ages," man's character will survive the strongest forces of evil.

———:———

When nothing seems to help, I go and look at a stonecutter hammering away at his rock, perhaps a hundred times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet, at the hundred and first blow it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before.—Jacob A. Riis.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

"To a friend's house, the road is never long."

—:—

"Avarice and happiness never saw each other."

—:—

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.—Sewell.

—:—

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Wicked men obey from fear; good men, from love.—Aristotle.

—:—

Be yourself if you ever hope to be somebody.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

A grudge is too heavy a load for any man to carry.—Mark Twain.

—:—

A face without a smile is like a check without a signature.—Exch.

—:—

It takes a lot of gratitude to properly digest a blessing.—Birkenbeuel.

—:—

Courtesy is the lubricant which oils the wheels of business.—Exchange.

—:—

There is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it.
—Tupper.

—:—

The less you know how to do your work the harder it is to do.
H. L. Doherty.

—:—

A friend should be one in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and its sincerity.—Selected.

If you insist on using a hammer, don't knock—build something with it.
—Grit.

—:—

All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work—not his own.—Ruskin.

—:—

Cursed is the wretched enslaved to such a vice, who ventures life and soul upon the dice.—Horace.

—:—

Fire and swords are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

—:—

If we would not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us no harm.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything but the value of nothing.—Old Scrap Book.

—:—

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—LaFontaine.

—:—

Unless you try to do something beyond what you have already mastered you will never grow.—R. O. Osborn.

—:—

Lay up your treasures in good will, for in no other form are your possessions more inviolate.—Burke.

—:—

The art of living is to possess the gladness of living as you go along. You can have many of the things you want, if you plan—few of them if you only dream. Some things which will give the most pleasure require but little in money. There are many which cost nothing at all.—Selected.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

What the world needs is more open minds and fewer open mouths.

—:—

No woman ever made a fool out of a man without at least some cooperation.

—:—

Generally, the fellow who shouts the loudest for justice is the one who wants it in his favor.

—:—

When it comes to the seven wonders of the world, there are some men who think they are all of them.

—:—

Flattery is having somebody else tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves.

—:—

Only one man in a thousand is a leader of men. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine are followers of women.

—:—

A sporty young man bet the town's prettiest girl a hundred dollars that she wouldn't marry him. She called his bet and raised him five.

—:—

Truth in advertising was upheld when some shirts, said by their manufacturer to be able to laugh at the laundry, came back with their sides split.

—:—

Little Jimmy announced to the grocer that there was a new baby at his house. "Is he going to stay?" asked the grocer, jokingly. "I guess he is," replied the boy. "He's got all his things off."

—:—

It is stated that among the white population of the United States there are 3,400,000 redheads, 7,000,000 blondes, 54,000,000 of medium dark coloring, and 44,000,000 brunettes. No figures are given out as to the number of blockheads.

—:—

A woman wrote to a daily paper from a very lonely rural spot as follow: "My sister and I aren't exactly lonely out here. We have got each other to speak to, but we need another woman to talk about."

—:—

An automobile theft case was going on. Said the lawyer to the car owner: "Are you sure this is the man who stole your car?" The witness replied: "I was until your cross examination. Now I'm not sure that I ever owned a car."

—:—

An army chaplain on duty in the jungle, asked a cannibal chief: "Does your tribe know anything about religion?" "Well, we got a taste of it the last time a missionary was here," replied the chief.

—:—

It happened at a big league baseball park. "Two men are outside," some one reported to the manager. "They say they want passes; claim to be friends of the umpire." "Throw 'em out," said the manager, "no umpire has two friends."

—:—

Two negro soldiers were discussing the relative merits of their company buglers. Said the first soldier: "When dat boy of ouahs plays pay call, it sounds 'xactly like the Boston Symphony playin' 'The Rosary.'" The second soldier snorted: "Man, you ain't got no bugler a'tall. When old Snowball Jones wraps his lips aroun' dat bugle of his an' plays mess call, Ah looks down at mah beans an' says, 'Strawberries, behave! You is kickin' de whipped cream out of de plate."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of February 23, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Robert Billings
Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Jack Griffin
Roger Ivey
Marion Ray
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
J. Paul Church
Horace Collins
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Bobby Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
Gerald Johnson
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
William McVicker
Marion Ross
James Scott
Russell Seagle

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthern
Earl Hoyle
Donald Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
George Swink
Robert Wilkins
Harold Wilkinson
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyon
Clyde Hill
Melvin Radford
Glenn Matheson
Robert Peavey
Lewis Southerland
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edward Gwinn
William Hamilton
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Franklin Stover
Robert Shepherd
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Worth Craven
Raymond Cloninger
William Holder
Garmon Hubbard
Lester Ingle

Carl Jenkins
James Norton
Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
James Upright
Jimmy Wild
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
George Ammens
Arthur Ballew
Ted Clonch
Odell Cain
Edward Guffey
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Clifford Million
J. C. Mikeal
James Moore
Sile Orr
Ray Roberts
Donald Stultz
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
Jack Hensley
David Hill

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Lawrence Owens
James Shook

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Donald Boss
Charley Farmer
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Herbert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
James Shelton
James Shepherd
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Robert Poplin
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Thomas Davis
William Hunter
Harvey Honeycutt

We are all travelers in the wilderness of this world, and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

MAR 15 '

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 15, 1947 No. 11

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

IT IS BETTER

To be lied about than to be the liar.
To be slandered than to be the slanderer.
To be cheated than to cheat.
To be imposed upon than to be the bully.
To lose your money than to be a thief.
To be the victim than the sinner.
To be defeated than to stoop to deceit.

—R. O. Smith.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Robert Kerr, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Claywood Sparrow, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTERS—Talmadge Duncan, William Phillips.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Charles Francis, Charles Moore, Robert Trout.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Alfred Davis, James Dunn, Robert King, Silas Orr, Harry Matthews, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
JUST A BOY	(Anonymous)	10
ABOUT STATE DEBTS	(Kannapolis Independent)	11
HE GAVE HIMSELF	(Christian Science Monitor)	13
BILL OF RIGHTS FOR TEACHERS	(N. C. Public School Bulletin)	14
SAY IT!	(Sunshine Magazine)	15
RELIGION IN THE HOME HAILED AS DELINQUENCY CURB	(Reidsville Review)	16
CONSIDER THE WAYS OF THE ANT	(Boston Post)	17
THE SECRET OF JOY	(Canadian Churchman)	18
THE AGE OF MATURITY	By B. B. Hitchcock	19
OUR VICE-PRESIDENTS	(Kannapolis Independent)	20
NOT THE PLACE TO START	Stanly News & Press)	21
THE BACK FORTY	By Jeanette Ayerly	22
IF WE FACE THE STORM	By W. C. Montgomery	24
FLOWER OF DESTRUCTION	By E. R. Vadeboncoeur	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailinf at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

This is the land where hate should die—
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race.
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect beliefs that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul suspicious fear should fly
Before our flag of light and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!

—Dennis A. McCarthy.

VISITORS AT THE SCHOOL

Among our recent visitors were two groups of high school students from the Boyden High School, of Salisbury. The boys and girls in both groups are enrolled in courses in sociology, in which they have been studying various community problems, such as juvenile delinquency. As a culmination of their study of juvenile

problems, the boys and girls planned a trip to the Training School in order that they might observe at first hand what the institution is doing toward the correction and rehabilitation of youngsters who have made mistakes.

After making this visit, a correspondent for one of the groups wrote as follows:

Salisbury, N. C.
March 7, 1947

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent
Jackson Training School
Concord, North Carolina

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

When we the members of Mr. Koonts' sociology class visited Jackson Training School recently, we were greatly pleased with the work we found going on for those boys who had made mistakes and who had been placed under your guidance and supervision. Your boys are being corrected in a helpful way—a way that will provide them with interests and pleasant remembrances in future years.

Had it not been for your own guidance and patience in showing us around the premises, we are sure our trip would not have resulted in such an interesting occasion.

A great work is being carried on at your school and we are more interested now than ever before in correctional institutions. This visit served as a very worthwhile climax to our unit on crime and juvenile delinquency.

Thanks again for being so nice to us.

Sincerely,

Jean Jones.

* * * * * * * *

HUMAN BEHAVIOR IN CRISES

In the life of every normal individual there come those inevitable moments when critical decisions must be made and when destiny for the individual hangs in the balance. This is something which should not necessarily cause disturbance and alarm but should represent a challenge to all people. The challenge is that the person be so fortified and so equipped that he shall be able to

face these critical moments with fortitude and courage, as well as sanity and good reason.

For instance, in the life of a young boy there arise critical situations which, to the adult, may sometimes appear to be rather trivial, but to the boy himself they are important situations. In the everyday normal relationships of every boy he comes in contact with numerous influences. He meets his playmates and schoolmates from time to time, and he finds himself confronted with the fact that he must make decisions on his own level. If it develops that his companions are evil-minded, if they are profane or vulgar, or have a tendency toward vandalism, then the individual youngster finds himself face to face with Satan himself, and he finds that he must either assert himself and leave the group, or else follow the crowd and become a participant in wrong-doing. For the youngster himself these are critical moments, and generally he needs guidance and help at this point.

Then, later on, the boy who finds himself entering into manhood faces the demands of the world in that he must choose for himself a vocation or an occupation or a career. It is generally recognized that about the most difficult thing any youngster has to do is to decide how he will earn a living through life and how he will make his contribution to the progress of humanity. Again, for the youngster these are critical moments which involve much meditation and reflective thinking. The grave danger, of course, is that too many youngsters will choose the easier course and will follow the line of least resistance instead of taking the long-term viewpoint which oftentimes involves time and effort in preparation.

Then, there are other moments when there are events which call for immediate decision and action and when, as it seems, there is little or no time for meditation or weighing the relative values of the various issues. For instance, when Colin Kelly deliberately flew his plane into the bowels of an enemy ship, he had to make his decision in a split second. He had practically no time for that fateful decision. It seems, therefore, that he made his choice in the light of what he had accumulated in the way of patriotism, devotion to duty, and the courage of a hero. Certainly he had none of the characteristics of a person who was a coward or who was one

who had a yellow streak in his spirit. The whole trend of his life prior to that time was to remain true and steadfast, regardless of whatever the occasion seemed to demand.

Generally, it is not so difficult for the average person when the everyday experiences of life are according to a regular routine, when one day follows another with about the same tasks to be performed. Then there is little to test the abilities of people. However, it is in such periods of life that a person can acquire for himself the self-assurance that he can keep a level head and make his decisions calmly and in the light of deliberation and sound reason.

The world's two most important human assets are brains and skills. They are the working tools for human achievements. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the normal life expectancy today is over 65 years, whereas in 1900 it was less than 50 years. Back in 1850 the life expectancy was as low as 40 years.

Thus it is that life is being extended, and greater opportunities of life are being provided in order that people might surmount all the difficulties of life and make their finest contributions to the enrichment of human behavior and to the progress of civilization.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 16, 1947

March 17—James Myers, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
March 19—John Moretz, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthdty.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

The first thing after we met in the auditorium was the singing of some songs. We had a number of sentence prayers by some of the boys and Mr. Puckett. Mr. Sofness continued the story of William Cary, a great missionary, who worked for seven years before he baptized his first convert. After reading the story, he stressed the fact that we should stand for the right at all times—even if it means standing alone. We had another song before going to our classrooms.

In our group meeting, we had a sword drill. Clyde Wright won by the score of 50 points, followed by Glenn Evans with a score of 47 points. James Dunn was third in the contest with a score of 35 points. This was a very good contest, and it taught us how to use the Bible. We are looking forward to the next meeting.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

Mr. Hines was in charge of our meeting last Sunday. The subject of our lesson was "On My Honor." The memory verse was, "Let us walk honestly, as in the day."

Several boys made talks. These talks and the boys who made them were as follows: "Honesty Is a Blessing," by Jesse Hamlin and Lindsay Elder; "Honesty Toward Others," by Bobby Joe Duncan and Woodrow Norton; "Honesty in Work," by James Christy and Emory King; "Honesty at School," by Bobby Woodruff; and "An Honest Tongue," by William Stamey. The last thing on our program was some questions. We surely learned much at this meeting.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We assembled in the auditorium and sang a song entitled "When He Cometh." John McKinney, Clyde Hill and James Arrowood led the prayer. We sang another song and went to our classrooms. Mr. Sofness was in charge of our meeting.

The program was given by James Arrowood. Ben wilson had the first part on the program, and J. C. Littlejohn had the last part.

An Interesting Course

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Some of the eighth grade boys are taking an extra course, a course in high school history. They are taking it with some of the eleventh grade boys, who are taking it as an elective. It is a course in which we are using "Man's Advancing Civilization." Having had a good course here at the Training School in "Our Beginnings in Europe and America," we find the course easier than we thought it would be. However, we are spending plenty of time studying and reciting

the work of this course. The eighth grade boys who complete the course will have one unit by the time they complete their eighth grade work. The eighth grade boys who are taking this course are: Robert Jarvis, Talmadge Duncan, Glenn Evans and Clyde Wright. The eleventh grade boys taking the course are: Gerald Johnson, Gray Brown, Garmon Hubbard and Charles L. Shearin. We appreciate getting to take this course.

Eighth Grade Scrapbook

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The eighth grade boys have been working on an interesting scrapbook about the United States. Mr. Godown made the scrapbook for us. In this book we have put pictures of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona; Endless Caverns, in Virginia; Linville Falls, in North Carolina, and many other nice pictures. We enjoy working on this scrapbook.

The Picture Show

By Charles Angel, 8th Grade

The picture show on Thursday night of last week was "The Harvey Girls." The story began on a train. A girl, who was going West to marry, was planning to marry a man whom she had never seen. While she was on the train, she became acquainted with the Harvey girls who were going West, too. They were going to be waitresses at a new restaurant.

When they arrived in town, Susan saw the man to whom she was engaged. She was surprised, but she soon fell in love with a saloon-keeper by the name of Ned. He began to notice Susan, and Em, the girl who worked in his place, the Alhambra, became angry with Susan and wanted her to leave. When the judge put a rattlesnake in the girls' closet, Ned shot the snake. When the judge burned down the restaurant, Ned tried to stop him. After the place of business burned down, Ned let them have his place. When Em left with an old friend, Ned told her he was going to stay. Susan thought that Ned, too, was on the train. When she found that he was not, she got off the train. She and Ned were married just as soon as he came to the place where she was.

Cottage No. Eleven Secures Basketball Goals

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

For the past week the boys of Cottage No. 11 have been working on two basketball goals. In securing these goals we received some help on the things we could not make by hand. We wish to thank those who generously gave the boards, paint, bolts, screws, basketball, basket loops, nets, and helped in other ways. We are also grateful to Mr. Rouse, who let us stay up late and finish the work. We are going to try to show all who made it possible for us to have this court that we appreciate their kindness.

New Boys at the School

By James Dunn, 7th Grade

On March 1st, several new boys entered our school. Their names and

the grades in which they were placed are as follows: William Ray, eighth grade; Jack Paschall, special sixth grade; Harvey Honeycutt, seventh grade; Ray Gaskins, ninth grade; Clyde Leonard, fifth grade; J. C. Woodell, sixth grade; Treva Coleman, ninth grade; Ray Watkins, fifth grade; Roger Willard, fourth grade; Kenneth McLean, seventh grade; Robert Hinson, seventh grade; and Earl Brigman, sixth grade.

We hope that all these boys will make good records in our school.

The Radio Program

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Tuesday, March 4, 1947, Mr. Hines was in charge of the radio program. The program was given by some of the boys of the 8th grade. Mrs. Liske accompanied the boys at the piano as they sang songs about North Carolina. The program was one about our state. This program was a culmination of a unit of work that was done in 8th grade North Carolina history.

The first thing on our program was a song, "The North Carolina Hills." It was followed by a talk, "History of North Carolina," by Carl Holt. Then Gerald Johnson explained why North Carolina is called the "Tar Heel State," and his talk was followed by a solo, "The Tar Heel State," by Talmadge Duncan. Some talks were given by different boys as follows: "Transportation in North Carolina," Bobby Jarvis; "Government of North Carolina," by Talmadge Duncan; and "Schools of North Carolina," by Clyde Wright. The entire group of boys sang "'The Old North State" and "Ho for Carolina." "The Toast to North Carolina" was given by Gerald Johnson. The last number on our program was a reading, "North Carolina," by Mr. Hines.

Educational Films

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Within the last two weeks, we have seen some very good educational films. Tuesday, February 25th, we saw a good show entitled "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." This show told us about the preservation of food by canning. On Monday, March 3rd, we saw two other shows, "The Batting Stars of Baseball" and "World Series of 1946." The first picture showed us the great baseball hitters of today and how they bat. The other picture showed us the games of last year's World Series. On Tuesday, March 4th, we saw another picture, "Appleland." The setting of this picture was in New York State. It showed us the many steps in making apple juice, apple sauce, apple butter, etc. These shows are all very educational. We wish to express our thanks to all who make them possible.

———:———

Yoc cannot believe in honour until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and brght; you are the window through which you must see the world.—G. B. Shaw.

JUST A BOY

(Anonymous)

With all the comedy there is about a boy's life there is a deep philosophy running through it all. Flashes of wisdom, too, deeper and more varied than diamond's gleam. The world is full of knowledge and wisdom and erudition. The ages of research, investigation and exploration illumine the well—trodden path of the generations, but every baby boy that comes into the world finds out that fire is hot and water wet by taking hold of one and falling into the other, the same old way we all found them out. But it is the grand old school of experience; the only school men will learn at, each for himself.

You look at them, the boys of appetite and noise,with their careless, easy ways, their natural manners and movements on the baseball ground, their marvellous, systematic, indescribable, inimitable complex, angular awkwardness in your parlors, and do you ever dream, looking at these sturdy young engines of energy, of the overshadowing destinies awaiting them; the mighty struggles mapped out for their earnest lives; the thrilling experiences in the world of arms; the grander triumphs of patient toil in the fields of science, art and philosophy, to the fadeless laurels in the empire of letters? Why, the world is at a boy's feet. Work, energy, conquest, leadership and statesmanship slumber in his arms and carefree heart.

Hannibal, standing before the Punic altar fires, and in lisping accents of childhood swearing eternal hatred to Rome, was Hannibal at twenty-four commanding the army that swept down upon Italy like a mountain torrent, shook the power of the mistress of the world, and bade her defiance at her own gates, while fear-stricken her warriors and populace huddled and cowered behind her protecting walls.

Napoleon in infancy spearing flies with a, pin, building snow forts at school and planning mimic battles with his playfellows, was lieutenant of the artillery at sixteen, general and victor at Toulon at twenty-four, and at last Emperor. However unworthy, it was by his manhood and the grace of his own right arm, his own brain, his own courage and daunless ambition.

And the fair-faced soldiers of the empire, they who rode down upon the English squares at Waterloo, while the earth rocked beneath their feet, and the incense smoke from the altars of the battle-god shut out the sun and sky above their heads, who, with their young lives streaming from their gaping wounds, opened their pallid lips to cry "Vive L'Empereur," as they died for honor and the boy conscripts of France, were boys—school boys—torn from their homes and their schools to stay the failing fortunes of the last grand army and the reeling empire. You do not know how soon these rollicking, happy—go—lucky fellows, making summer hideous with their baseball slang, may hold the state and its destinies in their grasp; how soon they alone may shape events and guide the current of public action.

ABOUT STATE DEBTS

(The Kannapolis Daily Independent)

The indebtedness of the 48 states as a whole was reduced in the fiscal year 1946, according to figures recently released by the Census Bureau. In fact, the total has declined every year since 1941, and is at its lowest point since 1930. One state, Nevada, now has no indebtedness at all. In four other states — Florida, Idaho, Iowa, Nebraska—it has become less than $1.00 per capita.

In 1940 the total gross debt of the states totalled $3,642 million. At the end of the 1946 fiscal year it was $2,366 million, a reduction of 35 per cent. Over the same six-year period the interest paid fell from $132 million a year to $84 million.

State tax collections rose sharply as a result of the phenomenal rise in the national income that began in 1940 with large federal defence and war expenditures. Expenditures rose also, but to a lesser extent because shortages in materials and manpower curtailed the opportunity for capital outlays.

Under these conditions most states could have reduced their tax rates or even eliminated certain taxes altogether. Most states, however, chose to build up substantial balances against the day when large capital expenditures would again be undertaken.

The average state debt in the United States at the end of the fiscal year 1946 was $18.50 per capita. The median debt (in the exact middle of the list) was $15.16 per capita. The difference between the two figures is due largely to the fact that the average was boosted by two states with an exceptionally high debt—Arkansas, $75.64 per capita, and Louisiana, $64.38 per capita.

A state's debt bears little relation to either its population or its geographical location. New York has the third highest debt per capita, but Pennsylvania, the second most populous state, ranks 27th in per capita debt. In per capita debt New Hampshire ranks 12th, the adjacent Vermont, 31st. South Dakota ranks 4th, Nebraska 45th.

The per capita debt of North Carolina as compared with that for some adjacent states, was given as follows:

U. S. Average	$18.05	Rank
North Carolina	29.02	11
Virginia	6.99	32
South Carolina	39.71	6
Tennessee	26.57	15

In studying these figures certain facts must be borne in mind. The figures are based on estimates of population as of July 1, 1945, excluding the armed forces overseas. On that date the United States was still at war and vast shifts of population had occurred, so that estimates of population ran the risk of inaccuracy.

Also, some states have incurred large debts, other states have not, for state enterprise activities which bring in net revenue. Finally, a relatively high debt does not necessarily indicate extravagance—some states do much more than other states for their

inhabitants. In 1946 Massachusetts issued $20 million in short-term notes to anticipate receipts from special taxes for a veterans' bonus, and five other states floated bonds for dormitories or other buildings in educational institutions. New York is now debating whether to issue short-term bonds or to levy special taxes to pay the cost of a projected $400million bonus for war veterans.

———:———

THE MULE

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a plow. Says the man to the mule:

"Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet, here we work, hitched together year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me or I for you. Sometimes I think this is a partnership between a man and a fool. For surely I work as hard as you, if not harder. Plowing here we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. So, mathematically speaking, I do twice as much work per leg as you do.

"Soon we'll be prepared for a corn crop. When the corn is harvested, I give one-third to the landlord for being kind enough to let me use this corner of God's universe. The other third goes to you, and what is left is mine. But while you consume all your third with the exception of a few cobs, I divide my third among seven children, six hens, two ducks and a banker. Bill, you are getting the best of me: it ain't fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to rob a man—the lord of creation of his substance. And, come to think of it, you only help to cultivate the ground. After that I cut, shock and husk the corn while you look over the pasture fence and 'he-haw' at me.

"All fall and part of the winter the whole family, from Granny down to the baby, picks cotton to help raise money to buy a new set of harness and pay interest on the mortgage on you. And, by the way, what do you care about the morgage? Not a darn bit. You leave that to me, you ungrateful, ornery cuss.

"About the only time I am your better is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. But if I ever get any more out of politics than you do, I fail to see where it is." —Selected.

HE GAVE HIMSELF

(Christian Science Monitor)

The most generous man I have ever known gave not so much of money—though his hand was quick to go into his pocket when there was need—but of his time and interest.

He was fiction editor of a lage newspaper and not content to merely select the best manuscripts that came into his offiice, he burned the midnight oil regularly in order to return each story with a personal note telling why it was not acceptable. Many of today's top writers say that his taking time to give them concrete criticism started them on the road to success.

Besides helping beginning authors, he had another hobby—giving criminals a worthwhile interest. He conducted yearly contests for the best story written inside penitentiary walls. He visited penal institutions and told the men how to go about writing stories for publication. Because of their limited facilities, he allowed them to submit their stories hand-written—something most modern editors would protest.

Many "inmates" sold stories to him and the first thing they did when they got out of prison was to buy a typewriter and really go to work.

Aspiring journalism students also held a place in his heart. Not only did he lecture to their classes and criticize their efforts, but his office door was always open to them for a chat and a glimpse of real newspaper atmosphere.

During the depression so many printers who were working only a few hours a week requested loans, that offen he literally didn't have his carfare home. At such times he would put on his hat and coat and walk slowly through the composing room. Inevitable, without his asking, some one would hail him with, "Here's something I owe you."

One time the writer was with him when this happened and he turned and said: "You're always asking me where I get my faith in human nature. How can I help having it, when people never fail me?"

———:———

Robert Louis Stevenson said, "Quiet minds cannot be preplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm." Lincoln holding his course during the trying days of the Civil War; Washington at Valley Forge; Elbert and Alice Hubbard calmly facing death on the "Lusitania;" Nathan Hale's "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country:" Christ before the mob—quiet minds all!

—Wilfred A. Peterson.

A BILL OF RIGHTS FOR TEACHERS

(North Carolina Public School Bulletin)

I. The right to take time in the school day to plan. The general practice in the service school of one hour for each hour of teaching seems adequate.

II. The right to teach classes that are not too large. Depending on the kind of work a class size of from 10 to 20, a very common one in the training program, seems reasonable. To implement this suggestion the schools will need an additional million teachers.

III. The right to an adequate amount of supervision. In the training program an instructor was supervised for 40 per cent to 60 per cent of the time that he taught. The teacher who, day after day, does a grand job finds it difficult to maintain morale and to avoid devastating frustration when no one ever comes to see his work or to discuss his plans with him. Even the pupils may not recognize his unusual excellence until years later when they have perhaps fallen victims to less competent teachers.

IV. The right to work in a room that, with the help of the student, can be made pleasant and appropriate to the tasks to be learned.

V. The right to teach with adequate materials, especially with such audiovisual aids as are genuinely useful and readily available.

VI. The right to a realistic program of in-service education geared to a competent department of research that will keep teaching materials and techniques up to date without too much grief and wasted effort.

VII. The right to a 30-hour per week load. Leaders of labor and civil service are advocating a 30-hour week. As every one knows, a teacher's work—planning grading papers, visits to homes, etc.—cannot all be his desk at the end of the day. No one really knows the average number of work hours per week of all teachers, but it is probably much closer to 60 hours per week than it is to 30.

VIII. The right to adequate compensation. Salaries of teachers have risen some during the war period. But as every intelligent citizen knows the general situation is very far from one that guarantees good and zealous teachers for our schools.

———:———

"In our country and in our times no man is worthy the honored name of statesman who does not include the highest practicable education of the people in all his plans of administration. He may have eloquence, he may have a knowledge of all history, diplomacy. jurisprudence; and by these he might claim, in other countries, the elevated rank of a statesman but unless he speaks, plans, labors, at all times and in all places, for the culture and edification of the whole people, he is not, he cannot be, an American statesman."

—Horace Mann.

SAY IT!

(Sunshine Magazine)

A little story on the courtesy of "Thank You" appeared in a recent issue of this magazet, and brought forth the following contribution from the pen of Bernard W. Spilman, another guidepost on the road of him who travels best:

You have a friend—a man, a woman, a boy, or a girl. For some reason you love that person very much. Perhaps that one does not know, and would like to have you say it.

Your friend has helped you along the way in the days gone by. Gratitude is in your heart. Do not let it lie buried there—say it.

Some joy comes his way. You rejoice with him. But he will never know it unless you say it.

An honor comes to him. He wins in the game of life, and you are glad —say it.

Your friend succeeds in some task which he has undertaken. You feel a grateful pride that he has done it —say it.

Distress comes his way. He may have lost his property. Some of his loved ones may have gone wrong. Disease may have laid its hand on him, taking away the glow of health. You would share the distress with him—say it.

Old age, or perhaps a breakdown in the human machinery, may shut in your friend so that he can no longer fare forth among his fellows. Perhaps the end draws near. In your heart you wish him bon voyage as he nears the sunset gate. A word of kindly sympathly would brighten the way—say it.

The messenger of death may have knocked at his door and borne away into the unseen world some loved one. A word of sympathy would help to lighten the load—say it.

A personal word, a telephone call, a postcard, a letter, a telegram, and only a few minutes of time! Silent sympathy. Your own life may be better because of it; but your friend may go to the end of the journey and never know. You may add to the joy; you may lighten the load; you may brighten the way if you only take time to say it.

The time will come when all true happiness will be found in doing the right, and only the good will be found to be real; when men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrong-doing, because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the deception of pleasure. —Thomas Carlyle.

RELIGION IN THE HOME HAILED AS DELINQUENCY CURB

(The Reidsville Review)

Homes that maintain a strong feeling of religious obligation among the family provide the only solution to today's juvenile delinquency problem, is the opinion of Police Chief Joseph Strub.

A veteran of 11 years' work with the Dubuque juvenile court, Strub gave his views on the juvenile problem after announcing that more than 100 Dubuque youths under investigation have admitted praticipating in illicit relationship.

" A lot of parents do a good job of feigning surprise when they are told the unsavory facts about their delinquent children, but it is only a few of them who are genuinely concerned," he said.

Pointing out that most of the youngsters who get into trouble do not come from what would be considered "the ideal Christian home," he added that the school and the church both have their place in a child's education.

"But the teacher can't give every child the personal interest he needs," the chief said. "Only his parents are equipped to do that."

He emphasized the fact that drinking is one of the leading factors behind all of the juvenile crime. However, the chief laid the blame on the community which tolerates the easy to get liquor" rather than on the children themselves.

"Until the community and the individual parents do something to purify the atmosphere, the problem will get progressively worse," he said.

Chief Strub contended there are a "few" inborn criminals, but he added that if children are given the right environment and supervision, they seldom run afoul of the law.

This thing we call personality includes your appearance, your manners, your voice, your conversation, everything about you that impresses you on those with whom you come in contact as an individual, different from every other person in the world. You do not have to be beautiful to have a charming personality. You do not need to be wonderfully clever, but you must be careful, courteous, clean, well informed, ready always to be at your best, and to give people your best. Personality has paved the way for fortunes. —S. Ronald Hall.

CONSIDER THE WAYS OF THE ANT

(Boston Sunday Post)

Would you believe that, in three hours, an ant could climb the equivalent of Mount Everest?

Describing experiments with parasol ants in British Honduras, Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson, the famous naturalist, states in his book. "Living Treasure," that the ants went on oak-cutting expeditions at sunset, over "arterial roads" that were specially constructed and controlled at difficult junctions by "raffic policemen."

These roads led to trees from the crowds of which leaves had to be cut and taken back to the home nest. When a large segment of leaf was nearly cut through, one or two small assistants held it to prevent its falling. Mr. Sanderson has sat for hours under a tree, watching by torchlight, and has never seen a piece of leaf fall. The assistant often rode back to the city perched on the leaf carried in the jaws of the larger ant.

The ants weight in groups of 100, averaged .0175 of a gram each; their loads, 0.35. Thus, they carried twice their own weight. The roads averaged 300 feet in length; their stride or paces—measured by dipping the ants in ink and allowing them to run over paper—roughly 1-4 in. A man stride is about 3ft., so the ants walked equivalent of 8 1-4 miles from city to the tree-base, and 8 1-4 back, carrying the equivalent of two men. They averaged 1-4 in. in height

Many of the trees scaled exceeded 100 feet, and cutting operations took place on the leaf summit. In porportion to the ant's height, there fore, the trees were roughly 28,000 feet high, equivalent to Mount Everest. Further, they were perpendicular for the greater part of the ascent and descent. Thus, in distance alone; the ants walked the equivalent of 21 1-2 miles and climbed the equivalent of the world's highest peak on each trip, every working night of their lives.

WATCH YOURSELF

Any man can spoil himself for himself. He can allow himself to grow so sensitive that he lives in constant pain. He can nurse his grudges until they are an intolerable burden. He can think himself insulted until he is apt to be. He can believe the world is against him until it is. He can imagine troubles until they are real. He can hold so many under suspicion that no one believes in him. He can insult his friends until they are no longer friends. He can think himself so important that no one else does. He can have such a good opinion of himself that no one else enjoys his friendship. He can become so wrapped up in himself that he becomes very small.

—Anonymous.

THE SECRET OF JOY

Adapted from The Canadian Churchman, in Sunshine Magazine

A poverty-stricken woman, dressed in ragged clothes, was passing along a street in a French town, holding her little son by the hand. Suddenly she stopped and picked up an object from the street, tucking it within the folds of her garment.

A policeman standing near-by was attracted by the woman's act, and his suspicions were aroused. He demanded that she produce the object which she had concealed, whereupon, with downcast eyes, she revealed a jagged fragment of broken glass. She said to the policeman, "I was thinking only of the barefoot children."

A writer in The Rotarian relates this incident, and comments: "Each of us can go a step out of our way to aid in some small way an aged or blind person, or a frightened child wishing to cross a busy street. All of us can go through life picking up the bits of glass that might injure unsuspecting feet, despite the fact that our own feet may be well shod."

There was the poor, lame man who worked twelve hours a day in a close hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to one's honor, but he never understood the meaning of those words.

One day the saddler looked out of his window and saw a runaway horse drawing a small wagon on which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A man across the street ran out and caught the horse by the bridle, and stopped it with a terrific pull.

The saddler thought, what if the bridle on that horse had not been well sewed, or weak thread had been used! The bridle might have broken, and the mother and child dashed to death. What if he had sewed that bridle!

Filled with such thoughts, the saddler ever after performed his work with more faithfulness and satisfaction. He had found the secret of joy in his work.

After a ruthless process of rejection, five applicants for the post of errand boy remained to be interviewed.

The interviewer sought to amuse himself by asking the boys puzzling questions to test their general knowledge.

"How far away from the earth is the North Star?" was the question fired at the third shiny-faced youngster.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you the exact figure offhand sir," was the reply. "But on a rough estimate I should say that it is far enough away not to interfere with my running errands."

He got the job. —Selected

THE AGE OF MATURITY

By Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper

Considering the legal aspects of maturity, a man is a male who has survived 21 years of existence. But twenty one years of existence does not justify the application of the term to he who indulges in constant displays of temperament.

To gratify our egos, we must be more than miserable, submissive, dejected masses of flesh, blood bone and muscle, which for the sake of convenience have been collared with surplus tags stamped "Man." We must act in accordance with the dignity of the term. To some of us it is a common occurrence to whimper when disagreements develop; to sulk when life is adapted to "majority rule." When we look at such a specimen we invariably shrug our shoulder and say, "Is there nothing that can persuade him to mature mentally?" Possibly childhood was so sweet that dependency, chaperonage, catering and the lack of reason hamper his will to "grow up."

All men make mistakes. How else can we engineer towards efficiency? But the will to admit our mistakes, the will to admit our errors and endeavor to rectify them is the sign of maternity, of manhood. No man is infallible, mistakes have been committed by the greatest of minds—some commit graver errors than others—but regardless of the deception of appearances, mistakes remain mistakes until rectified.

Two wrongs have never made a "right," and two "rights" will never correct a wrong. To correct a mistake is to alleviate pain of error. To correct a mistake is to remove the top sheet and make the whole bed over again.

Admiration, respect, assistance, and understanding are not for he who attempts to paint over his mistake; but for he who admits his error, the world has an open heart.

Mankind will never forgive a mistake unless we make an attempt to forgive ourselves. The first step towards self-forgiveness is admission of faults. The first step towards acquiring manhood is to act like a man. It is the insensible and childish actions and moons which hamper approaching manhood. The second step is reached when we begin to offer our fellowmen every courtesy and understanding which we would expect for ourself. To "rub it in" is the equivalent of the age of kiddie cars when "all right for you," and "I told you so," was the peak of revenge.

Remember the brilliant character who said, "Today I am a man." Men do not become so in twenty-four hours. Ah, no! No calendar can make men of the inhabitants of dreamland.

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one should speak of it. —Seneca.

OUR VICE PRESIDENTS

(The Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Five citizens, all college graduates and men who keep abreast of the times, were discussing politics in a casual way the other night when it was suggested that an effort be made to recall all men who served as vice-president of the United States.

Not a single man in the crowd was able to name over nine persons who have served their nation in that capacity, although we have had 32 vice-presidents since the nation was founded.

Our nation began by putting big men in the office of vice-president, to-wit: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, John C. Calhoun. Two of these vice-presidents became president. One of them was of presidential caliber.

Martin Van Buren was Jackson's vice-president in his second term, having served as secretary of state in the cabinet of his first administration. Van Buren does not rank among the presidential first-raters, but he was an excellent second rater. Historians rank him fairly high. By the way, Van Buren was the only president to collect his salary in lump sum at the end of his term. He was a Dutchman.

Who remembers today Richard M. Johnson, George M. Dallas, William H. King, Schuyler Colfox, Henry Wilson, William A. Wheeler, or Garret A. Hobert? Yet they were vice-presidents of the U. S. A. Some may recall Adlai E. Stevenson, who was Bryan's running mate in 1900 and candidate for governor of his state in 1908.

With the possible exception of three men, no really big man has been nominated for the vice-presidency in 50 years, although some good and useful citizens have been chosen by their respective parties for that office. Has not the time come to select vice-presidential candidates not merely for political reasons but for their proved ability, training and experiences in statecraft?

The vice-presidents who succeeded their chiefs are six in number. Three of these, Arthur, T. Roosevelt and Coolidge, made good. Andrew Johnson tried to carry out Lincoln's policies and made a brave attempt to do the politically impossible. Mr. Truman is doing his best against heavy handicaps.

A TIP FROM A FARMER

I see in your church convention," said an old farmer to a minister, "that you discuss the subject how to get people to attend church. I have never heard a single address at a farmers' convention on how to get the cattle to come to the rack. We spend our time in discussing the best kind of feed." —Selected.

NOT THE PLACE TO START

(Stanly News & Press)

The lack of foresight and the failure to use ordinary commonsense is nowhere better revealed in American life than in the matter of marriage and divorce.

Statistics reveals that in 1940 one marriage in every five ended in divorce, while in 1946 the ratio had dropped to one divorce for every four marriages. Prediction are made that unless the trend changes by 1996 one marriage out of every two will end in a divorce court.

Here in North Carolina, the tendency has been for the legislature to make divorces easier, and today if the man or wife goes into court and swears that the couple has not lived together for a period of two years, the judge must grant a divorce. A person must be a resident of this state for only six months in order to get a divorce granted on the basis of separation.

In 1945, a bill was introduced in the leislature that would have permitted the granting of divorces "while you wait," but it was defeated. However, there is reason to believe that such a measure will be enacted sooner or later unless public sentiment changes. Even at the present session, measures have been presented that would have removed some of the smaller difficulties now encountered in the divorce courts.

It should also be pointed out that the legislature in South Carolina, a state which does not grant divorces, is wrestling with a bill which permit divorces.

As we see the situation, the place to attack the increasing divorce evil is at the marriage altar. That is the sensible place to start to work on the problem, but you hear very little about throwing restriction about the granting of marriage license.

The past record of probate judges in South Carolina in performing marriages which should never have taken place is a disgrace to the nation.

In recent days, two divorce actions have been started in Stanly county Superior court by wives who are not yet 21 years of age. Both marriages took place in South Carolina, one at Cheraw and one at Chesterfield. Does anyone think that those marriages should have been performed? Does anyone think that there is anything to do except to grant the divorces now? And is there anyone who thinks that making divorces easier would correct such a situation?

The place to start work in reducing the number of divorces is in the enactment of laws, not only in this state, but in all the states in the union, which would throw such restrictions about marriage that would make it impossible for children to marry at any time and that would also give both parties to any marriage considerable time between the announcement of intention to wed and the consumation of the marriage to think over the matter.

"Great trials are necessary preparations for great duties."

THE BACK FORTY

By Jeanette Ayerly, in Sunshine Magazine

When Mrs. Tinkham got home from town she changed into her work clothes, assembled her garden tools and the packages of zinnia, marigold and cosmos seeds, and went out into what she and Mr. Tinkham referred to rather fondly as the "back forty." She looked about her. The whole back yard presented a strangely leperous appearance. There was a large circle of packed earth under the bag swing, a small Sahara around the sand box, a large cavity that was the source of a dozen mud pies now hardening on the back fence. And, of course, the Tinkham baseball diamond.

She looked regretfully at the row of hydrangeas by the side porch. She had put them there two years ago and they had strangely survived the middle Tinkham and his friends who chose the porch railing as a site to practice parachute jumping.

She remembered ruefully the loving care with which she planted her garden when the children were little, and they had first moved into the house. The Little Tinkhams had a passion for flowers. There were successions of bouquets they brought to her. They had either come roots and all, accompanied by clods of earth, or merely the heads of blossoms and no stems. She remembered how at first she had scolded or cried out sharply when she saw the mangled plants, but the stricken look of the children holding beauty in their hands had silenced her.

Mr. Tinkham had given up, too, since the evening a year ago when the yard had been particularly over-run with the neighborhood youngsters. There was no explaining the Pied-Piperish fascination of the Tinkham back forty. That might the bag swing, jungle gym, baseball diamond, and the hopscotch driveway mere jammed to capacity. Mr. Tinkham was sitting a trap for the mole which had chosen to burrow under the last stronghold of blue grass. The youngsters had converged upon him in a hot, perspiring circle to watch the performance. Mr. Tinkham was tired and ill-humored. He looked up at the curious circle. "What we need around here," he said, "is a few more kids." The littlest Tinkham took him literally, and a few minutes later wedged himself into the center of the circle and beamed at his father, "I got two more for you, Daddy; Esther and Herbert will be here in a minute."

Mrs. Tinkham sprinkled the warm crumbling earth over the seeds and enjoyed the anticipation of the new zinnias and marigolds and cosmos, for they were rugged and hearty, and bloomed all the better for being picked.

At eventide, when the dusk sifted down and she and Mr. Tinkham were seated on the terrace, the garden was a "lovesome thing." There the little Tinkhams and their friends were running like small shadows catching fireflies in their outstretched hands. Their voices rang out in the stillness when their parents called them home. And Mrs. Tinkham could hear Mr. Tinkham

say, "Next fear when the youngsters are older, I think I'll try delphiniums again."

Mrs. Tinkham smiled in agreement. "After all," they both thought, "the nicest garden of all is the one that grows children with the flowers."

SPIRITUALLY MINDED PERSONS

The spiritually minded man is the modern world's great need. In the search for the fuller life and in the efforts to achieve peace, peace of mind, peace in industrial relations, and peace between nations, the word of Saint Paul should not be forgotten, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

The spiritually minded man is a man who has established habits of thought, and conduct which make for spirituality. Cleanliness for personality and things holy, reading that enriches the spirit and keeps the mind informed about the thrilling adventure of Christ and his Church in the world's redemption, habits of worship and service and prayer—these are at once the evidence and the means of developing the spiritual-mindedness which gives peace and power for victorous living.

The spiritually minded man is the man who has a spiritual purpose in life. His goal is not to make a living. That is incidental. His goal is to make a life, and the kind of life that is governed by an abiding loyalty to One who is greater than himself.

Ultimately the spiritually minded man is one who, consciously or unconsciously, has acheived a philosophy of life based on the experience and the awareness of God. He thinks of himself and his possessions as belonging to the Creator who brought all things into being. He is a steward, entrusted with the use and development of talents and powers for which he must answer. Our year of stewardship will succeed in proportion as it multiplies the numbers of spiritually minded men and women. —N. C. Christian Advocate.

IF WE FACE THE STORM

By W. G. Montgomery, in The Adult Class

The old mountain shepherd, when caught in a storm, would turn his flock of sheep toward the wind and force them to move straight ahead. Had they traveled with the wind, the easy way, ice soon would have formed under the wool and frozen them to death. It was the obstacle that gave the shepherd an opportunity to save the sheep.

When General George W. Goethals was sent to dig the Panama Canal, he met head-on the obstacles which had turned so many back. The French had tried to dig the canal and failed. Twenty thousand of their dead had been left behind, victims of yellow fever. Five hundred engineers, in attempting to survey the canal, had died before getting their first month's pay. So the French gave up and said it could not be done.

When Goethals went down into the death zone, most Americans thought the project so impossible that they began to say, "Let George do it." Here is the origin of the phrase which has been used so many times in shifting our responsibilities upon others. "Let George do it" has played havoc with human happiness in general. But to Goethals, the obstacle was the biggest opportunity in his life. Not only did he see a completed canal, but he saw a health zone on each side.

Calling Doctor Gorgas to his aid, Goethals began to wage war on yellow fever, mosquitos, and swamp poisons. When finally the workers were sent for, Panama was a health zone, so much so that during the construction of the canal, not a single worker was attacked by any tropical disease.

The important truth in any undertaking is that each obstacle overcome is one more objective achieved. There is no easy road to any place worth going. Our own personal happiness depends on achieving hard, "impossible" things. When Moses sent his spies into Canaan, they reported that "we saw giants, and were in our own sight as grasshoppers." The giants are never so tall nor the obstacles so big as they look "in our own sight." The supposed giants will disappear and the obstacles will vanish if we rise up and face them, as the old shepherd would force his sheep on dangerous slopes in a winter storm.

God give us the fortitude to endure the things which cannot be changed, and the courage to change the things which should be changed, and the wisdom to know one from the other.

—Bishop Oliver J. Hart.

FLOWER OF DESTRUCTION

By Edmond R. Vadeboncoeur

The "weed of tragedy" has come back to London. For the second time in nearly 300 years it has appeared in the ruins of this city, waving its phlox-like, pink-blosoming stalks wherever the blitz of the war years struck most savagely, leaving rubble, charred timber and death.

No one knows where the weed comes from or how it grows. Londoners only know that it has not been seen here since the celebrated Great Fire of 1666, when the city once before was palled by destruction. Then, as now, it took root in fire blackened earth, among charred timbers, in front of doorsteps behind which no house stood, and left as mysteriously as it came when the rubble had been cleared away and the city of 1666 restored. Its greatest mystery is that it will not grow in cultivated gardens.

The "weed of tragedy," rose bay, willow herb of fireweed—to which a new name has now been given, "blitz flower" is no flower. It is simply a weed but a beautiful one, growing almost three feet in height and crowned with blossoms of a delicate pink forming a spiky point somewhat like delphinium. People say that it has also been found growing in South Africa and Canada after brush or forest fires.

It flourishes in the unlikeliest places —in gaping holes that used to be cellars, high above the streets atop broken walls, and in at least one bombed house that still stands it has been observed growing on each of four floors. One guess is that the valiant stranger simply likes the lime of broken stones and that perhaps the flames of the blitz left something in the ruins that nourishes it as nothing else can do.

In any case, it blooms in London today, and Londoners say that it had not blommed here since the great fire, when it stayed only as long as there were ruins to cradle its roots. They say too, that when today's blitzed holes are filled and heaps cleared away it will go away once more.

We never know how far or how deeply our words will go or sink. They may travel quickly to a great distance, or simply dig their way into some near-by heart and lodge there, growing into something very real. —Exchange.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist, Church conducted the service at the school on last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Tarlton is one of the ministers who seem to delight in the opportunities that he has for preaching to the boys, and we appreciate his loyalty.

The entire 19th Psalm was read as a Scripture lesson. The words of the 14th verse were selected as a text. This verse reads as follows: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."

Mr. Tarlton described the 19th Psalm as being one of the most beautiful selections in all the Scripture, and he urged the boys to do as he had done—that is, read it often for the help it will be to them.

It was explained to the boys that the words of the text represent one of the finest prayers ever uttered by any person, and it was explained to the boys that any individual can know for a certainty what God wants him to say with his mouth if he will but pray to God in silence and listen for the voice of God as it speaks to his inner spirit. Mr. Tarlton urged the boys to study this prayer diligently and make it a part of their prayer life.

It was explained to the boys that there were other great prayers in the Scriptures. Jesus reminded His hearers on one occasion that they would not be heard for their much speaking. Generally, Jesus taught in brief sentence prayers such as are found in the Lord's Prayer, and at the time of His crucifixion when He said: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Likewise, there have been other prayers, spoken and written, as they were uttered by great men and women throughout the history of the human race. Prayer by a saintly person was described as one of the most powerful forces in the universe.

Mr. Tarlton then cautioned the boys always to be careful about their spoken words. Always one faces the danger that in times of anxiety or emotional strain words may be uttered of which the person will later be much ashamed. The Scriptures advise that that a person bridle his tongue at all times so that in moments of temptation no words of slander or profanity of any kind will be spoken.

The Psalmist uttered another quality of prayer when he prayed to God that the meditations of his heart might also be acceptable. The speaker explained that out of the heart are the issues of life, and that when there are good thoughts there are good deeds, and when there are bad thoughts there are evil deeds. It was explained to the boys that for the spring stream to be made clear and clean it is always necessary to purify the source from which the spring develops. It is not enough just to claense the stream itself and hope to keep the water pure. So it is with the life of an individual, if he would keep his conduct and behavior on a Christian basis. He must, with the help of

the Lord, cleanse and purify the meditations of the heart.

It was explained to the boys that a person needs to be careful and cautious during all the experiences of the day, when he is at work, at play, or in the cottage. It is possible for people to be good enough wherever they are so that when they are in the presence of others they become a source of power and strength and an inspiration to other people about them. Every person should strive to make the company he keeps more holy and pure than it was when he entered it. No one should ever permit himself to search out for bad company in which there is an over-abundance of profanity and vulgarity.

———:———

USE YOUR THINKER

A teacher in a technical school gave detailed instructions on how to perform a certain operation with tools, then said to the students; "Now that is how it is done. If you have any gray matter, use it."

A telegraph operator allowed a train to go through, an accident occured, and his excuse was, "I did not think."

Again and again we have to admit—or should—that we did not put on our thinking caps—we forgot, delayed, muddled, muffed, or missed an opportunity.

We need head work in the game of life, as we need nothing else. The thinking apparatus is given us to use. If not used, it goes to seed or grows an amazing crop of weeds.

More trouble comes from faulty thinking or failure to think than from any other cause. Snap judgments, foolish decisions, bad reasoning all leave their harmful mark. A person may not be vicious, may not intend to do wrong, but still through lack of attention and thoughtlessness may make mistakes.

You are not complimenting one if you can merely praise looks, clothes, color of eyes, ancestors, and the fact that one never harmed anybody. Has that one learned to think below the surface, constructively and with an original contribution to the world?

Have a thinker, use it on high levels, and let that thinking shape your life for better and better things. The best thinking is that which one does for himself. —Nathan Howard Gist

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Order is heaven's first law.—Pope.

—:—

Forgive thyself little, and others much.—Leighton.

—:—

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Chasles.

—:—

The heart has eyes that the bram knows nothing of.—C. H. Parkhurst.

—:—

No hand can make the clock strike for me the hours that are passed.
—Byron.

—:—

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.
—Seneca.

—:—

There is no great achievement that is not the result of patient working and waiting.—J. G. Holland.

—:—

Those who do the most for the world's advancement are the ones who demand the least.—H. L. Doherty.

—:—

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks and then reflects on what he has uttered.—Exchange.

—:—

Passionate people are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—Plato.

—:—

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.
—Capelle.

—:—

Youthful follies growing on old age are like the few young shoots on the bare top of an old stump of an oak.
—John Foster.

Let no one tell you that a fool and his money are soon parted. A fool does not get together with money.
—Selected.

—:—

There are many persons who look on Sunday as a sponge to wipe out the sins of the week.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

If a civil word or two will render a man happy, he is a wretch, indeed, who will not give them to him.
—William Penn.

—:—

The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber.
—Quarles.

—:—

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.—Southey.

—:—

Don't envy anybody. Every person has something that no other human being has. Develop that one thing and make it outstanding.—Selected.

—:—

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.—Chas. Buxton.

—:—

He that never changes his opinions, never corrects his mistakes, and will never be wiser on the morrow than he is today.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and, in the grand sweep of things, his turn will come at last.—W. McCune.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Some people's only idea of exercise is letting bills run.

—:—

The chump who said he would only marry a girl who could take a joke was surely right, his wife now admits.

—:—

Look out for the man who has sev-everal irons in the fire, because you might get burned.

—:—

A Scotsman in Philadelphia had been missing for a month. They found him in one of those pay-as-you-leave street cars.

—:—

Notice To Hunters: If you see something that wears a hat, smokes a pipe, and stands on hind legs, don't shoot—it isn't a deer.

—:—

The judge asked the accused why she shot her husband with a bow and arrow, rather than to use a gun. She replied that she did not want to wake the children.

—:—

In court a woman burst into tears and told the judge that she had been jilted four times in the past two years. The experience had naturally unmanned her.

—:—

We recently heard of a big business man, employer of thousands of workmen, who had to give up going to baseball games. He just couldn't stand hearing the umpire call a strike.

—:—

A small boy told his father that when he grew up he wanted to drive a huge army tank. "Well, son," said his dad, "if that's what you're going to do, I certainly won't stand in your way."

An enemy of a certain member of President Truman's cabinet recently made the statement that if there was any government job for which he is fitted, it ought to be abolished.

—:—

Patient—"I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."

Nurse—"Cheer up, you won't. The doctor is in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me yesterday."

—:—

A tourist stopped in a New England village and inquired of an old-timer: "What is the death rate here?" The local resident replied: "Same as it is everywhere else—one death for each inhabitant."

—:—

The train halted for a few minutes at the station and a traveler reached out, called a small boy and said: "Son, here's fifty cents. Get me a twenty-five-cent sandwich, and get one for yourself." Just as the train was pulling out the boy ran up to the window. "Here's your quarter, Mister," he shouted. "They only had one sandwich."

—:—

When a young man went courting in the day of the horse and buggy, he did not rush up to where his sweetheart lived, honk his horn, and wait a minute for the young miss to rush out and jump in. Instead, he got out, hitched his horse, and, like a knight of old, made obeisance to his lady at the front door and escorted her to the buggy. After they got in, the wise and accomodating horse knew not to travel more than four miles an hour and to keep in the middle of the road without the driver's attention. Such courting as that did not cover much territory, but it got results.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of March 9, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Jack Griffin
Roger Ivey
Johnnie Myers
Marion Ray
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
Horace Collins
Charles Franklin
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Fairly McGee
Clay Shew
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
William McVicker
Van Robinson
James Scott
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
David Gibson
Jesse Hamlin
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shed
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Lee Bean
Glenn Bumgardner
Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyon
Ernest Kitchen
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Lacy Overton
Roy Swink
Clifton Shull
James Wilson
Richard Whittaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austen
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Ralph Medlin
Robert Wilkins
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Driggers
Robert Evens
Kenneth Holcomb
Clyde Hill
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Eugene McLean
Robert Peavy
Lewis Sutherland
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Edward Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jack Paschal
Franklin Stover
Robert Shephard
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Worth Craven
Thomas Corley
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Emmet Fields
William Holder
Garmon Hubbard
Robert Hinson
David Johnson
Carl Jenkins
James Norton
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Thomas Styles
James Upright
Jimmy Wilds
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Arthur Ballew
Ted Clonch
Edward Guffey
Tommy Hutchin
Earl Kinlaw
James Moore
Sile Orr
Donald Stultz
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Carswell
Ralph Drye
Jack Hensley

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Elbert Gentry

Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
James Shook

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
Charles Farmer
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Alton Stewart
James Shelton
James Shepherd
William Stamey
Roy Watkins
Garland Leonard

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Evans Chavis
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Sammy Lynn
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

William Hunter
Thomas Davis
William Honeycutt

———:———

I am not careful for what may be a hundred years hence. He who governed the world before I was born shall take care of it likewise when I am dead. My part is to improve the present moment.

—John Wesley.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N.C., MARCH 22, 1947 No. 12

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
MAR 23 '47

BE STRONG

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle — face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh shame
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong.
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		4-10
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		11
"I AM AN AMERICAN, SIR"	By Daniel A. Poling	15
SEAWEED IS IN BIG DEMAND	By Bill Sharpe	17
PEACE PROSPECTS AND THE RED MENACE	(Christian Frontier)	19
WHO OWNS THE HILLS?	By Ben Thinken	21
ANCIENT BANKS	(Selected)	22
THE CHOICE OF HERCULES	(Selected)	23
VICTORY PROPAGANDA	By Walter E. Stockwell	25
SOUTH'S TIMBER FAST DIMINISHING	(Mooresville Enterprise)	26
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		27
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

GOD BE WITH YOU

We all remember the "exam" or "quiz" that used to be given to us when we were at school. Sometimes the teacher would leave the room and put us on our honor. Sometimes she would let us grade our own papers according to the correct answers which she gave.

I should like to submit to you an "exam" or "quiz" revealed to me by the Almighty. How and why the Almighty revealed the quiz to me is a secret. The point is, do you want to try it? If you do, go to it. You must answer at least seven of the ten questions with "yes" in order to get the passing grade of 70.

1. Are there five persons (outside of your family) who would sincerely miss you if you were gone?
2. Among those who know you, are you regarded as one who stands up for the right?
3. Are you charitable to a degree that your conscience regards you as generous?
4. Have you attended a house of worship once in the past month?
5. Are you living on good terms with yourself?
6. Is your heart clean of grudges or hates against any person or groups?
7. Would you be willing to submit your today to God for an accounting?
8. Have people good reason to trust you and to be glad to see you?
9. Are you putting into life as much as you are getting out of it?
10. If you were suddenly and absolutely to learn that there is no God, would it make any significant change in your life?

Now, what's your grade?

Remember: your grade tells you—

What you think of yourself;
What others think of you;
What God thinks of you.

—Louis Witt, Rabbi
Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, Dayton, Ohio.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF ACTIVITIES AT STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

I wish to present herewith a report of some of the most noteworthy activities of the Jackson Training School for the quarter ending February 28, 1947, as follows:

I. Population.

The population of the Jackson Training School during the past quarter has remained fairly constant. We have had an average enrollment of approximately 300 boys during the quarter. This means, of course, that our releasing program has about kept pace with the intake of boys. This probably represents the operation of a principle which can be easily justified or defended. It means, in the final analysis, that the releasing of boys is being given systematic and continuous consideration, and that on the whole boys are not being kept for too long periods at the institution. It means, too, fundamentally, that the boys are working conscientiously and seriously toward the building of a creditable record for themselves, a record that is based upon good behavior, industry and cooperation. It means, too, that the work of the Reviewing Committee, which was established some time ago, is functioning regularly in the life of the institution.

With reference to the population, I should like to say that in actual figures during the months of December, January and February, we received 56 boys, and during that same period we released 44 boys. In this connection, I should like to point out what seems to be a very significant thing, in that during the same quarter last year our intake was only 40 as compared with 56 this quarter. This may indicate that there is an increase in juvenile delinquency, which has probably really occurred. It may mean, too, that there has been some unfavorable reaction or unsuccessful experiences with more home placements than was anticipated.

Even though the population at the Jackson Training School has not been as high as it was at one time, this, in the final analysis, is not to be regarded with alarm, nor is it to be too greatly lamented, for, from a practical standpoint, it has meant that it has been possible to provide more and more adequate supervision and guidance of the boys in attendance. It means that there has been a reduction in

the loads which in the past have definitely been too heavy for successful operation. This will be viewed in the light of the fact that in some of the northeastern institutions of the nation, the ratio of staff members to boys, in some instances, is as low as one for every two boys, whereas it has been one for each six boys here.

It is interesting to note that during the past quarter we received quite a number of very small young boys—boys who had gotten out of control in their communities and homes. We have had a rather marked increase in our number of small boys, and it is easily apparent to anyone who sees the boys in groups here on the grounds.

II. Recreation and Entertainment.

During the past quarter the physical education program, including sports and games, has progressed unusually well. There has been an unusual amount of interest in the basketball tournament, which is the winter sport, and which has been on an intramural basis, offering participation to practically all the boys at the school. It is quite interesting to note how awkward and inexperienced in sports and games the new boys are. It is quite obvious that most of the boys who come to the school have not had an opportunity to participate in athletics. They do not even know the simple rudiments of most of the games which boys play, and, no doubt, many of the boys have their first opportunity here to play some of the games which they have wanted so much to play throughout their lives.

During the Christmas holiday season and since that time, quite a number of boys at the school have participated in boxing. This is the first time in the history of the school that this sport has been utilized here at the school. It seems to be in line with good therapy for some boys to have an opportunity to participate in this sport. It was suggested to us by an expert psychiatrist that a certain one of our boys who is unusally aggressive should have an opportunity to take part in boxing and pole vaulting because it would tend to give him an outlet for some of the aggressive impulses in his spirit.

The school has been represented by boxing teams in tournaments of the Golden Gloves at Greenville, S. C., Charlotte, and Greens-

boro. In all instances the boys have conducted themselves with good manners and good citizenship. They have not discredited the school nor themselves by any unfavorable conduct. This has taken the boys away from the school, but it has given them some very fine experiences which should benefit them when they return to their homes. This being the first year, the boys have not won many of the trophies, but they have won a good name for themselves and for the school.

During the past quarter a cottage, to be known as Wildwood Cottage, has been completed. It is to be used for cottage groups and Scout troops when they will get away from the monotony of the school and refresh their spirits in wholesome experiences. The cottage is located about two miles south of the school near Coddle Creek and is situated on a beautiful wooded site. There is every indication that this new cottage will serve to be quite useful in the life of the school in future years.

We are still convinced that the idea of employing a fulltime recreational director is sound and that the person in this position pays good dividends. The only regret is that we have only one such person.

III. History of the School

During the past quarter the publication known as the History of the Jackson Training School was completed by the print shop department, and it has been bound into a nice booklet which contains 125 pages, including a number of important pictures. Copies of this publication have been sent to various welfare officials and juvenile judges throughout the state. It has also been sent to other state officials and interested friends. We hope it will serve to give favorable information about the school to the various individuals who are related in any way to the operation of the school. The book has been placed in the hands of various groups of college and high school students, and in the future we anticipate its use in various sociology classes. In the final analysis, however, it does give a brief history of the organization and operation of the institution, and it records many of the pertinent facts relating to the school.

IV. Personnel Problem

During the past quarter the personnel at the school has remained rather constant. Only two persons changed at the institution during this time, and we are delighted to report that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cruse, who formerly worked at the school, returned during the month of February, and have resumed their work in Cottage No. 9. Mr. Cruse works with the carpenter shop crew.

Here at the Jackson Training School we have hoped we would be able to employ a vocational teacher who could give special attention to courses in industrial arts; in handicrafts. The talent in this field, however, is so scarce, and the competition so keen that we have found it impossible to fill this position. We hope that it will be possible, under the appropriations for the next biennium, to employ a well-trained person for this department. Most of the other training schools of the nation have reported favorably on the accomplishments of such a department.

While we have been doing the best we could with our situation, we still find it difficult to employ people of good training for such long hours. Unfortunately, this institution, along with similar other ones, has been seriously afflicted with the problem of long hours and overwork. While it is nice for some workers to work for only eight or eight and a half hours, it does not quite seem fair for some to have this privilege and others to be on duty for as much as eighty hours in the week.

There is still a definite need for the employment of additional staff members here at the Jackson Training School so that the long hours problem may be eliminated. At the same time, however, such new workers, it is to be hoped, will be people who will be loyal and devoted to their work, to the end that they will share equally and fairly in the obligations which are so characteristic of training schools. One of the most lamentable facts is that the public and even some workers at a training school never seem to understand that there are peculiar problems involved in the operation of a training school where custodial duties have to be maintained.

We are delighted to note that the Legislature has made provision for approximately one dozen additional workers for the Jackson Training School. Unfortunately, however, the prospects

for the employment of such persons, when there are no suitable or adequate living quarters, are not too good.

Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that not too much emphasis, either now or in the future, should be laid upon the ability of this or any other similar institution, to operate upon a cheap basis. It would be a great tragedy, if this or any institution is to be judged in its efficiency by how cheaply it does the job. This is particularly true in the light of the fact that the training schools of North Carolina operate on a per capita cost of at least one-half of the national average. It seems that it is expecting the impossible to happen.

V. Farm and Related Activities.

During the winter months there has been little activity on the farm. It seems that the small grain made a good beginning, but during the cold weather of recent days the winter crops have suffered terribly. Whether or not they will survive depends on what happens in the future days. It might be explained, however, that last fall we had the best prospects for a good grain crop in the history of the school.

During the winter it has been possible to do most of the pruning of fruit trees. Heretofore, the pruning has always been done in the spring months, generally too late for the good of the trees. We hope that the weather will be favorable again for fruit this year, because it is such an important item in the life of the school.

During the past quarter the school came into possession of two highly pedigreed bulls, one for the Holstein milk herd and one for the Hereford beef herd. The Holstein bull is being loaned to the school by the federal Department of Agriculture and is being loaned to us for experimental breeding purposes. He came to us without cost, and we will be permitted to keep him for about three years. The Hereford bull was the gift of Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, and we are most grateful to him for this generous gift.

VI. Buildings Reconditioned.

During the past quarter the school's infirmary has been given a thorough reconditioning, interior paint job. Under the direction

of Mr. Carriker, the boys of the carpenter shop crew have gone through the interior of the entire building and repainted the walls and the ceilings. Some of the walls have been painted green, some pink, and some blue. This gives variety and adds a touch of gay colors, but nothing gaudy or overdrawn. Not only have the walls and ceilings been painted, but most of the furnishings have been gone over, too.

The milk house at the dairy has been repainted and reconditioned in anticipation of installing the new pasteurizing equipment for the school. This necessitated replastering and repainting the walls, the laying of a new concrete floor in the bottling and the washing rooms. Most of the pasteurizing equipment arrived, but some parts are still missing, and the installation is delayed indefinitely. We will get this work done just as soon as possible, as it should have been done years ago.

When it was found possible to reopen Cottage No. 9 it was necessary to do some repainting and reconditioning of this building. Some painting was done, particularly in the basement, in order to make the place clean and attractive. This building is now in good condition.

VII. The National Conference of Superintendents.

During the month of February, it was my privilege again to attend the National Conference of Superintendents in New York City. As usual, this was a very interesting and helpful meeting. The discussions were very spirited, and very closely related to the work of this institution. I hope we will be able in the months ahead to incorporate into the operation of the school here some of the helpful suggestions that were made at the conference.

Generally speaking, the Jackson Training School has had a very successful year. Although the accomplishments have fallen short of our expectations in some respects, and although we have not accomplished all that should have been done, it is our honest conviction that the school is on the upgrade and that it is making definite progress in many ways. Many handicaps and many obstacles have been encountered and in many respects it has been an uphill struggle because of the dearth of well-trained talent, and salaries have

been far too low. Much remains yet to be done, and in some instances only time can make possible the attainment of certain goals which should be reached. It can be said with great pride that the boys at the school are much happier and their responses, in general, are much superior to what they were in other years.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 23, 1947

March 26—Silas Orr, Cottage No. 10, 14th birthday.
March 29—Bobby Joe Galyan, Cottage No. 4, 11th birthday.
March 29—Glenn Bumgardner, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Bill Proctor's Choice

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Last Monday we saw a show entitled "Bill Proctor's Choice." This show was about a boy who wanted to study pharmacy. In this show he met a man who showed him a pharmacist's laboratory and told him some of the things he needed to know about pharmacy. This show was very educational and taught good manners and self-respect, as well as other habits that Bill had and that all other boys should have. It taught dependability. All the boys enjoyed this picture very much.

How We Are Graded at J. T. S.

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

We are graded on the following elementary subjects: (1) Language Arts—reading, language, spelling, and writing; (2) Social Studies—history, geography, and civics; (3) Other Subjects—health, physical education, elementary science,, arithmetic, music, and art.

We are graded on our work experiences, too, such as bakery, dairy, barber shop, canning and gardening work, furnace boy, house boy, carpenter shop, laundry, library, and many others.

Too, we are graded on social and personal assets as follows: co-operation, courtesy, dependability, industriousness, leadership, maturity, personal appearance, and self-control.

Many of the boy want their report card to be the best.

Trophies Were Presented

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

At Sunday School services last Sunday, there were some trophies presented to the boys who won in the boxing tournament in Greensboro when they went there to box a few weeks ago. Mr. Hawfield, our superintendent, presented the trophies. Charles Autry won two trophies, one for being the most popular boxer in the tournament and one for going to the finals. Clifton Rhodes got a trophy for going to the finals, too. Ray Burns won a trophy for winning his fight in the finals. These trophies were all very pretty, and the boys were all very proud of them. The boys who won trophies decided to have them put on exhibit in the library where all the other boys could see them.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The show for Thursday was "Up Goes Maisie." Joe, Tim, and Nick were working on a helicopter. They were going to enter it into a contest at the Rose Bowl in California, but Tim turned against them and almost ruined their chance of entering the contest. Maisie flew the helicopter from Tim's office where she found it to the Rose Bowl in Los Angeles, Cal-

ifornia. At the end, she got the helicopter to the Rose Bowl where Joe was waiting.

The name of the comedy was "Springtime for Thomas."

A Good Move

By Billy Best, 8th Grade

Mr. Caldwell and the boys of the 7th grade have moved. They are now in the room to the right of the old one. Mr. Liske and some of the boys are putting a new heater in the new room, so it will be warmer in the classroom next winter.

New Boys

Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Recently we have received four new boys in our school department, and they are the following: Billy Clemmons, Whiteville; J. D. Ashley, Moore's Knob; Calvin Matheson, Statesville; and Eugene Williams, High Point. We all hope that these boys will do their best in the School.

Visitors at the School

By Charles Angel, 8th Grade

The Sociology Class of Boyden High School in Salisbury made an inspection tour of the Jackson Training School some time ago. The boys and girls were shown over the campus, and they visited the buildings where work was being carried on.

While they were visiting in "Tenth Cottage," they became interested in Mrs. Liske's collection of shoes. Last week she received a cowboy-boot from the class in appreciation. The boot is made of beige china and is unlike any she has. This one certainly makes Mrs. Liske's collection more complete. She is happy to have heard from the class in such a nice way.

B. T. U. Meeting—Intermediate Group

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

The first thing on our program was a Bible Drill. The scores were as follows: James Dunn, 30 points; Glenn Evans, 25 points; Robert Jarvis, 15 points; and Harold Kernodle, 5 points.

The main part on our program was centered around the topic of "What My Church Believes." Mr. Puckett told us that we should think hard on this subject. We discussed two subjects: "Baptism Is Not Necessary for Accepting Christ" and "Take on a New Life after Baptism."

We had a visitor in our class. Her name was Miss Randolph. She teaches Bible in the Concord High School.

B. T. U. Meeting—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

Sunday, we had the opening exercises of our B. T. U. meeting in the auditorium. We sang some songs. They were "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder," "The Sweet By and By," and "Stepping in the Light." "What verse of scripture do you like best?" was asked us. Miss Randolph dismissed us with prayer.

Then we went to our classrooms to have our group meetings. Mr. Sofness, who was in charge of our group, told us about when he was in Scotland.

After that, we read our parts from our quarterlies.

B. T. U. Meeting—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

Mr. Helms was in charge of the program. First, we had some verses in the Bible. Tommy Staley had St. John 17:1-4. Woodrow Norton had Hebrews 6:7-12, and Jesse Hamlin had Philippians 3:12-14. Howell Willis had Proverbs 20:11-13, and his topic was "The Secret of God's Work." Jesse Hamlin's topic was "Our work at School." James Peterson had the topic of "Our Minds Grow by Study." Philip Kirk's topic was "Press On toward the Mark," and Woodrow Norton had for his topic, "The Reward of Our Work." We had a good meeting.

Chapel Program

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Thursday, we had a chapel program. The scripture reading was given by Clifford Millian in the morning and by Bobby Woodruff in the afternoon. Talmadge Duncan gave an introduction to the play, "Discovering and Exploring North Carolina—the Treasure Chest." The play was arranged in three acts. The first scene was at the home of Mrs. Nora Breezey, and some of the young people of the community had gathered together at her home to organize a club in order to find out more about North Carolina. Mrs. Breezey was played by Gray Brown of our 11th grade, and Mr, Breezey was played by another 11th grade boy, Gerald Johnson. The second scene was at Mrs. Breezey's home three weeks later, and the young people were having the next meeting of their club. At that meeting they presented a scrapbook and some posters, as well as a mural about North Carolina. During the third scene, the boys were having some talks about North Carolina. This part was a speaking contest.

The boys who spoke first in the contest and their talks were as follows: Carl Holt gave "The History of North Carolina"; Clifton Rhodes, "Location, Size, and Division of North Carolina"; Waylon Gardner, "The Tidewater Section"; Glenn Evans, "The Piedmont Section"; Eugene Martin, "The Mountain Region"; Charles Angel, "Public Health"; Cecil Burleson, "North Carolina Flag"; Richard Sandlin, "The Great Seal of North Carolina"; Alfred Davis, "Trees, Flowers, and Birds"; Sammie Lynn, "Our Textile Mills"; Talmadge Duncan, "The Government of North Carolina"; and and Robert Jarvis, "Transportation in North Carolina."

In order to break the monotony of having so many speakers speak in succession without a break, we had some songs, "God Bless America," "Home on the Range," and "America." The entire audience sang these songs. Glenn Evans sang a solo, "An Indian Song." Other songs that had been used in the first two scenes were the following: "The Tar Heel State," "The North Carolina Hills," "The Old North State," and "Ho for Carolina."

The other boys who spoke in the contest were: James Shook, Marion Ray, and Bill Ray who gave talks on "Our Native Wild Life"; Clifford Martin, "The Climate of the Coastal Plain;" Charles Autry, "People and

Industries"; Bobby Joe Duncan, "Our Mineral Resources"; Billy Best, "Our Water Power"; James Dunn, "The Variety Vacationland"; Clyde Wright, "Schools of North Carolina"; and Fred Whitley, "Artists , Musicians, and Writers." As the talks were made, interesting things being explained were pointed out on the mural. The mural was shown on a little machine like a picture machine.

The boys who won were the following: Robert Jarvis—first place, Carl Holt—second, Eugene Martin—third, and Clyde Wright—fourth.

All the boys enjoyed this program immensely. They were thankful to Mr. Hines for getting up such a good program.

———:———

TEACHING IS HIGHEST PROFESSION

In a recent broadcast, Orson Welles said: "Well, Mrs. Ezell, I don't like comic books any more than you do, but I don't like censorship either. How about a national boycott of all places that sell that sort of book by the Parent Teachers Association and other similar groups? Churches would certainly be glad to help and the newspapers ought to get behind such a drive. As you point out, you can't forbid junior his penny dreadful. It won't work anymore than forbidding junior's mother and father to take a drink. Prohibition is a bad principle. The answer, of course, is education. Junior must be taught to like something better than the comic books. This won't happen until the biggest salaries in our land go to the teachers instead of to movie actors and radio speech making. Teaching is the highest profession a man or woman can aspire to. And since we live under a profit system, the highest profits ought to go to the best people in the most important job. And the most important job is teaching.

" When you hear somebody ask whatever happened to Mary Smith and the answer comes back, 'Poor Mary, she seemed so promising, but she never amounted to anything after all, she's teaching school.' That's all wrong. The answer ought to be, 'Oh, Mary—she really made good. She's the pride of the family and the big bread winner. She's teaching school.' " —Selected.

"I AM AN AMERICAN, SIR"

By Daniel A. Poling, in The Christian Herald

Years ago, in Smithfield, an Ohio village made famous as the home of the five fighting McCooks of Civil War history, I addressed a patriotic service. Entertained in the home of the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Love, I was seated with the family at the breakfast table, when, in response to a knock at the front door, the pastor brought into the room a small boy who lived in the coal mine town—the tipple town—just under the hill. The miners were all foreigners and only the children who had enjoyed the advantages of our schools spoke our language. In those days the workers were "Hunkies" or "Dagoes," or what have you to the "better people," but this boy who was timid and half-afraid had come with a strange request—said he, "My father has a band and the band would like to play for your parade. They would like to play patriotic music and follow the flag. My father doesn't speak English but he sent me to ask whether you would grant his request and to say that he and his friends would be very proud, very grateful and very happy to march and play." The boy's voice trembled then as he concluded, "My father loves the flag too and he wants to be a good American. I am an American, sir, because I was born under the flag."

The minister was wise and he had an understanding heart. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "We shall be glad to have your father's band in the parade. They shall march right behind the flag, son. Tell him to be here at ten o'clock and to have all his patriotic members." At that the boy's face broke into smile and he replied, "Already the are waiting behind the hill, for they believed you would let them come!" And so it was, that the men from the mine, men of alien tongues and underpriviledged surroundings, but men who had found a new hope under Old Glory and whose sons and daughters were already the children of our heritage, followed the flag that day. With the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Onward Christain Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," they led us to the village burial ground where we remembered our dead and pledged ourselves anew to the unity for which our fathers died and to the fulfillment of the American dream.

America's supreme achievement continues to be the unity toward which the thirteen colonies moved, at times with hesitation, but with unfaltering purpose and to which each succeeding generation has made its contribution. To this unity let us dedicate ourselves afresh while we seek to strengthen its every tie of understanding and good will. Here is the genius of American liberty, the uniqueness of the freedom that flamed from the sword of Washington, that lived in the words of Jefferson, and that was given its fullest expression by the voice of Abraham Lincoln. In our time, it speaks for a new world

of brotherhood and for an enduring peace that shall bring its blessings to all peoples. In our time, it has sanctified the death of our sons on distant battlefields and remote oceans where they have gone to keep the physical tragedies of war remote from their homes and loved ones. In our time, it has made and will yet make, privilege more than a mere word, equal opportunity the practice of both industry and government and the incentive for all races, faiths and colors to live their best for America.

Recently Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia said, "More than one-third of the people of this state are Negroes. If these Negroes are uneducated, unemployed, underprivileged and without free opportunity, then one-third of our people are uneducated unemployed, underprivileged and without free opportunity." He added, "No man can keep his foot on the neck of another man without staying with him." These are the words with which America faces a new day upon her home continent and enters a new era of world affairs. Just as we could not win this war in our divisions, so we should lose the peace if we entered it divided, if in our divisions, we faced its problems and engaged its tasks. Our sons have demonstrated that loyal each to the royal in himself, each may be loyal to his comrade and to his country. Their unity which strengthened every worthy individual loyalty—loyalty of faith and of family—also enriched and glorified their common cause. Here, we believe, is the significant quality of American freedom, that which has made it different from all others, that which sets it apart from every other form of government and makes its culture unique in the history of man.

THINKING YOUNG

We harken to the phychologist who says that age has nothing to do with the number of birthdays and we listen to his pointers on keeping young through 60. He reminds us that the biological change is less between 55 and 75 than it is between 40 and 55; that different parts such as eyes, ears and muscular strength have passed their peak by the time we are 30. It is the mind that affects our feeling of age after this period. The brain is still capable of growing and we must keep it refreshed with learning. Thus we retain our youth. Since the brain can work such wonders, we must feed it, not permit it to deterioate through disuse, just because the years have added to our sum total. Mental efficiency reaches its peak at about 60, but by fertilizing it with learning the decline of the mind to the age of 80 will scarcely be noticed. Take heart, ye old weary one, let us meet these birthdays gracefully. —Selected

SEAWEED IS IN BIG DEMAND

By Bill Sharpe, in The State

Those things which are such a clammy bother while you are swimming, and which are such a confounded nuisance to net fishermen no longer are mere sea "weeds." They are sea vegetables. And at least one species, Gracilaria confervoides, is the basis of a new and thriving industry on the Carolina coast.

Thrifty native swimmers around here now are raking the stuff up into piles, and trawlers who used to cuss it with good old Core Sound cusswords are bringing it in along with their shrimp, to sell to processors.

Harvest and commerical use of seaweed largely had been left to the Japanese until Pearl Harbor. After that, the small California seaweed industry expanded enormously, but not nearly enough to meet current demand. The hunt for suitable seaweeds continued along the Atlantic and the Gulf, and recently a full-fledged commercial plant here began production of agar from seaweed, first on the Atlantic coast.

You may think you never use the humble aquatic plant, but it's dollars to doughnuts that you do. For instance, agar, one of the many derivatives of seaweed, is used for treatment of wounds, by dentists, in medicines and drugs, in cosmetics, in paint; as a sizing in paper and cloth, in canned fish, in pastries and baked goods, confections; as sausage casings, in hair straighteners.

It also is used to thicken soup, ice cream and chocolate milks; as an adhesive, to clarify liquids, in cheeses, in manufacture of tungsten wire, in photograpic plate emulsions, and for other uses where gelatines are indicated.

Orientials for years have used it in cookery. It is rich in certain minerals and vitamins, but is of uncertain nutritive value.

Utilization of seaweed in this area followed experiments carried on by the Duke University Marine Laboratory, at Piver's Island and which is still conducting studies in cooperation with the WPB. It was found that the "vegetable" grows profusely in the sounds and bays of Central Carolina, and that they are easily harvested. Fisher men and their families fork up the weed into small boats, mostly in late summer and fall, and sell it to Van Sant, the local processing plant, where it is washed, dried, cooked frozen, and reduced to commerical agar for one or more of the many uses mentioned above.

A weed gatherer can collect as much as a ton in a day, and comerical fishing boats sometimes come in with more seaweed than fish. The weed grows rankly, sometimes four feet tall.

Experiments by Dr. Harold J. Humm, of the Duke Marine Laboratory here, indicate possibilities for cultivation of the weed. Sprays of seaweed tied to brick and sunk to the bottom of the sounds multiplied ten times in volume within two weeks. Cultivation of seaweed has been practiced in the Orient for many years. As

a result of experiments that have been made along the North Carolina coast and elsewhere, it may be that cultivation in this country will be greatly increased in the future, and that we will be in a position to tell the Orient that we do not need any of their supply. That has been done in a number of other instances: there is no reason why it shouldn't be done in this. But who would ever have thought a few years ago that seaweed cultivation might become an important industry!

CHURCH ETIQUETTE

We are careful about our etiquette in our social life. When people come into our homes, we try to put our best foot forward. What about church etiquette? Here are some things that will help us in our effort to be our best in our church relations.

1. Come early.
2. Never pass up the aisle during the reading of the Scripture lesson. You disturb others and destroy the effects of the word.
3. If the sermon has begun, take a seat near the door.
4. Be reverent—the church is not a theatre. You come to worship God, not to whisper, lounge, or sleep.
5. Be thoughtful of the comfort of others. Never make a haystack of yourself at the end of the pew and expect others to crawl over you to reach a seat.
6. Always remember that the strangers are the guests of the church members. Treat them with the same courtesy as you would if they should visit your home.
7. Never put your wraps on during the last hymn. . . they will still be there after the benediction.
8. Never rush for the door after the benediction as though the church building were on fire.
9. Remember at all times that you are in the house of the Lord."

—Arkansas Baptist.

PEACE PROSPECTS AND THE RED MENACE

(Christian Frontier)

Seldom has history presented such formidable barriers to a peaceful understanding between nations as those built up between the United States and Soviet Russia. Everything seems to argue for and augur a war to the death within the next ten years. First, to use a well worn phrase, there is the difference in ideology. The United States is still a great capitalist power, in fact, the last remaining one, and capitalism is the sworn enemy of the Marxist way of life. Economically the two nations are poles apart and there seems to be little effort or desire on either side to do anything about this distance. Hence the dark and fanatical fear in this county of any infiltration of communism into our political or economic life.

In the second place, our foreign policy is being increasingly subjected to pressure from the Roman Catholic constituence in our country. Politically and religiously the Vatican is or wishes to be, just as authoritarian in its control over the masses as communism. The world is not big enough for one, let alone two, totalitarian powers, yet these powers have come to a death grip in Europe. Hence the widely propagandized and concerted effort of the hierarchy in the United States to lead us into a holy war against Russia.

In the third place the professedly atheistic character of the Soviet regime incites much of the Protestant segment of America's spiritual federation to fear and hatred and to vague feeling, reminiscent of the crusades, that their christian duty is to stamp out by war the heathenism of the heathen. This makes such Protestants ready allies of Catholic belligerency.

In the fourth place, however loftily the Soviet leadership extols such phrases as "the dictatorship of the proletariat," we in this country know that the Russian government is not in the hands of the masses but is controlled by a very few men who can rule the life and destiny of Russia's millions with an iron hand as inexorable and ruthless as any dictator's, and finally, the relations between the two nations are so difficult because, in blunt language, the only real threat to America's undisputed military might in the wordl is the Soviet Russia, and vica versa, and so the peace so dearly purchased is becoming sickeningly imperilled by the growing rift between these two nations.

And yet sane, if almost desperate, men and women everywhere know that the peaceful answer can and must be worked out, and soon, or we shall all perish as surely as did Sodom and Gomorrah. Once again the prophetic and boldly imaginative voice of Methodism's Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam has been lifted among a confused people. Addressing the National Convocation of the Church in Town and Country in Des Moines, Bishop Oxnam assured his hearers that a "dynamic democracy

holds the future" and that while "the world is drifting toward war" it could be averted by bringing power under democatic control and by establishing justice by the democratic processes such as the United Nations and by developing an American foreign policy "that faces the Russian issue in terms of the method of tolerance."

"We get nowhere," continue Bishop Oxnam, "by ringing tocsin bells, by digging our underground caverns and making ready for the atomic bomb of Communism. We win the future by moving into the sunlight knowing democracy is a better society than dictatorship can build. Communism makes no heading where plenty exists. Poverty is the open door through which it enters. Communism does not reach the heart of a man who knows he is treated justly, whether white, black, red or brown."

In other words, the surest safeguard against the inroads of Communism in a democratic country is more democracy! The Rankin-Dies tactics of name calling and incitation to hatred and fear is representative of a mentality which has no other weapon, and wants none, with which to fight Communism, save words and wars. "Ideas," asserted Bishop Oxnam, "cannot be destroyed by military forces. An ideology cannot be suffocated by poison gas nor demolished by atomic bombs. Ideas are conquered by better ideas—the most certain way to destroy dictatorship abroad is to establish democracy at home." And since the names of these two zealots for pure Americanism have been mentioned it is good to quote the Bishop as calling for the removal of "injustice suffered in the North and South alike by the American Negro to whom the Communism is whispering so insistently" and for the eradication of the "prejudice that stalks arrogantly in anti-Semitism."

As to the efforts of the Vatican to whip up a twentieth century Crusade againts the Kremlin, Bishop Oxnam said: "Men who summon us to a holy war against Communism are not only declaring war on Russia but are diverting our attention from the primary obligation to democratize our own economic, political ecclesiastical and social life. Energy expended in fighting Communism, if devoted to preserving and extending democracy, would make totalitarianism undesirable and democracy impregnable." And this suggests a final comment: The nations in which Communism has made the smallest gains have been the so-called Protestant nations such as England, the Scandinavian countries, the United States, Canada and Australia. Is there not something in the very genius of Protestantism making for equality and justice and respect for the individual which, if exploited to the fullest, would ring down the curtian forever on Communism at home and the theat of war with Communism abroad?

———:———

Every minute you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness.
—Hubbard.

WHO OWNS THE HILLS?

By Ben Thinken, in Sunshine Magazine

It was my friend who asked the question. We had been keeping the afternoon together in our favorite fashion, following out the pleasant injunction which tells us to "behold the fowls of the air." We walked through the untangled woods that lie on the hillsides, where meadow larks build their nests, and where bluejays and song sparrows have their haven. Under the lofty oaks on the near hills glittered brilliant cardinals, flitting silently among the shadows in the treetops. The light beneath the elms and birches was growing dim as we came out from their shadows into the widespread glow of sunset on the edge of a grassy hill.

It was the benediction hour. The placid air of the day shed a new tranquility over the landscape. The heart of the earth seemed to taste a repose more perfect than that of common day. A hermit thrush, far up the vale, sang his vesper hymn, while swallows, seeking their evening meal, circled above the fields twittering softly, as if they must give thanks.

Then said my friend, as if oblivious to my presence, "Who owns the hills?"

I happen to have heard of several well-to-do land-owners who had bought some of the woodland slopes; so I repeated their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims taken altogether would cover the whole range of wooded hills.

"Well," said my friend after a moment of silence, "I don't see what difference that makes—all of us can look at them."

There they lay stretched before us in the level sunlight, the graceful ridges silhouetted against the blue sky, and the vast expanse of forest sinking smoothly toward the valleys, the deep recesses gathering purple shadows in their bosoms, and the little promontories rounding out with brighter green. They were all ours, from rocky cliff to carpeted vale, with their ceaseless song of living things. We loved them all; they ministered peace and joy to us. They were all ours, though we held no title deeds, and our ownership had never been entered on the book of records.

We measure success by accumulations. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most, has most. How foolishly we train ourselves for the work of life! We give our most arduous and eager efforts to the cultivation of those faculties which will serve us in the competitions of the forum and the marketplace. But if we were wise, we should care infinitely more for the unfolding of those inward, secret, spiritual powers by which alone we can become the owners of anything that is worth having.

"Come," I said to my comrade, "let us go. You and I are very rich. We own the hills. Perhaps we cannot sell them, and we don't want to."

ANCIENT BANKS

(Selected)

In ancient Rome, under the Caesars, banking flourished as a necessary industry. There were private bankers, loaning money at interest, and bankers functioning as money-changers. There were also public bankers appointed by the government to collect taxes, safeguard deposits of wealthy citizens and the state, and to transact business.

Ancient Greece also knew a thing or two about banks and banking. One of the remarkable facts in connection with Greek banking is the proposal of Xenophanes, a Greek philosopher and economist, made to the city-state of Athens, to organize a joint stock bank, to be capitalized by popular subscription, the revenues to be divided among the citizen stockholders themselves. Xenophanes, who because of the high interest rates prevailing at that time, regarded the joint stock banks as the open sesame to eternal prosperity of the Athenian city-state.

The first Greek banks were operated as a strange function of the religious temple. On modern American coins we read the inscription, "In God We Trust." It seems that the pious Greeks and astute Greek plutocrats believed this literally, for they entrusted their huge fortunes only in the hands of the potentates of the powerful temples, principally those at Dephi, The Temple of Apolio, at Branchideae, and later the Temple of Olympia.

This draws attention to the fact that religion and banking have a much older partnership than even ancient Greece. In the era of Jewish supremacy, money-changing was one of the principle activities of the temples, such as was in Jerusalem. The New Testament records the dramatic expulsion of the money-changers from the temple by Jesus, who drove them out with a whip. The most logical interpretation of this event is based upon the following explanation, which indicates that "racketeers" plied their trade in Jerusalem thousands of years before their modern offspring. On holy days it was customary for the Jews to flock to Jerusalem to worship and celebrate. Contributions to the temples were made, and these evidently were accepted only in the form of certain coinage. The money-changers controlled this coinage and established their places in the temple to make the exchange, deriving a profit thereby. It appears that Jesus was incensed at this profiteering on religion. That He was not against obtaining profit upon loans as a legitimate business proposition is indicated by one of His declarations: "Thou oughtest to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury."

"We have not won our victory until our foe becomes our friend."
—Exchange.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

(Selected)

One morning when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts; and he murmured because others no better than himself were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labor and pain. Thinking upon these things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met; and he stopped, not quite certain which one to take.

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it; but he saw that it led straight toward the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on his left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where sang thousands of beautiful birds; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching the wonderful mountains of blue.

While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two ladies coming toward him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was as beautiful as a summer day. Her cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

"O noble youth," she said, "this is the road which you should choose. It will lead you into pleasant ways where there is neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind. Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass."

By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the lad.

"If you take my road," said she, "you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into many a valley and quagmire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hilltops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toilsome; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see faint glimpses, far away. They cannot be reached without labor; for, in fact, there is nothing worth having that must not be won through toil. If you would have fruits and flowers, you must plant and care for them; if you would gain the love of your fellow-men, you must love them and suffer for them; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds."

Then the boy saw that this lady, although her face seemed at first very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or as the flowery fields after a summer rain.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Some call me Labor," she answered, "but others know me as Truth."

"And what is your name?" he asked, turning to the first lady.

"Some call me Pleasure," said she with a smile; "but I choose to be known at the Joyous One."

"And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you?"

"I promise nothing at the end. What I give, I give at the beginning."

"Labor," said Hercules, "I will follow your road. I want to be strong and manly and worthy of the love of my fellows. And whether Ishall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim."

———:———

LIFE

A wise old man was once taking a stroll through a forest with a shiftless youth by his side. The man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was a tiny sprout, just coming up out of the earth. The second had rooted itself quite firmly in the fertile soil. The third was a small shrub. The fourth had grown into a well-developed tree.

The old man said to his companion, "Pull up this first plant."

The youth pulled it up easily with his fingers.

"Now pull the second," said the man.

The youth obeyed, and with slight effort the plant came up, roots and all.

"And now the third," continued the elderly gentleman.

The boy pulled with one hand, then the other, but it would not come. Then he took both hands, and the plant yielded to all his strength.

"And now," said the old man, "try the fourth."

The youth grasped the trunk with all his might, but hardly a leaf shook. "I cannot move it," he exclaimed.

"Just so, my son," said the wise old man, "with our bad habits. When they are young and small, we can cast them out, but when they are full grown, they cannot be uprooted." —Selected.

VICIOUS PROPAGANDA

By Walter E. Stockwell, in Masonic World

There came to our table recently, mailed from Tucson, Arizona, several leaflets, evidently reprints from "The American," published monthly at Joplin, Missouri. At the head of the leaflet is this statement: "They Have Made Our Father's House (America) a Den of Commercialized Thieves."

No one can read this leaflet without immediately being impressed with the purpose of such stuff. It is to stir up a vicious anti-semitic sentiment. It would seem that there are enough diversive influences at work in America just now to satisfy the most cynical of cynics.

We appreciate the fact that there are all kinds of Jews, as there are all kinds of pure-blooded Yankees, but somehow as I read my Bible, one Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew, and that Saul, afterward better known as the Apostle Paul, was a Jew. Yet these two Jews were largely instrumental in founding the Christian religion.

The records coming out of Europe show that one Hitler intended to wipe out, by the most atrocious cruelty, Jews; and that countless thousands, yes, millions of men, women and children have been killed like dogs in the hope that none would survive.

Those who survived are refugees, homeless and penniless, and we, in America, are conserving food to send to Europe to keep these people—Jews and Gentiles alike—alive.

Many American Jews have wealth, and many have reached high places. Louis Brandies was, and Felix Frankfurter is a United States Supreme Court Justice. Bernard Baruch, a Jew, is a man of great wealth and one of the most generous of men.

Sol Bloom, Congressman from New York City, and chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives, and one of our representatives at the recent meeting of the United Nations, is a Jew. And so we might go on.

The need of the hour in America is for tolerance and decency. We don't want and must not have organizations whose sole purpose is to stir up trouble and arouse bitter hatreds here in America.

———:———

He that dares not say an ill-natured word, or do an unreasonable thing because he considers God as everywhere present, performs a better devotion than he who dares not miss the church service.

—William Law.

SOUTH'S TIMBER FAST DIMINISHING

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

The South's sawtimber resources is draining away 29 per cent faster than the annual new growth, despite the fact that the region's total land area is 56 per cent in commercial forest.

The eleven southern states from North Carolina through Texas and Oklahoma have 169 million acres of commercial forest, more than double its 84 million acres of farm crop land.

That the nation in years to come will depend largely on the South for a timber supply is indicated by figures which show that the area has more than 36 per cent of the nation's commercial forest areas.

These are a few of the thought-provoking statistics revealed in recently published data from the reappraisal project of the U. S. department of Agriculture, Forest Service.

The annual sawtimber drain is placed at 23.4 billion board feet, against a growth of 18.2 billion for the region. The drain of all timber—including sawtinber—is set at 6.0 billion cubic feet, against a growth of 5.8 billion.

While the South's total vlume of standing sawtimber is now set at more than 313 billion board feet, indications are that since a previous report there has been a decrease of 14 per cent in this class during the past ten years. Even more serious, according to foresters, is the deterioration in quality due to culling out the larger and better trees.

The appraisal fixes the southern commercial forest at 91 million acres of sawtimber (99 per cent second growth); 26 million acres of cordwood; 19.6 million acres of seedings and saplings, and 32 million acres of poorly stocked or denued land.

The report shows 12 billion board feet of annual growth on 182 billion feet of softwood sawtimber. This growth rate of 6.6 per cent—despite losses from fire and mismanagement proves that southern forests offer sound possibilities for timber as a crop.

The pattern of ownership reported shows that 91 per cent, or 154 million acres, of the commercial forest is privately owned, with 61 million acres of this total on farms and with 93 million acres in industrial holdings. States, counties and cities own two million acres, there are 9 million acres in national forests, and 3.7 million in other Federal ownership.

———:———

A Quaker, once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, dryly asked him: "Friend, has thee felt in thy pocket for him?" —Selected

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The subject of his interesting and inspiring talk to the boys was "How to Live Successfully," and the text which he selected was part of John 10:10—"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

Sucess in life, said the speaker, is viewed from two different angles. The world measures a person's life by what he has. Christ measures our lives by what we are. The world uses a material yardstick, while Jesus measures us by how closely we have followed his teachings. The man who lives only for material gain is far from being successful. Christ teaches us how to attain the greatest of riches—character.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then pointed out three things a person must learn before his life can be counted a success, as follows:

(1) To live successfully we must learn the meaning of the word "discipline." A disciplined life leads to the greater heights. An undisciplined life leads to the valleys, or to the lower attainments in life. Nature teaches us a very good lesson in discipline, thus: We see a swamp in which water sprawls all over the ground in the lowland. Here are stagnation, filth and all sorts of unpleasant things. On the other hand, let us think of a creek with its clear, cold water. The banks of the creek control the water and keep it running clearly on its way. Unlike the swamp, the water of the creek is purer because of the disciplining influence of the banks.

So it is with people. So long as we keep our lives governed and live "within the banks," all will be well. If not, our lives will be worthless.

(2) In order to live successfully, we must learn who we are. The Bible tells us we are made in the image of God. There is something stamped within us which is like God. When we realize this, we are on the road to sucess. There is some good in each one of us. The thing to do is to learn what it is and then do our best to cultivate the good qualities.

(3) Another thing necessary to success is for each individual to realize that his life can count for something really worthwhile in this world. There is a place somewhere in the world for each one of us. It is our duty to find that place and conduct our lives to fit it as well as possible.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys to remember that to live a successful life means to live a truly Christian life. While material things sometimes seem most appealing, they are not lasting. They will all pass away. A person may obtain great riches, but there is always the possibility that he may lose them. On the other hand, when we live according to the teachings of the Master, we obtain life's richest blessings, which the world can neither give nor take away.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Tolerance is the first requisite of every friendship.—Emil Ludwig.

—:—

No man regrets the flight of time like the one who fails to improve it.
—Hubbard.

—:—

The aim of education is to enable a man to continue his learning.
—John Dewey.

—:—

Idleness is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals.
—Voltaire.

—:—

Reversing your treatment of the man you have wronged is better than asking his forgiveness.—Hubbard.

—:—

The more reasonable we are in our expectations, the fewer disappointments we will have in life.—Nielen

—:—

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power.—George MacDonald.

—:—

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope.—Helen Keller.

—:—

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors and let every day find you a better man.
—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

Fact plus faith, minus fear, divided by love, makes the human problem come out right. No other factors give the right answer.—Selected.

—:—

This world is not so bad a world as some folks try to make it; but whether good or whether bad, depends upon how you take it.—Selected.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—Irving.

—:—

I never did anything worth doing by accident, nor did any of my inventions come by accident; they came by work.—Thomas A. Edison.

—:—

Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more nor less than faith in action.
—Henry Chester.

—:—

If we would have a true home we must guard well our thoughts and actions. 'Tis kindness, gentleness, love that make the home where peace and blessings dwell.—Anonymous.

—:—

Years ago I discovered that neglected letters ultimately answer themselves. One's correspondent dies, or one meets him, or his inquiries become out of date. Half the letters in the world need never be written.
—David Sharp.

—:—

Broken friendship is like a piece of pottery—it may be mended carefully until no flaws show, but it is only fit to be put on a shelf and looked at from time to time with regret and longing for its past perfection.
—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.—John Muir.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Fast train
No brake
Lazy cow
Beefsteak.

—:—

A good sign for dangerous curves: "Drive slowly; two fools might meet."

—:—

When the world laughs at you, laugh back; it's just as funny as you are.

—:—

Tourists are people who travel thousands of miles to get a kodak picture of themselves standing by the car.

—:—

Some people who think they deserve a pat on the back really need a swift kick about twenty inches lower.

—:—

In the old days parents worried about bringing up their children; nowadays their problem is keeping up with them.

—:—

An old maid was giving her order in a restaurant. The waiter asked, "How would you like your rice?" "Throw it at me, big boy," replied the spinster.

—:—

"Frankly, madam," said the doctor, "I don't like the looks of your husband." "Well," she admitted, "he's not handsome, but he's kind to me and the children."

—:—

First Motorist: "I was just thinking of Lot's wife. She looked back and turned into a pillar of salt."

Second Motorist: "That's nothing. My wife looked back — and turned into a telegraph pole."

When you first saw this
You probably thought
It was a poem.
By this time
You should be certain
That it is not.
Isn't it funny
How people will keep
Reading when they
Know so well that
They are being fooled?

—:—

Two men in a car went past the traffic lights when they were red and were stopped by a policeman.

"I'm sorry, officer," said the driver, thinking quickly. "I happen to be a doctor and I'm taking a patient to the asylum in a hurry."

The policeman was suspicious, but the passenger was just as quick as the driver had been. Looking up at the officer with a seraphic smile, he whispered, "Kiss me, darling!"

They got away with it.

—:—

A Chinese boy learning English is credited with the following thesis on the banana:

"The banana are great fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrappings of banana. The banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or the stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honorable Mother Nature. Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of March 16, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Jackie Griffin
Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Marion Ray
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Horace Collins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Lee Bean
Glenn Bumgardner
Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyan
Ernest Kitchen
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Lacy Overton
Clifton Shull
James Wilson
Richard Whittaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Robert Wilkins
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Edward Ingold
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Louis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
James Knight
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger

Emmet Fields
Robert Hinson
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
James Norton
Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
Jimmy Wiles

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
Joseph Currie
Leslie Gautier
William Guffey
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
William Carswell
Ralph Drye
Jack Hensley
William Hyatt
Edwin Parker
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Lawerence Owens
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
William Best
Donald Bass
Charles Farmer
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Marcus Hefner
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Hebert Landreth
Marshall Lamb
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Alton Stewart
Thelbert Suggs
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker
Roy Watkins
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Bernie Hauser
Harold Kernodle
Sammie Lynn
Travis Shumate
Harold Sloop
Donnie Grantham

INFIRMARY

Ray Covington
Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

If instead of a gem or even a flower, we could place the gift of a lovely thought in the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give. —George MacDonald.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 29, 1947 No. 13

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

ON SHARING

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along;
If each, every minute looked after himself,
And the good things all went to the strong.
If nobody cared just a little for you,
And nobody thought about me,
And we all stood alone in the battle of life,
What a dreary old place this would be.

—The Southern Churchman.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-11
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		12
NORTH CAROLINA'S INVENTIVE GENIUS	By R. C. Lawrence	16
UNTIL A CURE IS FOUND	(Sunshine Magazine)	19
BROTHERHOOD AND DEMOCRACY	(Reidsville Review)	20
LEADERSHIP	By Bernard B. Hitchcock	21
THE TIME PLEASE?	(Selected)	22
VITAL CHRISTIAN VIRTUES	(Alabama Baptist)	24
AMERICAN YOUTH FORTUNATE	(News-Herald)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A PAT ON THE BACK

A pat on the back is a wonderful thing,
It gives a man courage to whistle and sing;
When hope is departing, the outlook is grim,
A pat on the back then says volumes to him.
It whispers: "Keep at it! You're doing all right;
Just dig in your toes and get busy and fight.
There's a man behind you—go to it old man;
One pal who is sure that you can—that you can."

A pat on the back from a stranger or friend,
When your jaws start to sag and your knees start to bend,
Will bring you right up with new courage and grit,
And you'll keep in the fight when you were going to quit.
You'll feel it, you'll hear it—yes, you'll actually bear it—
For hours saying, "Dig in old fellow. Don't fear it;
That isn't as hard as it looks. Be a man;
There's a fellow back there who believes that you can."

Just a pat on the back. And for days and days,
No matter how far you roam, it still stays
By your side, no matter how hard be your fight,
It's whispering always, "You'll come out all right.
There's a fellow back there who's believing in you,
Expecting each moment to see you come through
With your colors still flying and leading your clan!"
And the first thing you know you are saying, "I can."

—Author Unkown.

SOME CORNERSTONES IN A SOUND YOUTH PROGRAM

(The following is in substance an address by Superintendent Hawfield which was made before the Kiwanis Club, of Sanford, on March 31st):

I should like to discuss with you some of the cornerstones of a sound community-wide program designed to safeguard and develop the youth of any community. In other words, I should like to pre-

sent to you some of the principles which will help towards solving the problems of juvenile delinquency and will help towards the conservation of the youth of that community. Basically, I am most eager to appeal to your sense of willingness to contribute personal service to your community. For, after all, only to the extent that men such as you in the community are willing to give of themselves can they hope to promote and develop their own communities. No matter what the material investments in any community may be, there, is, after all, no investment which serves as a substitute for investing one's own life—his talents, his time, and his energies. I hope, then, that I may in some way be able to make an earnest appeal for the youth of your own community.

Once upon a hot summer day a "floating hospital" was making one of its regular trips from Boston down through the harbor, with sick babies and their poor mothers, and nurses and doctors going with them to help. That morning an eight-year-old Italian boy (his name was Beppo) whose clothes were ragged and whose hat was brimless, carried an old violin and asked permission to go for a trip on the boat and play his violin. He was allowed to go.

On the trip, after he had played a while, he passed around his little hat, but no one gave him a penny. The lad was angry, and he went to the shipmaster to tell him how stingy the people all were. The shipmaster explained to him that they were all very poor people who had no money to give. They were needy people who were being sent by others on an excursion so that the air might do the sickly children good. Beppo looked at his own clothes without saying anything, but the thought came to him that he, too, was poor. He wandered about the ship from mother to mother and looked at the babies and their mothers, and the angry look left him. He saw that they were really poorer than he, and that the babies and the little children were feeble and sick.

Beppo sat down and played and played on his violin. The children who could walk gathered about him. He played almost all the day, and when the ship made other trips he begged for the privilege to go again and again. In recognition of his fine deeds of service the shipmaster pinned a badge on his ragged coat. He played from time to time, but never asked for money. He found that although he was poor he could do something for people who were poorer than he, and he was happy while playing music for others.

In life there is nothing so grand as being willing and being able to do great service for others. Through these deeds of service, mankind has been blessed, and the doors of heaven have been opened wide. There is no other way whereby men may redeem their own souls and enter into an eternal inheritance.

For your consideration, I should like to mention four basic principles which must guide every community as it attempts to train properly and direct its own youth, and these are as follows:

First, all social welfare programs, whether relating to health, education, religion or any other phase of life, must relate themselves to all people in the community. We must be able to recognize that all such programs must move along on a broad social front, with a concept that is broad enough to include every individual within the community. We do not live in isolation away from each other, but there are contacts and social relationships which arise from day to day, and people everywhere are influenced by their neighbors.

You will remember that it was Governor Charles B. Aycock who preached a doctrine in his famous speech on Universal Education, that if the state were to move forward as it should, every child within the borders of the state would have to be educated, that the influence of education would have to reach the remotest corners and touch the humblest home.

President Theodore Roosevelt once made this noteworthy proclamation: "This country will not be a good place for anyone of us to live in until we make it a good place for all of us to live in."

Second, every community must be willing to face its own problems without fear and be willing to take the good and the bad and to accept the fact that there will always be some waste in community programs, and in most instances there may be lack of appreciation. However, fear of such things should not be the dominant force.

During the recent World War II there was an occasion when a certain citizen remonstrated with Congressman Bob Doughton about the great amount of waste in conducting that war. Mr. Doughton's reply was that, no doubt, there was waste, for waste in any war is always prevalent and inevitable, but, he said, "We have a war to win."

Third, it should be recognized that humanity today is just the same that it has always been. After all, there is no particular reason why people—we who are the adults of this day and generation—should become greatly alarmed or pessimistic or have a feeling that the country is headed for ruin. There have been calamity howlers throughout the ages who have warned with prophetic vision that the world is on the brink of destruction and that civilization is destined to failure. In this connection I should like to remind you that there is an inscription on an ancient Egyptian tomb, which reads as follows:

> "We are living in a dying and decadent age. Youth is corrupt, lacking in respect for elders, impatient of restraint. Age-old truth is doubted, and the teaching of the father is questioned. The signs of the times forecast the destruction of the world at an early date, and the end of all time."

Fourth, all community welfare programs designed to strengthen the social fabric of the community should have in them an element of permanence and stability. In most instances this means there should be a definite tie-up in the community with the existing institutions which have already become firmly rooted and established in our American way of life. There have been instances when ambitious and well-meaning people have attempted to launch some type of new community project that would solve all the youths problems, but, in most instances, this type of activity ends in failure.

In every community there are welfare agencies, churches, schools, homes and other social institutions which are part and parcel of our everyday life, and they will continue to be throughout the ages.

At this time I should like to say a few words regarding the boys who come to the Jackson Training School, and the conditions which have contributed toward their delinquency. The sad truth is that in every community there are some boys and some girls who are born into the substandard, under-privileged homes where there are limited opportunities and where there is want and privation, and they have never had the chance in life to which they are rightly entitled. These boys and girls have in them the potentialities of

developing into the finest type of citizens, but they cannot do it in their own strength.

Many of these children have, day after day, felt the devastating effect on their spirits, of unwholesome living, so that eventually they have drifted into evil habits and have developed anti-social attitudes. Everyone knows that the unwholesome attitudes which children acquire come to them because of the examples before them and because of their harmful environments. In numerous instances, small boys have looked to the future and have thought that life for them held many golden opportunities, but month by month and year by year their morales have been battered down and destroyed. They have experienced disappointments and discouragements over and over, and so often that they have tended to lose their hope and their faith in what life has in store for them. It is this group of boys and girls for whom the community must assume an ever-increasing responsibility for their spiritual, mental and social developments.

The boys who are committed to the Jackson Training School have come from these substandard homes, and more than fifty per cent of these boys have come from broken homes where there was no one to care for them properly, where there was no one to show the proper affection, and because these conditions were so they have learned to be self-reliant and aggressive. They learned to take care of themselves when there was no guardian adult.

As we think of our work at the Jackson Training School, we do not think we have been employed to find out if these boys are anti-social or if they are aggressive. These facts are assumed to be true from the very beginning. But we are employed, rather, to do something to amend the situation and to restore the proper balance of character for these boys.

It is generally recognized that character is usually the result of environment. For instance, let us take two small twins and teach them the same lessons in school, but give them different surroundings, different companions, and different homes. Let us put one under a kind, encouraging mother, sympathetic and understanding, among clean and straightforward playmates, where honor and obedience are the respected rules of life. Then, take the other boy

and let him loaf in idleness in a filthy home, among foul-mouthed thieves, discontented companions, and without Christian parents. There is no doubt whatever but that the twins would develop entirely different characters, and in the end life would be far different for them.

In life there is probably nothing that is more important than for an individual from time to time to be given encouragement and inspiration. This is particularly true of the young child. So often he needs someone in whom he places implicit faith and trust to stand by and offer him encouragement, inspiration and help as he meets the problems of life. He needs someone to give him a vision of the high ideals and the finer things in life. If the home does not properly do this, then someone in the community, through the school, the church, or some community recreational agency, should provide it for the boy.

For your information, let me give the following facts:

The boys who are sent to our school range in ages between 10 and 16. Under a new law which has just been passed by the Legislature, we are destined to receive boys until they reach their eighteenth birthday. These boys come to us from the Juvenile Courts of the state, and through the efforts of the local welfare departments. They are sent to the school for an indefinite period of time and their releases are conditioned upon their behavior, or their records while they are in our school. At the present time we have an enrollment of 320. Under our setup it is possible for a boy to remain with us until he is 21 years of age, but generally we do not keep a boy that long. The average length of stay is approximately 20 months.

At the school we have a Reviewing Committee which meets monthly and evaluates the progress of the boys from time to time, and generally determines whether or not a boy is ready for his release. Whenever the boy is released, his home must be approved by the welfare department back home, and if he is released he is placed on probation for a period of at least one year. There have been instances, of course, when boys failed to abide by the conditions of their parole, and they have had to return to the school. In a recent checkup, however, it was found that approximately

75 per cent of the boys made good after they were released. Of course, a much larger percentage would make good if they did not have to return to the unwholesome environment which caused them to get in trouble in the first place. There are pitfalls and dangers over which we at the school have no control.

We think of the function of the Jackson Training Schooll primarily as being a character-development project and an educational agency. We think of it as an institution for the rehabilitation of the lives of wayward boys, for whom the community failed. We think of our school as being a home, a school, and a workshop. Through the activities of the school we try to restore to every boy a feeling of confidence and self-pride, and we try to equip each boy with certain information and trade skill so that he may go back out into the world and earn a respectable living for himself and be able to make a go in the world as a respected citizen.

At our institution we have many opportunities for the boys. We offer them religious training, numerous opportunities for participation in wholesome sports and games, good opportunities for securing as much education as possible, and an opportunity for wholesome social relationships. In our academic school department we offer work in the first grade through the eleventh, and we try to place a boy where he can do his most effective work. We find, though, that most of the boys are greatly retarded and that they have an unfortunate dislike for formal education.

Our basic theory is that boys learn to do by doing. We attempt to teach them by precept and by example, all of which is highly important, but we believe that the spirit of a boy cries out for active participation in all the usual experiences characteristic of a boy's life.

A recent publication asked this question, "What is a Boy?" and to this gave the following answer:

"He is the person who is going to carry on what you have started.

"He is to sit right where you are sitting and attend, when you are gone, to those things you think are so important.

"You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will

be carried out depends on him.

"Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

"He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate, and occupy your position on the Supreme Court bench.

"He will assume control of your cities, states and nation.

"He is going to move in and take control of your prisons, universities, churches, schools and corporations.

"All your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.

"Your reputation and your future are in his hands.

"All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.

"So you might as well pay him some attention!"

* * * * * * * *

MR. HERMAN CONE MAKES ANOTHER GIFT

We are very happy here at the Jackson Training School to be able to announce that Mr. Herman Cone of Greensboro has donated a loom to be used in the textile department here at the school. This is an E model loom, and it is one which may be used for weaving thirty-inch cloth. It is equipped with an electric motor and will be installed here at the school during this week.

Mr. Herman Cone and other members of his family have always taken a great amount of interest in this institution. Mr Cone's father, Mr. Ceasar Cone, served on the Board of Trustees of the institution for many years in its early history. Among the gifts which he made were the following: a bequest of $1,000 in cash, the denim for making overalls for the boys for a number of years, and a gift of almost $$19,000 for the erection of the indoor swimming pool. Thus it is that the Cone family has a rich tradition in its loyalty and interest in this institution. It has been richly blessed because of this generosity.

We are delighted to have this opportunity to strengthen and improve the work of the textile unit here. This gift is especially appropriate for an institution of this sort in this part of the state where textile manufacturing plays such an important part in the lives of our people. Many of our boys return to their homes

to work in the textile industry, and when we have an opportunity to train them in this trade it makes a definite contribution to their permanent rehabilitation, for it makes it possible for them to return to their homes and earn a respectable living for themselves.

Again we wish to thank Mr. Cone for his valuable contribution, and we wish to assure him we will attempt to utilize it effffectively towards better training opportunities for our boys.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 30, 1947

March 30—Garmon Hubbard, Cottage No. 9, 17th birthday.
March 30—Lloyd Alley, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.
March 31—Leroy Shedd, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
April 2—Burley Ralph Dry, Cottage No. 13, 13th birthday.
April 3—Kenneth McLean, Cottage No. 11, 17th birthday.
April 4—Edward Ingold, Cottage No. 6, 11th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Basketball Championship

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Monday, March17, 1947 was an important day for the boys of Jackson Training School. The boys had all looked forward with much excitement to the last games of the basketball tournament. With only Mr. Horne's No. 7 boys and Mr. Liske's No. 10 boys in the "B" League (which is composed of the smaller boys) the final game of that league began. At the end of the first half, the score was 8-5 in favor of Cottage No. 10, but in the last half the boys of Cottage No. 7 rallied and the score was 14-12, in their favor. The victors were: James Knight, Arthur Lawson, Edd Guinn, Edward McCall, Franklin Stover, and Jerry Peavey. Their opponents who made it such a hard-fought victory for them and such an interesting game for the spectators were: Thomas Hutchins, Donald Stultz, Charles Autry, Silas Orr, Kenneth Wells, and Clifford Millian.

The last game of the evening was the game that most of the boys had been looking forward to seeing. In the "A" League, the undefeated team of Cottage No. 3, which is coached by Mr. Hines, played the Cottage No. 11 team, which is coached by Mr. Rouse. Both teams were sure of victory, and the game was surely exciting from start to finish. The boys on Cottage No. 3 team led throughout the game, the final margin being eight points. The score at the half was 15-9. The final score was 26-18. The players on the winning team were: Emory King, Lindsay Elder, Thomas Staley, Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Duncan, and Clifton Rhodes. The players on the Cottage No. 11 team were: Luther Hull, Bobby King, James Reynolds, Bill Ray, Richard Sandlin, and Cecil Clark. Both teams played nicely.

Radio Program

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday Mr. Hawfield was in charge of the radio program. At that time a group of boys from the Stonewall Jackson Training School sang two songs. They were "Jesus Is All the World to Me" and "Just When I Need Him Most." After the singing, Mr. Hawfield made a talk about what the community can do to help delinquent children. He stressed the way that the school, the church, and the agencies for recreational development can help the underprivileged children.

The boys who sang are as follows: James Arrowood, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Duncan, James Shook, Eugene Martin, and James Dunn. They all enjoyed it very much.

An Educational Picture

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

The title of the educational film on Tuesday of last week was "Passport to Health." It told about the

different ways that diseases can be prevented. It taught that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," too. It told about immunization against contagious diseases. If you will take medicine beforehand, the disease will not hurt you as much as if you take no precautions. It explained that if you are vaccinated against whooping-cough and do get it, it won't hurt you half as bad as if you were not vaccinated.

All the boys learned much from this picture. We appreciated it very much.

Special Program

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

Last Sunday afternoon after the church service, the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School had a surprise. They were given an opportunity to hear a program of music and songs. It was given by Mrs. C. E. Thomas, who used to work at the school. She was the matron at Cottage No. 1, and she helped with the music in the school. Now she is a music teacher at Polkton High School in Anson County.

Mrs. Thomas brought some boys and girls from the Polkton High School, and they gave a number of songs and musical numbers. All the boys of the Training School enjoyed this program very much. They would like for these people to come back again.

News Items of Interest

By James Shook, 8th Grade

Recently, some of the boys have been released to go to their homes. They are as follows: Ralph Tew, Cottage No. 4, fourth grade; George Swink, Cottage No. 5, sixth grade; James Christy, Cottage No. 3, fifth grade; James Phillips, Cottage No. 11, seventh grade; J. C. Mikeal, Cottage No. 10, fifth grade; James Olin Brigman, Cottage No. 10, sixth grade; Roy Swink, Cottage No. 4, seventh grade; Edward Guffey, Cottage No. 10, second grade; William Guffey, Cottage No. 11, second grade; Joseph Currie, Cottage No. 11, first grade; and Joseph Beane, Cottage No. 4, seventh grade.

We hope that these boys will make nice records at their homes.

We are glad that Mr. Dollar, one of the night watchmen at our school, is well now. He is now back at work. He has been our night watchman for a long time.

Mr. Griffin is our new night watchman. He is a very good one, too, and we hope that he will like his job at our school.

Several of the boys of our school have gone to Winston-Salem to box. The boys who went are: Clifton Rhodes, Charles Autry, James Walters, Ray Burns, Robert Canady, Jack Benfield, Leon Poston, Luther Hull, Robert Billings, and Hoyt Mathis.

The All-Star Team

By William Ray, 8th Grade

One of the many advantages at our school is the promotion of good sportsmanship and fair play. After the regular season is over in each sport there is one big climax, a game between the officers and the boys of the school. This year is no excep-

tion. Basketball is not excepted! Basketball is the game! In selecting the players, we try to have at least one from each cottage on the squad. That arouses a keen interest among the rest of the boys to see those from their cottage play.

The boys selected for the squad for this year are the following: Major Loftin, Cottage No. 1; Ray Burns, Carlton Pate and Gerald Johnson, Cottage No. 2; Emory King, Thomas Staley and Lindsay Elder, Cottage No. 3; Coy McElven and Russell Murphy, Cottage No. 4; Earl Hoyle and Robert Wilkins, Cottage No. 5; Leroy Wilkins, Cottage No. 6; Edward Guinn, Cottage No. 7; Ralph Cranford, Cottage No. 9; R. L. Crawford, Cottage No. 10; Luther Hull, James Reynolds and Robert King, Cottage No. 11; Floyd Canady, Cottage No. 13; Donald Hendrix, Cottage No. 14; Jack Benfield, Cottage No. 15; Russell Beaver, Indian Cottage; and William Hunter, Infirmary.

All-Stars vs. Officers

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

The basketball game on Wednesday night of last week was a very interesting one. The officers defeated the boys in this game by the score of 31 to 19. The officers who played were as follows: Mr. Peck, Mr. Tomkinson, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Liske, Mr. Query, Mr. Rouse and Mr. Walters. Eugene Hooker, Bobby Peck and Joe Spears also played for the officers. The boys who played were the ones who had been selected from all the cottage teams at the close of the season. Mr. Corliss was in charge of the All-Stars.

Boxing Tournament at High Point

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

On March 6th, some of the boxers of Jackson Training School went to High Point to compete in the High Point Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament of 1947. The boys who made the trip and who were in the tournament were the following: Charles Autry, Jack Benfield, Ray Burns, Robert Canady, Ollie Daw, Bobby Duncan, Donald Moose, Carlton Pate and Clifton Rhodes.

The boys had a very good time, tried hard, and lacked only two points of getting a team trophy. We are going to show our appreciation to Mr. Hawfield, Mr. Walters, and all the others who made this trip possible. Some of the boys won trophies. Ray Burns and Robert Canady each won a winner's trophy, and Bobby Duncan, Carlton Pate and Donald Moose won trophies for being the runners-up in their bouts.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

After we went to our classroom, Mr. Sofness showed us some pictures of the Giant's Causeway in Northern Ireland, which is one of God's unusual and beautiful creations made of rock and soil. He also showed us a flower clock and a book entitled "Great Industry, Commerce and Agriculture in Georgia." It tells rich history, and it shows scenic beauty and interesting spots.

Olin Sealey led us in our closing prayer.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

Mr. L. B. Preslar was in charge of our class. Different boys had parts on the program as follows: Robert Woodruff, "Jesus Was Kind"; Willie Stamey, "An Ideal Woman"; Leroy Wilkins, "A Gentleman Is Kind"; Emory King, "Overcome Evil with Good"; and James Swinson, "The Law of Christ." These topics were very interesting, and all the boys enjoyed discussing them.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

In our meeting Sunday we had a sword drill, finding Bible references and reading them to the group. The sword drill was on the prophets of the Bible. Mr. Puckett would ask us to find the reference about the weeping prophet (Jeremiah), the peasant prophet (Amos), the last great prophet (Malachi), the prophet called of God (Samuel), the priestly prophet (Ezekiel), the missionary prophet (Jonah), the volunteer prophet (Isaiah), and the prophet with a vision (Zechariah). As he would call out the questions, we would find the scripture verses to prove that the questions were true.

The boys who entered the sword drill and the number of points each one had are as follows: Glenn Evans, 45 points; James Dunn, 35 points; Waylon Gardner, 21 points; Robert Jarvis, 10 points; and Harold Kernodle, 6 points. All the boys enjoyed this contest very much.

Mr. Puckett and some of the boys led the closing prayers.

Dairy Boys See Movie

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

On Friday night of last week, the boys of Cottage No. 15 saw a picture show. It was based on pasteurization. There were two films. The first film showed how to pasteurize milk, and the second showed how to wash a pasteurizer and how to keep it clean. Mr. Covington, of Concord, brought these films out to show to the dairy boys. The films taught the boys a lot that they did not know before. All the boys enjoyed the picture very much.

———:———

There never was a person who did anything worth doing that did not receive more than he gave. —Henry Ward Beecher

NORTH CAROLINA'S INVENTIVE GENIUS

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Although our state has produced no Edison, McCormick, Morse, or Marconi, it has not been entirely destitute of inventive genius. If we could but include patent medicines, I should have a plethora of material upon which to work, for from our State has come such nationally known nostrums as Stanback, B. C., Capudine and others.. The Bromo Seltzer of Carolina's Isaac E. Emerson brought him millions, and it was the dollars derived from the internationally known "Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic" which built the great Battery Park and Grove Park hotels in our mountain metropolis, and which caused the investment by the magnate of millions in real estate in the Land of the Sky.

It is rather singular that our State has had an intimate connection with the two greatest implements of modern warfare, the machine gun and the airplane, for both had their genesis ni Carolina, and the the first flight of the Wright brothers from Kill Devil Hill was an epoch-making event in world history which will forever associate the name of Carolina with the fame of the ages.

Not so famous, but yet a revolutionary invention, was that of our foremost inventive genius, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, who was born in Hertford County and who died as recently as 1903, and whose brother John Gatling practiced the profession of law at Raleigh for many years and served in the Senate as the representative of Wake.

Dr. Gatling, while known to fame as an inventor, was also a physician. Now his mental makeup can be seen from the fact that it was never his intention to follow the science of Hippocrates, and that his study of the healing art was induced solely because of the fact that while on a trip up the Ohio from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh, his boat became frozen in the ice where it remained during thirteen days. During that time Gatling suffered from the scourge of smallpox, and as there was no physician aboard, he came near death's door. Gatling then and there highly resolved that he would become a physician—not that he intended to practice on others, but merely that he might minister to himself in case of his own illness! And he prosecuted this intention to a conclusion taking his medical degree from a Cincinnati university in 1850.

His first invention was the now antiquated but then new revolving wheel or paddle, used by the old time "side wheel" river steamers, but on taking his papers to Washington he was bitterly chagrined to find that he had been anticipated by another genius a short time previously, proving the theorem that great minds work in the same channel.

His first successful patent was for a machine for planting rice, and while he was engaged in an effort to

perfect this machine he moved to St. Louis, where he adapted his invention not only to the planting of rice, but to the successful sowing of wheat in drills. His invention was in extensive use for many years in the wheat-growing states of the great Northwest.

The year in which he received his medical degree saw his successful invention of a practical machine for breaking hemp, and this was followed by a steam plow which he produced in 1867. He also invented a revolutionary method for the distribution of power through the medium of compressed air in underground pipes, but was refused a patent on the ground that this was a discovery and not an invention. So the labor of his brain went for naught.

It was no doubt the cannon's roar ushering in the Civil War which caused Gatling to turn his mind to the production of a more effective implement of warfare, and he invented the machine gun which has since borne his name; a gun which was to be turned toward the land which gave him birth. Although in a crude and imperfect condition, he first demonstrated the possibilities lying in his invention in the spring of 1862, when his invention was tested in the presence of a distinguished gathering of army officers, and where he succeeded in firing it at the rate of two hundred rounds per minute. But as the gun was still imperfect it was not then purchased by the Government, and Dr. Gatling was still working upon it when the order was given to cease firing at Appomattox. But in 1866 he had so far brought it to perfection that Secretary of War Stanton placed an order for one hundred, and soon thereafter it was adopted offically by our own government and by England, Russia, Turkey, Hungary, Egypt and other powers. Its first large use as an effective implement of warfare was in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and its use continued at late as 1898 when it was used by the American forces operating against Santiago, Cuba, in the Spanish-American War. Before his death his invention had been perfected to the point where it was capable of firing one thousand shots per minute. Many honors came to him both at home and abroad, and he served many years as the President of the American Association of Monitors and Manufacturers.

Now from what source came his great inventive genius? It was from his father, for around 1800 that gentleman invented both a machine for planting cotton, and another for thinning the young plants to a stand.

A name even more intimately associated with Carolina than that of Gatling is that of Kenan, for this family has been a famous one in our borders for two hundred years, and from it has come a long procession of legislators, soldiers statesmen and others who have been outstanding in the public life of our state, and the name of Duplin's county seat bears their honored name.

It was one of this family, the distinguished William Rand Kenan, Jr., who had such an intimate conection with the discovery of Calcium Carbide, and the manner of its discovery is full of of human interest. Young Kenan was a student at Chapel Hill in 1892 and was majoring in chemistry, sitting under the distinguished

chemist Dr. Francis P. Venable, who later gave the institution an outstanding administration as its president. Young Kenan had been working off and on on the composition and properties of aluminum carbide, a hard crystalline mass which crumbled on exposure to air and gave rise to a violent evolution of gas when brought in contact with water. This gas burned with a low and very smoky flame.

At this time a member of the famous Morehead family, Major J. Turner Morehead, had a cotton mill and Hydro-electric plant at Spray on the Dan River, where he had a surplus amount of water power. He employed one Wilson to experiment with an electric furnace in search of a cheap process for making aluminum. He did not make much progress and Dr. Venable was called into consultation. He took his promising student, young Kenan, with him on his visit to Spray. They brought back with them some of the material which at Spray was being wheeled out into the dump pile; a material which, when rained upon, gave off a small quanity of gas with a very noxious odor. Dr. Venable instructed young Kenan to continue to experiment with this waste material. These experiments envolved acetylene gas, which could be produced cheaply and in any desired quantity, but as this burned with a low and smoky flame, efforts were concentrated on purifying the clearness of the light. It was by using a mixture of one part acetylene and four or five parts air, that the wonderful brilliance and beauty of the carbide light was first revealed to the public in the fall of 1892. Many old timers will remember the carbide lights in use on the early automoblies. There was a time in the South when cotton seed were considered as a nuisance, and were either dumped into a stream or else piled and burned as refuse; but all this has been changed so that through chemistry one of the South's most valuable products has been evolved. In like manner the carbide light came from the waste product of the furnace.

Morehead and Wilson were invited to Chapel Hill, where they witnessed the light and were informed that acetylene was the gas evolved from their waste product. An agreement was reached under the terms of which Morehead and Wilson were to take out the patent, Dr. Venable was to receive a royalty, and as for young Kenan he was to get—a job! In 1895 he accepted the offer then made him to take a position placing him in charge of one shift of a plant which was being installed at Niagara Falls for the production of calcium carbide. The success of the discovery can best be judged by the words of Kenan himself: "So from the discard of the little furnace at Spray came a process for making gas that was destined to flame-out the metals of the world and then weld them into the more desirable shape as required by man."

Mr. Kenan rose in the service to become supenintendent of the great carbide-producing plants at Niagara Falls and at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; and he had a distinguished career as a chemist and as a chemical engineer. He did not forget the early days when he sat at the feet of Venable at Chapel Hill, and today

the visitor to our University will see a great stadium, built by the generous munificence of William Rand Kenan, Jr., as the result of the efforts which had their genesis on a dump pile in the little town of Spray.

———:———

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, but rather to ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate wide open—these even for a day? Then you are worthy of a place in this world.

—Henry Van Dyke.

———:———

UNTIL A CURE IS FOUND

(Sunshine Magazine)

The greatest enemy to human life still runs rampant in the world. Although muzzled by a humanitarian organization, tuberculosis still kills one person every ten minutes in the United States, and the death rate in other parts of the world is much greater. Before the National Tuberculosis Association became active in 1904, the death rate from this scourge was almost double the present rate.

In man's survey of substances for use against tuberculosis, many drugs have been advanced, but all have failed as a cure. Five years ago there emerged a drug called Streptomycin, which appeared to modify the disease. Exhaustive experiments have shown this new drug to provide considerable protection against tuberculosis, but does not afford a cure. Chemists, physicians, and medical institutions active in the development of drugs express hope that a substance will be found which will actually cure.

At present, Streptomycin stands out as a landmark on the road toward a cure. But until the cure is found the National Tuberculosis Association will continue to use all the accepted methods of treatment which, in so many cases, do much good.

This association is chiefly supported in its humanitarian work by the sale of Christmas seals. The drive this year opens November 25 and continues until Christmas.

BROTHERHOOD AND DEMOCRACY

(Reidsville Review)

Americans are convinced that democracy as we know it here, with liberty and justice for all, is the most perfect form of political community yet known. We were warned some years ago by the totalitarian leaders abroad that democracy might suffice in peace but could not win a war. But democracy has demonstrated its efficiency in war as in peace. No one knows better than ourselves the dangers that dog the steps of democracy, the weaknesses in its structure that need buttressing, but we cherish it and choose it for ourselves and our children.

We are not so blind, moreover, as to be unaware that in the kind of a world in which we are living democracy is not altogether safe. A large part of humanity still lives under some form of autocracy. There are influences in our own land which, unchecked, would undermine democracy. If our democracy is to be preserved we must uphold it with vigilant and sacrificial devotion.

We must be vigilant to detect and resist all who are at work among us to spread distrust among the groups that make up our citizenship. Distrust is a subtle poison. It dissolves the bonds that hold us together as a people. No hostile influence from without can disturb any nation where citizens have learned to trust one another.

Patriotism, loyalty to America and her institution, is not the exclusive prerogative of any group in our country. However citizens may differ as to race, religion or national origin, the war from which we have emerged has taught all of us that we all alike love America. To recognize that and freely to acknowledge it is essential to national unity. We must have a patriotism so great that one citizen cannot hate another on the pretext that he is not "a good American."

America is a composite of many racial and religious groups, no one of which can truly claim superior loyalty. Each of these groups has made its own distinctive contribution to the national life. America would be the poorer if any one of these groups should be eliminated. We need them all. That a nation is strong in proportion as differences are suppressed and its people cast in a single mold is a fallacy congenial to totalitarianism. It has no place in democracy. Variety is a source of strength to the nation. Variety, with mutual tolerance, has a vigor that enforced uniformity can never hope to gain.

Our country is founded on the faith that men may differ in religious convictions and yet unite in defense of American liberties. That faith has been justified in the history of the republic. Democracy is a term that is obscure until it has been defined. It has become increasingly plain in recent months that in Russia democracy means something quite different from democracy in the United States. By democratic liberties we mean freedom for all, whatever their religious affiliation. The American liberties are guaranteed by the Federal Con-

stitution and by every state to citizens of all faiths equally.

Bound up thus in one life, therefore, every distinctive group in America is interested in the maintenance of liberty, not only liberty for themselves but for every other group. For whatever threatens the liberties of any of our people threatens those of all.

"The wiser you grow the less you talk and the more you say."

LEADERSHIP

By Bernard B. Hitchcock

To be a leader, is to have sufficient courage; sufficient will power, to rise above the masses and set an example.

To be a leader is to display the courage to venture an opinion; to uphold it, regardless of the opposition. A leader is not weak-willed dependent, one who submits; relinquishes to the line of least resistance. One who joins the masses; the majority, because he lacks the "will to reason," because he fears defeat.

There is a distinction between the leader and the agitator. An agitator is upheld by the masses. Why?—There are many answers, all logical. The masses seek refuge in number, but they lack the power of decision; of reason. They do not know what they want, when they want it, or why. They are inspired by the agitator, because he is a greater fool than they —He is foolish in the respect that he endeavors to secure for others, that which he cannot obtain for himself—He is the idol of those who dare not seek success; those who unite in a common cause—The cause being, that they lack sufficient mental capacity to aspire to gainful occupations for their minds—Whereas, the leadership qualities are evident in he who aspires to success. The leader realizes that "time waits for no man," and while the agitator indulges in petty bickering the leader makes every endeavor to secure for himself every advantage of life. He observes the Golden Rule; the rights of privacy; and when opportunity offers, he indulges in practicing the art of minding his own business.

There are many qualities which mark success and leadership. These are the qualities which contribute to brotherhood, dignity, and the understanding of mankind. To doubt these advocations is to command us to believe—to believe that we are other than a leader. When the lexicographers coin the socially accepted name, we will know it; we will recognize it in the mirror of defeat.

True, we can't all be leaders; but you are as good as the next man—possibly a bit better—so let us do what we deem wise and correct; If we fail—we've tried. If we succed —we share no glory.

THE TIME PLEASE?

(Selected)

It happened on the day coach of one of our long cross-country trains. The young man leaned across the aisle toward the figure almost completely hidden by a newspaper.

"Will you please give me the correct time?" he asked.

There was no reply, nor any indication that the query had been heard. Thinking that perhaps the man behind the newspaper was a little deaf, or that the noise of the train had drowned his question, the young man raised his voice a little. "Would you mind giving me the correct time?"

Still no reply from the motionless figure, and there wasn't a waver from the newspaper.

The young man took a deep breath. He had not lost courage. In a voice loud enough to be heard at the other end of the train, he spoke for the third time:

"I say, will you tell me the correct time?"

The newspaper dropped suddenly. Bespectacled eyes bored impatiently into the friendly eyes of the young man. "My friend," began their owner, "I don't intend to tell you the time of day for which you have asked me three times. If I told you what time it was, you would have some reply to make about the weather, or some other useless topic of conversation, and then I would agree with you, or disagree, depending upon what your comment was in the first place, and then we would get to talking about weather in general, or about something else, and the first thing I know, you would be sitting over here with me, or I over there with you, and we would find that we were interested in the same hobbies, and the more we'd we talk, the more we'd begin liking each other, and by tomorrow when we would get off the train, we would be slapping each other on the backs, and calling each other 'pals,' and when our families would meet us at the train, I would introduce you to mine, and you would introduce me to yours, and I would invite you to come over and visit, and you would come, again and again, and find yourself in love with my daughter, and finally tell me that you wanted to marry her, and, by jiggers, I won't have that, because I refuse to have for a son-in-law, a fellow who can't afford to have a watch of his own."

And the newspaper again went up with emphasis.

———:———

A happy man or woman is a radiant focus of good will, and their entrance into a room in as though another candle had been lighted.

—R. L. Stevenson.

SCHOOL'S BOXING TEAM MAKES FAVORABLE IMPRESSION

Since the Training School's boxers returned from Greensboro, where they took part in the 1947 Piedmont Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament, the following letter was received. It was from Mr. M. H. Crocker, general chairman of the tournament and reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

It was a pleasure to have Earl Walters and the Jackson Training School team with us during the 1947 Piedmont Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament. Their presence and participation did much to make this year's tournament the best we have had in Greensboro.

The apparent success of the campaign to raise $1,000,000 for the construction of a World War Memorial Coliseum in Greensboro gives us hope that, in the near future, we will have an adequate place to hold the tournament. The coliseum won't be ready in 1948, but we are planning now to make the 1948 tournament better than any ever held here. We hope that your team will be present for it.

The appearance and conduct of the Jackson Training School team during its stay in Greensboro caused many favorable comments. Its members showed themselves to be gentlemen and sportsmen.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. Crocker,
General Chairman

JACKSON BOXERS TAKE WINSTON TEAM TROPHY

Three ring warriors from Jackson Training School avenged an earlier team defeat by the Kannapolis Y boxers with a one-point team victory in the Winston Salem Golden Gloves Saturday night, and today Coach Earl Walters' leather-flingers are back home with the Novice Team Trophy in the Winston tourney.

It was a 16-15 victory for the local boxers over their Towel City brethren, and evened the season's score after the Cannons edged out a team win at High Point earlier in the season.

A 20-second knockout by Featherweight Ray Burns clinched the team trophy for the Jackson boxers, following an earlier win by "Chuck" Autry, who decisioned Robert Canady, also of the Jackson squad, in the junior flyweight event.

Jack Benfield, who was ill, lost by default when Coach Walters ordered him not to appear against Joe Wilkes, of Winston-Salem.

Young Ray Burns, making his third appearance in ring tournaments for the Jackson squad, furnished the fireworks in the Saturday night finals of the Winston tourney.

His opponent, who didn't remain in the ring long enough to be identified, stalked out of his corner and hung a couple of jabs on Ray's superstructure, and the Jackson lad stared at him for five seconds, then tore into him with a two-fisted attack that sent the High Point boy through the ropes for a 20-second knockout.

In racking up their 15-point, second place position in the Golden Gloves, Kannapolis called on Willie Wellman, a flyweight, Ed Green, junior middleweight, and Bruce Lawson, a light-heavy, for decisions in all three bouts in which the Cannon boxers appeared.—Concord Daily Tribune.

VITAL CHRISTIAN VIRTUES

(The Alabama Baptist)

The three Cardinal Christian Virtues are "faith hope, love—these three—but the greatest of these is love." These are the essentials, the primary Christian graces. Without these one will not even begin the Christian race. But there are other virtues and needs that one must have if one is to live a successful Christian life.

One is a sustained purpose. During the war all America had a sustained purpose. America willed to win regardless of the loss in men and money. What the nation now needs is a sustained purpose to build a better world—a world after God's plan, An individual who lacks a dominating purpose will only flitter time away and never arrive at anything worthwhile.

Another need is energy. Someone has said that "everybody is doing just one job too many these days." What shall we do with tired bodies, frayed nerves, puzzled and bewildered minds? Christians ought to find in Jesus the plus energy they need. This is so because His Presence quiets and relieves the body's tension, the mind's obsessions, the hearts conflicts. Like a cool bath on a hot day like air on a mountain—like the tingling wellbeing that comes from exercise, is the surge of surplus energy that comes from faith in God.

Still another need is confidence. Truly the odds are great, and we are weak. Confidence? Bluster is not confidence, neither is self-assurance, nor excited talk about some pet project. There is a little f-i-d embedded in the word confidence—the same Latin root as "fides," faith. We need confidence in our objective, that it is right and therefore possible.

The last need we mention is decision. Someone has said "that men who accomplish things are those who make many decisions and some of them are right." Mature life consists largely of a stream of constant decisions which we have to make. And men grow as they increase their capacity to make right decisions. Wrong decisions mean wrong directions, and these added up, mean, thwarted destinies. One life to live—how important to make decisions that will tell for good throughout time and eternity.

———:———

Not armies, not navies, have advanced the race; but here and there, in the course of the ages, an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world. —E. H. Chapin.

AMERICAN YOUTH FORTUNATE

(Morganton News-Herald)

American boys and girls—in the United States particularly have a social growth and development more wholesome than that offered the youth of any other nation. They have opportunities for clean development in a wholesome environment that is not impossible anywhere in the world.

The normal life of the High Schoolers in our country, with the large metropolitan cities offering unfortunate exceptions, includes school affairs, sports, dances, dates, the drug store, the movies, football trips, house parties and other group activities in general. While all may not be just as it should be and some mistakes are made, the average conduct of our young people is amazingly good compared with those of European countries.

Of course, the Europeans have had wars and they have lived under adverse circumstances in the past few years, but the European way is different in peace or war time. It is inferior. It is far more involved than the average American boy or girl's life becomes at the age of sixteen.

In the first place, the Europeans have no counterpart to the drug stores of the Americans.

Young boys and girls must go to a neighborhood pub for their drinks and there is no cola or crush to order. It's usually a mild or a bitter.

Until the young Englishman becomes old enough to take his mild beer, he has practically nowhere to go. He doesn't have a chance to get a milk shake, a soda, a cone or hot-dog. Only in London are the English just beginning to catch up.

France and Italy are as bad. Spain and the other Latin nations also drag behind in providing their youth with the modern, wholesome environment offered in the United States.

Of course, there is much room for improvment in some things here but, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, Americans are far ahead in giving American youth the chance to begin life with an education to fix them for life in this complex world.

———:———

Daniel Webster once said, "Whatever makes a man a good man, makes him a good citizen." It is never hard to think of greatness in terms of heroic deeds, or of the rising to dangerous opportunities. But too often men feel no responsibitity for greatness in good citizenship.

Herbert Apgar wrote a significant book, and provided a challenging title in "A Time For Greatness." The primary challenge is to that citizenship in which one assumes responsibility for his own and others' enlightenment, and then for doing something to create a better home and a cleaner community.

—Sunshine Magazine.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. J. H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the school last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Kings 20:35-43. As a text for his message to the boys, he selected part of the 40th verse: "And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

It was explained by the speaker that the story just read dated back to the time when Ahab, the King of Israel was fighting Benhadad, the King of Syria. The Syrians had been raiding a number of towns in Israel, taking back to their country many prisoners and much valuable material.

The King of Israel tried to buy off the King of Syria, paying great tribute to his enemy. This did not stop the raids on his country, however, and he was at a loss to do something which might put an end to the raids of the Syrians,

The prophet then told King Ahab to stop trying to bargain with the Syrians, and to gather his warriors together and battle the enemy. The two armies met in battle. The army of the king of Israel, though much smaller, defeated the men led by the king of Syria.

The next year these two armies again staged a great battle. The Israelites won a more decisive victory than the year before. The soldiers under the king of Israel captured the king of Syria.

Benhadad, the captured Syrian king, then drew up terms which the king of Israel accepted, and thus let his important prisoner get away. He sent him back to his country on the strength of the promises made to him by the Syrian king.

The prophet then disguised himself by putting mud and ashes on his face as a sign of deep sorrow. He also had a man strike him so that a bloody wound might be seen on him. His next move was to take his place by the side of the road to wait for the king of Israel to come along.

Finally the king came and asked the prophet what had happened. The disguised prophet then told the story of how he had been entrusted with the care of a prisoner, and that he had carelessly let him escape while he was busy attending to other things.

The prophet then made himself known to King Ahab and told him that he had done wrong in letting King Benhadad go back to Syria. He then prophesied that the king of Israel would lose his own life a few years later. This occured just as the prophet said it would.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon then pointed out how an army could not win battles unless every man—from the lowest private soldier to the highest ranking officer—obeyed orders. Strict attention to orders is the only way an army—whether large or small—can attain success.

As an illustration of the advantage of obeying orders, Rev. Mr. McKinnon told this story: There was once a tramp steamer, a vessel with no regular run, but one whose captain ran from port to port, picking up a cargo

wherever he could find it. One day the owner of the vessel told the captain to go to a port in the South Pacific and bring a cargo of rubber, which he needed very much. The captain of the vessel found that he could make more money by hauling a cargo of oil, rather than to bring back the load of rubber as directed. He brought the shipload of oil back to his home port. The oil was unloaded. Both the owner and the captain made more profit from the oil than they would have made from the sale of the rubber. However, when the transaction was completed, the owner called the captain to him and informed him that he was discharged because he had failed to carry out orders.

The speaker then called attention to the importance of doing little tasks well. In the late war, he said, many soldiers and sailors were called upon to attend to such duties as guarding bridges, guarding ammunition dumps, caring for prisoners, etc. Of course, those men would rather have been at the front, but those seemingly trivial duties were also very important.

So it is in everyday life, added Rev. Mr. McKinnon. We often dream of the big things we plan to do some time in the future. While it is well that we should have these high ideals, we must learn the importance of doing the little things first. If we pay attention to the smaller duties now at hand, there will be no doubt as to our ability to accomplish greater things in the future.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. McKinnon told the boys to remember that a man may be so busy that he doesn't have time for the service of God. When he does that, he is neglecting the most important thing in life. To live just for self and for the accumulation of material things means a wasted life. To live for God means to gain everything.

RIGHTS

The story is told of a city man who bought a farm. When he went out to look at the line fence, which had been the source of much quarreling, the neighboring farmer said: "That fence is a full foot over on my side."

"Very well," said the new owner, "we will set the fence two feet over on my side."

"Oh, but that is more than I claim," stammered the surprised farmer.

"Never mind about that. I would much rather have peace with my neighbor than two feet of earth," said the man.

"That's surely fine of you, sir," replied the farmer, "but I couldn't let you do a thing like that. That fence just won't be moved at all."

The next time you have a dispute about rights, surprise your adversary by giving him more than he asks, and realize the joy of the turning. —Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Progress comes from the intelligent use of experience.—Hubbard.

—:—

Prepare today for tomorrow and forget about yesterday.—Vanbee.

—:—

The man who has never been licked was probably never in a fight.—Silas.

—:—

Thought and learning are of small value unless translated into action.
—Wang Ming.

—:—

Frugality is a fair fortune; and habits of industry a good estate.
—Franklin.

—:—

Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.
—Chilo.

—:—

The way to fame is like the way to heaven; through much tribulation.
—Sterne.

—:—

A man in earnest finds means; if he cannot find them, he creates them.
—Channing.

—:—

A man's measure is his ability to select men and material and organize them.—Hubbard.

—:—

It pays to have a little salesmanship in your makeup, no matter what your job.—Burton Bigelow.

—:—

It is more important to watch how a man lives than to listen to what he says.—Exchange.

—:—

Nature is a hard taskmaster but readily forgivess, if we but learn to conform to her self-evident laws.
—Selected.

The envious man grows lean at the success of his neighbor.—Horace.

—:—

Great minds discuss ideas, average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people.—Selected.

—:—

A failure indicates that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.—Bovee.

—:—

Instead of being concerned over the fact that you are not known, seek to be worthy of being known.—Douglas.

—:—

If you have not often felt the joy of doing a kind act, you have neglected much, and most of all yourself.
—A. Nielen.

—:—

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take for granted there would be much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

—:—

Strange is our situation here on earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.
—Albert Einstein.

—:—

Life is short, time is precious, and if our desire is to get somewhere, we must learn to choose between the husk and the kernel.
—Jacob Kindleberger.

—:—

The very essence of happiness is honesty, sincerity, truthfulness. He who would have real happiness for his companion must be clean, straightforward, and sincere. The moment he departs from the right, she will take wings and fly away again.—Orison Swett Marden.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A wife with horse sense never becomes a nag.

—:—

Definition of a bore: Here today and here tomorrow.

—:—

Flattery won't hurt you as long as your old hat still fits.

—:—

Years ago junk was stored in the attic—now it's on women's hats.

—:—

Success is the ability to get along with some people and ahead of some others.

—:—

When a gossip wants to pry into another person's affairs he uses his tongue as a crow-bar.

—:—

The man who is always waiting for something to turn up, might start on his own shirt sleeves.

—:—

The fellow who is always slapping you on the back does so to help you swallow all he tells you.

—:—

Morning is the time of day when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation arises.

—:—

The man who is always arguing with his wife did not question her judgment when she married him.

—:—

The papers stated that a recent wedding was a garden romance. He was a dead beat and she was an old tomato.

—:—

The toastmaster is the man at a dinner whose duty it is to inform you that the best part of the evening is over.

A man who works like a horse all day prefers hay to whoopee at night.

—:—

Life's darkest moment is when two women meet at the exchange counter with each other's Christmas present.

—:—

Nobody knows the exact age of the human race, but everybody agrees that it is old enough to know better.

—:—

She: "Darling, will you love me when I am old and feeble?"

He: "Sure, honey. You know I do."

—:—

The barber asked, "How is the razor cutting? Does it go easy?" The customer replied, "That depends upon the operation. If you're trying to shave me, it goes hard; but if you're skinning me, it's going fairly easy."

—:—

Two Scotsmen were talking. Said the first: "Sandy, I'm in love with your wife. If you will give her to me I'll pay you her weight in gold." Sandy was in a deep study for a moment, and then he replied: "Let me have a few weeks first." "What for," said his friend, "to think it over?" "Nay," answered Sandy. "I just want that much time to fatten her up a bit."

—:—

An old gentleman was riding in an airplane for the first time. At Phoenix, Arizona, the plane made a beautiful landing, and immediately a little red wagon rushed up to re-fuel it. The next stop was Fort Worth, Texas, and again a little red wagon rushed up. The same thing occurred in Nashville, Tennessee. A fellow passenger said to the old gentleman, "These planes certainly make wonderful time." The old man replied, "That little red wagon ain't doing so bad, either."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 23, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Robert Billings
William Epps
Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
Marion Ray
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
J. Paul Church
Horace Collins
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

William Holder
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Joseph Lee Bean
Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyon
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Lacy Overton
Clifton Shull
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Hicks Allen
Donald Austin
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Robert Wilkins
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Robert Galyon
Edward Ingold
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Tommy Edwards
James Knight
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Franklin Stover
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Thomas Corley
Raymond Cloninger
Emmet Fields
Donald Hall
Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
James Upright
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson
Ralph Cranford

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Charles Autry
Arthur Ballew
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Clifford Millian
Donald Stultz
Herbert Steward

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Wade Cook
Leslie Gautier
Curtis Helms
Kenneth McLean
Jimmy Reynolds

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Hubert Brooks
Floyd Canday
Leroy Cowan
Ralph Drye
William Hyatt
Edwin Parker
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
James Shook
James Smith
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Jack Benfield
Donald Bass
William Best
Donald Baker
Alvin Fox
Charles Farmer
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
James Peterson
Charles Rhodes
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Willie Stamey
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Sammie Lynn
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Jerry Ray
Travice Shumate
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

I wish to see the discovery of a plan that would induce nations to settle their disputes, without first cutting one another's throat.

—Franklin.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV | CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 5, 1947 | No. 14

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

CALVARY AND EASTER

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just three days apart.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		9
THE CULTURE OF INDIGO	By Louis T. Moore	10
MISSOURI TACKLES CHILD DELINQUENCY	(Selected)	13
TWO KINDS OF LABOR LEADERS	(Mooresville Enterprise)	17
STAGGERING BLOW AT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY	By L. D. Newton	15
SAYING THE BEST	By Rev. N. H. Schultz	16
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE	(Selected)	17
LIFE STORY OF JACK LONDON	By Dale Carnegie	18
PECULIAR NAMES IN THE MOUNTAINS	(The State)	20
IMAGINATION	By Bernard B. Hitchcock	21
THE COUNTRY PRESS	(Mecklenburg Times)	22
RUMORS	(The Summary)	24
ARGUMENTS COST TOO MUCH	By John Prentiss	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

EASTER

When in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight
All dressed in burning white
Who unto the women said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

His life, his hope, his heart,
With death they had no part;
For this those words of scorn
First heard that holy morn,
When the waiting angels said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

O, ye of this latter day,
Who journey the selfsame way—
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb—
To you, as to them, was it said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, nor in the sky,
But where men live and die;
And true the word that was said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

—Richard Watson Gilder.

WHAT EASTER MEANS

On next Sunday the Christian world will again join in the observance of Easter. It is the anniversary of the day when the followers of Jesus will testify once again to their faith and belief that death is not the end, that life is immortal, and the resurrection of the dead is an assured fact. On Easter Day millions upon millions of believers will testify anew to the truth that their faith is a living faith, and that the power of Jesus still rules the hearts of men.

Christ came into the world as the Son of Man, commissioned to be the Light of the World and the Redeemer of sinners. During the three years of His active ministry he ministered unselfishly to the needs of mankind wherever He went. Of His mission He said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

As He went about doing good His popularity increased steadily. As time went on there were those, the so-called religious leaders of that day, who became filled with envy and jealousy. They became His tormentors and bitter enemies because His good works among men jeopardized their high positions. Then they cried out: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and because the people were blind they joined in the crucifixion chorus.

He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, to be crucified on Golgotha's Hill. He bore His own cross gallantly, bruised with stripes and with a crown of thorns on His head, yet He murmured not. When He was dead they buried Him in a tomb and sealed it with great stones.

On Easter the stones were rolled away because He had risen from the dead. Once again His loved ones and the disciples saw Him alive with their own eyes and they touched Him with their hands. Their doubts were dispelled and their hearts were filled with joy. Once again their hearts overflowed with unspeakable gladness, and they struck up a song of rejoicing that has resounded down the corridors of time to this day. Their fears were gone and their souls were illumined with the new hope of that first Easter Morning.

To the tiny child, Easter means bunny rabbits and colored eggs; it means joy and gaiety of spirit. To some it is a day for wearing gorgeous new dresses and Easter bonnets, and beautiful flowers. To others it is simply a day for reveling in the joys of another holiday. These, of course, all have their place in the Easter picture, but they are far from expressing the true meaning of Easter. If one's concept of Easter stops with these superficialities, then Easter is a mere empty racket, with no message for the souls of men.

However, to the saintly spirits of earth Easter is far more than these things. It is a time when loyal followers of the Galilean re-consecrate their lives to God in humble service to others; a time when Christian men and women resolve to live a new life, to be good and to do good to others; a time when the spirit of sacrifice grips the hearts of men so that they become willing to serve until it hurts.

Without Easter it would be easy to despair for the future. We could easily become entombed in our greed and selfishness. We would surely descend into the darkness and chaos of paganism, cursed with barbaric savageries.

But under the benedictions of Easter 'tis possible for us to transcend all of the evils and frailties of mankind; we can become strong in the Lord, because Jesus said: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 6, 1947

April 6—William Lewis, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
April 8—Robert Woodruff, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
April 9—William Holder, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.
April 12—James Clonch, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U. Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

When we met in the auditorium March 23rd, Mr. Crowder made a talk, and Mr. Sofness made a talk, too. We sang a song, "Revive Us Again."

After we went to our classes, Lloyd Perdue prayed a little prayer. Mrs. Sofness read the Bible and told us a story. Then she made a talk. Olin Sealey was in charge of a program. He had the first part; J. C. Littlejohn, the second part; Clyde Hill, the third part; and Mrs. Sofness had the last part. She asked us some questions. We could answer some of them.

B. T. U. Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

The first thing on our program was a song, "Stepping in the Light." After we sang it, we went to our classes.

Our leader had different boys to make talks. Howell Willis had the first part, "'Who Hath Woe." Philip Kirk had the second part, and his topic was "The Boy Daniel." Then Bennie Riggins read Daniel 1:1-20. Edward McCall had the third part. His topic was "Handwriting on the Wall." Thomas Staley read Daniel 5:1-31. The fourth and last part was given by James Peterson, and his topic was "A Holy Temple."

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

First we met in the auditorium where Mr. Crowder talked to us. Then Mr. Sofness gave us some marbles.

We went to our rooms. There Mr. Sofness talked to us about the church of long ago. He showed us some pictures of some places he had visited in England and Scotland. Then he led us in prayer. After this, we went to our cottages.

Radio Program

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

On Thursday of last week, the radio program was under the direction of Mr. Leon Godown.

The first thing on the program was a poem, "Friends", by Carl Holt. Then the boys sang a song which was entitled "Others." After that Ray Roberts recited a poem, "Thank You" Then he sang a song, "Friends." "Sayings about Friendship", by John McKinney, was next,. After that there was a poem, "Old Friends", by Eugene Martin. The boys sang a song, "Auld Lang Syne." Then Gerald Johnson recited a poem, "The House by the Side of the Road." Mr. Godown closed the program by reading a poem, "Friends."

An Interesting Course

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Recently Mr. Hines has been help-

ing eight of his students in a course of World History. Four of these boys are in the eleventh grade. Their names are as follows: Garmon Hubbard, Gerald Johnson, Gray Brown, and Charles Shearin. Also four of these boys are in the eight grade. Their names are as follows: Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, Robert Jarvis, and Glenn Evans. We have been studying about the Greeks especially about Athens and Sparta, two city states, having a war. Now we are studying about the great general, Alexander the Great. This is a very interesting course.

Boys Sing at Westford Methodist Church

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

There were twenty-one of the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School who went to Westford Methodist Church, near Concord, to sing last Sunday night. Mr. Godown was in charge of the program of music. Mrs. Liske accompanied the boys at the piano. The first song that the boys sang was "He's My Friend," and the second one was "Just When I Need Him Most." Ray Roberts sang a solo. After that, the congregation sang a song.

We all want to thank Mr. Godown, Mrs. Liske, and all the other people who made it possible for us to go.

More Boys Are Released

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Very recently, several boys have been released. Seven boys went to stay in homes near Raleigh. They are: Ray Covington, fourth grade; Marcus Hefner, fourth grade; Arthur Ballew. fifth grade; Horace Collins, sixth grade; James Peterson, sixth grade; Alton Stewart, ninth grade; and Marshall Lamb, ninth grade. Jack Benfield went to Cornelius. He was in the ninth grade here in our school. Carlton Pate went to Fayetteville. He was in the sixth grade.

We surely hope that these boys make good at their homes.

Trophies Are Presented

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Some of the boys of our school went to Winston-Salem to box. They won some nice trophies. These trophies were presented to the boys last Sunday during the Sunday School hour. The boys who won trophies were the following: Ray Burns, Charles Autry, Robert Canady, and Jack Benfield. The other boys who went to box were: Clifton Rhodes, Robert Billings, R. L. Crawford, Leon Poston, James Walters, Luther Hull, and Donald Moose.

After the boys got their trophies, Mr. Walters brought another trophy up on the stage. It was a very beautiful trophy. It was a team trophy.

In old age we repose again on simple truths and trusts, only with a fuller inward witness and more spiritual calm—and so the evening light is as the morning's and sheds once more the tenderest beau on the world.—James Martineau.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Charles Beal, a former student at the Training School, who is now a member of the United States Army. Charlie is now stationed at Houshu, Osaka, Japan, and his letter of March 8th reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same. It has been a long time since I have written you, but I have been very busy down here.

"I have been in the army for seven months. My job is that of first machine gunner, and I'm in a good branch of service--the infantry. You can see that I'll have a good job for at least eleven more months.

"Sir, please send me Don Daniels' address. He was one of the boys with me in Cottage No. 3. I'd like to get his address so I could get him to join the army. It is a great life.

"Please tell all the boys and officers 'hello' for me. I certainly miss the Jackson Training School. It was my home for a long time, and I appreciate all that was done for me there. Your friend, Charlie Beal."

—:—

A letter from Thomas T. Ware, another former student, was recently received by Superintendent Hawfield. Thomas is now a corporal in the United States Marine Corps, and at present he is stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Thought I would write a few lines to say 'hello' to a very close frind. I am back at Parris Island, and like it fine. Am more than glad to be back in the good old U. S. A.

"While overseas, I met a couple of boys who used to be at the Training School. They were Sgt. Frank Townsend and Cpl. Claude Chappell. One of them is from Greensboro, but I don't know where the other's home is.

"I was in China for three months and at Okinawa for a couple of weeks. I liked those places very much, but like the United States much better. I was in California for about two months on guard duty. I visited Hollywood, and had a very nice time. Saw Jack Sparks, Gene Autry and many other stars. Had a picture taken with Red Skelton. He sure is a swell fellow.

"How are Mr. and Mrs. Liske getting along? Give my regards to Mrs. Dotson and Mr. Corliss if they are still there. Please tell some of the boys who were there when I was to write me, for I like to hear from my old friends.

"Well, Mr. Hawfield, I'll have to sign off now and go to chow, but I'll write you again soon. From an old friend, Thomas T. Ware."

———:———

A man who kindles the flame of intolerance in America, is lighting a fire underneath his own home.—Harold E. Stassen.

THE CULTURE OF INDIGO

By Louis T. Moore, in The State

It is not generally known by present day Carolinians that the production and cultivation of Indigo, represented the second greatest money returning crop of Colonial Carolina. Furthermore, it was due to the indefatigable energy and unswerving determination of an intelligent girl who refus- to recognize or admit failure, that the landed gentry which were able to secure finacial stability and accumulate comfortable fortunes.

The interesting analysis of the introduction of indigo, later to result in great revenues, is not only picturesque but informative. Especially so when one considers the fact that the commercial and financial development of the Carolina colonies largely was due thereto.

Before entering upon the story which involves the energetic and determined work of a Carolina lass, the average reader should be advised of the exact nature of indigo. It is a blue coloring substance, formerly prouced as a result of agricultural growth. With the development of modern industrial methods, indigo later on was manufactured artificially and chemically; largely from coal-tar derivatives. With advancement of mechanical means production of indigo in this country was abandoned agriculturally, and thenceforth was confined to chemical methods.

Indigo was first employed as a major dyestuff in India. From thence it was brought to the Mediterranean countries by traders. Indigo plants formerly were extensively cultivated in the Far East and in the West Indies. It is from the last mentioned area that the introduction of the glamorous and valuable product had it's beginning in America.

In the case of the French colonies, indigo had become a source of valuable commerce with Europe. It was a short time before the middle of the Eighteenth century, that George Lucas, an Englishman, became Governor of Antigua, one of the West Indian islands. He was the fortunate possessor of an extensive plantation a short distance from Charleston. There was a charming daughter in the family. Her name was Eliza. The father had often noticed her fondness for supervising the production of flowers and shrubs in the spacious gardens of his estate. It was his custom from time to time to send her various fruits and seeds of tropical origin, with which to experiment.

Neither Lucas nor Eliza realized what future bountiful financial results would eventuate when in 1741 he sent her by a mariner, a few indigo seeds. These were accompanied with special directions for planting. As soon as the bushes had gotten well above ground, they were killed by a heavy frost. Disheartened but not discouraged, the determined girl in early April, planted a second supply of the seeds. However the nights continued cold, and the weather aided by worms served to destroy the second installment of shoots.

The girl was not to be denied.

Therefore, she decided to plant the indigo seeds for the third time, using the remainder of the limited quantity which had been sent by her father.

With the planting of the third crop near Charleston, Eliza Lucas's efforts were crowed with success. When advised by his daughter that the indigo plants were hardy and vigorous, Governor Lucas envisioned the latent commercial possibilities of the plant. He then decided to send a large quantity of seed from Antigua to his plantation on the South Carolina coast. At the same time he persuaded a friend name Cromwell to assume charge. The latter was experienced not only in production of the plants but also was familiar with the method of preparing the valuable crops for market.

Cromwell had slaves built vats on the plantation. He then proceeded to raise a bountiful crop of indigo. However, from a spirit of fear that the prosperity of Antigua his island home, might be jeopardized, Cromwell ruined the yield by surreptitiously placing lime in the vats.

Eliza Lucas had carefully followed all the technical procedures which Cromwell had used. Thus she had ascertained the intricate secrets involved in production of the plants. Parting company with Cromwell with scant ceremony the enterprising girl engaged another plantation manager in whom she had full confidence. An immediate and full measure of success followed.

Shortly afterward, Eliza was married to Charles Pinckney, who owned an extensive plantation near that of her father. As a token of recognition of her sagacity and fruitful vision, Governor Lucas made his daughter a wedding present of all the indigo on his plantation. The entire amount was saved for seed. A portion was reserved by the young married woman and other allotments were distributed to friends up and down the Carolinas coast between Wilmington, New Bern, and Charleston. From this beginning it was soon proved by experiments that there was far greater production from the imported cultivated strains than from a variety which grew wild along the coastal areas.

Within a perod of five years from the commencement of planting of indigo by the enterprising Carolina girl, whose ingenuity and vision had made the new money crop possible, there was a constantly increasing volume of indigo being produced on the coastal plantation. The product now was being shipped to England. With rice and cotton, it immediately became the third of a trio of crops which brought wealth, prosperity and material comforts to the planters living in the Low Country of the Carolinas.

Indigo now was recognized as one of the most valuable commercial commodities of the time. England soon awakened to the fact that her demands were requiring quantities of indigo from the French colonies approximating one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling in annual value. It was soon appreciated that a great national saving would result if indigo could be purchased from a dependable source of supply in British colonies. Therefore, it was decided to encourage initial production of indigo in the area from Wilmington to Charleston, with offer of abounty of sixpence per pound. This was granted the Carolina colonists, how-

ever, only for supplies they sent directly to England. The subsidy was eliminated when shipments were made to other countries. The continuing yield increased to such an extent, and so rapidly that it was only a matter of a short time until the Carolina plantation producers were supplying not only the wants of the mother country, but also were underselling French producers in continental countries.

And so it was that the fortunes of the lordly Carolina planters increased rapidly and in tremendous volume from the production and sale of indigo. This product in fact and verity was one of the most important elements in bringing permanent prosperity and wealth to the plantition owners. A well-known writer about 1809 fathered the statement that indigo reality had proved more directly beneficial to the Carolina coast country, than the mines of Peru or Mexico had ever been to old Spain.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, exports of indigo from the Carolina colonies exceeded a million pounds annually in value. The begining of the conflict for independence, the withdrawal of the bounty previously given, and the a short time until the Carolina plantacrops, caused a decline in the output of indigo in favor of rice. After the war, though the increased production of cotton, indigo was gradually relegated to a minor position.

After the Revolution, indigo from the Easet Indies was marketed at prices far below those which the Carolina planters had received. As a consequence, the cultivation of indigo in the Carolina colonies was gradually abandoned. It is within the past fifty to seventy year that production of indigo has been firmly established and stabilized though synthetic production from caol-tar.

So, in recalling the glamorous, golden days of the fabulous prosperity of the Carolina plantation owners, it should always be held in mind that the richly productive indigo was made possible though the alertness and indomitable spirit of a Carolina damsel, Eliza Lucas Pinckney, later to become the beloved mother of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. This distinguished statesman was sent as minister to France. It was while on this mission, when it was intimated that peace might be granted in return for a money payment, he uttered the immortal phrase in the historical annals of our country—"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

One stormy day a coast guard was ordered to the rescue of a liner wrecked off the coast of New England. An old, tried seaman was in charge, but the members of the crew were for the most part young, untested men. When one of them comprehended the situation before them, he turned, white-faced to the captain, and said, "Sir, the wind is off-shore, the tide is running out. We can go out, but against the wind and the tide we cannot come back."

The grim old captain faced the young man, and said: "Launch the boat; we go out. We don't have to come back."—Selected.

MISSOURI TACKLES CHILD DELINQUENCY IN TWO-WAY DRIVE

(Selected)

Missouri has opened a two-way offensive designed first to prevent juvenile delinquency and second to combat it in the state's "correctional" institutions. The latter have been termed "schools for crime."

The legislature is considering wide changes in the 24-year-old laws effecting juveniles. At the same time it is conducting a painstaking investigation into training schools with a view toward complete reform.

The proposed changes cover a wide range of subjests extending from adoption laws to compulsory pre-natal tests to prevent spread of congenital syphillis.

They were drawn up by special children's code commission which worked more than one year at the request of Gov. Phil M. Donnelly. The commission was composed of such men as Albert M. Clark, Missouri Supreme Court justice, and Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president of the Westminster College (where Winston Churchill made his famous "Fulton" speech.)

Overhauling of the Missouri reformatory and training schools also as requested by Gov. Donnelly on the basis of widespread charges that youngsters committed to the intitution for minor violations were associating with hardened criminals who schooled them in crime.

The legislative investigating committee has been instructed to make a complete study of segregation problems and to draft bills providing for separation of younger delinquents from older boys who have evidenced definite criminal traits.

The commission's major recommendation was proposed establishment of a bureau of child guidance which eventually would enable Missouri's 114 counties "to diagnose and treat mental and emotional disturbances in minor children."

"Juvenile courts, schools, public health nurses and welfare agencies are asking assistance in this work," the commission said. "Through these clinics many children can be cared for in their own homes or communities."

With the state's four mental homes crammed with patients, the commission feels the problem of curing emotional disturbances in children can in most cases be better solved in community surroundings.

———:———

I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power. But really great men have a curious feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them. And they see something divine in every other man and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—John Ruskin.

TWO KINDS OF LABOR LEADERS

(The Mooresville Enterprise)

Fortune recently devoted an issue to the subject of labor in U. S. industry. In the course of its analysis, it ran a number of capsul biographis of important labor leaders whom the great majority of Americans have never heard of. These men head big unions and represent armies of workers. But they don't make the headlines with wild threats and demands. They fight aggressively for gains for labor—but they keep their agreements with management. In short, these are the types of labor leaders who built the labor movement in the old days, and who gained for it the respect of the nation.

It is unfortunate that that kind of labor eecxutive is overshadowed by some intensely vocal zealots who seem more interested in destroying private enterprise and free labor, than in forwarding the real, long-term interests of the workers. Any labor leader worthy of his job must know that higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions can come only from progressive industries which make good profits. He must know that the question of wages is inextricably tied in with the question of worker productivity and that the doctrine of more pay for less work can lead only to ruin. There are many cases on record where labor leaders have worked wholeheartedly with industrial leaders to keep factories going in bad times, by moderating wage demands, by figuring out means to increase output and lower costs, and by planning the expansion of markets. These men are in direct contrast to the labor leaders whose policy is rule or ruin.

If American workers, who must ultimately decide the kind of leadership they really want, are wise, they will insist on their representatives working with industry—not against industry. That means honest collective bargaining in which the rights of all are considered. It is the only solution to the problem.

———:———

Your mental attitude is a great determining influence in your daily life. Begin the day with an expectant and energetic mental attitude toward your work, plans, and purposes, and it will elevate all your activities. The spirit in which you regard your fellow men and the world about you will be reflected back to you.

When you are in the right mental attitude, many things will seem to conspire and cooperate to advance your work and interests. Primarily it is your mental attitude which makes the day happy and productive, or the contrary.

You can demonstrate the truth of this today by resolving to look only for the best, to be intelligently optimistic, and to have confidence in the eternal supremacy of good. —Grenville Kleiser

A STAGGERING BLOW AT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

By Louie D. Newton

I listened to the majority opinion of the Supreme court's decision in the New Jersey case, this afternoon, as read and argued by Mr. Justice Black. and I could not disassociate the name of the eloquent jurist with a shadow, now no larger, it may appear, than man's hand, but portenting a great and terrible cloud that may be drifting out over every hamlet and dale from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate to darken the torch of religious liberty in our beloved land.

I also listened to Mr. Justice Jackson as he rendered the minority opinion and referred to the Court as turnining back the hands of the clock to those dark days of ecclesiatical dominace and tyranny which prompted Jefferson and Madison to finally write the First Amendment into our Constitution. I watched the face of Mr. Justice Black grow pale as the unanswerable arguments of the minority opinion were cogently and courageously marshalled.

While acknowledging the frightening implications of the majority opinion, as it will be seized to further hammer down the wall that separates church and state in our country, I do take courage in the fact that the minority opinion restates the case in the full light of history and in terms of invisible logic.

I hope and pray that this ominous decision may serve to arouse the freedom-loving people of this nation to prompt and uncompromising action by which the pressure of political ecclesiasticism shall be finally lifted from the administrative, legislative and judicial branches of government, local, state and national.

The next battle in this war on the time-honored citadel of religious liberty in the United States will take place in the Congress, when pending bills to provide federal funds for education, with loop-holes for use of such funds in parochial schools, are argued. Remembering that public opinion is the final court of appeal in a democracy, it is still our privilege to let our lawmakers and public servants know how we believe and feel on this vital issue.

MY CREED

Here is my Creed. I believe in one God, Creator of the Universe. That He governs it by His Providence. That He ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. —Benjamin Franklin

SAYING THE BEST

By Rev. N. H. Schultz, in The Indiana Freemason.

It is always easier to march to music. A little word of appreciation now and then would make all the difference to thousands whose day is very largely drudgery.

A recent essayist has divided the people into minus and plus people. The minus people are those who leave us poorer, and the plus people those who leave us richer.

One must distinguish true appreciation from both flattery and praise. Flattery is veiled insult, and praise may be condescension in disguise. But genuine appreciation is different from praise or flattery, and for it every heart is hungering.

A story is told of Robert Browning, how once at Oxford he recived a great ovation, and when someone hinted that he must hate all this, he said, "Why I've been waiting for it all my life."

Men of genius are as eager for appreciation as the rest of us. Everybody yearns to be appreciated The drudgeries of life are always lightened when there is somebody who understands and says the best. This is true in the chursh, in the home, in the office or shop, and on the street.

This gift of appreciation, of saying the best, is always the mark of a noble generous nature. Little souls delight in fault-finding; big ones in appreciating. Mean folk are always minus folk; it is the great hearts who are the plus ones. The plus people call out all that is best withen us by the sunshine of their appreciation.

Are you a plus or minus person?

---:---

MY SUCCESS

I attribute what success I have had in reaching the goal of my earlier ambitions to my failures. Yes, I mean just that.

We learn mighty little in this life from success. Success feeds the ego; failure chastens it. Success makes you look up, and the sun dazzles your eyes; failure forces you to look down and mind your step.

The man who can fail and learn, who can try and fall, and get up and go on, who can make a new start and be defeated and still go on, is the man who succeeds in the end.

The failures are the men who succeed too early and too easily, or the men who fail and let it bowl them over—the men who qui

—Author Unknown.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

(Selected)

Maybe you have heard the little jingle: "The pleasant little rivers with the drifting folks are crammed; the easy roads are crowded, and the level roads are jammed; where the going's smooth and pleasant you'll always find the throng, for the many, more's the pity, seem to like to drift along."

One of our modern philosophers utters this truth: "Most men drift. It is easier, and saves responsibility —until they strike a rock in the great sea of life. Only those who have a port in view, and steer straight toward it, will ever arrive."

Just drifting along requires no effort, and that is the reason the "pleasant little rivers with the drifting folks are crammed."

Why are there so many people drifting, just drifting, just drifting on the sea of life? You know the answer: They have only a very dim idea of what they want. They give no thought as to how they are going to get it. They fancy that the tide in their affairs will come to the flood some day and bear them on to fortune.

Why do some men succeed? That is very easy to answer. They know what they want and find a way to get it. They know it takes real mental and physical energy to reach a goal. They "put out," and paddle their canoe to the Port of Success.

Nothing worth while can ever come to the man who simply sits and dreams. Anything a man really wants will come to him if he plans for it and works for it. Nothing but failure comes to him who commits the unpardonable sin in nature—idleness. Drifting with the tide that has no goal, has no place in a life of honor and progress.

BLESSEDNESS

To cultivate a beautiful garden you must uproot all weeds and other unlovely things. This is best done not by sitting down and studying the origin of such weeds, an ascertaining their names and number, but by patient and diligent work in pulling them up by the roots and ridding your garden of them forever. Likewise to cultivate a beautiful mind you must uproot and cast from you all mental weeds and other unlovely thoughts, such as pride, envy, impatience, fear, resentment and selfishness. Then you must plant and carefully cultivate in your mental garden seeds of kindness, goodness, love, purity, humility, reverence and righteousness. As you persevere in this work, your mind will gradually unfold into beauty and fragrance, and your life will be blest.—Grenville Kleiser.

THE LIFE STORY OF JACK LONDON

By Dale Carnegie

A little over forty years ago a hobo rode the rods of a freight train into Buffalo and began to beg for food from door to door. A policeman arrested him for vagrancy, and a judge sentenced him to thirty days at hard labor. For thirty days, he broke rocks and had nothing to eat except bread and water.

Yet six years later, this hobo, this former bum and panhandler, was the most sought after man on the Western Coast. He was entertained by the cream of the California society and hailed by novelists, critics, and editors, as one of the brightest stars on the literary horizon.

He never went to high school until he was nineteen, and he died when he was forty; but he left behind him fifty one books.

He was Jack London, author of The Call of the Wild.

When Jack London wrote the Call of the Wild back in 1903, he became famous almost overnight. Editors clamored for his work. But he made very little money from his first big hit. The publishers, and later the movie producers in Hollywood, made a million dollars out of it; but he himself sold all his rights to The Call of the Wild for only two thousand dollars.

If you want to write a book, the very first requisite is to have something to write about. That was one of the screts of Jack London's astonishing success. He packed ten thousand colorful experiences into his short and feverish life. He was a sailor before the mast, a longshoreman, an oyster-pirate, and a gold miner. He hunted seals in the far north. He hoboed over half the earth, and wrote a book about experiences as a tramp. He went hungry often. He slept on park benches and in hay stacks and box cars. He often slept on the hard ground, and sometimes woke up to find himself sleeping in a pool of water. He was so exhausted at times that he feel asleep while riding the rods underneath a freight train.

He was arrested and thrown into jails hundreds of times here in America and he was clamped into the jails of Mexico, Manchuria, Japan and Korea.

Jack London's childhood was full of poverty and hardships. He ran wild with a gang of hoodlums who roamed the water-front along San Francisco Bay. School? He laughed at schools and played hookey most of the time. Yet one day he wandered into a public lidrary and began reading Robinson Crusoe. He was fascinated. Hungry as he was, he didn't even stop to run home for supper. The next day he rushed back to the library to read other books. A new world was opening up before him, a world as strange and colorful as the Arabian Nights. From that time on. He had an unquenchable passion for books. He often read ten and fifteen hours a day. He devoured everything from Nick Carter to Shakespeare, everything from Herbert Spencer to Karl Marx. When he was nineteen, he decided to stop selling his muscles and sell his brain instead. He was tired

of hoboing, tired of being beaten by policemen, tired of having railroad breakmen hit him over the head with their lanterns.

So, at the age of nineteen, he entered high school in Oakland, California. He studied night and day, took hardly any time at all for sleep and did a phenomenal thing. He actually crammed four years of work into three months, passed his examinations, and then entered the University of California.

Obsessed with a driving ambition to become a great writer, he studied The Count of Monte Cristo, Treasure Island, and The Tale of Two Cities, studied them over and over and then wrote feverishly. He wrote five thousand words a day, that means a full length novel in twenty days. He sometimes had thirty stories out in the hands of editors at the same time. But they all came back. He was merely learning his trade.

Then one day one of his stories entitled Typhoon Off the Coast of Japan won first prise in a contest sponsored by the San Francisco Call. He got only twenty dollars for the story He was broke, and couldn't pay even his room rent.

That was 1896, a year of drama and excitement. Gold was discovered in the Klondike. Telegraph wires flashed the sensational news across the continent and thrilled the nation. Workmen left their shops, soldiers deserted from the army, farmers deserted their lands, and merchants locked their stores. The gold-diggers were on the move. The locust swarm of humanity took wings and headed for the gold land under the northern lights.

And Jack London was with them. He spent a hectic year hunting for gold in the Klondike. He endured incredible hardships. Eggs were worth twenty-five cents apiece and butter sold for three dollers a pound. He slept on the ground with the thermometer at 74 degrees below zero. Finally he drifted back to the States without a penny in his pocket.

He did whetever odd jobs he could find. He washed dishes in restaurants He scrubbed floors. He worked on the docks and in factories.

Then one day, with only two dollars between himself an hunger, he decided to give up manual labor forever and devote all of his time to literature. That was in 1898. Five years later, 1903, he had published six books. and one hundred and twenty-five short stories, and was one of the most talked-of men in literary America.

Jack London died in 1916, only eighteen years after he really started to write, and during that time, he wrote an average of about three books a year besides countless short stories.

And his yearly income was twice as much as the President of the United States. His books are still enormously popular and in Europe, he is one of the most widely read of all America authors.

The Call of the Wild, for which he got only two thousand dollars, has been translated into a score of languages. It has sold more than a million and a half copies and is one of the most popular books in the history of American literature.

PECULIAR NAMES IN THE MOUNTAINS

(The State Magazine)

If you're one of those persons who have a particular fondness for odd and peculiar-sounding place names then you won't have very far to go in order to find plenty of them. For the map of Western North Carolina fairly bristles with some of the most outlandish names for little out-of-the-way localities you ever heard of. Leave it to the hardy mountaineer, the native wit! His literalness has fairly scarred the map of the Old North State with no end of starkly descriptive names. They're sprinkled liberally all the way from Catawba to Cherokee County.

Most of the queerly-named places were christened right on the spot generations ago usually from some peculiar incident that took place near by that left an impression on the backwoodsmen. Here are a few:

Rip Shin Ridge, Dog Hobble Ridge, Bear Wallow, Huggins' Hell, the Devil's Racepath, Briar Knob, Thunderhead, Rough Arm, Shoe Bird Mountain, Big Bugaboo Creek, Frog Level, Shake A Rag, Chunky Gal and No Business Creek.

Raw Dough, Mad Sheep Mountain, Dog Slaughter, Hairy Bear, Broken Leg, Burnt Pone, Sandy Mush, Tumbling Creek, Hanging Dog, Standing Stone, Sharp To, Rip Toe Ridge, Naked Place, Drowning Creek, Gouge-eye, Craggy Dome, Shooting Creek, Four Killer, Muddy Creek, Turkey Tail, Skull Knob, Buzzard Roost, High Rock, Table Rock, Short Off Mountain, Humpback Mountain, Lone Mountain, Gingercake Mountain, Burnt Cabin Branch, Hawksbill Mountain, Swayback Knob, Winding Stair Knob, Little Chestnut Mountain, Joy, Worry, Pigeon Mountain, High Peak, Long Arm and hundreds of other oddly-named out-of-the-way places in the Carolina mountains off the beaten track.

Now and then some ancient pioneer was poetically inclined, if not downright romantic and the result is:

Rainbow Mountain, Sunset Mountain, Little Snowbird Mountain, Vale of the Tuckaseigee, Lone Bald, Grandfather Mountain, Little Cedar and Little Pine Mountain.

A GOOD CODE

My code of life and conduct is simply this: Work hard; play to the allowable limit; disregard equally the good and the bad opinion of others; never do a friend a dirty trick; never grow indignant over anything; live the moment to the utmost of its possibilities; and be satisfied with life always, but never with oneself

—George Jean Nathan.

IMAGINATION

By Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper

One of the most powerful instruments of mankind is that of imagination. It furnishes man with entertainment, success, failure, contentment, misery, and it is also the culprit of illusions. Many are we who have been victims of our imaginations. Many are we who ARE victims of our imaginations. Often the circumstances surrounding a situation leave food for thought; for the imagination. Human nature being the cloak of egotism, we unconsciously permit our ego to captivate the imagination. We construct a misleading opinion of what we have seen or heard. We endeavor to elevate ourselves from our fears by focusing the spotlight upon manufactured evidence, and calling to the world, "Look! see what he did; I'm not like that." At this point exhibitionism overcomes logic and to strengthen our dubious creation we pit imagination against imagintion until, whether we are willing to admit it or not, we commence to visualize existence to whet the appetite of egotism.

We mold a strong and dominant imagination which knows but one way home. Circumstances which leave a lot to be desired, are forever manifested. In the event that the situation leaves little room for imagination we conveniently omit pertinent facts and substitute captivating creations of imagination.

Continuous submission to imagination formulates the basis of misery, discontentment, and selfishness. We endeavor to be always "in the limelight," and the slightest opposition causes untold grief.

The creative powers of imagintion are so intense, that if rationally directed and controlled, immeasurable happiness and contentment can be attained.

Virtually every creation of the cinema is an extravagant realization of the imagination. It brings happiness to millions and millions of its creators. Every cultivated beauty of mankind, every architectural achieve ment of the world, and every modern creation, existed once in a creative mind; was sired by an active imagination.

Imagination is more powerful than TNT, but like all explosives, it too should be kept under control.

———:———

There are two ways of living; a man may be casual and simply exist, or constructive and deliberately try to do something with his life. The constructive idea implies constructiveness not only about one's own life, but about that of society, and the future possibilities of humanity.—Julian Huxley.

THE COUNTRY PRESS

(The Mecklenburg Times)

Some of the most important things in life are taken for granted and accorded scant consideration until they cease to function. For instance, the occupants of a luxurious Pullman sleeper think little about the wheels on which it rolls. The most vital things are generally the least obvious. The country press in America goes in this category. There would be no United States without the country press, any more than there would be Pullman cars without a wheel.

No nation in the world is so universally served with newspapers as the United States. But the average citizen dosen't know this—he takes the newspaper for granted even in the smallest town. And yet without the newspaper, community affairs could not be conducted as they are. Try to think of your town without newspapers, even the smallest weekly. Where you get the localnews and the intimate information on births, marri ages, deaths and the affairs of the community that at some time or other are so important to every family? Where would you read the proceedings of the county courts, the legal notices, the personal columns, the news about the local churches, lodges, and the advertising of the local merchants? The big city dailies carry the world news, but they cannot carry the day-to-day happenings of the smaller towns and cities.

Along with the school teacher, the local editor is responsible for the education of the community. A good editor comments on activities, local, state, and national, that affect the lives of all citizens. He discusses questions from the standpoint of their bearing on community welfare. He must have a good working knowledge of government, legislation, social conditions, industries, labor, taxation —the things that affect the working man, the businessman, and the family. The local editor accepts a real responsibility in publishing even the smallest paper, for when the reader sees something in print, he thinks it is the truth.

How many people appreciate these facts that underlie the ownership and publication of the 12,000 country newspapers in the United States? Those papers are the greatest safeguard of our nation's independence. They are individually owned and the vast majority of their editors are well grounded in the ideals of Constitutional government, and are opposed to trends toward socialism which disregard the importance of the individual. The country press reaches a majority of readers in the United States. It deserves more recognition than it receives. And in that respect it is like the wheel under a Pullman car, but with this difference: It is human and it can appreciate a word or act of encouragement while upholding the rights of others.

During recent months when newsprint has been a problem particularly for smaller newspapers, many people, including members of the United States Senate, have expressed opinions setting forth the value of the small town and the newspapers serving it.

Senator Robert A. Taft: The heart

of Americe lies in its small towns, the gathering places of million who live in those towns and the surrounding rural sections. The editor of the small-town newspaper is responsible for seeing that people get straight news without prejudice, and that they understand what the issues are.

Senator Alben W. Barkley: It is essential that the small newspaper, the small daily and the weekly newspaper, shall be preserved as a part of our educational heritage. There are many people in widespread sections of our country who obtain their information concerning world events not only from the larger daily papers but from the small weeklies.

Senator Arthur Capper: The small-town newspaper is one of America's most important institutions. It keeps its readers informed on what their neighbors are doing. The community newspaper is the neighborhood forum where information on government, education, religion, and civic developments are dicussed and promoted. Without a newspaper devoted to its own interests, no town can meet the strong competition of its neighboring communities in these days of trade rivarlry.

Senator Scott W. Lucas: The small-town newspapers of America have always had a vital role in the affairs of this Nation in shaping the development and the course of the American way of life. Edited by men and women who know the people, because they live with and are a part of the people the newspapers of our smaller towns and cities usually reflect with unerring accuracy the sentiments of those people.

According to Senator Murray of Montana, there are "three groups of corporate giants" who control broad fields of newspapers, publishing, and radio stations. The worst victims according to Senator Wherry are small newspapers that buy their paper at top prices.

In the hearing that got underway last week, there is an effort being made to find a monopoly that has been squeezing the smaller publisher as well as an investigation of prices being paid for newsprint.

CULTURE

The most distinctive mark of a mind is the ability to take another's point of view; to put one's self in another's place, and see life and its problems from a point of view different from one's own. To be willing to test a new idea; to be able to live on the edge of difference in all matters intellectually; to examine without heat the burning question of the day; to have imaginative sympathy, openness and flexibility of mind, steadiness and poise of feeling, cool calmness of judgment, is to have culture.—A. H. R. Fairchild.

RUMORS

(The Summary)

What causes supposedly grown up and intelligent men to start rumors? Why is it that every time something out of the ordinary happens there is always a character around to discuss it with the utmost gravity and sensationalism? And it doesn't necessarily have to be out of the ordinary either.

Without calling for volunteers, someone can always be found who has it on good authority, or who knows through his connections, that this and that is the truth. And if he is doubted he immediately has a quote to prove it.

Could it be that there are those among us who feel that it is wise to prattle on like a bunch of old maids? Could it be that there are those among us who will say and tell anything to anyone who will listen, just so they can hold the center of attraction? Could it be that there are those among us who flap at the trap because they don't know when to talk and when to listen? Could Be.

I'll gamble that there are more rumors running rampant around here than Walter Winchell, Louella Parsons and Drew Pearson hear in a lifetime. And, they are on the silliest subjects. It seems the crazier the story the more widely it circulates.

The other day when the horse barn caught afire, we were marched to our cells to release the guards from their regular duty, so that they could be of assistance where needed to bring the fire under control and extinguish it.

Now this is a standard procedure, yet before I could get into my coat and hat and walk across the yard I heard at least six stories of why we were going in and everyone of them was quite lurid. It seemed that carrier pigeon or mental (???) telepathy had hurried the news to a few of them. My walkie-talkie was on the fritz so I didn't get a word directly but I soon knew what was up. It was quite easy and all I had to do was listen. If the boys who had been talking were doing the listening at least fifty of these highly impressionable youngsters would have learned the truth instead of a lot of malarky.

To me it was humorous, in a way, because I learned a long time ago to disregard rumors, but we should do what we can to stop this flood of silly talk that persists in being heard. If we refuse to listen when these moronic chatter-boxes runaway at the mouth, maybe we can halt the tide of loose and sometimes dangerous gossip.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, and its power of durance—the cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer, than the sad or sullen.—Carlyle.

ARGUMENTS COST TOO MUCH

By John Prentiss, in Our Paper

He's really a brilliant boy, this youngster I know so well. Perhaps he's too brilliant for his own good.

I mean that he has such a fund of knowledge, so much self-confidence, that he likes to argue. He's usually right in his arguments. That again is a handicap, rather than an advantage, for anyone who argues successfully and wins arguments, is bound to develop antagonisms, make enemies.

There are, unfortunately, some people who can't resist arguing. You've known them. You make a statement. They contradict it. They want to argue the matter out. They adduce reams of proof. They talk you down. They gloat over you.

But they don't make you like them. That's the idea I am stressing here, that if you want people to like you, you'll find that you can't afford to argue because argument is one of the costliest habits there is.

The reason why arguments are futile was pointed out to me a long time ago by a salesman under whom I was starting to work.

"Never argue with a customer," he told me. "You can win an argument, but you lose a sale every time. The reason why people don't like to lose arguments is that an argument is a contest, and nobody likes to be defeated in any sort of a contest."

Remember that the next time you know you are right and are tempted to argue with someone— you are engaging in a contest, and even if you win, you lose. You lose more than you win, for you lose the friendship of someone who might at some time prove extremely valuable to you or extremely pleasant for you to know socially.

It's better not to argue at all. If people are mistaken, you can't change their mistaken point of view by argument. Permit them to have mistaken ideas if having those ideas doesn't interfere with you, doesn't harm you, or if the ideas themselves are harmless ideas.

Any time you try to argue, however, you are treading on thin ice, and you are bound to lose, no matter whether you think you win.

Not one of the sucessful men or women I have known has had the time to argue. It's the little people who win the arguments of the world —and remain forever little people.

A man of a right spirit is not a man of narrow and private views, but is greatly interested and concerned for the good of the community to which he belongs, and particularly of the city or village in which he resides, and for the true welfare of the society of which he is a member.—Jonathan Edwards.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The afternoon service at the Jackson Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. Paul B. Cobb, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Cor. 4:1-5, and in his message to the boys he made a very interesting explanation of some of the mysteries of the Bible.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Cobb stated that he believed most people were fond of reading mystery stories. Between the covers of the Bible, he said, there may be found some of the greatest mystery stories known to man. In our own Christian faith there are many mysteries. The great Apostle Paul loved mystery and used the word many times in his writings.

The speaker asked his listeners to think briefly of some of the mysteries which have been revealed through God's Word, as follows:

(1) The mystery of the Kingdom of God. How a man can be made over and enter into this kingdom. When we study the Bible, we think of a vast kingdom. The Kingdom of God is the rule of the law of God in the hearts of men.

(2) The power of the Kingdom of God. When we think of the great powers of earth and the wonderful power of God, there is a great mystery in the comparison. In the kingdoms of earth we find such powers as great armies and navies, wonderful scientific inventions, etc. In the teachings of the Kingdom of God we learn that love is the strongest force in the world.

(3) There is a great mystery about our final entrance into the Kingdom of God. It is difficult for mere man to visualize just how the change from life in this world to the great life beyond is to be brought about.

(4) There are mysteries concerning Jesus Christ himself, such as (a) the mystery of his birth; (b) how he died, and the facts concerning his crucifixion; (c) his glorious resurrection.

(5) The Bible gives the great mystery of the plan of salvation—how a man may be completely transformed through Jesus Christ.

Paul says we are the stewards of the mysteries of God, continued the speaker. Back in Paul's time a steward was one who was to oversee and care for the property or business of his employer. A Christian is a steward of the mysteries of God. They are not to be kept secret, but we are to pass them on for the benefit of others. By so doing we shall be classed as good stewards.

Another of our duties as Christians is to preserve the divine mysteries from slander and misuse in order that their qualities may be kept high.

Rev. Mr. Cobb then stated that the divine attributes of God's mysteries might be preserved by the true Christian of today in this manner:

(1) By never making light of the Word of God. By not permitting it to be quoted in a joking fashion. By refraining from cursing.

(2) We should try as best we can to be attentive at all times to everything that goes on in a service of

worship. We have been charged with this duty. If we want to be good stewards, we should constantly try to put conflicting thoughts out of our minds.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Cobb told the boys that in order to grow and develop into true Christian men they should do whatever they could to promote and encourage the honor and worship of God.

———:———

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GOOD WILL

I will respect all men and women regardless of race and religion.

I will protect and defend my neighbor and my neighbor's children against the ravages of racial or religious bigotry.

I will exemplify in my own life the spirit of good will and understanding.

I will challenge the philosophy of racial superiority by whomsoever it may be proclaimed, whether they be kings, dictators or demagogues.

I will not be misled by the lying propaganda of those who seek to set race against race or nation against nation.

I will refuse to support any organization that has for its purpose the spreading of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, or anti-Protestantism.

I will establish comradeship with those who seek to exalt the spirit of love and reconciliation throughout the world.

I will attribute to those who differ from me the same degree of sincerity that I claim for myself.

I will uphold the civil rights and religious liberties of all citizens and groups whether I agree with them or not.

I will do more than live and let live—I will live and help live.

—Dr. Walter W. VanKirk.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Hot words cool friendships.
—Franklin.

—:—

Nothing costs so much as being cheap.—Hubbard.

—:—

Do all the good you can and make no fuss about it.—Dickens.

—:—

Write injuries in sand, but benefits in marble.—French Proverb.

—:—

If you always watch the clock you will remain one of the hands.—Ex.

—:—

Good resolutions—like a screaming child—should be carried out.—Grit

—:—

A man is not paid for having a head and two hands—but for using them.—Selected.

—:—

Nature is methodical, and doeth her work well. Time is never to be hurried.—Emerson.

—:—

When you reach the mountain-top, wig-wag courage to the fellow in the foothills.—Selected.

—:—

If you think you are to small to do big things, try doing small things in a big way.—Hubbard.

—:—

A good traffic rule on the road of life: When you meet temptation, turn to the right.—Selected.

—:—

Don't waste time looking for four-leaf clovers when there are weeds in your garden.—Exchange.

—:—

Be methodical if you would succeed in business, or in anything. Have a work for every moment, and mind the moment's work.—W. Mathews.

—:—

The only safe and sure way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.—Mark Twain.

—:—

He who would climb a tree must grasp its branches—not the blossoms.
—Thackeray.

—:—

Share your joys with others. It always takes two to be glad.
—Selected.

—:—

Speak ill of no man. Even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he's down.—Exchange.

—:—

The first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course.—Coleridge.

—:—

To work is to worship, to be cheery is to pray, to be happy is the first step towards being pious.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

—:—

Do not boast about what you are going to do tomorrow unless you can say the same thing about yesterday.
—Exchange.

—:—

No man needs sympathy because he has to work. Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing.
—Theodore Roosevelt.

—:—

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Never excuse yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself—and be lenient to everybody else.—Beecher.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A long face shortens your list of friends.

—:—

Every black sheep was somebody's pet lamb once.

—:—

You won't lose your shirt by rolling up your sleeves.

—:—

The fellow who lives on a bluff deserves a good shove.

—:—

Praising yourself to the skies is not going to get you there.

—:—

It's a pity there aren't game laws to restrict bull-shooters.

—:—

The deaf wife whose husband talks in his sleep is indeed unlucky.

—:—

The only thing that can cheat some people out of the last word is an echo.

—:—

Putting your best foot forward does not mean to kick about everything.

—:—

He is a miserly man indeed who has a gold tooth and won't give you a smile.

—:—

The three ages of man — School Tablet, Aspirin Tablet, and Stone Tablet.

—:—

The best way to look at trouble is through the wrong end of a telescope.

—:—

Cannibal King: "What are we having for lunch today?"
Chef: "Two old maids."
Cannibal King: "Ugh, left-overs again!"

Everyone sympathizes with the chronic grouch when he has to be by himself.

—:—

The only people who enjoy hearing your troubles are lawyers—they get paid for it.

—:—

A real diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age.

—:—

Almost every man believes in heredity until he sees his son acting like a chump.

—:—

The early bird not only catches the worm but gets the first whack at the morning paper.

—:—

Digging wells is about the only business where you don't have to begin at the bottom.

—:—

If you are bound to say mean and ugly things, go down into the cellar and talk to yourself.

—:—

A small boy's definition of conscience: "The thing which hurts when everything else feels good."

—:—

Some folks would rather blow their own horn than to listen to the best military band in the country.

—:—

The man who said one half of the world does not know how the other half lives never was on a rural phone line.

—:—

It's too bad human beings cannot exchange problems. Everyone seems to know how to solve the other fellow's.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 30, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Billings
Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Jack Griffin
Roger Ivey
John Myers
Marion Ray
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
William Clemmons
Ernest Johnston
Major Lotter
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Thomas Martin
Nathan McCarson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
James Dunn
David Gibson
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Odean Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
James Hunt
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchin
William Lewis
Coy McElven
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Lacy Overton
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Willard Brown
Charles Cain
James Cauthen
Danny Hayes
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Clyde Hill
Edward Ingold
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins
John Gregory

COTTAGE No. 7

J. D. Ashley
Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson

Jack Paschal
Franklin Stover
Robert Shepherd
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields
Lester Ingle
James Norton
Eugene Newton
James Upright
James Wiles
Robert Williamson
Marion Ross

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Charles Autry
R. L. Crawford
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Thomas Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
James Moore
Silas Orr
Ray Roberts
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
Cecil Clark
Wade Cook
Carlton Crawford
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Conley Haney
Curtis Helms
Max Herring
Kenneth McLean
William Ray
James Reynolds
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Floyd Canady
Ralph Dry
William Lunsford
Edwin Parker

COTTAGE No. 14

Elbert Gentry
Clifford Martin
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Cecil Butcher
Willam Best
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
Charles Farmer
Carl Hall
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Frank Sargent
Thelbert Suggs
James Shelton
James Shepherd
William Stamey
Robert Wickers
Roy Watkins
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Samuel Lynn
Charles McDaniels
Travis Shumate
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 12, 1947 No. 15

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LIFE

Life may be long or life be short,
But it's always to short for sorrow;
For the deepest wound that bleeds today
Will be but a scar tomorrow.

Though your ship may sail on a stormy sea,
If you hold to this one creed tightly
The storm of life will pass away,
And the sun shine tomorrow brightly.

—Anonymous.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		12
A GOVERNOR HAD ANOTHER GOVERNOR'S BED	By Carl Goerch	15
WHAT THE BIBLE MEANS TO ME	By Rev. Martin Niemuller	17
THE BOOK OF THE AGES	(Christian Science Sentinel)	18
THE LIFE OF FRIENDSHIP	By Samuel Forsythe	19
A SCHOOLBOY'S OUTLINE OF ANATOMY	(The Oak Leaf)	21
FAITH THE ENERGIZER	(The Orphans' Friend)	22
TEACHING MORALS	By Rev. J. L. Watson	24
THE HUMAN CAVALCADE	(Cappers Weekly)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MEMORIES AND HOPES

The road which we earthlings must travel,
As we plod on our journey below;
Oft leads through the shadow swept valleys
Of heart-ache, and failure, and woe:
And that which sustains and uplifts us,
When the spirit is weary and numb,
Is the memory "of things that we cherish"—
And the hope "of things yet to come."

When trials and misgivings engulf us,
Like a flood-tide, relentless and vast;
We yearn for the dawn of tomorrow,
Or cling to the joys of the past:
We find in our dreaming, rich solace;
When the "inner man" stumbles and gropes—
And glean a new joy from our memories,
And gather new heart from our hopes.

'Tis always the one or the other;
And oft-times, the fruit of the twain
That dowers our souls with fresh courage,
And sets us to trying again—
None other hath equal of blessing
'Though boundless the message and scope—
For nothing is dearer than memory,
And nothing more precious than hope.

—Adam N. Reiter.

THE ONWARD TREAD

'Tis possible, in the streets, on the hillsides, and along the highways of life, for one to sit on the sidelines and note with interest the great drama that is being enacted day by day by the human race. One observes that the footsteps of some move slowly, and some move quickly. Some move as with a stout heart, and others move feebly. Some move with the tread of childhood and youth, and some move at the tottering pace of the aged and ailing ones.

Yet, in it all, one sees the drama of footsteps as the human race moves in its ceaseless course to the eternal shores, carrying with them things that are material and things that are perishable. Yet, wrapped up in all these, there is the human soul—the spirit alone that shall live on and on.

Along the streets of the city there comes a man who plays his role in an humble walk of life. He pulls along with him a two-wheeled cart which is laden with rubbish, with old, misshapen pasteboard boxes, with things that have been discarded by others. Yet, this person is on his way, no doubt, to his humble place of abode where he will make use of his possessions for which there was no market. Down the street he passes on, until all that can be seen of him are his two feet, as he moves with regular tread, one foot after the other. In his lowly realm of living he is on his way, meeting the needs of his soul and of his intellectual yearnings. In a few moments he is out of sight.

Within a few moments, along comes a family of three, in which there is a tiny child not more than five years old. The child, in its youthful glee, is walking with one foot upon the sidewalk and the other foot far out on the green grass. To the child life is full of joy, and his very manner of walking appears to be a stunt, because he bears no heavy burdens in the day. Yet, in a few moments, as he is on his way, he passes from view and is gone.

Within another few moments, a nurse, who is the angel of mercy, bursts into view, and there is the assurance that she is on her way to stand at the bedside of some suffering person who needs her care and her skill.

So it is, 'tis possible to sit on the sidelines and watch the human race as it moves on. People are on their way to and from their work. They are moving and stirring because life is full of action, and because there are purposes and goals, and because, deep-seated in the hearts of people, there are motivations to Christian service. Yea, there are golden opportunities which lie about us, and we seek to find those places where we can render service with our heart and with our hands. We seek to find on the stage of life that place where we can play our parts as heroes in the drama of life, and where we can pay our eternal obligations to all that is holy and di-

vine in the universe, for each has his work to do. Each has his mission in life.

Each one, as he travels the way, will find that he falters and misses the mark, that he errs far too often. He finds, too, that he must do his work so that pride will reign in his heart. He will find that through the channels of superior service he dispels any despair or gloom that may be lingering in his heart, and he determines not to remember the mistakes and failures of the past. He prays that his path may lead on to greater heights and bigger things.

Cardinal John Henry Newman, in his immortal poem, "Lead Kindly Light," expressed the following thought:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
    Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
    Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
    Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
    Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
    Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
    The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

As one watches the race of men moving along, 'tis easy to note in the very tempo of their footsteps and in the expression of their faces that different people have dreamed different dreams, and that people have their varying ideals. It has been said that variety is the spice of life, and how true it is!

George William Curtis, in his poem, "Ebb and Flow," utters a marvelous truth when he writes as follows:

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only—"Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach;
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured—"Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom,—
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirred
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:
But like the waves along the shore,
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more."

* * * * * * * *

SUPERINTENDENT HAWFIELD HONORED BY THE EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

At the recent state meeting of the North Carolina Education Association which convened in the City of Asheville, Superintendent Hawfield was presented a Past President's Key. Mr. Hawfield was one of the thirteen past presidents who were present and received their keys.

Mr. Hawfield served as president of the association during the year 1940-41. Prior to that time he had taken a prominent part in the affairs of the association, serving as president of the South Piedmont District in the year 1935-36, and chairman of the state Public Relations Committee during the year 1937-38. During Mr. Hawfield's term with the Education Association, the budget appropriations made to education by the General Assembly were increased by more than $8,000,000. During his term of office the schools of the state were assuming an important role in the field of national defense and welfare. It was at that time that the war clouds were bursting upon the horizon, and war seemed to be inevitable. The public schools during this administration equipped and undergirded themselves for the impending struggle so that in the end the public schools of the state made an invaluable contribution towards the ultimate winning of the war.—L. G.

* * * * * * * *

WILLIAM B. PEEDEN DONATES ATHLETIC SUPPLIES TO COTTAGE TEN

We take great pleasure in reporting that William B. Peeden, a former student of this institution, has just made a generous dona-

tion of athletic equipment to the boys in Cottage No. 10. Bill's donation amounted to $43, and with this the cottage was able to purchase four gloves, six bats, and three baseballs.

William's home is in Wilson, and we are always delighted to have him visit the school. He has shown his esteem and his appreciation for the school in the past by making other donations, and this is his way of continuing his grateful remembrance of the institution. William has been highly successful in life, and at the present time he has a good railroad job, traveling between the cities of Raleigh and Washington, N. C. When he was here at the school he lived in Cottage No. 10 with Mr. and Mrs. Liske, and he feels a deep sense of appreciation to them for his good care and training while here.

The school is proud of Bill, and we wish for him much joy and happiness in life.

* * * * * * * *

J. W. McRORIE DONATES ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

We are delighted to report that J. W. McRorie, a former boy of this institution, made a return visit to the school and donated athletic equipment to the boys in Cottage No. 10, and also to the boys in the print shop. His donation to Cottage No. 10 was ten dollars with which to purchase the most needed athletic supplies. To the boys in the print shop he gave a good baseball bat and a good baseball.

When J. W. was a boy here he received his training in the print shop, and at the present time he is successfully employed as linotype operator with the Observer Printing House, Charlotte. We are delighted with the good progress that J. W. is making, and we are especially pleased with the fine attitude he shows towards the school on his visits back.

We wish to take this opportunity to express to J. W. the sincere appreciation of the boys at the school for his kind remembrances. The boys will enjoy using this equipment, and we are sure it will be a source of great pleasure and entertainment to them.

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES C. McKOIN

On March 14, 1947, Mr. Charles C. McKoin, the farm manager and dairyman at Mills Home at Thomasville passed away. Here at the Jackson Training School Mr. McKoin had many warm and devoted friends, and the news of his untimely death came as a very distinct shock to them. Throughout the years he had visited here and on many occasions he had befriended the institution. His many courtesies to us will never be forgotten.

It is indeed doubtful if North Carolina ever had a more enthusiastic or a better informed breeder of Holstein cattle than was Mr. McKoin. Actually he lived and talked cattle raising and dairying day in and day out. He seemed to have an endless supply of information on the subject. Because of his tireless efforts and his unselfish spirit many different herds of the Holstein breed have been vastly improved. To converse with him on the subject so dear to his heart was always a source of great inspiration. He will be greatly missed.

It is not too much to say that the entire state, as well as Mills Home, has lost one of its most outstanding farmers and breeders of pure bred cattle. It will hardly be possible to find any one to take his place. Always he took genuine pride in his cattle, and on many occasions his entries in state and county contests carried blue ribbons back to Mills Home. The state mourns the death of this public servant.

A recent issue of the North Carolina Holstein News comments as follows:

> "Mr. McKoin was born in Guilford County, March 7, 1894, the son of Willis Luonides McKoin and Lucy Jane Stanley McKoin. Prior to coming to Mills Home he served as purchasing agent in shipyards and in the real estate business in Winston-Salem. He was the original secretary of the North Carolina Holstein-Friesian Association, a frequent delegate to the National Convention, at present a director of the Association, secretary-treasurer of the Farmers Mutual Exchange, a deacon and church clerk of the Mills Home Baptist Church, and a member of the Pilot Grange."

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

New Boys

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Recently the school has received several new boys. They are the following: Robert Melton, from Gastonia, first grade; Frank Sargent, from Hendersonville, sixth grade; Cecil Butcher, from Mt. Airy, sixth grade; Jerry Rippey, from Shelby, seventh grade; Donald Ross, from Marion, eighth grade; Kenneth King, from Lincolnton, fourth grade; Charles McDaniel, from Greensboro, fifth grade; Willard Brown, from Lincolnton, third grade; Bobby Walker, from Hickory, first grade; Charles Walker, from Hickory, second grade; and Billy Ray Daye, from Marion, seventh grade.

We hope that all these will do their best while they are in the school.

Radio Program

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Tuesday, April first, the radio program was given by a group of boys who are in Mr. Hines' class. Mr. Hines was in charge of the program.

The first thing on the program was a poem, "Easter Is a Happy Time," which is an original poem. It was given by Woodrow Norton, and he and John McKinney sang a song, too. Following the song, Arthur Lawson read the Scripture, which is found in Luke. We then had a song, "Christ Arose," by a group of boys. The solo part was sung by Talmadge Duncan, and the group joined in singing the chorus. John McKinney gave a reading, "He Is Risen." Then the group of boys sang "Bring Easter Lilies." Mr. Godown sang a solo, "There is a Green Hill Far Away." The last thing on the program was a song, "Spring Is Here."

The boys enjoyed going to the radio station, and we want to thank Mrs. Liske for playing the piano while we sang the songs. Too, we want to thank Mrs. Hawfield for going with us and for taking some of the boys in her car. Eighteen boys were on this program.

Cottage Number 7 Boys' Party

By William Jenkins, 7th Grade

On Saturday night, March 22nd, the boys of Cottage Number 7 had a party. They had cake, fruit salad, oyster soup, and a Pepsi Cola. After supper, Mrs. Horne and the boys played some games. All the boys appreciated the supper and all thanked Mr. Horne for the supper.

The Dawn of a Better Living

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The name of the show Tuesday was "The Dawn of a Better Living." This was a Westinghouse production. It was about the houses of long ago, today, and in the future. It showed the bedroom, laundry, kitchen, living room, bath room, and the front porch.

This was an amusing as well as an interesting show. It showed the need of enough electric circuits in the home. It showed how the rooms of the future homes will be furnished with television and electric lights. We all liked and appreciated this show.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The name of the show for thursday was "Jitterbug," starring Laurel and Hardy. They went through a lot of trouble before they recovered some money that was stolen from a friend of theirs. The show had a sad ending, showing Laurel and Hardy in the Mississippi River.

The name of the comedy was "Dream Boat." We enjoyed this picture.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

First we met in the auditorium where we sang a number of hymns. Most of them were Easter songs. Then Mr. Sofness continued the story of William Carey, a great Baptist missionary who went to India and worked for seven years before he baptized his first convert. The story showed us that we should not give up, for he went seven years without winning any souls to the Lord and then succeeded. Several of the boys engaged in sentence prayer.

In our group meeting, Mr. Puckett was our leader. He gave out the new quarterlies for April, May, and June. Then we had a Bible drill to see who could find the most answers. Glenn Evans won with the score of 35 points to James Shook's 10 points. Mr. Puckett wrote down a list of Bible verses that he wants us to learn. We are going to try to learn them.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We met in the auditorium and san a group of songs. Then John McKinney, James Arrowood, Jesse Hamlin, Leroy Shedd, Talmadge Duncan, Carl Holt, James Dunn, and others led us in prayer. John McKinney told a story, "He Is Risen." Ray Roberts sang a song. Then we went to our room for the regular lesson.

James Arrowood was in charge of the program. He made a talk, and Mr. Sofness made a talk. Then we were given the parts for next Sunday.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

Mr. Raymond Snyder was in charge of the class. Lindsay Elder gave the introductory talk. Bobby Woodruff had the second part, and his topic was "What Is Alcohol?" Benny Riggins, who had the third part, had for his topic "What Does Alcohol Do to the Body?" Willie Stamey gave the fourth part, "Is Alcohol a Medicine?" James Swinson had the fifth part, and his topic was "Is Alcohol a Food?" The boy who had the sixth part was Leroy Wilkins, and his part was "Are There Any Good Uses for Alcohol?" We learned much about

the harmful effects of alcohol and why we should avoid it.

February Birthday Party

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Wednesday, April 2, 1947 , the boys who had birthdays in February had their birthday party. Because of sickness the party was held over until the boys got well. The first thing the boys did was to play a dart-bowling game. Gerald Johnson won a softball for winning with a score of 178. Charles Cain came second with a score of 170. We then played some games of bingo. Leroy Wilkins won a softball by winning the most games.

The boys had ice-cream and cake to eat. All the boys enjoyed this party very much. The boys who had birthdays were the following:

Gerald Johnson, James Dunn, Cecil Burleson, Travis Lee Shumate, Herbert Landreth, Clifton Rhodes, Donnie Grantham, Charles Cain, Leroy Wilkins, Harold Sloop, Elbert Gentry, Julian Commander, Billy Smith, James Cauthen Lloyd Perdue, Roy Marsh, and Edwin Parker. All the boys enjoyed this party very much.

News Items of Interest

By Miley Gunter,9th Grade

Instead of the regular Friday morning chapel program, a program about Easter was given Sunday. Mr. Hines' grade gave the program. I am sure all the boys certainly enjoyed the program very much.

Billy Baynes is now working in the Library. He is learning to do the work very quickly.

Mrs. Pharr has gone on her vacation. We all hope she will have a nice vacation. Mrs. Sappenfield is substituting for her while she is gone.

The flowers are blooming at the school once more. They make the school look its best. The boys do not have to go anywhere to see pretty flowers. They are all around them. All the matrons are fixing their pot flowers now.

Mr. Peck and some of the officers have been working on the lawns and wood piles around the cottages. We are glad that is is summer time again so that we can do more to help fix up our cottages.

Mr. Hobby and the dairy boys have been vaccinating the cows to keep them from getting any disease.

Mr. Walters, is going to start a marble tournament sometime soon.

The winner and runner-up of the ten foot ring will get to go to Burlington to see the grand marble tournament. The winner and runner-up in the six foot ring will not get to go.

Mr. Walters, and some of the boys gave each cottage some new games the other day. All of the cottages received about three games. They were checkers, Chinese checkers, and another game.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Homer L. Bass, one of our old boys, recently wrote a very nice letter to Gerald Johnson, of Cottage No. 2. Homer, who is now twenty years old, entered the school, September 2, 1938, and was conditionally released, December 16, 1943. He was re-admitted March 13, 1944, and was again released, May 24, 1944. He is now a member of the United States Army, and is stationed in Japan. His letter, dated March 22nd, came from Koslein, Japan, and reads as follows:

"Dear Gerald: How's everything at the school these days? I am getting along well and hope you are doing the same. You will probably be surprised to hear from me. I received a letter from Mr. Hawfield today, also a couple copies of The Uplift. I had been wondering if you were still at the school. Seeing your name on the cottage honor roll, I decided to write you.

"Gerald, you go ahead and make the best of everything there. Do as you are told and try to come out with all the education you can. Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield are two of the finest people I've ever met. If you will listen and do just what they tell you, everything will be all right, and you will make a man of yourself.

"I am sending you a couple of pictures of scenes in Japan, also one of myself. Please keep in touch with me, for when I get back to the States I'm coming to see you.

"My job over here is very easy—cooking for 150 men, and I'm off every other day.

"The Japanese people certainly have some funny superstitions. For instance, we have to take off our shoes when we go into their homes.

"Don't forget to be good, and believe in all of your officers and teachers, because they can help you a lot.

"Well, Gerald, I'll close for now, hoping to hear from you real soon. Best regards always. Your old pal, Homer L. Bass."

—:—

A little more than a week ago, Thomas D. Phillips, of High Point, called at The Uplift office. He was a student here, and a member of the printing class more than twenty-five years ago. He is now forty-five years old

Thomas left the school, January 17, 1921, returning to his home in Wilmington. In a very short time he secured employment in a printing establishment in that city. He soon developed into an expert monotype operator, and for the next seventeen years he was regularly employed in Wilmington. He then went to New Bern, where he worked for the Owen G. Dunn Printing Company for about nine years.

About a week prior to his visit here, Thomas obtained a position as monotype operator with the Hall Printing Company, of High Point. He stated that he liked his new place of employment very much, and that he would have his mother living with him in that city just as soon as he could secure suitable living quarters.

Thomas told us that his brother, Samuel, aged forty-nine years, who was also a former member of the printing class here, had been working at the printer's trade ever since

leaving the school, more than thirty years ago. For many years, Sam has been employed as linotype operator on one of Wilmington's daily newspapers.

—:—

J. D. York, of Lumberton, was a visitor at The Uplift office on Easter Monday. David, who is now thirty-nine years old, was admitted to the Training School, September 21, 1922 and was permitted to return to his home in Lumberton, February 11, 1924.

During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 6 group. Part of his work experiences consisted of employment on the barn force and in the carpenter shop. Having developed into a very dependable boy, he was selected as regular driver of the school's automobile. It was his duty to go to Concord for the mail each afternoon, and to make other trips for the school as they were needed.

David stated that he had been engaged in the roofing business. in Lumberton and vicinity ever since leaving this institution. For the past two years he has had half interest in the roofing contracting business, and has been doing very well.

He has a family consisting of a wife and four children, whom we have had the pleasure of meeting on one or two occasions when they happened to be visiting in this section of the country.

On this visit to the school David was accompanied by his brother. They were on their way back to Lumberton, after having attended the Easter sunrise service at Winston-Salem.

John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, called on old friends at the school recently. After leaving the institution, April 24, 1939, he was employed as linotype operator on the Kannapolis Daily Independent for more than two years. He then went to the mountain section of Western North Carolina, and worked for some time on the Transylvania Times.

As a member of the United States Army, Johnnie served overseas in the European Theatre of Operations. While stationed in England, he married Miss Leslie Clark, of Braintree, Essex, on June 1, 1944.

He participated in the invasion of Normandy, and later saw active service in various sections of France, Belgium and Germany.

In the Fall of 1945, Johnnie returned to the United States, and, after being discharged from further military service, he secured a position in Wilmington, his home town, as linotype operator on the staff of the Daily Star-News, where he is still employed.

He was joined by his wife and young son, Robin John, in March, 1946, they having made the trip from England on the "Queen Mary." Mr. and Mrs. Capps are also the proud parents of a baby girl, Patricia, aged six months, and Johnnie took great delight in showing us some snapshots of the very young lady.

Johnnie told us that it was great to be able to sit down at a linotype again, after having been otherwise employed for about three years. He said that the art of manipulating the old keyboard soon came back to him,

and in a very short time he was able to jingle the keys as well as ever. We might add right here that this young man is one of the speediest operators ever to have received training at the school, and there have been many very good ones sent out from here since the linotype was added to the equipment in this department about twenty-seven years ago.

We also learned from Johnnie that his wife was very well pleased with her new home, also with the fine treatment accorded her by the people with whom she has come in contact during her brief stay in this country. Johnnie very definitely promised us that just as soon as the weather becomes a little nicer, he would bring Mrs. Capps and the children up to see us.

—:—

We were delighted to see Thomas McCrary a short time ago. This young man, who is now twenty-six years old, was once a student here. He was a member of the group in Cottage No. 2, where he was employed as house boy during part of his stay with us. He also worked in the carpenter shop and was furnace boy at the administration building.

On July 9, 1938, Tom was released from this institution to become an enrollee in a CCC camp, located near Asheville, where he remained for about one year.

Tom stated that he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in February, 1939. While in Cuba he sustained a broken arm and other injuries, and about six months later he was given a medical discharge.

We further learned from Tom that upon his return to the States, he went to Washington, D. C., where for about four years he was employed as representative of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company. He then purchased a taxi business in that city, and for about two years he operated a small fleet of taxicabs.

Tom has been married about four years. His wife, a very charming young lady, accompanied him on his visit to the school. He said that he was planning to purchase and operate a service station in Newton, his wife's home town, in the near future.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 13, 1947

April 13—Cecil Butcher, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday
April 15—Bobby Jarvis, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.
April 16—Charles Angel, Cottage No. 10, 17th birthday.
April 16—James Carl Lochlear, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.
April 17—Carl Lee Davis, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.

A GOVERNOR HAD ANOTHER GOVERNOR'S BED

By Carl Goerch, in The State

Mr. R. O. Self, estimable citizen of Raleigh, told me this story a few days ago.

It happened back in 1916 the year of the big flood in North Carolina. Mr. Self was up in Sylva, Jackson county, attending to some business matters. He wanted to get back home, but was unable to do so because train schedules were entirely disrupted. He talked to the station-agent in Sylva and the latter mapped out a circuitous course which would take him to Knoxville, Lynchburg, and then down into Carolina again.

Mr. Self decided that this was the only thing he could do, so he caught the next train.

Imagine his surprise when he found Governor Craig on the same train, riding a day-coach and surrounded by women an children who were occuping every available space.

"What in the world are you doing here, Governor?" inquired Mr. Self.

"Going to Knoxville, then up to Lynchburg, and hope to get back to Raleigh that way," was the reply.

"That's exactly what I'm doing," said Mr. Self.

And there was another mutual acquaintance on the train—Mr. E. S. Askew, from Pamlico, Bertie and other eastern countries. Mr. Askew was accompanying the Governor on his trip and likewise was very anxious to get back home.

The train arrived at Knoxville at about 6:30 p. m. Governor Craig, Mr. Self and Mr. Askew had supper at a restaurant, and then Mr. Self remarked: "Suppose we go around to the hotel and see about getting some rooms for tonight."

It was decided that this was a wise thought.

So they went around to the Atkins Hotel and Mr. Self proceeded to talk to the clerk.

"I'm sorry," announced that official, "but we're all sold out."

Mr. Self explained that he and his friends just naturally had to have at least one room, but again the clerk shook his head.

"Just as sorry as I can be," he repeated. "The only vacant room we have is one that we're holding for the Governor."

"The Governor?"

"Yeah! the Governor.

Mr. Self's face cleared. "That's all right, then," he announced. "The Governor is in our party."

"Why didn't you say so?" demanded the clerk.

He shoved the book across the counter and Mr. Self registered for the three. The clerk then called a bell-boy, and Governor Craig, Mr. Self and Mr. Askew went up to their room.

There were two beds: a double and a single. Governor Craig took the single bed, and the other two slept together in the double bed. Inasmuch as they were weary from

their long journey, they soon fell asleep.

Mr. Self was awakened a couple of hours later by a furious rat-a-tat on the door. He got up, opened the door and saw a bell-boy standing there.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Cap'n, there's been a serious mistake. You-all have been assigned to the Governor's room, and I'm afraid you'll have to get up and leave."

"You're crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Self. "The Governor is in here fast asleep. Now run away before you wake him up."

"Yas, suh," said the bell-boy. And after hesitating a moment and scratching his head, he departed.

But he was back in five minutes and knocked again. Once more Mr. Self got up and found the same boy standing there.

"What is it this time?" he demanded in an exasperated tone of voice.

" 'Scuse me, Cap'n, but the Governor is down-stairs, and he's raisin' all kinds of fuss because you-all is in his room."

"But I tell you the Governor is in this room, and he's been asleep for three hours."

"But I done seen the Governor down in the lobby."

"Now listen here. The Governor left Asheville this afternoon and we arrived here at about seven o'clock. I've been with him ever since, and if you don't believe me, just look on the register."

"Yes, suh!"

The bell-boy departed, and this time Mr. Self thought he had seen and heard the last of him, but he was mistaken. A third knock came on the door. Mr. Self picked up a convenient shoe and then opened the door.

The boy saw the shoe and raised his hand. "Don't do it, Cap'n," he urged. "Please don't do it. It really ain't my fault, but you-all has got the wrong Governor up here."

"What do you mean—wrong Governor? It's Governor Craig, of North Carolina."

"Yes, suh, Cap'n. An' a very fine gen'mun he is. But you see, this here room was reserved for the Governor of Tennessee. We done looked it up on the register and there's hell to pay down in the lobby, because the manager is about to fire the clerk. But the Governor of Tennessee sends his compliments to the Governor of North Carolina and wants you to tell him to stay right here in this room, and not to worry about it."

Mr. Self has forgotten whether the Governor of Tennessee got another room, or whether he had to sit up for the rest of the night, but anyway, they all had breakfast together and cracked a lot of jokes about what the Governor of Tennessee had to say to the Governor of North Carolina when the latter stole his bed.

———:———

The strongest living thing, in proportion to its weight, is the beetle, which can carry a burden of 850 times its own weight.

—Power Notes.

WHAT THE BIBLE MEANS TO ME

By Rev. Martin Neimuller

The door of my Cell No. 1 opened suddenly, and in strutted an officer dressed in a showy uniform I rose from my footstool.

"You have been announced to me as the personal prisoner of the Fuehrer, and we have awaited you, as you well may know, for a long time. Now, have you any wishes or complaints?"

I was struck by the man's behavior, which was nearly polite. I knew at once that he must be the "Lagerkommandant" of Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp, whose reputation was more than bad. So I hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"Yes I have complaints, and many; for I have been stripped last night, when I was brought here by your men, of practically everything—of my wedding ring, my wrist watch, my suspenders, and of all my books and papers, which I was allowed to have with me during my imprisonment in Moabit Prison for eight months. And I have accordingly many wishes, but one wish before all—that you give back to me my Bible, and that instantly!"

Now it was his turn to hesitate; for Bibles were not allowed inside the barbed wire. He was uncertain what to do in this special case. Might there arise difficulties for himself if he were to refuse my request? He wavered—then he hallooed his guard.

"Get this man's Bible from my office," he said.

And ten minutes later, I had my Bible back.

The Bible: what did this book mean to me during the long and weary years of solitary confinement, and then for the last four years when I lived together with three Catholic priest who were my only companions at Dachau Cell-Building? The Word of God was simply everything to me—comfort and strength, guidance and hope, master of my days and companion of my nights, the bread which kept me from starvation, and the water of life which refreshed my soul.

And even more: here was my task and the instrument to fulfill it. "Solitary confinement ceased to be solitary. I heard steps under my window, which was to high for looking outside, but not too far to call out through it a word of the Bible—a single grain of seed that might be caught from my window by the passer-by. And when later on I was allowed to walk in the courtyard outside my window for half an hour, there were other windows—not to high to call up such a word of God to him, the brother prisoner who led his life of solitude behind and beyond its bars. "The word of God is not bound," and it was not, neither by wire nor by bars. And it became comfort and strength, guidance and hope for others, as it ought to become.

And today? What does this Book now mean to me? I think, just the same, only that the restrictions have gone and the chances have widened. The task is lying ahead of us, and there is a world waiting for Christian people to do their duty:

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what you hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." There is a world waiting

for the life of God and for His peace. We have to unfold it from the pages of the Bible and to announce it to a longing mankind— the message of charity and righteousness, of grace and truth, the message of the desired peace which passeth all understanding.

Here is a Book given from God. Take it, read it; hand it on, and keep it; for it knows the Way of Salvation.

———:———

"Look over your troubles instead of into them."

———:———

THE BOOK OF THE AGES

Christian Science Sentinel

Our most earnest endeavors often flounder because we fail to find reliable guide-posts in the basic sphere of relations of man to man.

Yet such guideposts exist—plainly to be seen by those who wish to see them, easy to follow by those who realize their passing worth. They are embodied in a book, the Book of the Ages, the Holy Blble.

That book is, indeed, as Lincoln once said, "the best gift which God has ever given to man." It is the revelation of God's will to the relationship of man to God. It is the most complete and satisfying compendium of moral and ethical principles. Its precepts have withstood attack and criticism, derision and doubt. They have emerged triumphant from the test of centuries as the most constructive basis of human relationships.

What we need today, above everything else, is a universal and firm conviction that only if the thought and action of every one of us are guided by the spirit of the Bible can humanity win through to our ardently desired goal of a happy and contented life for all; that if that spirit is cast aside or warped, disaster alone is in store for us.

There should be engraved in the mind of each of us the words of the parable with which the Master concluded the Sermon on the Mount "Every one therefore that hearth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock: and the rain desended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock."

Humanity desperately needs today a moral and spiritual rebirth, a revitalization of religion. There is no sure way to this supreme goal save through adherence to the teaching of the Bible.

THE LIFE OF FRIENDSHIP

By Samuel Forsythe, in The Virginian

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that we can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom we may be sincere. Before him we may think aloud. The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance, badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him Tenderness? When our fellowmen become so dear to us, we have touched the goal of fortune. A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and their is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Friendship is one mind in two bodies. Only a wise man knows how to love; only a wise man is a friend. So let us, then, be what we are and speak what we think, and in all keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship. Friendship is nothing else than entire fellow-feeling as to all things, human and divine, with mutual goodwill and affection.

A man's social and spiritual discipline must answer to his corporeal. He must lean on a friend who has a hard breast, as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water for his only beverage. So he must not hear sweetened and colored words. but pure and refreshing truths. He must daily bathe in truth, cold as spring water, not warmed by the sympathy of friends. If you would know how rare a thing a true friend is, let me tell you that to be a true friend, a man must be perfectly honest. Have you not met some men who rarely spoke about their own impressions and thoughts, who seldom laid down the law, and yet you were sure had a fund of wisdom within, and who made you partakers of it by the light which they threw on the earth in which they were dwelling, especially by the kindly, humerous pathetic way in which they interested you about your fellowmen, and made you acquainted with them? We could not say that this is the only class of friends which one could wish for.

One likes to have some friends who in quiet moments are more directly communicative about their own struggles and sufferings. But certainly you would not say that men of the other class are not very pleasant and very profitable. In the first place, you will never have more than two or three friends in the whole course of your life. Your entire confidence is their right; to give it to many is to betray those who are indeed your friends. It is only the great-hearted who can be true friends, the mean and the cowardly can never know what true friendship is, or what is means. A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of attachment of friends;

and that the most liberal profession of good-will is very far from being the surest mark of it.

In every walk of life and irrespective of advantages of means and education there are people wbose minds are interesting; people of talent, of humor, of sagacity, of sound discretion and integrity; people of constancy, capable of self-sacrifice and high devotion. The acquaintance of such people is worth cultivating wherever one finds them. Life is an aggregation of daily experiences, most of which are trivial, but the aggregate of trivial things counts for a great deal. The familiar faces we see in the daily rounds and the brief exchanges of salutations are discourse that one encounters and incidents of superficial importance, but they go a long way toward making the difference between existence that is profitable and existence that is dull: After all, if we think of it, most of the world's great loves and friendships have been between people that could not read or spell. A mutual understanding is ever the firmest chain. The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

Love is the life of friendship, true love and friendship are the same. To make the world a friendly place, one must show it a friendly face.

A MAN IS A FAILURE

When he has no confidence in himself nor his fellow men.

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he loves his own plans and interest more than humanity.

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot say that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he tries to get ahead in the world by climbing over the shoulders of others.

When he values wealth above health, self-respect and the good opinion of his fellows.

When he is so burdened by his business that he finds no time for rest and recreation.

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbor or his friends so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy doing work that he has no time for smiles or cheerful words. —Exchange.

A SCHOOLBOY'S OUTLINE OF ANATOMY

(The Oak Leaf)

A man is shaped something like a monkey, only he stands up on two feet. The parts that trail on the ground are called feet. They feel better when you put them up on something. Feet have toes stricking out of the end of them which have corns sometimes, so you can tell when it is going to rain. The ankles hold the feet onto legs and they wobble when you feel good—easily get sprained which makes you feel bad. The legs go up from the ankles and have knobs in the middle which fold up when you sit down and get stiff before you get up. They run up to the trunk which had no lid and can only be opened with a knife. This is called an operation when you are alive and an autopsy if you are dead.

The trunk contains among other things, the stummick which is where you get hungry . Then you eat too much and you are sorry. The walls of the chest are made of ribs and are ticklish. The diaphragm is used for getting hiccoughs and holds up the chest. The heart is what the doctor counts when he holds your wrist to see what time it is. Your insides are what you should take care of because it is hard to get new ones. The back is behind the front and has a pile of bones stacked up on each other, called the backbone. It is attached to the shoulders near the top. The shoulders hold the arms and hands. The hands on a man always went to pat somebody, and on a girl they are always fussing with hair or getting manicured.

On the shoulders is the neck which gets dirty if it's on a boy and he wears a collar and tie on it when he gets older. A neck on a girl's shoulder often has an arm around it or the skin off another animal. The front of the back of the neck has an Adam's apple, if it's on a man and it runs up and down when he talks. The Adam's apple on a girl doesn't count.

On the neck is the head which can be turned in any direction, and gets headaches. On the front of the head is the face which has features such as ears, nose, mouth, and eyes. This is the part that looks like you. If two faces look like you it's called twins and costs twice as much to have. Ear muffs keep the ears warm but you can't hear enough that way. The nose is sometimes ornamental as well as useful and often used to get colds in.

The mouth has 32 teeth for a full set, if you are lucky and see your dentist twice a year and he doesn't need the money. The eyes are what you close to keep out the light when you are asleep. The brain is inside the head and is used to think up inventions and stuff and the top is hair, which comes in different colors. It can be curled, parted, brushed or worn straight back. It can also be worn bald which is too bad, but there is nothing you can do about it.

FAITH THE ENERGIZER

(The Orphans' Friend)

The value of poise and faith working in unison with poise based on faith is the most stablizing factor in life. Faith, however, is the base on which poise is erected and not the other way, for whatever is not based on faith is founded on shifting sand and destruction partial or total is inherent in the setup.

Some commentator has said with self-evident truth:

"Robert Louis Stevenson said that, 'Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.' Lincoln holding his course during the trying days of the Civil War; Washington at Valley Forge; Elbert and Alice Hubbard calmly facing death on the 'Lusitania'; Nathan Hale's 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country:' Christ before the mob—quiet minds all!"

Glance about you and observe the people who are constantly shaken by perplexity, indecision and lack of faith in the great scheme of things and, by the same token, in themselves. The daily press continuously chronicles the irrational acts of such people when they react badly or tragically enough to rate space. The great personalities referred to in the clipping above each had reached a plane of faith that held them on the even tenor of their way in the face of the most pressing of circumstances.

Each had reached the exalted spiritual status that convinced them once and for all time that every happening, fortuitous and otherwise, ultimately works for good. The universe is supported not only by the laws known to men but by the greater and more subtle ones beyond human ken or apprehension.

The application of faith is found in every situation and transaction. There is nothing too insignificant or too important for the impact of faith. No man would give a dollar (except for the used material) for a deluxe automobile he did not believe would run. No one would engage in trade with another whose ability and willingness to make good his part of the bargain were unlikely. No one accepts religious, political or philosophical tenets whose validity is not trusted. The time-worn adage, "Give a dog a bad name and you may as well kill him," epitomizes in homely phrase all the human implications.

There is no point in unduly harping on the bromide that one hears constantly and pays small attention to: "What the world needs is more faith from the Deity down to the least human equation." The world has always needed that; it will never cease to need it. The problem will ever recur on an ever-higher spiral.

Now no man will ever change the current of history by trying, however wisely and unselfishly he may do so, to bring the world to him. Mahommet never succeeded in budging the mountain.

Yet each human can with the greatest of profit advance his fortunes to greater or less extent by proving all things and holding fast to those that are good, as urged by the great Apos-

tle Paul. True faith is not dependent necessarily upon what is reputed to be good but must be good in actuality Once the earth was unanimously thought to be flat; once the sun was supposed to revolve around the earth until Copernicus probed into the true workings of physical law and laid the foundation of truth in that particular.

Man's real destiny is to study truth as much as his capacities will permit and erect his faith on the finding. Being human, he makes mistakes, often heartbreaking ones, and must constantly make readjustments. By doing so all men learn more of the workings of laws; become more respectful of them, develop increasing faith in them, and likewise become less and less hurtful to themselves and their fellows. This generates faith and poise and guides the way to wisdom.

WHAT CAUSES JUVENILE DELINQUENCY?

There are many causes of juvenile delinquency but there is one special I would like to tell.

It all happened in one of the slums of New York. About a boy named James Jones. When he was ten his mother took sick and his father died. The boy's mother had to struggle to keep the household going. The boy never had a chance to go to parties and have fine clothes.

One day he made up his mind to rob a candy store and get the things he never had before. He robbed the store and got away with it. Then he met a crowd of boys and began to stay out late and sometimes he would't come home at all.

His mother died when he was seventeen years of age. He began to realize what motherly love meant but it was too late for his mother was gone in body not in heart. But now that his mother was dead he began to steal, rob, and stickup to get the things his parents couldn't give him.

He really wasn't criminal but the crowd he hung out with got him in trouble and now he is serving two years in prison for robbery all because he had a bad start when he was young.

—Youth Progress.

TEACHING MORALS

By Rev. J. L. Watson

In our beloved nation we have many evils which are gnawing at its very vitals. We may be stong enough not to be destroyed from the outside, but we can from the inside. Dr. John Henry Strong, in his book: "Jesus, the Man of Prayer," say, "Cruelty, falsehood, pride and hate have trampled underfoot all that humanity by faith and martyrdom has won. . . . . Never since Bethlehem has spiritual antagonism been etched so black against the sky. Never since Golgotha have light and darkness so joined in death grapple. We have stood watching an old word died and a new one in pains of birth. What will happen if we do not pray?"

Because a thing is legal, it does not make it morally right. Our morals are so low we seen to have lost our modesty. How we need to keep before our people these words: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We owe a debt to society for the priviledge of living therein. Society is either good or bad. It is what people make it. The modern dance has a tendency to lower our morals. Bishop W. F. Mallallieu said: "Dancing in the public schools in Boston is responsible for conditions of immorality that are almost as bad as the white slave traffic. There ought to be a state law against dancing in any public school." Mrs. E. M. Whitemore, the founder of the "Door of Hope" in New York City, says: "My experience has been in my slum work in this city and the testimonies of social workers in every city is that seven out of every ten of the fallen girls came to their moral ruin either directly or indirectly through the dance."

———:———

UPWARD AND ONWARD

Believe in yourself.
Believe in humanity.
Believe in the success of your undertakings.
Fear nothing and no one.
Love your work.
Work, hope, trust.
Keep in touch with today.
Teach yourself to be practical
  and up-to-date and sensible.
You cannot fail.

—Selected.

THE HUMAN CAVALCADE

(Cappers Weekly)

Have you ever noticed that the thing you are interested in is the thing you notice in other people? The cattleman, as he passes along his neighbor's farm, looks to see what kind of cows the neighbor is raising. The man who drives an automobile scrutinizes his neighbors' cars to see if they are better than his own.

Even the milliner on Main street looks to see how many of her friends bought their hats from her shop. She notices if the styles are well chosen, and if they are this year's vintage, made-overs, or last year's crop with their faces lifted.

The owner of the dress shop looks to see if you have been choosing the right colors for your own particular type and size. Even the man behind the shoe counter takes special notice of your shoes as you walk by. The lack of polish is often a source of irritation to him.

Some people pay little attention to such details. As they walk along the street, they like to play a game of watching faces, and classifying them. There are those who wear a what-is-the-use-of-living expression on their faces. There are those who have been unhappy so long it seems their faces would crack if they tried to smile. Some wear a green look of envy in their eyes. Greed is plain to see. Happiness written on the faces of children is a joy always to be remembered, but when you see happiness written on the face of someone forty years old, you immediately stop and wonder, "What is the secret?"

One seldom sees really happy faces in a crowd. Notice how few happy faces there are in a crowded store or street. So many have assumed the resigned-to-their-fate look. Take a look at people's expressions, and then take a look at your own in the glass. It might suprise you.

———:———

TO MY COUNTRY

America, thou land most blessed of God
And most desired of man; thou haven safe
Wherein the storm-tossed peoples of the earth
May rest, secure from tempests manifold,
That fiercely rage on waters of the world;
Thou, country well beloved, shalt be
The subject of my song! No bard of old
Had one more worthy of high praise than thee,
Thou noblest land of lands—America!

Sarah A. Heinzerling.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. John Carper, pastor of the Kerr Street Methodist Church in Concord, delivered the Sunday afternoon sermon at the school last Sunday. Rev. E. J. Harbison was present and also participated in the service. The boys were greatly delighted to have both of these fine ministers at the school.

Mr. Carper's message consisted of a very stirring account of the Easter message.

For a Scripture lesson Mr. Carper read the first 18 verses of the 20th chapter of John. In Mr. Carper's message to the boys he paid particular tribute to the serious-minded attitude of the soldier boys out on the battle fronts during World War II, especially at Easter-time. He told of his experiences as a chaplain, leading the Easter services for the soldier boys who faced the dangers of warfare at the Casina front. He explained that when there was so much danger and death seemed to be so near because of the constant air raids of the enemy, the American soldiers declared that the enemy had hung their lanterns in the sky during the night, and though death was near there was always an assurance of the immortality of the soul.

In reviewing the events of the crucifixion, Mr. Carper explained that the lowest point in the spirits and in the morale of the followers of Jesus occurred on Saturday, between the crucifixion and the resurrection. The disciples had seen Jesus as He suffered and endured the anguish of the cross. They had heard Him in His agony as He was being crucified say, "Mary, behold thy son." The disciples had stood at the cross and had heard their Master say, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" And also they heard Him as He said, "It is finished."

But the Sabbath, day of the resurrection, was a new day. The heavy stone had been rolled away, and when Mary Magdalene came to the tomb she found it empty. In her bewilderment she hastened to tell Peter and James and John, and they immediately rushed to the empty tomb, and they, too, were greatly astonished. To all of them it seemed that the body had been robbed from the grave. In reality it was far more than robbery it was a drama in the spiritual realm, enacted by divine power.

Later, as Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping, she saw someone standing near. At first she took him to be the gardener, but after Jesus spoke to her she realized that indeed it was he. When she realized that it was the risen Lord she was greatly startled, but she was overjoyed because she had seen the Lord and He had spoken to her.

The heart of the Easter message, Mr. Carper explained, is the fact that it proclaims the immortality of the soul. Man sometimes asks the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and the experiences of that first Easter give everlasting assurance that the dead will rise and live in eternity.

The minister explained to the boys that there were many witnesses to the fact that Jesus had risen from the dead. They saw Him and they touched Him with their hands. They

were the friends of Jesus, and they testified to the fact that it was He who had appeared to them.

After the resurrection and the appearance of Jesus to the disciples, they all had their courage renewed, and they received power from on high. Where they had been weak and fearful before, they now became strong and certain; where they had been crushed with grief, they now became joyful. Mary expressed it for them all when she triumphantly explained, "I have seen the Master." Peter displayed his courage by standing before the multitudes and proclaiming his belief in Jesus. More than three thousand were saved.

Because Christ lived and shared His life with those about Him, He brought both comfort and faith to those about Him. Today, when the schools and hospitals, and wherever there is goodness and sincerity of purpose, where there is happiness of childhood and unity of homes, these are all testimonies that Jesus lives and reigns today.

THE MUSIC THAT CARRIES

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
And I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who drove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.

And this the tale my soul would tell,
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar;
The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
O, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song swept far and wide,
And they hearkened to that instead.

Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far!

—Strickland Gillilan.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.—Dickens.

—:—

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—Augustine.

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.—Moliere.

—:—

Idleness is the burial of a living man.—Jeremy Taylor.

—:—

When you can't remove an obstacle, plow around it.—Lincoln.

—:—

Words may show a man's wit, but actions show his meaning.—Franklin.

—:—

Doing common things uncommonly will often bring success.—Nielsen.

—:—

Home is the seminary of all other institutions.—E. H. Chapin.

—:—

A straight line is shortest in morals as in geometry.—Rahel.

—:—

Better to die ten thousand deaths than wound my honor.—Addison.

—:—

You cannot put a great hope into a small soul.—J. L. Jones.

—:—

Nothing sets a person so much out of the devil's reach as humility.
—Jonathan Edwards.

—:—

The greatest hope of future society is individual character now.
—Channing.

—:—

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—Longfellow.

The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promise of impossibilities.—Macauly.

—:—

If it took any effort to go from today to tomorrow, some people would still lie in yesterday.—Babson.

—:—

To have a low opinion of our own merits and to think highly of others is evidence of wisdom.— T. A'Kempis.

—:—

He is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are decidedly bad.—Lavater.

—:—

A good measure of intellect is how readily one can adjust himself to new conditions.—K. F. Nystrom.

—:—

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—Johnson.

—:—

Failures are divided into just two classes—those who thought and never did, and those who did and never thought.—John Charles Salak.

—:—

No government ought to exist for the purpose of checking the prosperity of its people or to allow such a principle in its policy.—Burke.

—:—

So many Gods, so many creeds, so many paths that wind and wind, when just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

—:—

Seek happiness for its own sake, and you will not find it; seek for duty and happiness will follow as the shadow comes with the sunshine.
—Tryon Edwards.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Only a baker can make dough and loaf.

—:—

The way some people keep a secret is to keep it going.

—:—

Opportunity never knocks for persons not worth a rap.

Bad for the heart: Running up stairs and down people.

—:—

It takes a raft of money to keep a family afloat these days.

—:—

Truth has only to change hands a few times to become fiction.

—:—

Never argue at the dinner table. The fellow who is not hungry usually gets the best of the argument.

—:—

When a fellow breaks a date he usually has to. When a girl breaks a date she usually has two.

—:—

If you are going to jump at conclusions you can't expect a happy landing.

—:—

High heels were invented by a girl who became tired of being kissed on the forehead.

—:—

Mufflers would be more useful if more of them were worn slightly above the chin.

—:—

Your best safety device is about nine inches above your shoulders. Keep it working.

—:—

The man who wears all his Christmas ties is either color-blind or does not have a janitor.

Some people are like certain books —easy to read but hard to shut up.

—:—

People seldom improve if their only model is what they see in a mirror.

—:—

The best way to save time and trouble is by refraining from arguing with fools, traffic cops and women.

—:—

There was a cowboy who wore only one spur. He figured that if one side of the horse went, the other would, too.

—:—

This is the time of year when a large number of motorists are trying to keep a few miles ahead of the finance company.

—:—

Perhaps one reason the dollar will not do as much for you as it used to is the fact that you do not want to do as much for the dollar as you used to.

—:—

A student in a midwestern college was asked to paraphrase the sentence "He was bent on seeing her." He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."

—:—

Then there was the fellow standing on a street corner, holding a gun in one hand and a dagger in the other. He was trying to make up his mind whether to shoot across the street or cut around the corner.

—:—

When a girl is sixteen, she's good looking. When she's twenty-five she has wrinkles. When she's thirty, she has gray hair. When she's thirty-five, she turns blonde and starts all over again.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 6, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Billings,
Cecil Burleson
Jack Griffin
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Charles Smith

COTTAGE No. 1

J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Ernest Johnson
Fairley McGee
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Olin Sealey
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Ray Day
Eugene Grice
James Hunt
Ernest Kitchin
William Lewis
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Robert Milton
Lacy Overton
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Willard Brown
Charles Cain
James Cauthen
Danny M. Hayes
Earl Hoyle
Aaron McCarson
Glenn Rice
Edward Stone
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Edward Ingold
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Thomas Edwards
Edward Guinn
William Hamilton
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall

Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Franklin Stover
Robert Shepherd
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Thomas Corley
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Emmett Fields
David Johnson
James Norton
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Thomas Styles
Robert Williamson
James Wiles

COTTAGE No. 10

Earl Kinlaw

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
Cecil Clark
Miley Gunter
Luther Hull
Edwin Morgan

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Samuel Lynn
Donald Moose
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate
Harold Sloop
Charles McDaniels

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

SOMEHOW SINGING

I would be always in the thick of life,
Treading its mazes, sharing its strife,
Yet—somehow, singing.
Care shall not bend me down beneath its load,
Fear shall not walk with me along the road—
I will go singing!
Not as one practiced in the singer's art,
Nor always singing from a happy heart,
But, somehow—singing!
When, at the road's end, shadows longer grow,
Into the last long shadow let me go,
Still, somehow—singing!

—Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

64

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 19, 1947 No. 16

(c) Dr. Frank P. Graham
University of North Carolina

DUTY

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		10
JUVENILES REQUIRE STUDY	Larry Richards in The Outlook	14
IN FREEDOM'S NAME	(Kannapolis Independent)	19
NIAGARA FALLS LOSES HEIGHT ANNUALLY	(Our Paper)	21
CRIME UP IN U. S.	(Grit)	22
APRIL EVENTS	(Selected)	23
N. C. HEADS TO RECORD SPENDING	(Selected)	24
DON'T BLAME BOY IF HE GOES WRONG	By Sally MacDougall in N. Y. World-Telegram	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

GET SOMETHING DONE

Get something done; the golden hours
Are passing swiftly on.
Invest your heaven-given powers
Before the chance is gone.
Don't ask the world to entertain;
Serve it while you can.
Above all else, do not complain;
Do something! Be a man!

The day will end, the night will fall,
And leave you gay or sad.
The world will cease to care at all
How good a time you had.
The artificial things will be
Forgot at set of sun.
Who then will live on in memory?
He who got something done.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

HENRY FORD

Last week Henry Ford, a noted American citizen and famed automobile mannufacturer, died in Detroit. Mr. Ford had the distinction of being one of America's most wealthy citizens, and at the same time a person who, because of his inventive genius and his great success in industry, had done much to change the entire course of everyday living among all our people. Tributes have been paid to him for his great achievements, and he deserved all of the good things that have been said about him. He was the type of rugged individualist who was able to rise from the lowly ranks of a mechanic to become the head of a far-flung industrial

empire. It has been estimated that he controlled a two-billion-dollar concern.

T. D. Hemp, Jr, a popular columnist wrote the following tribute:

There are, unfortunately for all of us, too few men like Henry Ford left. He was one of those individuals possessed with the American pioneer spirit who, through courage, initiative, intelligence, and leadership, played a dynamic role in our society, lifting thousands of others as he raised his own level. He represented the antithesis of the totalitarian philosophy which subjugates man to some state, class, or group.

The American system is founded on individualism. Individualism holds that a man is responsible only to his God, that he is an independent entity with an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness in a society where men deal with one another as equals in voluntary, unregulated exchange. Mr. Ford always fought for this system. Up until the time he retired as active head of his companies, he fought off unionism but still paid the highest wages in the industry. When Wall street tried frantically to get control of his two-billion dollar concern, he fought Wall street—and won.

Mr. Ford believed that the real success is to labor, that the happiest man is the one who does an honest day's work. That philosophy is not very popular today. And, as a result, there is much unhappiness and unrest in America.

Mr. Ford's place can never really be filled. His loss is a tragic blow to this nation. But like Thomas A. Edison and Harvey Firestone and George Eastman he will always be remembered as one of the great men who contributed so much to the building of this nation, both economically and morally.

The Catawba News made this tribute:

Although he amassed a fortune Henry Ford was never blinded by his wealth and deemed it useful only in terms of capitalizing industry. He is credited with making it possible for almost any person who wanted a car to own one, as he first saw the possibility of putting the automobile on the price level of the average family pocketbook.

Because of his contribution to American industry and to the automotive industry, Henry Ford will go down in history. But to the man on the street he will always be identified with the first rattling "tin lizzie" that held the affection of every man who owned one, as long as the generation he sold them to survives. Though he kept pace with the industry and saw into the future in the relationship of industry and labor, he died under early American conditions—in a home without electric

lights and telephone system in operation—and he might have prefered it that way. He clung to the ideals and traditions of Early America.

Among the maxims representing Mr. Ford's feelings, there are the following:

1. "He who would really benefit mankind must reach them through their work."
2. "I now know that wars do not end wars."
3. "The cure for 'Materialism' is to have enough for everybody and to spare. When people are sure of having what they need they cease to think about it."
4. "Law never does anything constructive. We have had enough of legislators promising to do that which law cannot do."
5. "Business is never so healthy as when, like a chicken, it must do a certain amount of scratching for what it gets."

Mr. Ford can best be classified as a self-made man who achieved his place of high eminence because of his tireless energy and his great inventive genius. It has been said of him that he really did not permit his money to become the master of his spirit, but that he actually felt contempt for it and called it "the most useless thing in the world." His philosophy was that instead of contributing large sums of charity it was better to provide an abundance of working opportunity in which the employees would be well paid for their work.

It may well be said of him that he did have some very practical controlled principles in his makeup which may be stated as follows:

1. One must be willing to accept the ridicule and the derision of his neighbors if he has a compelling idea in his mind.

2. One should discover his inmate interest, whether it be in mechanics or elsewhere, and pursue it throughout his life.

3. A person should cherish and esteem the traditions of the past, even though he maintains a keen interest in new inventions to be used for serving mankind. Because of Mr. Ford's interest, many landmarks were restored and numerous relics collected for posterity.

4. Fundamentally, one should earnestly strive towards international peace and good will, but if the time comes when his nation is drawn into conflict with other nations, he should fight at his best.

5. Employees are most efficient and happiest when they enjoy high wages, better homes, better education, and better working conditions.

* * * * * * * *

AN APPEAL TO WELFARE OFFICIALS

Obviously, much of the ultimate success of a training school and the rehabilitation of boys depend upon the assistance of local welfare officials. Naturally, it is assumed that all local authorities continue to follow each and every boy sent to a correctional institution with their personal and professional interest. They look forward to the day when each one will return to the county, a well-adjusted, successful member of the social group.

The easy way out, of course, would be for local officials to assume the attitude that the boys who are committed to the institutions have been gotten out of the way and that responsibilities for the delinquent boys have been shifted to other shoulders. This, however, is a mistaken concept, and it represents a very improper attitude. Just as the training school officials should be keenly interested in boys who go out on release, just so it is that welfare officials should be deeply concerned about the boys during their commitments and when they have returned.

The correctional institutions, admittedly, have very great responsibilities in the rehabilitation of their boys. They have a sacred obligation to do the very best work that is possible for them. In doing their work properly and efficiently, they will see to it that boys learn to attend Sunday School and preaching regularly; that they acquire good manners and politeness in their behavior; that they learn to be obedient to authority; that they also learn to take part successfully in various recreational sports and games; that they develop a good attitude towards the academic school, learning to attend with regularity.

After a boy is taken out of the home and placed in an institution welfare officials should work diligently and with a firm determination to see that there is an improvement in the home. It should be definitely explained to parents and relatives that no boy will be

permitted to return until a marked change in environment has been made and, generally, the financial conditions have been improved. Whenever a boy spends his time in an institution and then is permitted to return to a place of immorality, intoxication, vulgarity, thievery, profanity, vile behavior, or an environment that has nothing constructive to offer to a boy, it means that all his time and that of the training school workers has been wasted. It is as if one were casting pearls before swine. In the home there should be integrity, sobriety, and harmony. The home placement, in fact, is of far greater importance in the ultimate success of a delinquent boy than the fact that he has had a period of correctional training and rehabilitation in the institution.

It would be a source of great help to institutions if always the local authorities would seek to dispel in the minds of the public the idea that a correctional institution is a penitentiary where boys are destined to learn all kinds of wickedness from other boys. Institutions, of course, are not perfect, but where the work is profitably done, constructive activities take up practically all of a boy's time, and he has little opportunities for picking up evil schemes from other boys. A correctional institution program is predominately a character-building activity.

Whenever a boy returns to his home on conditional release, it seems only reasonable to say that the level of the home should not be too far below the level to which the boy has been accustomed at the institution. If it is, of course the boy soon learns to have little respect for what he has in his home. It does not take long for his morale to be destroyed, and he launches out again on a program of delinquency, because he was not strong enough to overcome the weaknesses that surrounded him day by day. Then, too, in the supervision and guidance of a boy there is nothing that will take the place of frequent personal contacts by the supervising authorities. There can be no successful supervision based upon superficial reports and rumors. In this connection, it should be stated that boys on probation should not be allowed to break their paroles over and over without paying the penalty.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Easter Program

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

To begin our Easter program, we had a poem, "Easter Is a Happy Time," by Woodrow Norton and John McKinney. Arthur Lawson then gave the scripture. It was taken from Luke 24:1-6. The opening prayer was given by Eugene Martin. Following this, we had a song by a choir of boys. It was entitled "Christ Arose." Another poem, "He is Risen", was then given by John McKinney. Then the choir sang "Lo, He Comes". At this time a dialogue was given by Julian Commander and Clifford Millian. "On Easter Day" was the title of it. Poems were then given by ten boys. Carl Holt read the poem "Scared," which was followed by the singing of "Bring Easter Lilies", by the choir. We then had two poems given by Gerald Johnson. They were entitled "Indifference" and "When Jesus Came to Golgotha". A solo,"There Is a Green Hill Far Away," was sung by Mr. Godown. "If Easter Be Not True", another poem, was given by Bobby Woodruff. The last song given by the choir was "Spring Is Here". Carl Holt gave the closing prayer. We want to thank Mr. Hines and Mrs. Liske for helping us get the program together.

Easter Monday

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

On Easter Monday some of the boys wanted to go on an Easter egg hunt. Some of the grades decided to go. Some grades went.

Monday the first grade went on an egg hunt. They hid their eggs, and then they hunted for them. When they found them they had a good time eating them.

The second grade also went on an Easter egg hunt. They hid their eggs down by the cotton mill. After the egg hunt, they went down by the bakery and went over to the pond. They ate their eggs and watched the ducks swim. Then they played.

The fifth grade went on an egg hunt, and after the egg hunt they played ball. These boys certainly did enjoy the Easter egg hunt very much, as well as the ball game.

Bibles Were Presented

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Sunday, April 6, some of the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, who did not have a Bible, received Bibles. These Bibles were sent to them by Rev. E. S. Summers and the members of the First Baptist Church of Concord. Mr. Hawfield had secured a list of boys who had no Bibles. Now every boy in the Training School possesses a Bible. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hines gave out the Bibles at the close of the Sunday School hour. All the boys who received Bibles surely did appreciate getting them. Too, the other boys who already had Bibles were glad for

these boys to get Bibles. We surely do want to thank Rev. Mr. Summers and the members of the First Baptist Church for sending them.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory Kink, 6th Grade

Mr. Crowder was in charge of our class. Our lesson was about important characters in the Bible. The first part, given by Bobby Woodruff, was about Moses, and it was entitled "Moses, Who Gave Us God's Laws." Tommy Staley had the second part, "David, the Soldier Who Wrote Songs," and Philip Kirk had the third part, "Prophet Ezekiel Played Soldier." Howell Willis had the fourth part, and his topic was "The Doctor Who Wrote about His Best Friend." Bobby Joe Duncan had the fifth and last part, "Good News Letters."

We learned very much about the characters studied. This program ought to make us all think of the great poet when he said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Picnic and Easter Egg Hunt

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

April 6, 1947, Cottage No. 3 had a picnic and Easter egg hunt. We went to the gravel pit and to the pasture, which are on the school's large farm. There we surely did have a very good time.

First of all, four of the boys helped Mr. Hines to hide the eggs. The boys who helped with the hiding of the eggs were the following: Talmadge Duncan, Lindsay Elder, Thomas Staley, and Clyde Wright. Then all the other boys—21 in number—engaged in hunting the eggs.

We had several contests such as cracking the eggs, rolling the eggs, etc. Too, we had a time eating Easter eggs. Our matron had helped the houseboys in dyeing many eggs, as well as in preparing a picnic supper.

We went on to the gravel pit, where we played hide-and-go-seek, racing, etc. At a level grassy place, we played leap-frog and other games, such as softball and baseball.

We surely were hungry after the games were over. For our picnic supper, we had sandwiches, pickles, cake and milk. We all thank Mr. Hines for making it possible for us to have this picnic supper and Easter egg hunt.

Spring Is Here

By Emory King and Arthur Lawson, 6th Grade

Spring is here with its warmth and gladness! There are many signs of spring here now! The birds are coming back again, filling the world with cheer. The pretty red-breast robins are flying around everywhere now. The robins are happy, because it is spring. The trees are budding and blossoming, and the peach trees have unusally pretty blossoms on them. Some flowers are blooming now, and others will be blooming later. They are growing fast now. Pansies and violets and tulips are in full bloom now. The grass is getting greener every day, and the trees, flowers, and

grass tell of the handiwork of God. It surely is a wonderful thing that the Lord made the world so beautiful and so good!

This is the season of the year that boys are shedding their shoes and coats. The barefoot boy playing in the sand, wading in the creek, and rambling through the woods is a happy boy. It will not be long before we will go swimming again. Then we will all be happy. Too, it is now time for a lot of work to be done. Crops are to be planted, and gardens are to be worked. Everybody is happy, because summer is not far away.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We assembled in the auditorium, and some of the boys gave a program. Then Mr. Hines led us in prayer. After that we went to our room. Mr. Sofness was our director, and Mrs. Sofness came with him to the meeting. James Arrowood had the first part on the program. Ben Wilson read the Bible. Mr. Sofness asked us some questions. Other boys who had talks were the following: Olin Sealey, Floyd Bruce, Ralph Seagle, and David Gibson. The boys voted on the boy who did the best, and James Arrowood was voted to be the one who did the best.

Summer Storm

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The name of the educational show last Tuesday was "Summer Storm," and it was a Westinghouse production. It showed the urgent need of electricity, how it runs the the iron lungs which have saved the lives of many people, and how the people need electricity when it rains. It showed the hard, but necessary, work that the men who work in the plants have to do. After the rain the people still need electricity ni many ways: for elevators, for radios, for iron lungs (as I have already mentioned), and for lights and other things.

I believe that all the boys liked and appreciated the picture very much.

Stage Decorations

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Decorating the stage appropriately is really a help in making a program effective. From time to time the stage is decorated to fit special occasions. When a patriotic play is given, flags and pictures of our country are shown. When a play on nature is given trees, flowers, and birds are shown. Recently, our stage was decorated with simplicity but very appropriately for Easter. We want to express our thanks to Mr. Hines, Mrs. Liske, and Mrs. Hawfield for the beautiful Easter lilies and for decorating the stage.

The Boys' Choir

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

On Sunday, April 6, which was Easter, a program was given in the auditorium. In the program there were seventeen boys making up a choir. These boys sang several Easter songs and one song about spring. In honor of the occasion, Easter, the boys wore vestments, and they looked

very nice. The boys in the choir were arranged in three rows, with a white altar rail with black curtains on it, in front of them. In the background there was a white cross. This was very pretty.

The following boys were in the choir: Bobby Jarvis, Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, David Gibson, Clifton Millian, Arthur Lawson, Julian Commander, Woodrow Norton, Jack Paschall, Philip Kirk, Bobby Woodruff, Emory King, Willie Stamey, Paul Denton, and John McKinney.

I know all the boys enjoyed the program very much.

Planting Flowers

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Recently the boys in our cottage have been planting some very beautiful flowers. We have been planting both bulbs and seeds. On the front porch, we have boxes of flowers that were planted indoors. We have marigolds, balsam, zinnias, lily of the valley, peonies, calla lilies, petunias, and others. In the back yard, we have flower beds where we have planted poppies, larkspur, morning glories, white violets, purple violets, portulaca, four o'clocks, ragged robins, asters, and calendulas. On the inside of the cottage we have such pot plants as the following: Easter lilies, nephthytis, the Lord's crown, Chinese evergreens, geraniums, begonias, carnations, ferns, cactus plants, Wandering Jew, primroses, African violets, and gladiolus. Some of these are now in bloom. We are going to hve a rock garden. Many of the boys in our cottage have been preparing the flower beds and setting out flowers. We all hope that we will hae many beautiful flowers when they all bloom.

The Life of the Party

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Mrs. Baucom, our ninth grade teacher, invited one of her friends, Miss Hinson who is the 7th grade teacher at the Hartsell School near Concord, to bring her pupils, forty-one boys and girls, to our school Friday, April 11, 1947. No one knew that they were coming except Mrs. Baucom, Mrs. Liske, Mr. Hawfield, and Mr. Hines. The purpose of their visit was mainly to present a one-act play, "The Life of the Party." Both boys and girls were in the play.

A little boy, because he did not get to go to his sister's party, tried to spoil it by putting sleeping medicine in the punch that the guests drank. His sister finally persuaded him to tell how to wake up the sleeping guests. He did this by putting an alarm clock in an old bucket. The last of the play showed him going to sleep himself.

We boys who saw the play wish to thank Miss Hinson and her class for giving such a good play here in our auditorium.

Radio Program

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 6th Grade

Tuesday the boys went to the radio station to sing. The boys who went were: Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, Olin Sealey, John McKinney, Woodrow Norton, Ray Roberts, and

Bobby Joe Duncan. The first thing on the program was two songs, "This Is My Father's World" and "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing." Then Mr. Hawfield made a talk. The boys all enjoyed going.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

During the assembly program in the auditorium, we sang Easter songs and had prayer by Mr. Hines. After this we went to our classroom, Mr. Puckett told us that he would give a prize to the boys who could say the books of the Bible by heart. Many of the boys said them down to the Book of Solomon. Each received a pack of gum or a bar of candy.

After this interesting and helpful contest was over, James Shook gave out the parts for next Sunday.

When we went back to the auditorium, Mr. Hines announced the group that had the highest percentage of boys who had brought their quarterlies with them to the B. T. U. meeting. Mr. Puckett's group had the highest percentage—85 per cent. We are having this contest so that the boys will have their quarterlies with them for reference, as well as to help to teach them to take care of their quarterlies and to keep up with them. This surely does encourage the boys to bring their quarterlies.

Baseball

By Charles Autry,8th Grade

On Saturday, April 5th, some of the cottages played some practice games of baseball. Some of the pairings are as follows:Cottage No. 10 played Cottage No. 9; Cottage No. 11 played Cottage No. 5; Cottage No. 4 played Cottage No. 13; Cottage No. 1 played Cottage No. 17; Cottage No. 2 played Cottage No. 15; and Cottage No. 3 played Cottage No. 14.

We are sure that all the boys had fun and were glad to play. It helps the boys to know more about baseball, the American game.

The winners in the games last Saturday were the following: Cottage No. 10, Cottage No. 11, Cottage No. 4, Cottage No. 3, Cottage No. 1, and Cottage No. 15.

Softball

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Softball time is here again! All the cottages are playing softball. All the boys like to play softball.

Some of the boys do not know anything about good wholesome games, like softball, before coming to the Jackson Training School. Here we have wonderful opportunities to learn games. Almost all boys like to learn new games. Before I came to the Jackson Training School, I did not know how to play, but since then I have learned, and I like to play. The boys get to play softball once every week.

Our Camping Trip

By Cecil Burleson, 8th Grade

Two weeks ago last Saturday, the boys of the Receiving Cottage went on a camping trip. We took all of our equipment—blankets, food, clothing, and other things. We carried

all of our things on the truck. We left the school at noon and got there about two o'clock. We unpacked our things and got cleaned up. Then we had our supper consisting of hot dogs and pepsi colas. After that we ate peanuts and went to bed.

The next morning we ate breakfast and cleaned up around the cabin. We went out on an old field and played a game of softball. Then we ate our dinner. After dinner we got our things in readiness to come back. It looked like rain, and we did not want to get wet.

We got back to the school about two o'clock. Everybody enjoyed the trip and thanked Mr. Adams for the trip and good itme. We hope to go again sometime.

The boys who went were: Marion Ray, Hugh Ball, Jack Griffin, Carl Rice, Charles Smith, Johnnie Myers, Roger Ivey, J. W. Sorrell, Calvin Matheson, Bobby Billings, and Cecil Burleson.

———:———

IF

If I could only live anew
Those wasted years of life,
I would I were a surgeon
To wield a skillful knife.

Then every pair of lips I'd find
Whose smile had turned to scorn,
I'd cut 'em out and turn 'em 'round
'Til new smiles had been born.

And every pair of eyes I'd see
That showed a trace of tears,
I'd trim away the cause of grief,
And banish all their fears.

And every sore and aching heart
That came within my view,
I'd treat it with a tender care
And make it just like new.

And every saddened face I'd find
With wrinkles downward curled,
With canny skill I'd smooth it out
And make a brighter world.

—Selected.

JUVENILES REQUIRE STUDY

By Larry Richards, in The Outlook

The term juvenile delinquency has been applied to the lawless acts of offenders under the age of eighteen years. These youthful offenders have required the formation of special types of institutions and the enactment of special laws to advance sound, practical reformation of their lives. In any study of this particular aspect of penology it is important that the reader keep constantly before him the thought that the juvenile delinqent is living the formative years of his life; that is, the impressions and sense of values that he adopts during these years will be with him as a principle part of his make-up all through his life. We stated above that juvenile delinquency was the term applied to the criminal acts of offenders under eighteen years of age; this statement requires qualification. It is applied to this group of offenders under the statutes of the Federal Juvenile Delinquency Act, and by some state statutes. There are, however, exceptions to this general rule. An example is to be seen in the recent incarceration of a ten year old boy in a prison by the state of Florida on a charge of armed robbery. Fortunately, such actions are the exception rather than the rule, so for all practical purposes the above definition can be said to apply to the various state and federal laws of the United States although some states define a juvenile as a person under sixteen.

The problem of juvenile delinquency is not a new one, nor is it restricted to the United States. It has been with civilization for hundreds of years and has been recongnized as a matter of importance since the seventeenth century when a home for juvenile offenders was established in Switzerland. Since that time men have made many careful and detailed studies of the cause of juvenile delinquency. They have met with some success and much failure in their search for a cure. Of recent years this failure has been strongly emphasized by an increase in the number of juvenile offenders. Before World War II trained observers were aware of the increase in juvenile delinquency; they realized that the situation was approaching the danger point, and that drastic action would have to be taken if the answer to the problem was to be brought to light and put into effect. But when the United States entered the war the youth problem was pushed to the rear by the more pressing needs of national defense. That is to say, attention directed toward finding a solution was turned to other problems of more importance: the problem itself not only remained, but increased in proportions. The tension and hysteria of war affected the entire nation, and the juveniles, too young to join the service or to work in the war plants, were affected more than perhaps any other group.

Parents found employment in defense plants. They were making higher wages than at any other time in the history of our country; but they were also neglecting their children in order to be free to make those wages. While the mother and father worked, the child was left to shift for himself.

Home discipline slackened and the number of youths loafing on the street corners increased. It was only a step from the street corner gang to the carefully planned and executed robbery of the neighborhood store or to the theft of an automobile for a "joy ride." The country was in the grip of the excitement and the emotions of war; the juvenile group turned to crime as an outlet for these suppressed emotions. When the war ended in 1945 and the country took stock of itself as a peacetime nation, it found that juvenile delinquency had assumed national importance. It was no longer a widely scattered problem: it was found in all communities, rural and urban alike.

There has been legislation enacted from time to time for the purpose of treating juvenile delinquency in a sensible manner. Rated among the best of these specialized laws is the Federal Juvenile Delinquency Act. This statute, enacted in June of 1938, is the result of a careful study of the needs for combating juvenile delinquency. Among the most important provisions of this law is the one dealing with pre-trial confinement. The law states that the juvenile delinquent shall not be placed in a jail or similar institution unless such confinement is deemed neeessary for custodial or safety reasons by the arresting officer or by the United States Marshal; and that if such confinement is deemed necessary, that the juvenile shall be placed in a room or similiar place apart from adults if such facilities for segregation are available. The need for this separation from the sordidness of the typical American jail will be deeply impressed upon anyone who cares to visit one of these publicly supported blights on our civilization. But the Federal Juvenile Delinquency Act deals with the effect, not with the cause; and is, therefore, inadequate. Something further is needed for the complete and sensible solution to a seemingly unanswerable problem.

In an attempt to find a workable solution for the reformation of the juvenile offender many states have created institutions called "Industrial Schools for Boys." The theory behind the function of such schools is that the youth will be kept in such a position as to render him incapable of committing any crime, and, at the same time, that he will be taught to work for his livelihood. It is an excellent theory, but it would seem that in all too many instances the theory has been forgotten in the actual administration of this type institution.

As a general rule, the inmates of an industrial school range from twlve to eighteen years of age. This age group segregation from elder offenders is an excellent plan and should be continued. But rather than attempting education of their charges, either in vocational or academic subjects, some of these schools have adopted self-sufficiency as a goal. All activities of the institution are directed toward making the school pay its own operating costs. Some states have given the task of making auto license plates to these institutions in addition to the ever present farm and other profit making devises. The cheap labor—the only costs are for food, clothing, and shelter for the inmates, none of which are of too high quality —makes such profit-making schemes

quite simple. But in order to get the utmost payment from the institution, the entire inmate working day is devoted to the various labor details. Reformation and rehabilitation, the basic reasons for the creation of the industrail school, do not exist.

Perhaps the most powerful protest against institutions of this type has arisen from their administration, or more accurately, their lack of administration. Time after time stories of the cruel and inhumane treatment accorded the youngsters undergoing the "rehabilitation" program have appeared in the daily newspapers. More than one aspirant to high political office has had his career blasted by the story of the sordid details spread over the front pages. Stories—all of them proved to be true—of beatings, solitary confinement in cold, damp cells, stripped of all clothing, and many other forms of excessive punishments devised by the expert torturers of the Middle Ages have been told as existing in the so-called industrial schools. Is this the proper treatment for a youth who is expected to become a good citizen? Can good citizenship be taught by means of the whip and dungeon?

The Bureau of Prisons of the United States Department of Justice has arrived at one of the most successful methods for the treatment of juveniles in their Juvenile Training Schools. As in the Industrial School, only juvenile are confined therein. Age group segregation is considered among the most important factors of juvenile correction by the officials of this bureau. It is in the application of modern penological theory that the Federal Juvenile Institution differs from most juvenile establishments. No attempt is made to make the institution self-sufficient. The authorities hold that reformation of the inmates to the status of good citizenship is more important than such measures as have been described above to make the institution pay its own expenses. The program is centered on education, both in academic and vocational subjects, Every attempt is made to prepare the offender for his return to society as a person capable as well as willing to make an honest living. But even this method is not the real answer to the juvenile delinquency problem. Some method of prevention will be of far more value to the public and to the juvenile group than will all the combined cures that may be devised.

In the preceding paragraphs a summary of the present means of treating the juvenile delinquent has been given. Glaringly obvious because of its absence is any means of controlling and preventing juvenile delinquency. In the past, every attempt to solve this problem has been directed toward the cure and rehabilitation of the offender. Little attention has been paid to the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But at long last attention has been diverted to what must be considered more constructive channels in the calling of a national conference by the Uuited States Attorney General, Honorable Tom C. Clark.

We have dealt with the carefully planned program for the prevention and control of juvenile delinquency and with the present facilities for the treatment of this problem. But one

phase, a very important phase, of the over-all problem remains undiscussed: what does the future hold for those juvenile who are in an institution today?

In the past, the person with a criminal record, be he juvenile or adult, has had a nearly insurmountable obstacle placed in his path to success in the form of adverse public opinion. This is not altogether the fault of the public. The newspapers with their "scare-headlines" and the radio with its "sales-program" have magnified crime as well as criminals to gigantic proportions. They have had to do so to remain in business. But this practice has resulted in a nearly fatal reaction for the man who has been in prison. Opinion against him is aroused and kept aroused by the constant warnings of the press and radio. When he returns to society he finds himself shunned and generally treated as a social pariah. For the older offender, this is not too difficult to overcome. He can, without running away, move into a new community and begin life anew. But the picture for the juvenile is not so bright.

As a general rule, the youthful offender is returned to his home. This is the best place for him; he will be under the influence of his parents, but the entire community will know that young Johnny Smith, referred to as "that horrible little Smith boy," has been in a reform school. He is pointed out to other youngsters as the lowest depth of social degradation. All of this, not unnaturally, arouse resentment in young Johnny; it does not serve to aid in his reformation, nor does it enhance his chance for success. That is not to say that Johnny should be welcomed home as a poor, persecuted lad who has been badly used by the law. But he should be and deserves to be accepted on an equal status in the neighborhood. Only with this condition can the training he received at the institution be brought to any good effect. The prisons are full of the Johnnies who were pointed out as failures and bad examples. Surely there is nothing to be lost in trying the other method for a change.

The vast majority of juvenile offenders released from the various institutions, federal, state, and private, are completely ready to go out into society as free citizens. In most cases, they come out of the institution far better prepared to face life than when they went in. Particularly in the Federal Correctional Institutions their education and training are given careful attention. The youth is trained in a vocation for which he is psychologically suited; his academic schooling is brought up to a minimum standard should he test low in educational training. Every attempt is made to prepare him for the day of his release and for the years that are to follow. Is all of this to be lightly regarded, to be thrown away because the youth once made a mistake? It will be unless the newly released prisoner is given an even chance for success when he starts on his second chance. There are two possible endings for this man: one, he can be shunned. If this happens he will, in many cases, return to prison where he will be supported by

public funds. Two, he can be given an even chance and will probably succeed as an honest citizen and an asset to his community. This chance is of the utmost importance in the case of the juvenile. He has his entire life before him, and the course of that life can well depend on the attitude with which he is confronted when he leaves the institution.

THANKS FOR A DAY'S WORK

The Richmond, Va., News Leader, published this timely and thoughtful editorial:

"If you still have a job, thank God for the privilege of beginning another day's work!

"Before it ends you may have vexations. During its progress there may be hurried minutes and troublesome mistakes. Someone may throw you off your schedule by coming too late or lingering too long.

"What if it is so? Are not these things a small price to pay for the satisfaction that come from opportunity of using your head and hands? You will find the day a challenge, a game, a labyrinth through which you must make your way successfully before you go home. Could anything be more interesting than that? All day, too, there will be a par at which you are to shoot: You must get this part of the job done by such and such a time, if you are to have the next task performed by the designated moment, you cannot make blunders the repair of which will take too much time. At the end, when you look at the score card, you may have the satisfaction of saying, Well, I was able to shoot this day at par—and tomorrow I will try to beat par!

"Yes, thank God for a day's work to do—and for an industrial system which, if protected from greed and misuse, always will compensate you with food and shelter, employment of mind and the happy knowledge that you have helped to increase, rather than diminish, the assets of mankind. A day's work is worth all a man has to give of sweat, of toil, of taxes, of public service, of co-operation and of resistance to the scale and demagogues. True freedom is found only through labor."

IN FREEDOM'S NAME

(Kannapolis Independent.)

Time steps along. The fifth anniversary of the fall of Bataan approaches and an American goes on a strange journey.

Roger N. Baldwin director of the American Civil Liberties Union, heads for Japan. His mission? He is concerned about the civil liberties of the Japanese under our occupation. His organization, as he points out, is under obligation to assist in applying the principles of the American Bill of Rights wherever American responsibility extends.

We hope that the Japs will appreciate such solicitude. We doubt if Gen. MacArthur and Americans in the main will. The memories of Camp O'Donnell, the Death March and the shocking sadism of the little men of Nappon are still too bright, even five years after, to make most people worry if the Japs have not the same, untrammeled freedom as the citizens of Denver or Dieluth or Kannapolis.

Americans would not want the Japs kicked around and from all accounts they are being treated very nicely. For instance, the trial of Tojo has run on more than six months and six months more will probably elapse before judgment is given. That is solicitude and fairness. That is living up to one aspect of the Bill of Rights.

But there are other aspects. With the war technically still on should a Jap firebrand be allowed to mount a soap box in Tokyo and stir the residents to riot against American troops? Should a Jap newspaper be allowed to denounce President Truman or attempt to make a deity out of the Emperor again?

We can amagine Mr. Baldwin at his forenisc best, quoting chapter and verse from Thomas Jefferson, to a sane sound administrator like General MacArthur without moving him to tears of remorse. In fact, we can almost hear the capable general saying to Mr. Baldwin:

"But, Mr. Baldwin, would you have me apply to the Japs the second article of the Bill of Rights? That reads, as you know, 'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

If Mr. Baldwin, an exceptional champion of the Bill of Rights, can answer that one, it is time that Gen. MacArthur pulled out and the WPA stepped in to take his place. It is amazing that an American would be engaged in such a mission, but it takes all kinds of people to make up a country like this.

Look at Germany. The Moscow conference to write the treaty for that nation is on. The Russians want a central government for Germany, figuring Communism could control it. America wants a federation of states to prevent Germeny from easily uniting under the banner of another Hitlerian crackpot.

Just as the Moscow meeting got under way, who should bob up in the American zone in Germany and urge a national government? None other than Wilhelm Pieck, Moscow-trained German Communist leader, fresh from the Soviet zone in Berlin. He went on a speaking tour of the U.S. zone. urging Germans to unite for a

strong central government and to oppose any federation. How did he get into the American zone? Our military government there let him in, we are told, "in the name of democracy and freedom of speech."

We are an incredible people. No wonder the world often fails to understand us. Yet the case of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Pieck is no different than our state department urging that we ship belated lend-lease materials to Russia — two days after President Truman urged that Soviet expansion be stopped. We are not only incredible. We are the world's most acrobatic people.

We are the only people on earth who bend over backwards to bump our heads.

———:———

THE BEST

The best law—The Golden Rule
The best education—Self-knowledge.
The best philosophy—A contented mind.
The best war—To war against one's weakness.
The best theology—A pure and beneficent life.
The best medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance.
The best music—The laughter of an innocent child.
The best science—Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.
The best art—Painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.
The best journalism—Printing the true and beautiful on memory's tablet.
The best telegraphing—Flashing a ray of sunshine in to a gloomy heart.
The best biography—That life which writes charity in the largest letters.
The best mathematics—That which doubles the joys and divides the most sorrows.
The best navigation—Steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention.
The best diplomacy—Effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.
The best engineering—Building a bridge of faith over the river of death. —Selected.

NIAGARA FALLS LOSES HEIGHT ANNUALLY

(Our Paper)

The thundering crash of hard dolomite rock from the edge of Niagara's American Falls is described by the National Geographic Society as a normal part of a continuing process which has moved the falls upstream for milleniums at an average rate of about one foot a year.

An estimated 80,000 tons of rock crumbled away from the American Falls on Jan. 17, 1931. A mass about half as great dropped from the center of the Horseshoe Falls on Aug. 13, 1934, and a 200-ton mass dropped in December of that year from the approximate site of old Table Rock in the Canadian Falls.

Geologists suggest that at the close of the Ice Age, the Niagara River plunged 300 feet over its brink of dolomite rock directly into Lake Ontario. Recession began because the tremendous force of the cataract itself constantly wore away the soft shales beneath a top, 60-foot layer of the hard dolomite. Then the unsupported dolomite ledge broke off in chunks. The same process continues today.

The gradual decrease in the height of the falls from the original 300 feet or more has accompanied the upstream recession because of a very slight "tilt" to the dolomite stratum. The falls are now 167 feet from base to crest on the American side, 162 feet on the Horseshoe, or Canadian side. As recession continues over thousands of years, the falls will lose altitude, and the Nigara River finally will be no more than a series of rapids.

Since the first accurate survey of the falls were made in 1842, recession has averaged more than three feet a year on the Canadian side. Its effect has been to change the Horseshoe from a shallow curve to a deepening V-shape. Recession on the American side has averaged less than a foot anually. Another thousand years may eliminate Goat Island and thus join the Canadian and American falls.

Of the Niagara River's volume of 93,150,000 gallons a minute, 94 per cent flows over the curving, 3000-foot Canadian crest in depths up to 12 feet and more. Six per cent. flows over the straight American Falls, with water at the crest only about one foot in depth.

In more ways than one, man is working to retard Niagara's erosion process. Since the turn of the century, he has diverted considerable water flow to electric power production. More recently he has begun construction of a series of weirs, or submerged diagonal dams, upstream from the falls.

"Tis better far to love and be poor, than to be rich with an empty heart.—Lewis Morris.

CRIME UP IN U. S.

(Grit)

Crime in the United States in 1946 broke all records for the last ten years, reports J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Every 5.7 minutes there was a case of murder, manslaughter, or assault with intent to kill.

Major crimes of all kinds totaled 1,685,203, an increase of 119,622 over 1945. Mr. Hoover notes that this means an average of one offence every 18.7 seconds.

Mr. Hoover lists the following 1946 totals:

Murder and manslaughter, 8,442; manslaughter by negligence, 4,701; rape, 12,117; robbery, 62,782; aggravated assault, 67,512; burglary, 357,991; larceny, 941,738; automobile theft, 129,920.

"During the average day," says the FBI chief, "36 persons were slain, 33 were raped, and 185 others were assaulted. Every day also brought reports of 172 robberies, 981 burglaries, 630 automobile thefts, and 2,500 larcenies."

He based his figures on monthly reports received by the FBI from more than 2,200 cities with a combined population of 67,000,000.

Compared with 1945, last year showed an increase of 23.3 per cent in murder and manslaughter, 15.7 per cent robbery, 5 per cent in rape, 12.9 per cent in aggravated assault.

Larceny jumped 8.8 per cent and burglary 11.3 per cent.

The only decline in major offenses was in car thefts, down 4.8 per cent from the previous year.

Mr. Hoover says his figures for major crimes are incomplete, since they do not include such offenses as embezzlements, fraud, arson, receiving stolen goods, and carrying concealed weapons.

SELF-ACCEPTANCE

John Callender was an officer of the Massachusetts Militia and was guilty of cowardice at the Battle of Bunker Hill. One of George Washington's first duties when he was assigned command of the American forces at Cambridge was to order the court-martial of Captain Callender. No sooner had this tragedy befallen him than Callender re-enlisted in the army as a private, and at the Battle of Long Island, he exhibited such conspicuous courage that Washington publicly revoked the sentence and restored to him his captaincy. Behind such an experience lies a basic act of self-acceptance that makes John Callender an inspiring person to remember.

—Exchange.

APRIL EVENTS

(Selected)

April 9. Birthday of Nikolai Lenin, 1870-1924, Marxist revolutionist, Bolshevik leader, scholar and author; birthday of Paul Robeson, 1898, Negro baritone, concert singer, actor and American citizen; General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appromattox, 1865.

April 10. Joseph Pulitzer born in Hungary 1847, died 1911, American journalist and philanthropist; founder of the Pulitzer prizes and of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University.

April 12. Birthday of Henry Clay, 1777-1852, American Statesman, orator and political leader; Halifax Resolutions of Independence adopted in North Carolina, 1776; bombardment of Fort Sumter, 1861, beginning the Civil War.

April 13. Birthday of Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826.

April 14. First edition of Webster's Dictionary published 1828; Pan American Day, observed annually by the twenty-one American Republics since 1931; the S. S. Titanic on its first voyage from Liverpool to New York struck an iceberg and sank with large loss of life, 1912; National Garden Week, third week in April from Sunday to Sunday.

April 15. Henry James, 1843-1916, American novelist and essayist in England.

April 16. Anatole France, 1844-1924, foremost French writer of his day; Charles Spencer Chaplin, born in England 1889, comedian, director, author, and star in motion-picture productions of his own creation.

April 18. San Francisco devastated by earthquake and fire, April 18-21, 1906; Paul Revere made his famous ride 1775.

April 19, Benjamin Disraeli, 1804-1881, twice prime minister to Queen Victoria.

April 20. Adolf Hitler, 1889.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 20, 1947

April 20—Donald Hoyle, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
April 21—Earl Allen, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
April 21—J. B. Shepherd, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
April 23—Earl Brigman, Cottage No. 11, 16 birthday.
April 25—Herbert Stewart, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

N. C. HEADS TO RECORD SPENDING

(Selected)

North Carolina, with its 1947 Legislature adjourned, today headed toward a record two-year spending period with greatly expanded state services and a revenue bill big enough to keep the budget balanced.

In 76 crowded sessions, the lawmakers ground out 1098 bills and 33 resolutions ranging from strictly local matters to the shopping appropriations acts which authorize the state to spend $311,593,086 for its operations and $48,432,256 for permanent improvements for the next biennium.

On the other side of the ledger, the revenue bill was expected to turn an estimated $313,000,000 into the till in the next two years.

The Legislature achieved this financial balance without tampering with the present tax structure except for doubling the tax on beer and wine. The beverage tax was doubled as an afterthought in the closing days of the session when the Legislature authorized a statewide policy of local option was raised to offset any drying up of elections on wine and beer. The tax was raised to off-set any drying up of state revenue from areas which oust beer and wine.

The biggest bite out of the state's bankroll, some $102,000,000 worth, went to teachers and state employes.

Gov. Gregg Cherry and the advisory budget commission recommended a 20 per cent raise, but the Legislature wrangle until Cherry agreed to give the teachers a pay increase averaging about 30 per cent. Other state employes got a raise of about 20 per cent.

The good health program of the medical care commission passed intact. The Legislature appropriated $10,040,000 for it, including $3,790,000 for a four-year medical school and teaching hospital at the University of North Carolina.

The program calls for carring medical care to the people by building state hospitals and local medical centers where they are needed. One possible obstruction to the plan is the provision that local units and the federal government must watch the state contritiutions. The federal funds are not yet assured.

The program also would aid medical students in which to practice in North Carolina.

The Governor and advisory budget commission have the final decision in which to start the program. The act requires them to wait until the state can receive full value for the money being spent on permanent improvements.

The General Assembly ground out a pile of law affecting every North Carolina motorist.

It passed a new highway safety code setting 55 miles an hour as the maximum speed, requiring inspection of all vehicles, and ordering drivers' licenses to expire every four years.

Under a new drivers' act, a motorist convicted of blame in one accident would have to pay the damages and show ability to pay for future wrecks or surrender his license.

DON'T BLAME BOY IF HE GOES WRONG

By Sally MacDougall, in N. Y. World-Telegram

Don't just blame the boy if he goes wrong and becomes a menace to the town. Perhaps his parents or the community were to blame. There are ways to switch him to another track, to make him behave New standards and ambitions will give him a start toward becoming a useful citizen.

That's how Harold E. Strong feels about lads who were sent to him because they were delinquent or in danger of getting into trouble. Perhaps a boy's father had died or disappeared and his mother couldn't manage perhaps he couldn't keep up with his class and preferred playing hookey to going to school, then found adventure in stealing.

As executive director to the Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry—a 250-acre tract where 400 boys, 10 to 18, live in 20 cottages and learn skills at trade schools—Mr. Strong keeps acquainted with boys who take pride in worrying the police parents or principals. When they meet him he wants them to regard him as a friend and the Village as a place where they can get a fresh start in exciting activties.

"The new life begins in earnest when a boy finds he can do something well and that others admire him for it," the director pointed out.

On his desk was a letter from one of the school's 50,000 alumni, in which the writer said that his training as a mechanic at the village started him toward a prosperous and happy life.

"It's a big day when men like that come back and talk to the boys," Mr. Strong said. "We had one recently who had been a colonel in the first paratroop outfit to land in Normandy. He is one of our 2,000 alumni service men. Our alumni are active just now, helping us over the hump in our $1,000,000 drive. They know that we need the money to repair and enlarge many of our buildings."

Mr. Strong added that alumni who are active boosters include a prominent Wall Street executive, a prosperous garage owner, and a sheriff in a California town.

"We aim to run the village," he added, "so that our boys will have happy memories of their years of school and training with us."

Within a good book we live, for a few minutes each night, on the high summits of free and intellectual expression; we can then return to our hour of undiversified servitude refreshed, rejuvenated and mentally rearmed, ready to live and fight again the resounding challenge of time, who so mockingly leers from wall to wall.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, messageto Concord. For the Scrip-of Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 7:1-14. The subject of his message to the boys was "The Narrow Road." The text which he selected was Matthew 7:13 and 14--"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the road, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

In calling attention to the benefits of a narrow road, Rev. Mr. Summers used this illustration: He told of a certain section of Mississippi, where there is much level land, pine forests and some hills. Some years ago, before good roads became so prevalent, there were certain times in the year when travel in that section was almost impossible. In the summer time, the roads were broad and dry, and one could drive his car at will. To avoid obstruction, he could just turn out most anywhere and go on his way. But in muddy weather all roads were impassable.

At present, in that same country, one may find good concrete roads. The old broad roads have been replaced by narrow strips of concrete, upon which one may drive for hundreds of miles safely.

The speaker then called attention to Jesus' words in part of the Sermon on the Mount. He said "strait is the gate," which means it is a little difficult to enter, and "narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." The Master did not mean that He had made this narrow way simply to punish people or to make life difficult for them. As in the case of modern highways through bad places, Christ pointed out that the strait and narrow way of life is the safest way for man to travel. Some people may think that Jesus made the requirements of Christian living just in order to work hardships on people. This is not true. The narrow road of life is narrow because it is better and safer than the wider road which is not so well constructed and kept up.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that anyone can tell a lie, cheat, steal, curse or use vulgar language, but the narrow road to happiness with Jesus doesn't admit things like that. If we want to travel the road of life in safety and happiness, and thereby gain admission to the eternal joys of the life hereafter, such things must be eliminated from our hearts and minds. The challenge of the narrow road appeals to that which is best in us, said the speaker. It is challenge and do our very best at all our Christian duty to accept that times to keep from straying from the path of righteousness. One of the first steps in getting on the narrow road is to deny ourselves.

The speaker then added that there is a real thrill in traveling on this narrow road of life. He compared it to driving in the mountains. There is always a thrill in driving along a narrow mountain road. We are

constantly wondering just what lies around the next curve. Quite frequently, when we round one of those bends, we are rewarded with the most beautiful scenes to be found anywhere.

The road that Jesus invites us to travel, continued Rev. Mr. Summers, is also a thrilling road. Of course, there are difficult places along the way, but if we are guided by the plans of the Master, they may be overcome, and we shall eventually find that this road leads upward through territory that is more thrilling than any we have ever pursued. Jesus is challenging us to follow the road that leads ever upward, never downward. It is the only road which leads to that which is worthwhile.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers urged the boys to always strive to take the advice given by Jesus, and keep on the narrow road of faith, which is the only way by which we may reach the glorious sunset of life.

TODAY

I will start today serenely
With a true and noble aim;
I will give unselfish service
To enrich another's name.

I will speak a word of courage
To a soul enslaved by fear;
I will dissipate drab discord
With the sunshine of good cheer.

I will be sincere and humble
In the work I have to do;
I will praise instead of censure
And see the good in you.

I will keep my mind and body
Sound and flexible and pure;
I will give my time and study
To the things that long endure.

I will do what I am able
To advance a worthy cause;
I will strive to lessen evil
And obey God's righteous laws.

I will pray to Him to guide me
In the straight and narrow way;
I will shun false pride and folly,
I will live my best today.

—Grenville Kleiser.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

A picture is a poem without words.
—Horace.

—:—

Better to do a little well than a great deal poorly.—Socrates.

—:—

When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead.—Whittier.

—:—

Most powerful is he who has himself in his own power.—Seneca.

—:—

Learn to say kind things—nobody ever resents them.—Exchange.

—:—

I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile.—Landon.

—:—

When you are good to others, you are always best to yourself.—Anon.

—:—

Think like a man of action and act like a man of thought.—H. Bergson.

—:—

It's what we learn after we think we know it all that counts.—Abe Martin.

—:—

Fortify yourself with contentment, for this is an impregnable fortress.
—Epictetus.

—:—

Into each life some rain must fall, some days be dark and dreary.
—Longfellow.

—:—

Party standards are sometimes the shadows in which patriotism is buried.
—St. Pierre.

—:—

If you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends.
—Joseph Addison.

The city of happiness is in the country of expectancy and the state of mind.—Anonymous.

—:—

No power in the world can keep a first-class man down, nor a fourth-class man up.—Tiorio.

—:—

It is in trifles, and when a man is off his guard, that a man best shows his character.—Schopenhauer.

—:—

The chief value of an anniversary is to call us to greater faithfullness in the time that is left.—Manning.

—:—

If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own, and do not add a third by your hasty judgment.
—Flammer.

—:—

In all the affairs of life, courtesies of small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest.
—Henry Clay.

—:—

Some men have hundreds of reasons why they cannot do what they want to, when all they need is just one reason why they can.—Whitney.

—:—

Too many men spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.—Steele.

—:—

Hope, like a gleaming taper's light, adorns and cheers our way; and still, as darker grows the night, emits a brighter light.—Oliver Goldsmith.

—:—

If you have succeeded in putting one truth into circulation, or demolishing one falsehood, you've done a good day's work.—A. K. Roswell.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard—
Her son was just home from the fleet.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare—
My, how those sailors can eat!

—:—

Weeds in the garden of thought soon make a man look seedy.

—:—

Cranking a car on a cold day often makes a crank of the cranker.

—:—

Someone has said that divorce is hash made of domestic scraps.

—:—

Many a man's idea of charity is to give unto others the advice he can't use himself.

—:—

The time when a girl looks her best is when there's a fellow with plenty of money in sight.

—:—

Some fashion magazines tell us that a man should dress to fit his purse. But the law won't let lots of us do that.

—:—

One reason why we dislike the man who pretends to know more than we do is because he is so often able to prove it.

—:—

A man by the name of Burst had three children:John Wood Burst, Nellie May Burst and Charles Will Burst. According to latest reports, none of them had.

—:—

"What funny names these Chinese towns in the news have," remarked a man from Schnectady as he read a Poughkeepsie newspaper on his way to meet a friend in Hoboken.

Many a mother has spent twenty-one years making a man out of her son only to see some other woman make a monkey out of him in an hour or so.

—:—

A news item reads: "A Canadian murdered his wife with an axe, chopped up the body with a meat cleaver, burned the pieces in an incinerator, and scattered the ashes on his driveway." We scatter ashes on our driveways, too, but we don't go to that much trouble to get some.

—:—

From the bedroom of twin boys came mingled sounds of loud weeping and hearty laughter, so father went to investigate. "What's the matter here?" he asked. The joyous twin indicated his weeping brother and said, "Nothing, Pop, only the nurse has given Tommy two baths, and I haven't had any."

—:—

In the South Pacific, a young navigator was making his first trip on a B-29. He had just qualified, so the crewmen watched with interest as he added up figures, scanned a slide rule, and went through all the other abacadabra.

"Where are we now?" asked one of the crew.

The navigator waved away the questioner, and continued figuring so long that the whole group became uneasy. Finally the pilot demanded to know what the position was.

"Captain," replied the navigator, "tell every member of the crew to remove his hat instantly."

"What for?" stormed the pilot.

"Well," said the navigator, "according to my figures, at this minute we are flying up the center aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 6, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Richard Johnson
Major Loftin
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
Van Robinson
James Scott
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

Paul Denton
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Jimmy Hunt
Herman Hughs
Ernest Kitchen
Robert Milton
James Myers
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Aaron McCarson
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins
Harold Wilkinson
Howel Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Clyde Hill
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
James Knight
Philip Kirk
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Worth Craven

Thomas Corley
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Emmet Fields
Donald Hall
James Norton
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Tommy Styles
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Ted Clonch
Earl Kinlaw
Kenneth King
Herbert Steward

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
James Cartrette
Cecil Clark
Leslie Gautier
Miley Gunter
Conley Haney
Curtis Helms
Edwin Morgan
Calvin Owens
Jimmy Reynolds
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Carswell
Ralph Dry
Jack Hensley
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
James Walters
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Willard Brown
William Best
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
Cecil Butcher
Charles Farmer
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Thelbert Suggs
James Shelton
James Shepherd
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker
Roy Watkins
Eugene Williams
Frank Sargent

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Johnson Barnes
Donnie Grantham
Harold Kernodle
Carl Locklear
Sammie Lynn
Donald Moose
Roy Orr
Robert Poplin
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

William Hunter

———:———

The real and lasting victories are those of peace, and not of war.
—Emerson.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 26, 1947 No. 17

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

YOUR BEQUEST

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower
Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

—Whittier.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER	(The State)	13
THE MEANING OF EDUCATION	By S. C. S.	15
CHRISTIAN LIVING BEGINS AT HOME	(Church Council Bulletin)	18
A PERSONAL CREED FOR TODAY	(Stanly News & Press)	19
COMBATTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY	By F. A. Henney, Jr.	20
GOODWILL IN ACTION	By Wilfred A. Peterson	22
GOOD FAIRY PHILOSOPHY	By Doris Layer	24
THE PURPOSE OF MAN'S EXISTENCE	By James Bailey	26
SPEED LIMITS FOR MAN AND BEAST	(Natural History)	27
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE CONQUEROR

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore,
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows; he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

—Emil Carl Aurin.

———:———

SPRINGTIME JOYS

Here at the Training School probably the most enjoyable season of the year is springtime. This is the time when the boys, after having been pent up and kept inside by cold winds and rain, find it possible to get out onto the lawns and the playgrounds where

they can enjoy the outdoor sports and games. This is the time of year when the air is really filled with the laughter and noises of playing boys. Then, too, it is the season of the year when the trees begin to turn green and the flowers bloom again.

Already the boys have started on their baseball and softball tournaments, and there is much interest in these sports. Every cottage has its two teams—a baseball team for the larger boys and a softball team for the smaller ones. The tournament has been so arranged that every boy at the school will have his chance to participate in some organized sport according to his own ability. Within just a few more days swimming will be resumed in a big way, and already the boys are looking forward to this summer activity. There is no recreational activity which the boys enjoy more than swimming in the nice pool which belongs to the school.

Out on the farm the fields and the pasture lands are covered with green vegetation. Just at this time the grain fields, covering approximately three hundred acres, are very beautiful, and this year we have excellent prospects for a bounteous production of small grain.

Up on the campus the pansies and the tulip beds now present beautiful sights. Year after year the pansies here at the school have attracted the attention and the praise of passers-by. The leaves on the trees are bursting out, and the green grass about on the lawns gives one a feeling that spring is really here once again, though somewhat later than usual.

The spring season is the one time when people should be happiest and should be able to forget whatever gloom may have enveloped their spirits during the winter months. After all, nature has more than done its part towards creating joys and happiness for all mankind. Spring is the season when nature seems to be lavish with its splendors of color and with the symphonies of bird songs. The poet has said that the birds 'warble sweet in the springtime," even though their voices may have been somewhat silenced during the other seasons. Out in the woods and in the meadows, on the hillsides and in the dales, the songs of the birds ring out in joy, and the perennial flowers bloom with all their splendor. In the spring there is universal enjoyment for those who will

respond in their spirits and will echo the rejoicing of nature about them. The birds and the flowers in the springtime burst out with all their testimonials of new life, and they require no coaxing, because they are "doing what comes naturally." So it is that all humanity, whether in childhood or in mature life, should find it easy to attune its spirits to the happiness that envelops the natural world, because there is the dynamic warmth of springtime.

* * * * * * * *

GREETINGS TO THE KINGS DAUGHTERS

During this week the North Carolina Branch of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons is holding its annual convention in Concord. We take this opportunity to extend greetings to this fine organization and to extend a cordial welcome to its members to visit this institution. This organization for many years has played an important part in the progress and in the enlightenment of the citizenship of North Carolina. It has an unusually rich tradition in its activities and its services to the state. It has functioned with unusually good success in numerous projects and in the various areas of social betterment. The entire life of the state has been richly blessed through the contributions which the organization has made throughout the years.

The Jackson Training School owes a particular debt of gratitude to the King's Daughters for what the organization did towards the establishment and the successful beginnings of this institution. Had it not been for what the organization did for this institution when it was struggling in its early life, the movement to launch the training school would likely have failed. It was largely through the instrumentality of the King's Daughters that the Jackson Training School was founded, and it was through its efforts that the first cottage at the school was erected. Cottage One has been known throughout the years as the King's Daughters Cottage. Later on, that organization contributed funds for the erection of a beautiful chapel, because the members understood the necessity for the religious training and spiritual development of the boys here at the school. Unfortunately, the chapel became too small to accomodate the student body of the institution many

years ago, and today there is urgent need that the chapel be enlarged and repaired so that it will be possible for it to serve towards the original purposes of those who promoted the project.

We are looking forward to having a number of the members of the King's Daughters visit the school while they are in Concord. We are delighted, too, that they have given the boys of the school an opportunity to appear on their program.

Again, we extend this organization our greetings, and we wish for them the very best of success in their noble endeavors.

* * * * * * * *

SOME SCHOOL FRIENDS CONTRIBUTE BOY SCOUT FUNDS

Just recently it was found that one of the Boy Scout troops here at the school was in need of some funds for uniforms and other Scout equipment. Since the state does not make appropriations for this feature of the school program, some of the friends of the institution were given opportunities to contribute to this project. Mr. Frank Liske, who is a troop committeeman and is keenly interested in the Boy Scout program, made a solicitation for the funds and met with generous responses.

Those who contributed to this latest appeal were as follows:

Mr. L. T. Hartsell, Sr.	$10.00
Mr. Boyd Horton	5.00
Mr. W. G. Caswell	5.00
Mr. O. A. Swaringen	5.00
Mr. J. B. Williams	2.00
Total	$27.00

We wish to express our sincere thanks to these men for their thoughtful contributions to the Boy Scout program here at the school. Without such assistance it would not be possible for the school to operate the Scout troops.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

First, we sang two songs, and then Mr. Beck led us in prayer. After this, Mr. Sofness read some more about the life of William Carey, a great Baptist missionary. Then we went to our rooms. Mr. Puckett was in charge of our group.

We had a contest to see which boys could name the books of the Old Testament. Many of the boys did this, and all received a prize. Mr. Puckett told us that we would also be required to know the books of the New Testament.

When we went back into the auditorium, J. D. Gupton announced the percentage of each group for having quarterlies with them. Mr. Puckett's group won again with the score of 100 per cent.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We met in the auditorium on April 13, 1947. We sang some songs. We enjoyed hearing Mr. Sofness read for our benefit.

In our group meeting, James Arrowood was the program leader. Mr. Sofness was in charge of our group. John McKinney had the first part, "The Bible That Was Lost." James Arrowood's part was "Not for Common Folks," and Ben Wilson's part was a talk entitled "The First English Bible."

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

We sang "The Old Rugged Cross." Next we had prayer by Mr. Beck. Then Mr. Sofness read a letter from England. He read about William Carey. We had another song, "Jesus Calls Us."

Mr. Beck was in charge of our class. Bennie Riggins had the first part, and his topic was "The Bible That Was Almost Lost." Emory King had the second part, "Not for Common Folks." Bobby Woodruff's part was "The First English Bible." Willie Stamey had the fourth part, and his topic was "News That Changed the World." James Swinson had the fifth part, and his topic was "The First Printed English Bible."

We enjoyed this program very much.

Visitors at Chapel

By J. C. Littlejohn, 5th Grade

Visitors came to our school, both for the morning and afternoon assembly last Monday. The visitors were Rev. E. B. Harbison, who is pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Earnhardt from Rockingham, who preaches at one of the Methodist churches there. Mr. Harbison comes to our school often, but it was the first time that Mr. Earnhardt had been here. Mr. Earnhardt has served as chaplain in World War I and also in World War II. He

has had some great experiences.

Mr. Hawfield made a talk at the morning assembly, and Mr. Hines made one in the afternoon. We sang in the morning "Love Lifted Me," and in the afternoon we sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Mr. Earnhardt made some excellent talks for us. He led us in prayer after he had finished speaking.

My Garden

By Paul Denton, 3rd Grade

Some of the people of the School have been planting a garden. They have been planting flowers and vegetables. My officer let me plant a little garden. I planted radishes and lettuce. I enjoyed planting my garden. I do not have but one row in my garden.

A Delightful Hike

By Billy Ray, 8th Grade

On Friday of last week, Mr. Corliss took his room and some other boys on a hike. We went through the woods for about three miles and had a nice time. After we had gone that far, we came to a store where we had refreshments. The boys all seemed to enjoy the hike and are looking forward to going again sometime.

A Good Time at the Horse Show

By Ralph Drye, 5th Grade

On April 12, Mr. Walters took the boys on the barn force, the champions in basketball—Number 3 in the "A" League and Number 7 in the "B" League, and the teams which came second—Number 11 and Number 10, to a horse show.

The first thing we saw over at the horse show was a group of ponies, and then we saw a lot of horses. Some were fox hunters, and some were Tennessee walking horses. I liked the five-gaited horses better than the rest. One of the ladies who had a five-gaited horse in the show came over to the seats where we were sitting, and when the five-gaited horse came out in the show she told us to yell for her horse. We did. When they had finished the gaits, they gave out the prizes. A brown horse won first prize, but the lady's horse won second place. She thanked the boys for cheering for her horse. She came back to where we were, after receiving the red ribbon, and she showed us the prize that her horse had won.

Mr. Walters bought all of us a drink, and we surely did enjoy going. We thank all who made this good time possible.

S. J. T. S. Wins Team Trophy at Winston-Salem

By Clifton Rhodes, 8th Grade

With two wins out of four bouts in the finals, the Jackson Training School's boxing team edged out Kannapolis for the team trophy in the Winston-Salem Boxing tournament. Charles Autry won a decision over Robert Canady, who is also of Jackson Training School, for the junior flyweight title. Ray Burns knocked out Jerry Hughes of Greensboro in the first round for the featherweight title. In the lightweight class, Jack Benfield lost to Joe Greene of High

Point by default. Each of these boys who won received a nice trophy. The losers will receive a smaller trophy by mail.

This was our first team trophy out of five tournaments. The boys were thrilled in winning this trophy and bringing it back to present to Mr. Hawfield. It will be kept in the library where everyone may see it.

Recent Work at the Hospital

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Recently the workers at the Hospital have been very busy, taking care of the boys who have been sick. Thirty-four boys have been patients at our hospital within the last few weeks. The flue epidemic kept the workers at the hospital very busy. We are very glad that all the boys are well and getting along fine now.

Our hospital is always open for the sick boys. The boys have the privilege of being checked three times each day—at 8 A. M., at 1 P. M., and at 4:15 P. M.. Too, they may go to the hospital at other times, if necessary. Dr. King is the doctor who works with the boys while they are sick. We all appreciate the help that Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Isenhour give when we are in the hospital. They are so willing to help at all times. We, in return, can help them and all the other workers and boys by keeping in the best physical condition. We can all observe the health rules.

My Hobby

By Emory King, 6th Grade

My hobby is collecting Bible pictures, and I have a good collection. I have a picture entitled "The Sermon on the Mount." I also have one of Christ carrying the cross. One of the best pictures that I have is "The Ascension." The next best one, I think, is "Jesus Walking on the Water."

I have one big scrapbook full of pictures and another large one nearly full. I have a small one nearly full. I am going to finish filling them soon.

Our Rock Garden

By Thomas Staley, 5th Grade

The boys of our cottage have been very busy, planting flowers. We have been hauling dirt and fertilizer and rocks. We are filling up a place where there are many rocks for a rock garden. We are placing rocks around the edge of it and draining the rock garden. We have planted cosmos, asters chrysanthemums and petunias in our rock garden. We planted morning glories, too. We hope that when our people come to visit us they can see the garden in full bloom. It won't be long until some of the flowers will be in bloom.

Contest in Public Speaking at B. T. U.

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

The boys in the junior group of the B. T. U. are having a contest to see which boy can get up and give his part the best. He must be able to tell his part without any help from the quarterly or any other source. James Arrowood has won twice, and one time he received a game for his prize and the other time he received a book. The boys all like these contests, and

all hope to be able to win a prize soon. Mr. Sofness is very proud of the way James Arrowood has done.

New Boys at the School

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

On April 15th, five new boys entered the school department of the training school. Their names, grades and home towns are as follows: Jack Wood, fifth grade, Buffalo; J. C. Blackburn, fourth grade, St. Paul; George Patterson, sixth grade, Laurinburg; Carl Howell, seventh grade, Winston-Salem; and Frank Spivey, fourth grade, Whiteville. We all hope these boys will make good records at the school.

Boys Attend Southside Church

By David Gibson, 4th Grade

Some of the boys went over to the Southside Baptist Church last Sunday. They heard Rev. Mr. Hicks preach a very good sermon. He told how the wicked are deceived, how they lose their way in sin, and how God can overcome evil.

Boys Attend First Baptist Church

By Jesse Hamlin, 5th Grade

Last Sunday night some of the boys of Jackson Training School attended the First Baptist Church, Concord. Rev. Mr. Summers' subject was "Nicodemus." He told how Nicodemus was born again. After the service, we sang "The Old Rugged Cross." We thank the ones who made lt possible for us to attend the church service.

Midget Boxers Win at Charlotte

By Bobby Duncan, 6th Grade

The J. T. S. boxers went into the finals of the Salvation Army Boxing Tournament, held in Charlotte, with nine boys and came out with three wins and three defeats. One bout ended in a draw. Billy McVicker, J. T. S.,won a decision over Eddie Price. Bobby Duncan, J. T. S., won over Wade Cook, J. T. S. Robert Canady, J. T. S., won over Fairley McGee, J. T. S. Lloyd Perdue, J. T. S., lost to William Cann. Coy McElvin, J. T. S., lost to Teddy Barnes on default. Leon Poston, J. T. S., lost on decision to PeeWee Adkins. Ralph Drye, J. T. S., fought Charles Ferguson to a draw. The boys who won received nice watch fobs. We enjoyed going to Charlotte very much.

Cottage Groups Worship at Rocky Ridge Church

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Sunday, April 13th, three of the cottage groups went to the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, which is near our school. These groups were Cottages Nos. 6, 7 and 15. The boys were really glad that they could go, because Rev. Mr. Earnhardt, the visiting minister, preached such a good sermon. These same groups, as well as others, are looking forward to going again. Rev. Mr. Harbison gives everyone a welcome to worship with the Rocky Ridge people.

Boys Attend A. R. P. Church

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Last Sunday night, Mr. Caldwell,

who is the substitute officer at Cottage No. 3, took some of the boys to the service at the A. R. P. Church, Concord. All of the people there seemed to enjoy having the boys of the Training School worship with them. There was a play given by some of the church workers, and it was about temperance. All of the boys enjoyed going to this service and wish to thank Mr. Caldwell for taking them.

Educational Film

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

The educational picture shown on April 15th was "Scientists of Tomorrow." It showed how school teachers observed the pupils and picked them out to write to the scientists. Then the scientists selected three hundred of them and sent them telegrams to tell them they had won a free trip to Washington to listen to the scientists talk about science of tomorrow. They stayed in Washington for five days. During that time, different men talked to them. On the last night, they picked winners of a $2,400.00 scholarship. The picture then showed how, after they finished college, it was not the end, but only the beginning of learning about science.

Song of the South

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Recently, the boys, officers and teachers went over to Concord to see the picture, "Song of the South," at the Cabarrus Theater. This picture was about "Uncle Remus" and his "Br'er Rabbit" stories. Half of the boys went to see the show on Wednesday, and the rest went on Thursday.

We wish to express our thanks to everyone who made this possible, especially to the management of the theater for letting us in free.

Boys Sing at Rocky Ridge Methodist Church

By James Dunn 8th Grade

Last Friday night a choir of boys from the Jackson Training School went to sing at the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. They sang two songs entitled "Jesus Is All the World to Me" and "Just When I Need Him Most." Then Mr. Godown sang the solo part of a song and the choir joined in on the chorus. The song he sang was entitled "I Would Be Like Jesus." Mrs. Liske also went, and she played the piano. The boys all enjoyed the message that Mr. Earnhardt brought and are looking farward to singing at Rocky Ridge when they have another opportunity.

Radio Program

By Franklin Stover, 4th Grade

Mrs, J. D. Morrison's fourth grade gave a radio program Tuesday morning, April 15th, Mr. S. G. Hawfield, the superintendent of the Jackson Training School, was in charge.

The program consisted of spring songs and poems. The songs which were sung were: "What They Say," " 'Tis Springtime," "Sing, Thou Merry Birds," and "Follow Me, Full of Glee." The boys were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske.

The poems were "Don't Kill the

Birds", by Howard Hall; "Building the Nest", by Leonard Allen; and "'Song of Spring", by Bobby Holland.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The name of the show last Thursday night was "Cinderella Jones." Judy Jones was supposed to get a $10,000,000 estate from her uncle. To get this she had to marry a man with a high I. Q. She started to marry a college professor who had an I. Q. of 150, but at the end of the picture, after going through a lot of trouble such as working in a cafe and putting soap in a sandwich instead of cheese, and getting put in jail, she married another man with an I. Q. of about 200.

The comedy was entitled "The Lying Mouse." This was an exciting show and amusing, as well.

Chapel Program

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

On Friday, April 18, 1947, Mrs. J. D. Morrison's 4th grade gave a program. The first part of the program was about the springtime, and the second part was a program pertaining to health. The program taught us that health is a very important thing and that we should try to stay healthy. The program was one of songs, poems and a play.

The first thing on the program was a group of songs by the entire group of boys. Then three boys gave poems as follows: "A Song of Spring," by Bobby Holland; "April Rains", by Robert Williamson; and "The Bluebirds", by Franklin Stover. After the poems, there were two more songs, "Follow Me" and "What They Say." Then Leonard Allen recited the next poem, "Building the Nest", and Bennie Riggins recited "The Blue Jay." Howard Hall gave the next poem, "Don't Kill the Birds." Another song, "Sing, Thou Merry Bird," concluded the first part of the program.

In the second part of the program, James Arrowood had the first part, "How to Keep Well." Then a special number was "The Vitamin Quints" by Bennie Riggins, Melvin Ledford, Billy McVicker, Richard Messick, and Tommy Edwards. A poem, "Johnny," was given by Solomon Shelton. The last thing on the program was a play, "Johnny Meets His Dinner." The cast of characters was as follows: Johnny—Kenneth Halcomb; Mother—Glenn Rice; Fairy—Floyd Bruce; Potato—Bobby Rice; Apple—James Arrowood; Carrot—Judd Lane; Peach—Edward Ingold; Butter—Thomas Corley; Milk—James Cartrette; Egg—David Gibson; Banana—Bobby Galyan; Onion—Jack Jarvis; Orange—Bobby Blake; and Sweet Potato—Roger Willard.

———:———

Iron rusts from disuse, stagnant water loses its purity, and in cold weather becomes frozen; even so does inaction sap the vigors of the mind.—DeVinci.

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER

(The State)

In last week's issue of The State we told about a communication received from one of our readers, suggesting that we dig up some facts about the year 1816, known as "the year without a summer."

Efforts to obtain this information at the State Library, the Historical Commission and other places proved unsuccessful, so last week we laid the proposition before our readers, believing that they'd be able to help us out.

They never have disappointed us in the past: they didn't disappoint us this time.

Here's a letter from Francis B. Hays, of Oxford:

"In my scrapbook is a clipping which refers to an article in the Elizabeth Pioneer of 44 years ago. I do not know which Elizabeth is meant. The article reads as follows:

" 'Pertinent to the recent continued cold weather (this clipping, incidentally, is dated 1924), a statement taken from an old scrapbook of an elderly lady furnished interesting reading for the weatherman and farmer, as follows:

" "January and February, 1816, were warm and spring-like. March was cold and stormy; vegetation had gotten well along in April, when real cold weather set in. Snow and sleet fell on 17 different days in May; in June there was either frost or snow every day but three. July was cold and frosty; August was worse. Ice formed nearly an inch in thickness and killed every green thing in the United States. In the spring of 1817, corn which had been kept over from 1815 sold from $5 to $10 per bushel for seed only." "

And then, from Mr. M. Walter Thomas, of Summerfield, N. C., we received the following:

" In your August 11 issue of The State you asked for information about the year 1816. .

"I have a clipping of Robert Ripley's cartoon, published in the color section of a Sunday newspaper a number of years ago. The caption underneath a drawing of a volcanic eruption reads as follows:

THE EARTH SHAKER!

The eruption of Mt. Temboro, Dutch East Indies, blew 50 cubic miles of dust into the air, killing 66,000 people and clouding the skies all over the earth. Crops refused to ripen. Trees bore no fruit. Cattle froze in the fields. As a result, 1816 is famous as "the year without a summer."

From C. B. McBrayer, of Shelby, comes some more information on this same subject. It is in the form of a clippping from the Yorkville, S. C. Enquirer and reads as follows:

"A local resident is the holder of a reproduced account of the phenomenal 1816 weather as told in a dairy kept consecutively from the years 1810-40.

"January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking.

"Febuary was not cold.

"March, from the first to the sixth, was inclined to be windy.

"April came in warm, but as the days grew longer, the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter.

"In May the young buds were frozen stiff. Ice formed half an inch thick upon ponds and rivers in North and South Carolina. Corn was killed and the corn-fields were planted again and again. When the last of May arrived in 1816, everything had been killed by the cold.

"June was the coldest month ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed. All fruit was destroyed. Snow fell 10 inches in Vermont. There was a 7-inch fall in the interior of New York State, and the same in Massachusetts. There also were several flurries in the Carolinas.

"July came in with snow and ice. On the fourth of July ice was as thick as window-glass and it formed throughout New England, New York and in some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the East had struggled through May and June, froze and died.

"To the surprise of everybody, August proved to be the worst month of all. Almost everything in this country and Europe was blasted by the frost. Newspapers received from England stated that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation and thousands of people would have perished in this country had it not been for an abundance of game."

So there you are, and we believe we've got a pretty comprehensive picture of what happened in North Carolina and other parts of the world during 1816, "the year without a summer." The unusual atmospheric condition undoubtedly was caused by the volcanic eruption, described by Ripley. Mr. McBrayer also calls our attention to another interesting circumstance in connection with all this:

"That year undoubtedly was a hard one for the people of North Carolina," he writes. "It is not difficult to imagine the privations which people had to undergo as the result of practically everything in the field being killed by the unseasonable weather.

"Time Marches On! It marches on for one hundred years, and we come to 1916 in North Carolina. I'm sure that practically all of your readers, except those who are too young to remember, will recall the terrible flood which visited the State in the summer of 1916.

"1816—the year without a summer.

"1916—the year of the big flood.

"I'm rather glad that I won't be here in 2016, although I must admit to some degree of curiosity in connec- with what may happen at that time."

———:———

The real tragedy of life is not in being limited to one talent, but in the failure to use that talent.—Edgar W. Work.

THE MEANING OF EDUCATION

By S. C. S., in Joliet-Stateville Time

Two diamonds lay on the mat before the broker. He had called two cutters for a conference concerning the cutting and polishing of the two precious stones. A careful examination revealed that one was perfect while the other contained certain flaws. Under the owner's instruction each cutter took a gem and began the meticulous task of preparing it for market.

When the perfect diamond had been finished, its owner examined it with a critical eye and found that it lacked the luster and brilliancy which he had anticipated. Further scrutiny proved that the facets had neither the proper shape nor position. A thing of exceptional value had been ruined through improper preparation.

The other stone also was returned as a finished product. Its cutter was an expert who knew how to extract the flaws and perfect facets so that they would emit the sparkle of a blue brilliant diamond. This workman, an artisan with rare capacity, had taken the diamond in the rough, with imperfections, and had turned out a product of incomparable beauty.

Two boys entered school. One came from the elite of the city and the other came from "across the tracks." Several forces began to work upon the two lads. The one boy began his preparation for life with everything in his favor. His family had position, money, power. From the start he was pushed to the fore by family and school. When the finished product was handed over to society as a citizen of the nation, he was a bigoted egotist, who boasted of his position, his power, his knowledge, and his superior capacity. But society dubbed him a worthless entity that neither could nor cared to contribute to the betterment of humanity. Family, school, church, and society itself had done a poor job of cutting and polishing this inherently perfect "human diamond."

The second boy possessed none of the outward embellishments of the other lad. But in the school, a wise teacher saw latent qualities that seemed to dim all the apparent flaws of the boy. The teacher was an expert. She visited his home and enlisted the parents' cooperation; she invited the lad to her Sunday School class; she encouraged him to join the scouts; she advised him in many ways that were helpful to him. After an earnest struggle on the part of all concerned the product that was returned to society was a man. This man had built his life upon the principle of service—to God, service to fellowman, and finally service to self.

These illustrations serve in a homely way to show the problems involved in educating a person. The process does not have to be complicated with a multitude of "highfalutin" ideas which may be offered as a panacea for all the ills of the educational system. A few years ago leading educators began to formulate the important principles involved in the educational processes. Seven essential constituents were finally established. Many writers have added to

them; many others have tried to curtail them; but ultimately, all have compromised upon the original seven. They are called "The Seven Cardinal Principles of Education." In the brief space allotted here, scarcely more than mention may be made of them.

Such mention, however, may cause a few men who are educationally inclined to investigate them further and learn their validity.

1. There must be a mastery of the fundamentals, the three R's—"readin," "ritin," and "rithmetic." Obviously the windows of perception may be readily opened by the use of these tools. Through reading, the student may gain new knowledge; through writing, he may record any newly gained data and pass on to others such information of his own as may be valuable to them; and by the use of the principles of arithmetic he may accomplish many vital computations. Unquestionably these items are vital aids in educational processes.

2. The individual must be given vocational guidance. This is the "bread and butter" aim of education. No person is completely educated unless he has mastered a vocation from which he may secure a comfortable livelihood It is true, also, that the very mention of the preparation for a vocation presupposes the selection of and the training for an avocation.

3. Without good health and the knowledge of how to maintain it once it has been obtained, little can be accomplished. Every man should, therefore, be concerned with personal hygiene as an important step toward a well-rounded education.

4. In any well-organized society, the home is the unit of the social organization. If this is true, then the importance of training in worthy home membership cannot be denied. Guidance along this line helps to insure both individual and family happiness. Recognition of the existence of this principle serves as an introductory note to the fifth.

5. If man is a social agent, and if he expects to promote the state in which he lives, his interest must be projected beyond the narrow limits of his immediate family. The very nature of the situation sanctions the training of individuals in proper citizenship. This, then, constitutes the fifth principle.

6. The sixth tenet is of extraordinary importance since it controls the philosophies of men. The one agency that prevents moral turpitude and exercises itself to develop real character is the church. Consequently the paramount duty of all persons—parents, teachers, laymen, men of the cloth—concerned with the education of others, is to see that children are trained in proper church membership. Only such training can prevent moral decadence and the destruction of state and home.

7. Instruction in profitable and constructive use of leisure time is the last not unrelated to the second one of these important principles. It is discussed above, since the proper use of one's free moments may involve his avocation. Much of the grief which humanity experiences has it inception in the individual's idle moments. Educational agencies should extend themselves to remove every hazard from the paths of those persons whom they direct. Guidance in the proper use of leisure time, therefore, may be the panacea for the ills that occur from too much idleness.

A careful study of these Seven Cardinal Principles of Education should convince the average layman that these guide posts are reliable instruments for the cutting and polishing of the nation's "human diamonds." The important thing to be understood is that educating a person after these standards may show him not only how to pursue and secure happiness but also how to expend service to God and mankind.

How may a knowledge of these standards benifit the men within a penal institution? It is altogether possible that a great number of men who constitute a prison population are fathers; others may have young brothers or sisters; still others, who are now in their "green years," may soon be given their freedom and thereupon establish homes and become parents. Can there be a single person behind walls who does not ardently desire to save his son, his brother, his sister, or any of his young friends from experiencing the loss of good name and public approval as well as the hardships and punishments which constitute the counterpart of prison life? Should not such men think well upon anything that may offer a cure for the ailments that have placed them in such situa- realize that their misfortunes have come to them because of poor training, and that those who are dear to them may be shunted around future hazards by careful direction, most of them will agree with the poet who said,

"I slept and dreamed that Life is beauty.
I woke and found that Life is duty."

One fine sunny day King Solomon was strolling in his palace gardens when he heard a butterfly say to his mate, "With one stroke of my wing I could knock down the entire palace." Whereupon King Solomon said to himself, "This is terrible!" He hurriedly summoned his counselors and chief officers of state and commanded them to arrest the butterfly.

A few minutes later the terrified butterfly, pale and trembling, was brought before the King and charged with making a treasonable remark. The butterfly pleaded guilty, but begged: "Oh, great king, you are a much-married man yourself. Cannot you guess why I said it? My wife was unusually insubordinate this morning and it was necessary in order to maintain some sort of discipline to boast to her of how great was my power. That was why I said that dreadful thing, your ineffable majesty."

King Solomon understood, and dismissed the butterfly without so much as a reproof. When the butterfly returned to his wife, she asked: "Darling, what did the king say?" The insect wiggled his wings jauntily and replied: "He begged me not to do it."

—Everybody's, London

CHRISTIAN LIVING BEGINS AT HOME

(Church Council Bulletin)

From May 4 to 11 Faimily Week will be observed in homes, churches, and community gatherings. Family life will be featured in radio programs and in the press. There was never a time when we needed more emphasis on the rebuilding of American family life. We had one divorce to every three marrages in 1945, and the record promises to be still more serious in 1946 and 1947. Child neglect is a major factor in juvenile delinquency. Great numbers of families are practically homeless. Many marriages strained by wartime separation have not yet grown together firmly. We need nation-wide attention to the well being of families.

In spite of disturbing factors, millions of marriages are standing firm and are meeting their problems with splendid resourcefulness. Such homes are the hope of the world. Families in which love, understanding, and creative comradeship are carried into daily life give strength and joy to their members and build up the spiritual strength of mankind.

The home is a training school to teach us to use our differences constructively. Many people never learn this lession, hence family breakdown, and racial conflicts and war. The christian home is one place in which the antagoneams, emotions loneliness and confusion of postwar living can be offset through experiences of security, love, joy, and cooperativeness.

Much has been said about war marriages. Too many of them have already come to grief, but many others which started in the same period are, and can continue to be, as fine as any that ever existed. The church can help and is helping them. If the family keeps its religion, religion will keep the family. There is a natural closeness between the home and the church and each is dependent upon the other.

Plans for this observance include things for families to do together. Special features are suggested for the church program. As the church builds families, families will build the church. Groups and councils of churches are brought into the plan and denominational officers are at the very heart of it.

Family Week belongs to all the people—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish—all who wish to observe it. For churches, the observance is sponsored by the Intercouncil Committee on Christian Family Life, representing the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the International Council of Religious Education and the United Council of Church Women, and by denominations and city, county and state councils of churches.

God has put something noble and good into every heart which His hand created.—Mark Twain.

A PERSONAL CREED FOR TODAY

(Stanly News & Press)

While other decades have brought troubulous problems that seem to defy solution, those of us who live in this decade are certain that the times are more disturbed than ever, and we find ourselves seeking personal guidance, hoping that what appears to be impenetrable darkness ahead will lift before we must enter it.

Among the good things which have been available to Albemarle people within the past 30 days have been a series of lectures by Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe and seven sermons by Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes. Both men have reached that age when they are able to draw on what appears to be an unlimited reserve of experience, but despite their years, the beliefs which they hold about religion are as new as today and as fresh spring flowers. There is nothing which could be called "oldfogy" about the thinking of these two men, and those who heard them were able to evolve a personal creed for themselves.

Dr. Rowe, discussing "Faith for Today," was optimistic about the future of the world, stating time and again that God does not do things in a hurry. He believes that a man must have faith to take things as they come, and to believe in God's mercy. Man knows what is right and he is under obligation to do that. Time and again, Dr. Rowe stressed the words of the prophet who was asked as to the duty of man—"Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

Bishop Hughes lost no opportunity last week to emphasize the importance of training the mind, both in secular and religious subjects, but he also declared that the emotions must not be repressed. Both he and Dr. Rowe believe that a man should live a full life—joyful and free and not repressed by any false ideas of religious requirements.

As much as any other one thing, Bishop Hughes condemned the man who has become wise in his own conceits, who has forgotten his early training, and who thinks that he can find his way alone.

The thoughts and ideas of these two outstanding religious leaders seem to blend perfectly, and from them we are able to draw a personal creed that should fit the needs of men and women everywhere. And there is no better way to state that creed than in the words of the prophet: "Do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."

In old age we repose again on simple truths and trusts, only with a fuller inward witness and more spiritual calm—and so the evening light is as the morning's and sheds once more the tenderest beauty on the world.—Selected.

COMBATTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

By Frederick A. Henney, Jr.

A nation-wide program of recreation is being inaugurated in order to bring more children actively into sports.

In New York "Home-run King" Babe Ruth has pledged his support for the drive.

San Francisco is drafting a "Master Plan for Youth" calling for an appropriation of twelve million dollars for the creation of thirty-nine neighborhood recreation centers.

Twenty-two Walter Johnson Memorial baseball schools and leagues are being formed in the District of Columbia under the sponsorship of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and The Washington Post.

Meanwhile, the American Legion continues its own national program of competitive baseball teams made up of boys of high school and junior high school age. Winning teams are selected by play-offs in the states, then in sections, from which the winners go to the regional play-offs. The best teams from each of four regions meet in the finals to determine the champion team of the nation.

Among the local programs the Walter Johnson memorial schools in Washington are most interesting. Classes conducted by members of the Washington Senators Baseball Club are expected to bring hundreds of boys out in the open air and sunshine, and to give them something constructive to do, in addition to teaching them how to play real baseball.

All of these plans, local and national are achieving excellent results, in several ways. First, they are building the physical health of the youth of the nation, while providing an outlet for the natural energy of young children, who, if uncontrolled, usually find some other pastime which is often more harmful than beneficial.

Second, these programs, by stressing the importance of clean living and clean thinking are molding the mental and moral health of the youngsterrs.

This all leads to a very important point. The programs keep the children from becoming juvenile delinquents by bringing them out to play with others, developing team spirit, and thereby keeping them from thinking about themselves.

Many medical men, school authorities and law enforcement officials agree that it is the introvert (the one who centers his thoughts and actions about himself) who is the potential and actual delinquent, eventually turning into a criminal.

Case histories of the criminal-delinquents have proven this to be true. Those children who steal and commit arson and murder have been victims of their own minds, plus the complication of having negligent or unsympathetic parents.

The fact that their parents have left them physically by themselves is not so much of a problem as is the fact that their parents have left them mentally and morally alone.

That is, they are left without the security of feeling that they are loved and depended upon. They don't have a feeling of responsibility or that someone is paying attention to them.

Herein lies one of the answers. Children need to have attention and if they cannot get it one way they will get it some other way.

These sports programs (by giving the children attention and responsibility) in great measure fill the gaps left by the parents. The children learn that they are needed on the team, that the good sports and the good players are the ones who get the praise and attention. Therefore the accent is placed on doing right rather than doing wrong. Sports accentuate the positive.

PLAY THE GAME

The following ten suggestions for team-play in softball should be thoroughly understood, practiced and enforced by every individual participant for the benefit of the game in general:

1. Be a true sportsman and play your best to win! You owe it to yourself, your opponents, as well as your teammates.
2. Every game must have rules. Study them carefully, and keep the spirit as well as the letter of the rules.
3. Errors are not uncommon, but profit by them by finding the reason. Then you will be less likely to repeat them in the next game. Constant practice and self-improvement is your key.
4. Treat opponents as friends. Play the game hard but clean. Pull together as a team, then if you win or lose, you'll do it graciously.
5. Remember that all athletic contests are games of competitive sportsmanship. Don't let bad breaks tear down team morale. Keep the spirit alive.
6. Don't be tempermental. When you are, you lose heart and head, as well as the respect of your teammates.
7. Be obedient to your manager and captain; their strategy and efforts will help make your playing successful.
8. Don't be a hard loser. Defeat is never easy to take, but do not give vent to your feelings. A good sportsman never makes excuses. He just does his best.
9. If the umpire seems to have misinterpreted a rule, he may be questioned politely by the manager or the captain. That is their duty. No other player has that right, so should keep quiet. This prevents unneccessary confusion and delay of the game.
10. Never give up! Keep fighting until the last batter has been retired. —Rudy Ashbrook.

GOODWILL IN ACTION

By Wilfred A. Peterson

Singing hymns about goodwill and talking about goodwill is not enough; we must take the next step— we must put goodwill into action.

Goodwill in action is a dynamic way of life.

Goodwill in action means reaching out and up toward the best in life. It means thinking the most inspiring thoughts; expressing the finest emotions; acting the noblest parts.

Goodwill in action means the heroic conquest of fear, anger, jealousy, hate and all the other negatives that poison the mind.

Goodwill in action means the bigness to forgive and forget the wrongs done us; it means raising our mental sights above the impulse to retaliate.

Goodwill in action means radiating thoughts of faith and love and fellowship toward those with whom we live and work.

Goodwill in action means seeing the good in everyone and helping others to grow and expand their personalities.

Goodwill in action means being a good sport; it means cheering the winners even when we lose.

Goodwill in action means teamwork; it means helping, not hindering our fellow-workers in reaching all worthy goals; it means shoulders to the wheel in a common cause.

Goodwill in action means an attitude of tolerance and understanding toward men of every faith and race.

Goodwill in action means stepping into the other fellow's shoes and looking at his problems through his eyes.

Goodwill in action means putting God on both sides of the table whenever men confer.

Goodwill in action means rolling up our sleeves, and putting the ideals of the Master to work in the world.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 27, 1947

April 27—Roy Gaskins, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
April 27—Carl Hull, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
April 28—Earl Grant, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
April 28—Glenn Cunningham, Cottage No. 4, 14th birthday.
April 28—Alfred Davis, Cottage No. 1, 16th birthday.
April 29—Robert Gordon, Cottage No. 10, 17th birthday.
April 29—James Swinson, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
April 30—Tommy Staley, Cottage No. 3, 15th birthday.
May 1—James Wilson, Jr., Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.
May 1—Lacy Overton, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
May 2—Ollie Andrews Daw, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
May 3—Franklin Stover, Cottage No. 7, 14th birthday.

WORK

(The Summary)

Anyone who thinks at all clearly can have very little patience with the individual who shirks his share of the day's work. No matter what the work may be, no matter how much he may like, or dislike his job, it is only fair, and rightly so, that he should accept and carry out his labor to the ultimate finish.

Whatever the work, admiration is given to he who does it with a will, who does not need to be driven like a slave, who displays the sterling qualities of initiative and vision.

Thus the nature of the work involved is of far less importance than the spirit in which it is done.

There are some lines written by the great Emerson which are worthy of some very deep and serious thought.

"Every man has this call of the power to do somewhat unique, and no man has any other call—."

By doing this work, he makes the need felt which he can supply. He creates the taste by which he is enjoyed. The common experience is that the man fits himself as well as he can to the customary details of that work or trade and tends it. Then he is a part of the machine he moves. The man is lost. Until he can manage to communicate himself to others in his full stature and proportion as a wise and good man, he does not yet find his vocation.

He also wrote—"Go put your creed into your deed."

How a man thinks is clearly interpreted through the way he approaches his work.

"The beginning is the chiefest part of any work." So wrote Plato and great and small men down through the ages have found it so.

When a man accepts work, digs in and soon he likes it and then no matter what his age the boy becomes a man.

———:———

TROUBLES

I've got a heap of troubles
And I've got to work them out.
But I look around and see
There's trouble all about.
And when I see my troubles,
I just look up and grin,
And count all the troubles
That I'm not in. —Selected.

GOOD FAIRY PHILOSOPHY

By Doris Layer, in Sunshine Magazine

Melanie was a happy little soul, the tiniest mite of a woman, but she possessed the secret of the "good fairy" philosophy. She herself discovered it in a fairy tale while reading a bedtime story to her small son. The tale was all about fairies who slipped into people's homes while they were sleeping, did their household chores, and left some much-needed gifts behind when they slipped out again. They never waited to be thanked, and gifts left for them by grateful householders were ignored.

As Melanie finished the story, she thought how wonderful it would be if such creatures really existed. Suddenly it occurred to her that all could be good fairies in a small way. And if she could be someone else's good fairy, would she not find good fairies in her own life?

With this thought in mind, Melanie began watching for opportunities to test it. An old man lived alone next door. Each Sunday he would start out to church in a suit so wrinkled and baggy that it was pathetic to see. Melanie knew he could not afford to have his clothes pressed very often, and had no one to do it for him. Well, the next time he hung that suit outdoors to air, as he did every week, Melanie waited until she saw him leave the house, then slipped out and got the suit, pressed it, and put it back on the line before he returned. The old man told a friend once that he believed the spirit of his deceased wife fluttered about his home.

That was the beginning of Melanie's good fairy philosophy. When she really began to look, she found countless ways of being helpful. People struggling with problems and worries which seemed too much for them to solve received helpful books which offered solutions, inspiration, and comfort. Others in need of work received job tips, or perhaps the offer of a job from someone who could be trusted not to mention Melanie's name.

Boys with little love in their lives received dogs. Little girls received dolls. One hard-working woman, who hadn't been away from home in years, was invited to take a trip with friends, but she didn't have a suitable dress, and her budget simply wouldn't stretch to include one. One day a new dress and bright, spring-like hat dropped down from nowhere.

Many of Melanie's charities cost practically nothing. Often it was simply a magazine article, or a ten-cent booklet. Whatever the cost, it was a mere trifle compared to what she received. She was an amazingly happy woman. Sometimes her dark eyes glowed with a strange light, and she would say, "Isn't it strange that people read those promises every day, yet go on living as if they had never heard them? 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' " True to promise, it wasn't long before trouble began to fade from Melanie's own life. As every-

thing once has been wrong, so everything began to be right.

"It's wonderful," she exclaimed one day with far-away look in her eyes, "this business of teaching people to believe in surprises!"

———:———

REFLECTION

Could you stand up before a bar of judgment
And face your peers erect, undaunted, too?
Or would you harbor thoughts of keen begrudgement
If those who judged were better men than you?
What makes a man? What formal definition
Can raise a mortal's lot above the beast?
Or is our heritage a true tradition—
Whereby all men are equal? None the least!

Examine what you own of wordly virtue,
Compare your toll with what you would demand.
Don't shirk the task; the truth will never hurt you,
And it will help to make you understand
That man, as such, is hardly worth a mention;
It's not his stature, nor his name that counts;
For no man gains his weight through lost intention,
It's what he does that's measures ounce by ounce.

And he who strives for gain without compassion
Or honor, loses sight of nature's plan.
What mould or hands could ever hope to fashion
Such human clay to represent a man?
So when you stand for dress parade inspection,
Make sure that your equipment makes the grade;
For eyes long trained to note each imperfection
Will always know of what each man is made.

—L. Francis Stevens

THE PURPOSE OF MAN'S EXISTENCE

By James Bailey, in The Virginian

It is not the will of God that brings trouble upon us. If man is to be man he must be free, and to be free involves the risk of error. It is a costly risk due to human ignorance; but, after all, it is worth the cost, else man would fail both of personality and character. Only God is wise enough to take such a risk. When we examine the real cause of human sorrows, we find them in man who is following his own will and not God's.

We did not make ourselves; we are not our own; we are not allowed to select our parents, our race, our color, our sex, or the age in which we live, not even our religion. If one had been born in China, one would, no doubt, have been the disciple of Confucius. Nor did we choose to be born rich or in poverty, robust or frail. These things and many others were arranged for us before we were born, without our knowledge, much less our consent. They were fixed by forces and people beyond our control. Hands long since fallen into dust decided much of the setting of our lives. So, if God permitted us to be born under circumstances and environment beyond our control, our purpose here must be to desire Him, His rule; and do it on earth.

If we serve God to the best of our knowledge, we learn of His will; and as we mature, we give up the childish idea of a God who pulls a string for every move that his children make. We come to know Him as Father who longs for us to live under His guidance, but who has created us as free agents who can and often do defy the laws made for our protection.

Why not let your life take on a new light in the rest which full identification with Christ brings; then if we are placed in great perplexity, must He give us much guidance in positions of great difficulty, much strength. His resources will be ours.

Let us now begin by resolving to do good. We cannot win unless we get on the right team which is guided by the Supreme Intelligence. Let us look up, not down; forward, not back; out, not in—and lend a hand. If we shut out yesterday; live today and not tomorrow until it arrives, we live positively, not negatively, and by continuous effort we achieve the goal of Christ-like character, God will enable us to realize the nothingness of this world, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time and the length of eternity.

———:———

Mirth is like a flash of lightning; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind.—Joseph Addison.

SPEED LIMITS FOR MAN AND BEAST

(Natural History)

The speediest mammal is the cheetah. It has been known to run at a rate of 70 miles an hour for short distances. The other large cats—leopard, lion, and tiger—are also fast sprinters, but they cannot sustain the pace for long.

After the cheetah, the larger gazelles are runners-up. Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews once chased a herd of Mongolian goitered gazelles in front of his car while the speedometer registered 60 miles per hour. The American prongbucks have been reported to average a speed of 36 miles an hour.

Race horses rarely run the mile much faster than a speed of 35 m.p.h., but Man O' War once ran at 43 m.p.h. for a quarter mile.

The fastest greyhound cannot quite keep up with the best horse, in spite of the great advantage of light weight. Their record rate is 36 m.p.h. Coyotes, which have a reputation throughout their range for speed, rarely reach a rate faster than 30 m.p.h.; and although greater speeds are reported for foxes, the records are doubtful.

Some animals whose limbs are not proportioned for speed are able to charge with suprising quickness. A rhinoceros has been reported to chase an automobile at 35 m.p.h. down a slight incline; and the wart hog, though short-legged and heavy-bodied, is able to run at 30 m.p.h. The African elephant has been timed with a stop watch at 24 m.p.h. for 120 yards, and it weighs four tons or more. The gangling giraffe gallops at some 32 m.p.h., and a charging bison has been reported to go at the same speed.

Human racers do not come out so well. The world record for the eighth mile (starting from rest) is a little over 22 m.p.h. But the sloth and the slow loris (a lemur) are really slow pokes. A sloth hurries at about a half mile per hour, while the native say that a loris is likely to starve to death going from one food tree to another.

———:———

Every singer who has sung a pure, joyous song has given something to earth to make it better. Every artist who has painted a worthy and noble picture, or made the smallest thing of beauty that will stay in the world, has added something to the enriching of our human life. Every low human being who has let fall into the stream of life wholesome words, good deeds, divine lessons, has put into the current of humanity spices to sweeten a little the bitter waters.

It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty. Few are called to do great acts in life, but "He who does the best his circumstance allows, does well—angels could do no more."—The Speakers Library.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Practice what you know and it will help to make clear what you don't know.—Rembrant.

—:—

Never let a difficulty stop you; it may be only sand on your track to prevent you from skidding.—Roswell.

—:—

Perfect courage is to do unwitnessed what we should be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—W. Irving.

—:—

Never go out to meet trouble. If you will just sit still, nine times out of ten someone will intercept it before it reaches you.—Calvin Coolidge.

—:—

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.
—Rabbi Ben Azai.

—:—

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit.
—Oliver Feltham.

—:—

Do not attribute the good actions of another to bad causes. You do not know his heart, but the world will know that your own heart is full of envy.—Dandemis.

—:—

If thou art worn and hard beset with sorrows thou wouldst forget, if thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep, go to the woods and hills. No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears.—Longfellow.

The longer on this earth we live and weigh the various qualities of men, the more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty of plain devotedness to duty.—James Russell Lowell.

—:—

Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore; they fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through, one by one, till all are gone.—Thomas R. Jones.

—:—

As in a pair of bellows, there is a forced breath without life, so in those that are puffed up with the wind of ostentation, there may be charitable words without works.—Bishop Hall.

—:—

A composition for cheapness, and not for excellence of workmanship is the most frequent and certain cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of arts and manufacturers.
—Ruskin.

—:—

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.
—Phillips Brooks.

—:—

Keep your heart free from hate, your mind from worry. Live simply; expect little; give much; fill your life with love; scatter sunshine. Forget self. Think of others, and do as you would be done by.—Major Bowes.

—:—

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve one's affairs, than a month's moaning. It sweetens enjoyments and seasons our attainments with a delightful relish.
—Barrow.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

If anybody steals your thunder, make some more.

—:—

Many a student has his B. A. and his M. A.—but his PA still supports him.

—:—

Calf skins may make the best shoes, but banana skins make the best slippers.

—:—

A reformer is a person who wants you to let his conscience be your guide.

—:—

The barber may scrape an acquaintance, but he should never cut a friend.

—:—

Of all the polishes ever concocted, we've never heard of one that would shine a dirty trick.

—:—

Of course, life doesn't begin at forty for the fellow who went like sixty when he was twenty.

—:—

Mary had a little lamb,
With her it used to frolic;
It licked her cheeks in play one day
And died of painter's colic.

—:—

A local student said that he believed the schoolhouse must be haunted because the teachers were always talking about the school spirit.

—:—

Isn't it remarkable how our pioneering forefathers built up our great country without asking Congress for help?

—:—

It is said that a thrifty Scotchman had only one pants leg pressed, and then had his photograph taken side view.

A bald head is no disgrace if the baldness is confined to the outside.

—:—

A bigamist is crazy, and so is any other man who thinks he can handle more than one woman at a time.

—:—

Few people suffer as do people in a small village when a stranger comes to town and won't tell his business.

—:—

We like to see people smile, and hear them laugh, but not when we are chasing our best hat down the street on a windy day.

—:—

Hubby: "Darling, haven't I always given you my salary check on the first of the month?"

Wife: "Yes, but you never told me you get paid twice a month, you—you embezzler!"

—:—

Sweet Young Bride (in court): "We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake."

Judge: "Disorderly conduct. Five dollars and cost."

Bride: "And I made the cake with my own hands."

Judge: "Assault with a deadly weapon—one year!"

—:—

On a sentimental journey to their old home town an elderly couple lingered at a street corner.

"Do you remember, John," the old lady sighed sentimentally, "we always used to meet here when we were courting?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband, "but that sign wasn't there then." And he pointed to a notice which read: "Dangerous Corner — Go Slow!"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 20, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Marion Ray
Carl Rice
Charles Smith
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Ernest Johnson
James Jones
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
Clay Shew
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Van Robinson
James Scott
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Thomas Staley
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Earl Howell
George Patterson
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins
Harold Wilkinson
Howell Willis
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Robert Peavy
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Thomas Corley
Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields

Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Tommy Styles
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Tommy Hutchins
Earl Kinlaw
Kenneth King
Clifford Millian
Silas Orr
Ray Roberts

COTTAGE No. 11

Miley Gunter
Kenneth McLean
Edwin Morgan

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Herbert Brooks
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Clifford Martin
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
James Shook
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Donald Baker
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Carl Holt
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Charles Rhodes
Solomon Shelton
Frank Sargent
Thelbert Suggs
Willie Stamey
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Roy Watkins
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Johnson Barnes
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Donnie Granthan
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Charles McDaniel
Donald Moose
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

William Hunter
Harvey Honeycutt
Thomas Davis

The vital need of our people today is a regular period of silence and meditation. It is only through quiet meditation that we can correct our judgments, deepen our knowledge, and formulate wise plans. By means of meditation we rise above "the babel of voices" and learn to appraise our ideas and opinions at their true value. Silence helps us to solve our most difficult problems. Silence gives us rest from inordinate ambition. In inward silence and stillness, we learn to know and to do the will of God.—Grenville Kleiser.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 3, 1947 No. 18

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

COURTESY

How sweet and gracious, even in common
speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy.
Wholesome as air and genial as light.
Welcome in every clime as the breath of
flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—James T. Fields.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
WILLIAM HOOPER, PATRIOT	By R. C. Lawrence	11
ONCE PROSPEROUS VILLAGE NOW A GHOST TOWN	(The State)	14
PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO RALEIGH IN 1905	By Edward E. Britten	16
$37 A WEEK FOR TEACHERS	(New York Times)	18
RELIGION IN THE HERE AND NOW	Rev. N. C. Duncan	19
HOW EVENTFUL IS YOUR LIFE?	By B. B. Hitchcock	20
THE CASE OF SHIRLEY SMITH	(Kannapolis Independent)	21
FAIR PLAY	(Kannapolis Independent	22
EVERYDAY COUNSELLOR	By Rev. Herberts Spaugh, D. D.	23
WEBSTER'S TWO FEES	(The Rotarian)	24
THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY	(Sunshine Magazine)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WRITING HOME

Since we left the dear old homestead and the loved ones long ago,
Have we served all the sweet ties as we've wandered to and fro?
Have we kept the sacred promise given in faith with tearful smile,
That when we were so far away, we'd "write once in a while?"

Once again we see a vision of a group around the gate,
There was mother dear, and father, Tom and Jack and sister Kate,
Then the neighbors all came over, and they vainly tried to smile
As they fondly whispered, "Good-bye. Drop a line once in a while."

Ah! a choking kind of feeling overcomes us as we think,
For 'tis months ago since last we sent a ward of cheer in ink;
And yet we know, and that full well, 'twould bring a gladdened smile
To faces dear if we would send some news once in a while.

As we gaze in retrospection through the years of joy and pain,
Through the valleys of depression to the mountain tops again,
As we've scaled the heights to victory;—met defeat with stolid smile,
Have we kept the sacred promise to "Write home once in a while?"

So whilst the urge is pressing hard, insisting that you write,
Just take your pen right now in hand, and mail your cheer tonight.
Alas, too soon may come a note, so tense, so cruel, so plain;
And then regrets are vain indeed, for yours will be the blame.

Around us crowd vicissitudes, that sap our time and strength,
We plan to do so many things—that fail accomplishment;
Yet 'tis a fact, we must admit, that nothing can excuse,
Neglect that grows habitual, toward loved ones we may lose.

So drop the task you have in hand, your thoughts now concentrate;
Just seize that pen whilst in the mood, the carrier calls at eight;
The mail train runs each day, you know, the airplanes take their flight,
Then pen your lines, remember now—that letter goes tonight.

—Simeon Colley.

SENSE OF DIRECTION FROM GOD

Every person in the universe makes a journey through life. He starts with the cradle and ends with the grave, and the same applies to every individual. Each one makes his own journey, and sometimes it seems as if he travels on a foreign land, among strangers and in an uncertain environment.

John Bunyan, in his immortal allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," written while he was confined in Bedford Prison, has given to the world a vivid example of how each one is a pilgrim or a wayfarer traveling towards the shores of eternity and meeting all the pitfalls and the vicissitudes of life. He has explained how one travels the slough of despondency and how he enters through the wicket gate and travels on until he finds himself ready to enter into the gates of new Jerusalem. Even then the pilgrim looks back and beholds a pit into which he is dangerously near falling. All the way conflicts intermingled with achievements and attainments, but John Bunyan explained that the secret of the pilgrim's successful journey lay in the fact that he obtained a sense of direction from God. Even though there were times when his spirit was almost overwhelmed by temptation and sin, he still held fast to his faith in an Almighty Power.

Out in the work-a-day world there are many of the illustrations of how people seek to travel safely along their way. For instance, the mariner on the sea studies his compass hour by hour; the aviator in the sky checks his compass and his altimeter, too; and the surveyor constantly reads his instruments with accuracy. These represents the tangible and the visible instruments whereby some phases of the everyday work of the world are carried on by instruments which point the way.

On the other hand, in the moral and the spiritual realms of life, there are no visible instruments. There are no tangible guide posts, but there are many guiding principles and many aids to keep one on the right pathway, if he can but keep his sense of direction coming from God.

Oftentimes, it occurs that a person living out in the country will select an object such as a distant tree and strive to make a straight furrow towards the object. If he is not careful, he will soon find

he is going in a zig-zag course, and he will find, too, that the more befuddled he becomes the more he loses his true sense of direction. Underfoot and on every side, there are distractions which tend to throw him off his course, and, of course, he must keep his eye fixed steadily upon the point of destiny if he holds to a straight course.

The greatest tragedy of all is that many people travel through life without establishing for themselves any worthy goal or destination, and therefore feel no compelling reason for a sense of direction. Their predicament is portrayed by the story of a mountaineer who was once being cross-examined in court. He was asked by a lawyer if he could read and write. The mountaineer replied that he could read "figures," but that he could not read "reading." When asked to explain what he meant, he stated that in traveling almost any highway, he often came to signs by the roadside, and he could never tell where he was going, but could always tell how "fur" it was. So it is in life—many are never able to tell where they are going.

Every person should be fully aware of the fact that, at best, his own journey through life will not last so terribly long. The average span of a lifetime is only sixty odd years, which in the records of eternity is a very brief span. Therefore, it behooves everyone to keep a straight course and to go as far as he can in his journey.

In the beautiful moving picture, "The Song of the South," the character that is portrayed by Uncle Remus tells how he has lived in only one shack all his life. When he has grown old he says, "This is the only home I have ever known." He says he was going to whitewash the walls to make it more attractive, but that "time ran out on me." How frequently, then, does the time run out on people and they find themselves leaving undone many things which they had intended to do.

A good illustration of these principles of life can be stated thus: A person finds himself on a strange island. He looks about him to discover the world in which he lives and soon he finds there are shells and stones and specimens of vegetation. He lives one day after another, and as he travels along he is always hoping and looking forward to the day when a boat will come and he will travel

to other shores. In the meantime, he makes collections of shells and stones and he constructs crude instruments. Then, the day comes when the boat does arrive, but he finds he has little interest in taking his collections to other shores. He leaves them all behind but he catches the boat.

So it is in life. Everyone eventually catches the boat of destiny, and he travels to the shore of eternity. Always and at all times he needs something to help him to keep his direction straight ahead, else he will find himself befuddled and traveling a zig-zag course and encountering numerous pitfalls.

If one is to get his sense of direction for God it is needful that it come to him through fellowship with other Christians, through listening to the Voice of God as it speaks to his inner spirit, and through constant study of sacred literature. The tragedies of life come when people refuse to get their sense of direction from God but rather they get their sense of direction from Satan and his cohorts.

* * * * * * * *

TWENTY-ONE TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS JOIN ROCKY RIDGE METHODIST CHURCH

On Sunday, April 27th, twenty-one boys from the Training School joined the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, which is located near the school. Of this number nineteen boys were bapitzed in the Christian faith, and all were received into the fellowship of that church.

The fact that these boys joined the church was the outgrowth of a revival meeting which was held there recently under the direction of Rev. E. J. Harbison and Rev. Ed Earnhardt. We are delighted that our boys have had this opportunity, and we rejoice in the fact that so many decided to join the church at this time. About twenty-five other boys will join some Baptist church within two or three weeks.

Rev. Mr. Harbison has shown a great interest in the religious life of the boys here at the school. On numerous occasions he has talked to them personally, and they appreciate his kindly interest.

We hope all the boys who joined this church will make good records and that when they return to their homes they may take their church letters with them so that they may enter into the church life of the home community immediately. Not only will it be a great blessing to the boys, but it will be possible, no doubt, for them to become blessings to their own homes.

Below is a list of the boys who joined:

Belk, Frank
Brooks, Hubert
Brown, Willard
Cain, Joe
Farmer, Charles
Gainey, John
Gaskins, Roy
Gunter, Miley
Haney, Conley
Herring, Max Ray
Hill, David
Holcomb, Kenneth
Holland, Bobby
Ledford, Melvin
Matheson, Glenn
Messick, Richard
Newton, Eugene
Robinson, Charlie
Sargent, Frank
Vester, Reuben
Willard, Roger

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 4, 1947

May 4—J. W. Smith, Cottage No. 1, 15th birthday.
May 4—Richard Ernest Johnson, Cottage No. 1, 16th birthday.
May 5—Russell Beaver, Indian Cottage, 14th birthday.
May 9—Lawrence Owens, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
May 10—Glenn Evans, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Boys Give Program for Kings Daughters

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

On April 23rd, fourteen boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, mostly boys from the eighth grade, gave a program at Concord Community Center at the convention of the Kings Daughters. The program they gave was one about North Carolina. Mr. Hawfield presented the boys to the Kings Daughters, and after they gave their program he made a good talk. Mr. Hines had arronged and prepared the program, and Mrs. Liske had helped with the songs.

The boys who went were the following: James Arrowood, Bobby Joe Duncan, Talmadge Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, Eugene Martin, Clifford Martin, James Shook, Carl Holt, Ray Roberts, Gerald Johnson, Cecil Clark, and Clyde Wright.

The first thing on our program was a song, "The Tar Heel State." The next thing was a talk,"Why North Carolina Is Called the Tar Heel State," by Gerald Johnson, and it was followed by the toast to our state, in unison. Robert Jarvis gave a talk, "Transportation in North Carolina." The next song was "The Old North State." We had another talk, "The History of North Carolina," by Carl Holt. This was followed by two other songs, "God Bless America" and "Home on the Range." While we were singing and reciting, two boys were showing some murals which we had made in school and had mounted on a little machine. Clyde Wright gave a talk, "Schools of North Carolina." The last thing on our program was two songs, "The North Carolina Hills" and "Ho for Carolina." They were sung by the group.

Phenothiazine

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

The picture show on Friday was "Phenothiazine," and it is called the drug that made history. The picture showed how phenothiazine helped kill parasites in chicken, swine, sheep, horses, and cattle. All the boys learned much from seeing this picture, and they are looking forward to seeing more pictures like this one.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

First on our program was a prayer by Philip Kirk, who had the first part, "The Bible Jesus Used." Edward McCall had the second part, and his topic was "How Jesus Studied the Bible." Mr. Sofness was in charge of our class.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We met in our room, and we were led in prayer by J. C. Littlejohn. Then

J. C. Littlejohn had the first part, "The Bible Jesus Used." The second part was by John McKinney, "How Jesus Studied the Bible." The third part was by Olin sealey. We voted for the boy who did the best. John McKinney was voted to be the one who did the best. James Arrowood had won for the last two Sundays.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

First, we met in our room, and Mr. Puckett led us in prayer. Then the boys said their parts. "A Stranger" was given by Harold Kernodle; "Welcome," by Waylon Gardner; and "Unselfishness," by Eugene Martin. We had a Bible Sword Drill. Glenn Evans won by the score of 20 to Clyde Wright's 10. After this, we had another prayer and went back to the auditorium.
tforea'uoT

Meet North Carolina

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Last Monday night, we had a show, and the title was "Meet North Carolina." It was a very interesting picture and was very educational. It was a great help to the boys who are taking North Carolina history. It showed the three regions--the mountainous part of our state, the Piedmont Section, and the Sandhills. It showed Raleigh, the capital of the state, and Asheville, the city that is in the "Land of the Sky." It showed Winston-Salem, the city that has the largest tobacco factories in the world. It showed Charlotte, the "Queen City". We learned that seven out of every ten cigarettes made in the United States come from North Carolina. We all enjoyed this picture very, very much.

First Steps in First Aid

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The educational film for last Tuesday was entitled "First Steps in First Aid". This film showed the need for first aid in the home, as well as where one is working outside. Two examples can be given to illustrate what I mean. Mrs. Smith was boiling corn on the cob. She slipped and fell. The hot water scalded her. She called for help, and a Boy Scout came and gave first aid. Mr. Smith, who is working in his shop, blisters his hand on a machine. After putting a cloth on it, it does not stop aching. Then he goes to the hospital, and a nurse bandages it for him. The picture taught us that "Safety First" is a good motto.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The show for last Thursday night was entitled "Boys' Ranch." When the story began, Dan Walker was playing baseball. He was trying to knock the ball over the fence to a bunch of boys who were his friends. They were unfortunate boys who had drifted into bad habits. One of the boys, Skippy, caught the ball and took it to the gate-keeper who admitted him to the game. He sat down by another boy, Hank. A man came along selling peanuts. Skippy reached into the bag, stole some money, and then bought some peanuts.

After a while they realized that Dan was not on the field. They went to find him. They found him as he was coming out of the dressing room, and the boys gave him a knife. They noticed that he was dressed in his best suit, and they also noticed that he was preparing to return to his wife and little girl in Texas.

Just before he left, Skippy and Hank were caught by a policeman and taken to the police station. They were found guilty and were supposed to be sent to a reform school, but Dan asked them not to send them to the school but to turn them over to him. He asked a man to give him some land. The man said that if the school could hold out for a year he would give them the land. During this time, barns, cottages, and many other things were built. Too, as time passed, houses were robbed, prize money for the rodeo winners was stolen, and many other things happened. They found out that Skippy was the guilty one. He went through a lot of hardships and brought a lot of trouble to himself by running away and exposing himself to the storm. However, he came back to the range and lived a life of good service to others.

A funny thing was when a fat boy tried to ride a mule. The reason he wanted to ride it was because the one who could ride the mule was to received a prize. Butch got on the mule, and the mule got down on his knees. When the mule got up, the boy would slide off his back. At last, however, he did succeed in riding the mule, and he received a prize of some spurs.

The comedy was "Quiet Please."

Musical Program

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Sunday, instead of the regular preaching service in the afternoon, some boys and girls of the Westminster Church (colored) of Concord, came to the school to sing some songs. They sang negro spirituals. They sang solos and duets. All the boys seemed to enjoy these songs, and we wish to thank the ones who made it possible for these people to come out to the school.

———:———

TIRED?

The day is long and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through, and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

—Susan Coolidge.

WILLIAM HOOPER, PATRIOT

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

July 4, 1776 and the Declaration of Independence prepared by Thomas Jefferson, containing its declaration that all men are created free and equal, was adopted at Independence Hall in Philadelphia; and the liberty bell boomed forth its message, proclaiming "Liberty unto all the land, and unto all the ihnabitants thereof." Dr. Benjamin Franklin had cheerfully advised his colleagues to stick together, telling them that if they failed to hang together, they would assuredly hang separately.

Among the immortal names fixed to this immortal document were three from the Colony of North Carolina: William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn. Hewes was also a member of the Continental Congress; a merchant, the patron of John Paul Jones, and in this sense father of the American Navy. He died while in attendance upon the Congress and his body was buried in Philadelphia where his funeral was attended by all the notable from President Washington and the Diplomatic Corps on down. John Penn, of Granville County, was a lawyer by profession, and he also was a member of the Continental Congress, where he challenged its President, Henry Laurens, to fight a duel over some question of political difference—a duel happily averted. It is a somewhat singular fact that none of the three men who signed the Declaration on behalf of North Carolina was a native of our State.

The bare fact that William Hooper was a member of the Congress which adopted the Declaration does not distinguish him; but the fact that such men at James Iredell, Alfred Moore, Samuel Johnston, William R. Davie Richard Caswell, Abner Nash, and other leaders were passed over and that Hooper was made a member of the Congress does serve to show clearly his place and position in the life of Colonial Carolina.

Happily the names of all three representatives from our Colony were affixed to the Declaration, but no such good fortune was attendant upon the signatures to our Federal Constitution. Governor Richard Caswell refused to serve in the Convention which adopted that instrument, pleading ill health; Wiley Jones of Halifax refused a seat, making no excuse at all; General William R. Davie and Governor Alexander Martin both left Philadelphia before the Constitution was adopted, and therefore their names were not affixed to that instrument. It is particularly unfortunate that the honored name of Davie was not affixed, inasmuch as he had rendered such outstanding service to the Revolutionary cause in Carolina.

William Hooper was born at Boston June 17, 1742, where his father was pastor of Trinity Church. He received the best education his day afforded and was an M.A. from Harvard class of 1763. His father wanted him to be a preacher, but he himself wanted to be a lawyer and he had his wish. He came to the New England Bar under the tuition of James Otis, an Amercan lawyer and patriot, fa-

mous for his opposition to the encroachment of the British upon American rights. Possibly from his mentor, Hooper acquired some of the zeal which was to distinguish his life in behalf of the patriot cause.

The historian quaintly tells us that Hooper found the Boston Bar "full" so he looked around for a permanent location for the practice of his profession. In 1764, the very year that saw the rising of the patriots of lower Cape Fear against the British stamp act, Hooper became a resident of our City of Wilmington.

From his very beginning, Hooper assumed leadership in the legal and politiccal life of that county. He attended court in many places, as far distant from Wilmington as Salisbury; and, as the makeshift roads were wretched, he made his way from court to court on horseback. He appeared in practically every case of importance tried in eastern Carolina; one of his outstanding cases being State vs. McGufford, where a master was indicted for the atrocious murder of his slave, a case which was the forerunner of State vs. Will, 18 N. C. 121, where Judge Gaston wrote the opinion upholding the right of even a slave to claim self-defence. Anoth-r historic suit in which Hooper appeared was that involving the estate of Colonial Governor Arthur Dobbs. The widow of Governor Dobbs married another Carolina Governor—Abner Nash— and there was a somewhat heated suit over the Dobbs property, and in this case Hooper found himself opposed by several eminent Carolina counsel, including Governor Nash himself, who appeared in propria persona.

Strange to say, Hooper was an adherent of Governor William Tryon in his struggles against the Regulators which culminated in the battle fought on Great Alamance Creek in May, 1771; and Hooper was also the firm friend of Martin Howard, the Royal Chief Justice.

We first find Hooper in political life as a member of the Assembly from the Borough of Wilmington in 1773; and the following year he was again in the Assembly, this time from the county of New Hanover. When the Revolution drew on, he was a member of the New Hanover Committee of Safety. He was a delegate to the First Provincial Congress held at Newbern in 1774, and he was a delegate to the first Continental Congress held at Philadelphia in 1775.

When the abortive attempt was made to frame a State Constitution at the Hillsboro Convention in the Spring of 1776, Hooper was a member of that body; and he was also a delegate to the Halifax Convention which adopted our Constitution in the fall of that year. His activity in the patriot cause was such as to incur the enmity of the British, and they burned his home.

In 1781 Hooper moved from Wilminton to Hillsboro, where he continued as an outstanding member of the Bar until 1787, and Mr. Justice Iredell observed that "his last exertions were equal to the most splendid of his meridian days."

He died in October, 1790. One of his sons married Helen, daughter of James Hogg, prominent Hillsboro merchant, secretary of the Transylvania Company, friend of the University and member of the Committee which selected Chapel Hill as the

site for that institution. Upon the death of her first husband, she married Dr. Joseph Caldwell, first President of the University. Among the grandchildren of William Hooper were the distinguished Baptist minister William Hooper, Professor at the University and President of Wake Forest College; and other grandsons were Thomas Hooper, a lawyer; and James, a merchant.

The body of this distinguished son of Carolina rests in the family plot of James Hogg adjacent to the Presbyterian Church at Hillsboro.

I think any consideration will serve to show that no man rendered our State finer service than did Hooper in its formative period; none did more than he to transform it from a Colony into a State.

LOVE

A Persian ruler once had a wonderful pearl white and pure, and of great price, and this pearl he wished to give to one of his three sons who would show the greatest nobility.

One day he called them to him and said "During all this past year, what is the greatest deed you have done?"

The oldest son spoke promptly: "When I took my last journey, a merchant gave me some valuable jewels to deliver to safe-keeping. He kept no account of them. I could easily have kept one, or even two, and the merchant would not have missed them. But I gave up the chance of becoming rich, and delivered every one of the jewels to safety."

"You did well, my son, you were honest," said the ruler; "but could you have done differently without great shame?"

The second son told his story modestly. He said, "I was watching a child play by a lake. Soon he fell in, and I at once plunged in after him and so saved his life."

"You did well, my son, you were brave," said the ruler; "but you could not have left the child to drown.

The third son hesitated. Finally he spoke. "I was coming over the mountain one day, and I saw a man who hates me, and has done me harm. He was asleep and had rolled near the edge of a great precipice. One push would have sent him over. Just passing him by would have left him to move in his sleep and fall to his death. But I waked him, and told him of his danger, and he abused me for it."

"My son," declared the ruler, "the pearl is yours. You did right without the hope of reward, to one who had done you wrong."

—Selected.

ONCE PROSPEROUS VILLAGE NOW A GHOST TOWN

(The State)

During the settlement of the western part of the United States when gold was being found in large quantites, towns and villages often sprang up over night only to be deserted when their source of income and support was exhausted. To such towns the appellation of "ghost towns" was applied. Today a number of such towns may yet be found in that area.

However, it is a little-known fact that such a "ghost town" is located in the western part of Rutherford County, twelve miles nothwest of Rutherfordton on Cove Creek and about five miles off the Chimney Rock-Rutherfordton highway; in the heart of one of the county's richest and most productive agricultural sections. Today, only one house remains as proof of the existence of the once thriving village of Ayr, supported in its heyday by a tannery. When the tannery was discontinued, the town, like others supported by industries which expired, became a "ghost town."

The history of Ayr dates back to a period prior to the Civil War, and originally had its setting in the town of Rutherfordton. Before that war, a group of far-sighted farmers, and business men organized a group called the Grangers and built the tannery in the town of Rutherfordton under the name of The Grange Manufacturing Co. The plant manufactured fine leathers from hides brought locally. The tan bark was brought in from the surrounding country and was ground by horsepower. Not only were hides of animals from the immediate section made into leather, but after the coming of the railroads many carloads were shipped in by rail, manufactured into excellent leather and reshipped to Baltimore and northern markets.

But prior to this, the Civil War came along and the Confederate government took over the operation of the tannery and produced fine leathers to be used in making saddles for the cavalry. The tannery served its purpose well, and after the war ended the original owners assumed charge and management of the plant.

After the Grangers had once more come into control of the tannery, its growth was rapid; so rapid in fact that several years later the Grangers, fearing it was growing beyond their control as a going business enterprise and that it should be in more experienced hands, secured the services of an experienced man. This new supervisor was Frank Reynolds, who was born in Ayr, Scoltland, May 29, 1849. He came to the United States at an early age and settled in Bridgeport, Conn. Prior to leaving Scotland he had been one of the experts in the tannery field.

The plant was moved to Cove Creek, and about a year after becoming plant overseer, Reynolds purchased it and immediately set out to build up the business and its

surroundings. He named the village Ayr, after his native town in Scotland, and applied to the U. S. Postoffice Department for the establishment of a postoffice. On June 1, 1880, a postoffice was established there, also under the name of Ayr, with Thomas R. Edgerton as postmaster. He served only a few weeks in that position, being succeeded by Mrs. Jane Reynolds. wife of the town's founder, on July 6, 1880. She served in that capacity until the office was discontinued on February 15, 1911.

A general store was started to supply the employees who lived nearby. Here the manufacture of fine leather was continued, and it was in demand all over the United States. The Reynolds were noted for their hospitality and seldom a week passed that they were not entertaining some of their friends.

Here the little town prospered exceedingly well until the supply of tan bark was about exhausted. Also, Mr. Reynolds suffered some financial reverses, which coupled with the inadequate supply of tan bark, eventually forced the closing of the plant. As in the case of other towns in which inhabitants were deprived of their source of livelihood, the citizens moved away and left the "ghost town."

Today only the old building which housed the store remains as a memorial to the little town of Ayr. It serves to house a family of Negroes who are tenants on a surrounding farm.

Reynolds died in Rutherfordton on July 13, 1918.

MASTER PITCHER

They do grow old. On March 29th, Cy Young, whose 511 victories are more than any other pitcher has won in the whole history of baseball, was 80 years old. It has been more than 30 years since Cy Young last poured them over the plate, but followers of the game have not yet forgotten the man who pitched three no-hitters.

Young's record of victories is not likely to be broken, since he worked in an age when two days rest for a pitcher counted as a real vacation, and thirty-game winners were seen every year and not every generation. If pitching was only arm work he might still be in the game, but legs are a necessity too. Young attributes his retirement to his bulging stomach, saying, "When the third baseman has to pick up your bunts for you, it's time to quit".

From his Ohio farm Young has seen them come and seen them go. He should be serene about it, for today's stars, no matter how brilliant, are not likely to come within shouting distance of his 511 victories.—Reidsville Review.

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO RALEIGH IN 1905

By Edward E. Britten, in The State

(Oct. 20, 1905) Bright the day, great the crowd, cordial the welcome, stood out as prominent features yesterday when the President of the United States, Theordore Roosevelt, visited the city of Raleigh and delivered an able, forcible and eloquent address at the great State Fair.

All sections of the state were represented in the tremendous crowd that assembled in the capital city to greet the chief executive of our country, and it is estimated that there were 60,000 people in Raleigh throughout the day.

Mrs. Roosevelt, a number of high-government officials, well-known newspapermen, and other people, were in the party accompanying Mr. Roosevelt on his trip through the state, a trip which will take him to Durham, Greensboro, High Point, and Charlotte, on his way to Atlanta, Georgia.

The special train in which the President is traveling arrived late last night at Millbrook, and it was decided to spend the night there. At about 8:30 this morning, the train moved toward Raleigh, arriving here at nine o'clock.

The station and surrounding grounds were filled with a vast throng of people, eager to obtain a glimpse of their President. President Roosevelt was greeted with wild acclaim when he appeared on the platform. He waved vigorously in response to the cheers.

As he desended the steps he was greeted by Lieutenant Governor Francis D. Winston and Mr. B. Frank Mebane, of Spray. After conversing briefly with these two gentlemen, the President was presented to the Committee of One Hundred. He shook hands with each member of the committee.

The President was attired in a black Prince Albert coat, black vest and light trousers, his silk hat being held in his hand as he received. The members of the Committee were presented to him by Mayor James I. Johnson.

Mr. Roosevelt created much merriment when he met Mr. J. C. Buxton, of Winston-Salem. Showing his teeth in his famous smile, the President said: I'm sorry that North Carolina produces such undersized men." Everybody was amused, for Mr. Buxton is one of the larest men in the state.

The President also chatted for a minute or so with Governor Aycock and Captain John Duckett, chief clerk of the State Department of Public Instruction. The latter had sent him some statistics about education in North Carolina which the President had requested. Mr. Roosevelt also enjoyed talking to General Julian S. Carr, General W. P. Roberts, of Gates County, and Major H. A. London.

The parade was a thrilling spectacle. The President and other distinuished guests, as well as prominent local citizens, rode in carriages.

There were several bands and a large number of military units. The streets were lined with humanity. Various groups cheered the President as his carriage rolled slowly up the street. Mr. Roosevelt never seemed to tire of acknowledging the applause.

The Scene in front of the speaker's stand at the fairgrounds was a marvel of humanity and color. As far as the eye could reach, the people stretched away like a great blanket of faces turned upward.

In the absence of Governor Glenn, the President was introduced by Lieutenant-Governor Francis D. Winston, who performed this honor in a few well-chosen words, concluding with: "Ladies and Gentlemen — the President of the United States."

As the President rose to his feet, a storm of cheering broke out from the crowd. For several minutes the applause was so deafening that he made no effort to start his speech. He merely stood there, bowing his acknowledgements.

Despite the fact that they were standing in most uncomfortable positions, the people in the crowd kept their places until after the President concluded his forcible speech. He dealt with the railroad situation and several other serious topics. And then, at times, he joked with the crowd when some member of the throng would call out a question to him.

More cheering took place when the President brought his speech to a close. And then, while the applause was dying down, someone shouted for the band to play. The band responded by starting off with "Dixie."

High-pitched yells greeted the first notes of the tune. Mr. Roosevelt stepped briskly to the railing in front of the platform. His high hat came off. He marched up and down in time to the music, swinging his hat and grinning broadly. Men below him went crazy. They fought to get toward the stand. There was a perfect volley of applause.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted.

They came.

The ground rang with it; the shouts of men, the delirious cheering of boys, the hysterical voices of women. The President was part of it all. There was no sham about his enthusiasm. He pranced—there is no word, undignified as it sounds. Almost I had said that he cake-walked to the tune of Dixie.

Never will anyone forget that exciting scene. It brought events at the fairgrounds to a close, and the Presidential party returned to their carriages and were driven off down town where a luncheon had been prepared for them. Until Mr. Roosevelt left later in the afternoon, thousands continued to mill around, waiting for another glimpse of him. And when his train departed, it was followed by rousing cheers, attesting to the appreciation of the crowd for the Presidential visit to our state capital.

———:———

Don't make excuses! Make good.—Elbert Hubbard.

$37 A WEEK FOR TEACHERS

(New York Times)

1. Three hundred and fifty thousand teachers have left American public schools since 1940.

2. One hundred and twenty-five thousand, or one out of every seven in the profession, are serving on an emergency or sub-standard certificate.

3. Seventy thousand teaching positions are unfilled because of the inability of communities to get necessary teachers.

4. Sixty thousand teachers in the United States have a high school education or less.

5. Twenty per cent of all teachers, or 175,000, are new to their jobs each year—twice the turnover that existed before the war.

6. Classroom teachers get an average of $37.00 a week today. Two hundred thousand get less than $25.-00 weekly.

7. Fewer students are entering the teaching profession than in the past. Twenty-two per cent of all college stundents attended teachers' college in 1920; today seven per cent attend.

8. Veterans do not want to prepare to teach. Only 20,000 of the 1,000-000 veterans in American colleges and universities are in the teachers' colleges.

9. Six thousand schools will be closed because of lack of teachers; 75,000 children will have no schooling during the year.

10. Two million children will suffer a major impairment in their schooling because of poor teachers.

11. Five million children will receive an inferior education this year because of the inadequate teacher supply.

12. Only fifty per cent of the teachers employed in 1940-41 are still teaching today.

13. The average teacher in the United States today has had one year less education than she had in 1939.

14. Fifty thousand men have left the teaching profession since 1940, and are not coming back. Only fifteen per cent of all elementary and high school teachers are men.

15. Twelve major school strikes have taken place since September and many more are being threatened.

16. The morale of the teachers has dropped to a new low.

17. Fifty-six per cent of the teachers of the country do not have tenure protection.

18. The United States spends 1.5 per cent of its national income for its schools. Great Britain spends an estimated 3 per cent; the Soviet Union spends 7.5 per cent.

19. Appalling educational inequalities exist throughout the nation. Top schools spend $6,000.00 per classroom unit, bottom ones spend $100.00. The national average is $1,600.

20. School buildings are in a deplorable state all over the nation. Nearly five billion dollars will be needed to bring the educational plants into good condition.

RELIGION IN THE HERE AND NOW

By Rev. Normn C. Duncan, in Morganton News-Herald

Recently I listened to a noted author and lecturer speaking on the subject of Russia. He gave, in my opinion, the best analysis that I have heard, and in the course of his remarks he spoke of the Russian philosophy of materialism, and described the Russian people as being impressed with only one thing — physical force. "That," said the speaker, "is what Russia believes in, what Russia worships—they have no God, no spiritual powers, only material forces."

As I listened I kept thinking of our America, and I was wondering if the American people, many of them, at least, were not, practically, living out just such a philosophy while professing to believe in God, and in spiritual forces. I can see where, and how, physical preparedness can help us to maintain our place in the world, but I do not believe that it is any real guarantee of our security. Physical force can go just so far, and then its power ends. It may draw upon itself other forces more powerful and lose itself in defeat. Jesus described that law in, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." We have a lot of people in America, especially among the politicos, who are making some pretty broad and extravagant claims as to our place of power in the world.

Likewise, we have a lot of people who worship money, and the things which it represents. People try to get money regardless of principles. In fact, many people nowadays laugh at old fashioned ideas of honesty and justice. A good part of our organized world says openly — "Religion and business won't mix." "It's all right as long as you can get by with it." Principle is too often surrendered to expediency.

There is a chorus of voices today warning us against Russian Communism. I have no sympathy with Communism, and I realize its dangers. But what is our best weapon against it? Certainly not the atomic bomb, nor a great army. I am in favor of keeping both these, but as secondary weapons. First, we must make our Democracy work. We must make it so helpful to all people regardless of race, color or creed, that its blessings will be its best protection.

Secondly, we must take our Christianity more seriously. Jesus believed in spirtual things; history and experience show us that those who have lifted the world higher were men and women of FAITH in invisible, spirtual forces. But as long as we trust in money, and in physical force we deny the existence and power of spirtual forces.

It may be worse to profess a belief in God and in spirtual forces, and then build a world on faith in physical force, than to deny them and act consistently as the Russians are doing. Really, all they need do is PRACTICE our Democracy and our Christianity. Such practice would overthrow the dangerous isms.

HOW EVENTFUL IS YOUR LIFE?

By Bernard B. Hitchcock

Are you entirely satisfied with yourself? Are you getting just what you want out of life? Few people realize what a brief span of existence we are granted. We waste our time, never realizing that today's "will" offers no reprieve. If you were unfortunately stricken with a malady through which the termination of your life was limited to but two years; would you continue doing the things you have been constantly practicing, or would you recognize greater happiness through other mediums? We all strive for a "certain measure of happiness" through control led efforts. Yet infinite happiness is lost, never to be experienced, through erroneous actions; "trial and error"; indifference, and wanton carelessness—Had we profited by the experiences of others whose mistakes we imitate, how much happiness we might have salvaged from those moments of misguided endeavors—Moments which, had they been gainfully directed, would have yielded infinite happiness—Fortunately, we are not restricted to two years of additional life; unfortunately, some are victims of acedia and are perfectly willing to exchange living for existence—If you are one of the few who feels that his life needs no examination; no reconstruction; then take it easy, maybe tomorrow you'll be all right.

———:———

RECOMPENSE

What you give to others,
Comes back in double measure;
There is true possession,
When you share your treasure.

Money closely hoarded,
Has no means of growing;
Share your life with others,
Reaping as you're sowing.

What you give to others—
Service, friendship, pleasure—
Will be true possession,
If you share your treasure.

—Grenville Kleiser.

THE CASE OF SHIRLEY SMITH

(Kannapolis Independent)

The photo service of one of the great press organizations the other day carried a picture of a sad-faced little girl named Shirley Smith, apparently about 14 years of age, sitting in the corridor of a Los Angeles court house.

Within the courtroom, so close the child could hear the steady drone, the divorce mill was grinding, this time was unusual results. She was disowned by both her father and her mother. Not that she had done any thing wrong. She just did not fit into the scheme of life fashioned by each of her divorced and remarried parents Neither did her 11-year-old brother, Donald.

When Melvin David Smith and his first wife were divorced, she was given custody of the two children. She remarried. So did her husband. By the second wife he had two children.

The former wife, now a Mrs. Phillips, went into court to report she had separated from her second husband because of the children whom Smith fathered. She thought the father, her former husband, should be responsible for their future care. He rejected the claim on the ground she was given legal possession of the children. Anyway, he had enough on his hands with his second wife and two children.

"This is a pitiful case," said the judge, "where parents can't take care of their own flesh and blood." He could have said "refuse to take care."

Now the court is looking for another home for Shirley and Donald.

And as the judge pondered and wondered, as he stroked his chin and wriggled uneasly in his loose robe, Shirley sat dejected in the corridor.

For every 10 marriges performed in the United States there are three divorces. Some one observed the other day that at the present rate of increase, divorces soon will exceed the number of marriages. In North Carolina last year there was one divorce for every 3.7 marriages.

Strangely enough, Russia now has the lowest divorce rate in the world. This is because of some stringent laws enacted a year or so ago. It used to be in Russia you could get rid of your frau by merely giving her the bum's rush.

For all-around looseness and contempt of the marriages ties this country is about as low as any heathen state you can mention. In Hollywood they change wives (or husbands) with the seasons. But Kannapolis, although it gets less publicity, can't censure Hollywood too much for its lurid divorce rate. Cabarrus county superior court granted 336 last year and Rowan granted 123.

Shirley Smith, sitting alone, forelorn and woebegone in a Los Angeles courtroom, epitomizes the social breakdown and threatens the Nation's future.

"If a man hasn't friends, he doesn't deserve any."

FAIR PLAY?

(Kannapolis Independent)

American communities will do well in their efforts to curb juvenile delinquency to include provision of decent conditions in detention homes for children.

If your child should be detained for even a day in one of the "homes" typical of this country, you would keep an anxious eye on him for some time for fear impressions he received there might seriously affect his attitude. And you would be right in entertaining that fear.

Yet thousands of children have their experience, not for just a day or two, but for months. A recent inspection of detention homes in 22 states by the National Probation Association disclosed the fact that some children remain in detention for periods ranging up to more than a year.

Discussing this survey, Albert Q. Maisel says that despite overcrowding, the detention homes are so inadequate that nearly 40,000 children are held annually in jail. The "homes" he describes as being ancient fire traps, vermin-ridden, unfit for adult criminals, unspeakable for children, with employes lacking all qualifications to guide problem boys and girls.

Doesn't sound like a situation that would help make good citizens out of the youngsters, does it?

Every community owes it to itself to investigate the facilities it provides for handling juveniles in detention. Too often, as Maisel points out, these facilities "operate in isolation, neglected by the court and city officials." This can happen mainly because the victims of such neglect seldom can raise a vocie that will command attention and secure correction of such conditions.

That oughtn't to be the kind of justice we hand out in America.

A TOAST TO THE GIRL

Here's health to the girl who can dance like a dream,
And the girl who can pound the piano;
A health to the girl who writes verse by the ream
Or tops with high C in soprano;
To the girl who can talk and the girl who does not;
To the saint and the sweet little sinner;
But here's to the cleverest girl of the lot—
The girl who can cook a good dinner.

—Exchange.

EVERYDAY COUNSELOR

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh, D. D., in The Charlotte News

Still they come in—letters from distressed and worried people. Many of them are physically suffering as a result. Back of them all I can see worry and fear. One of the purposes of our Prayer Band is to help these unfortunate ones. I use the word, "unfortunate" advisedly for they are unfortunate, living in a world full of God's goodness and beauty, surrounded by His limitless power, to be shut off from it all.

We are praying for them daily, and to each of them we have written telling them that "Prayer changes things."

Prayer and work are the most helpful remedies that I can offer.

To be able to pray effectively we must know God. We must know how to walk with Him, and talk with Him.

The Psalmist knew this when he penned one of the most beautiful pieces ever to take its place in literature—the 23rd Psalm. One of my readers has sent in an explanation of what this Psalm can mean to those who acccept it and believe it.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want:

Rest—"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

Peace—"He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Mercy—"He restoreth my soul."

Guidance—"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

Courage—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Companionship—"For thou art with me."

Comfort—"They rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Victory—"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Gladness—"Thou anointest my head with oil."

Satisfaction — "My cup runneth over."

"Anything in life — "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

Anything in life to come—"And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

———:———

We have got but one life to live here, and what comes after it we cannot with certainty tell; but it pays, no matter what comes after it, to try and do things, to accomplish things in this life, and not merely to have a soft and pleasant time. —Theodore Roosevelt.

WEBSTER'S TWO FEES

(The Rotarian)

The local blacksmith once asked Daniel Webster for legal advice. He and a neighbor had conflicting claims about a parcel of land. The question seemed to involve a very peculiar point in law, one which the young attorney could not answer offhand.

Webster consulted the few law books which constituted his library, but there was nothing that applied to the case.

Though he could ill afford it he took the stagecoach next morning to Boston. The whole day in the law libraries there revealed that the point in question had never been decided for the reason that it had never before come up in just that form. He pressed his search and uncovered cases somewhat similar, some of them in England. He made copious notes and bought the volumes which contained needed references.

When he went before the court, the defending lawyer was overwhelmed with a verdict in favor of the blacksmith.

"How much do I owe you, Mr. Webster?" the blacksmith asked as they left the courthouse.

"Oh," answered the attorney, "pay me whatever you think you can afford."

"Well," said the blacksmith, "you seemed to run it off pretty easily, so I guess $1 should about cover it."

Daniel Webster, somewhat chagrined, simply entered on his record book a note to the effect that his trip to Boston had cost him between $40 and $50, and that he had received as a fee the munificent sum of $1 in hard cash. Some 25 years later, when Webster was leader of the American bar, the president of a large railroad came to consult him on a very important subject.

The visitor showed him all the papers in the case. Webster glanced through them. The principle involved was precisely that of the blacksmith's.

"This involves a very knotty problem," Webster said. "However, I shall not need the assistance of other counsel."

The visitor shook Webster's hand and drew a check for $1,000 as a retainer.

After he had gone, Webster searched his old files and found a little packet of notes, now yellow with age. An hour or two was enough for him to adapt arguments in the blacksmith's case to that of the railway company.

After his case was won, the railroad president sent a check for $5,000.

Daniel Webster smiled rather grimly and said to himself:

"I have now received the blacksmith's fee—with compound interest."

———:———

The sin of the heart is hate.
The sin of the mind is insincerity.
The sin of the spirit is fear.
The sin of the will is indecision.
—Frank Loyd Wright.

THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY

(Sunshine Magazine)

The first of May has always been a gala day. The May Day festival goes back to the Roman festival to Flora, the goddess of flowers and likewise a fertility goddess, which probably came in the first place from India. It may be taken for granted that the elements of her rite were similar to customs which had previously been associated with the mythical charater, Maia, supposed to have been a daughter of Atlas.

In England, as we learn from Chaucer and Shakespeare, it was customary during the Middle Ages for all, both high and low—even the court itself—to go out "a-maying" on the first of this month at an early hour, "to fetch the flowers fresh." The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers as Queen of the May. Every town and village had its Maypole on the village green, on which wreaths of flowers were hung, and round which the people danced. The Puritans strongly denounced Maypoles and May dances, and they were forbidden by Parliament in 1644, but they once more came into favor with the Restoration under Charles II.

The dance performed throughout England upon the first of May is an old custom, being possibly of Swedish or Gothic origin, but more probably from Roman or Egyptian and Indian sources. In England the dance was a composite one, in which the morris dance played an important part. There was also a milkmaids' dance, and the characters of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Scarlet, Little John, Tom the Piper, the Hobby Horse, the Lord and Lady of the May, all joined in the various dances which centered around the May pole.

In the United States, one of this month's holidays which has no legal recognition but is generally celebrated by special exercises, is Mother's Day, the second Sunday in May. Mother's Day is an old custom, revived in 1914 by an act of Congress.

I know You're the God of the wise and the good—
Men say You're the God of the strong;
But I hope You're the God of us blundering fools
Who have faltered and stumbled along!

The wise need so little, the good are all blest;
Their strength for the strong You renew.
Oh, I hope You find time, in Your infinite plan—
For we weak ones have nothing but You!

—Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. S. Burdette, pastor of Bayless Memorial Presbyterian Church, Concord, was the quest speaker at last Sunday's regular afternoon service. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Kings 6:1-7, and as the text for his message he selected the sixth verse: "And the man of God said, where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick and cast it in thither, and the iron did swim."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Burdette called attention to the fact that it would be hard for us to "make iron swim" or to perform other difficult tasks simply by our own strength. But with God's help, anything may be accomplished.

He pointed out that from a log college in use in this country in early days, came the great Princeton University. This old log college had a great teacher, who laid the foundation for what was to become a famous university.

Back in the days of the prophets, at the time referred to in the reading of the lesson for the day, the people were building, under the leadership of Elisha. They were building homes and places of worship in the wilderness.

One of the men was working near the river, cutting timber for the buildings. His axe-head came off the handle and fell into the water. He was greatly disturbed over the occurrence, as he had been using a borrowed axe, and felt badly because of his inability to return it to its owner. Elisha, the prophet, sympathized with the young man. He then performed the miracle of causing the axe-head to rise to the surface of the water, thus enabling the young man to recover it easily.

When there was a special need of showing the people the power of God, said the speaker, there were many miracles performed by the prophets. He told of several, among them being the following: Moses leading the Israelites safely through the Red Sea; Moses striking the rock, and the water gushing forth; Elijah causing the fire to come down from heaven and devour the offering upon the altar, as well as the water surrounding it; great feats performed by Samson and many others.

The recovery of the axe, continued the speaker, was accomplished in answer to the need of an individual. Even in this day and time we know that we can go to God with our daily problems and He will show us how they may be solved. There is no place where earth's sorrows are more keenly felt than up in heaven. God is always waiting to hear from us and to help us in hours of great need.

Rev. Mr. Burdette stated that faith in God can turn misfortune into good fortune. By His help adversities become blessings. If our trust is placed in our Heavenly Father, defeat can be turned into victory.

Life, said the speaker, is in the nature of moral probation. We are given the assurance that a home in heaven awaits us after this life, but there are certain things which we must do in order to gain entrance

therein. We are given a life to live, either for good or for evil, as we may choose. If we decide to live according to God's law, all will be well. If not, we must suffer.

As an example of a person who was able to "make iron swim," the speaker cited some of the instances in the life of the great Apostle Paul. By faith and prayer Paul overcame all obstacles and became one of the world's greatest Christian leaders.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Burdette told the boys that the old, blood-stained Cross of Calvary was an instrument through which God made it possible for mankind to be saved. By faith in the great redeeming power of Jesus Christ we are able to overcome the many evils that beset us in daily life. This is the only way which will eventually lead to man's eternal joy and happiness.

---:---

YOUR BOY

He is just a vigorous every-day boy,
Who fills your life with tears and joy;
Playing from sunup to sundown,
So tired he can hardly move around;
He doesn't want to stop even to eat
Unless it is some special treat.

He disgusts you then makes you smile,
Asks why, but knowing all the while;
He will work, oh, so hard for a time,
Then laughingly ask you for a dime;
He has his stubborn and gentle sides, too,
And then he smiles, but what can you do?

Figuring it's time for boys to sleep,
That request an argument will meet;
When at last he is tucked into bed,
And his prayers for you are said;
He sighs and blinks his eyes to rest,
You must admit, of all, he is the best.

—Exchange.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.—Sewell.

—:—

Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.—Richter.

—:—

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.—Fielding.

—:—

Biography is the most universally pleasant and profitable of all reading.
—Carlyle.

—:—

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.
—Franklin.

—:—

Faith makes the discords of the present the harmonies of the future.
—Collyer.

—:—

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—Charron.

—:—

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.—Webster.

—:—

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.—Dowden.

—:—

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.—Johnson.

—:—

Think of your own faults the first part of the night when you are awake and of the faults of others the latter part of the night when you are asleep.—Chinese Proverb.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves. Without that the conqueror is naught but a slave.
—Thompson.

—:—

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.—Shenstone.

—:—

Life consists of the alternate process of learning and unlearning, but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.—Bulwer.

—:—

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.
—Pope.

—:—

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation, can never produce good fruit..
—Seneca.

—:—

He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

A man endowed with great perfections, without good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.—Steele.

—:—

Nothing so cements and holds together all parts of a society as faith or credit, which can never be kept up unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe to one another.—Cicero.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

The seven ages of woman—the right age and six guesses.

—:—

Why wouldn't a grass widow and a vegetarian make a good match?

—:—

One of the hardest secrets for a man to keep is his opinion of himself.

—:—

Some people seem qualified to live everyone's life expertly except their own.

—:—

Inflation is the stuff you suddenly ain't got when that old tire blows out.

—:—

Income has been described as something you cannot live without nor within.

—:—

It's a waste of time and energy to tell a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

—:—

The trouble with people who "drink like fish" is that they don't drink what the fishes do.

—:—

A popular columnist recently stated that the radio has become merely an advertisement with knobs on it.

—:—

Love of money is the root of half the evil in the world and lack of money is the root of the other half.

—:—

Sign in a Small Town Restaurant: "If our steak is too tough for you, get out; this is no place for weaklings."

—:—

Applicant: "If I take a job with you, will you pay me what I'm worth?"

Manager: "We'll do better than that. We'll even go so far as to pay you a small salary."

The church bell is far more important than the fire bell, but it does not make the people run nearly so fast.

—:—

Middle age is that period of life when you'd do anything to feel better, except to give up what's hurting you.

—:—

When a little bird tells you something, don't repeat it until you find out whether or not the little bird is a cuckoo.

—:—

Employer: "How many times have I told you to get to work on time?"

Office Boy: "I don't know. I thought you were keeping score."

—:—

Someone asked the returned veteran if he received many decorations while in the South Pacific area. He replied: "Well, I got crowned by the sergeant a couple of times."

—:—

The framers of the Declaration of Independence gave us the right to pursue happiness, but not at the rate of 75 miles an hour on a crowed highway on a Sunday afternoon.

—:—

A colored cook came home after midnight from a revival meeting, shouting at the top of her voice. Her employer, letting her in, said: "Aunt Mandy, this is all foolishness. Religion shouldn't be so noisy. Tell that preacher of yours to give a sermon on the building of King Solomon's temple, which arose without even the sound of a hammer. Remember, real religion is quiet and peaceful."

"Lawd, honey," answered Aunt Mandy, "us niggers ain't aimin' to build no temple yet. We is just blastin' now."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 27, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Johnnie Myers
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
J. Paul Church
Alfred Davis
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Major Loftin
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Woodrow Mace
Nathan McCarson
Van Robinson
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Aaron McCarson
Robert Wilkins
Howel Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Thomas Edwards
Edd Guinn
William Hamilton
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Clyde Leonard
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Frank Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Emmet Fields
Donald Hall

Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
Marion Ross
James Upright
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Wayne Eldridge
Roy Gaskin
Kenneth King
Hoyt Mathis
Clifford Millian
James Moore
Edwin Peterson
Ray Roberts

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Herbert Brooks
Leroy Cowan
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
Jack Hensley
David Hill
William Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
John Moretz
James Shook
James Smith

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Willard Brown
Alvin Fox
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
James Shepherd
Willie Stamey
Frank Sargent
Robert Wicker
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Donnie Grantham
Harold Kernodle
Charles McDaniel
Roy Orr
Jerry Ray
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

An old Quaker lady, who was very philosophical, used to say that there were three outstanding follies of which men were guilty. The first folly was that they would go to war and kill each other when, if they would only wait long enough, they would all die naturally. The second was that the men would climb trees to knock down the fruit when, if they would only wait long enough, the fruit would fall to the ground. The third and crowning folly was that they would pursue the women when, if they would only wait long enough, the women would pursue them.—Selected.

364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 10, 1947 No. 10

Carolina
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MOTHER

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise her name
More sacred than all other.

An infant, when her love first came—
A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name,
The blessed name of mother.

—George Griffith Fetter.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
A PRAYER FOR MOTHER'S DAY	By Rev. C. E. Rozzelle, D. D.	11
GENERAL EISENHOWER'S VISIT	(Chapel Hill Weekly)	13
AN ACCOUNTING AND A LOOK AT THE FUTURE	(The Asheville Citizen)	15
HIGHER STANDARDS FOR MINISTRY	(Religious Herald)	16
TEACHERS' SALARIES	(Monroe Enquirer)	18
DOES IT PAY TO GET EVEN?	By Richard Maxwell	19
DUTIES TO SELF	By Anton H. Muller	20
THE BEAUTY OF GIVING	By D. P. Stanton	22
THE CHIEFTAINESS AND THE VOLCANO	By Charlotte M. Yonge	23
WHAT GOOD HAVE YOU DONE?	By W. A. Quincke	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MOTHER'S LOVE

If I were a poet I would sing
Of the wonderful sunlit sky,
And the fields aglow, and the glorious Spring,
And the flowers, and the birds that fly
From the leafy shade in the woodland near
To the vaulted skies above,
But my happiest lays
Would chant the praise
And the joy of a Mother's love.

I would sing of childhood days so fair,
And the place that gave me birth,
And the days I spent in the wildwood there
With the children of Mother Earth;
Of the woods where the wild-birds' nests were hid
When I was a chip of a boy,
And the birds and I
Heard the sweet lullaby
In the song of a Mother's joy.

I would sing of the stories I recall,
My Mother would tell to me,
When, a-weary of childhood's glories all,
I clambered upon her knee,
And there in the joy of her soft embrace,
I pillowed a tousled head,
On Mother's breast
And was lulled to rest
By the wonderful things she said.

I would sing of the golden days of youth,
When a Mother's love inspires,
Those wonderful dreams of love and truth,
That a youthful heart desires.
And the only sad note I would sing,
Is that I, with the wild-birds there,
In a wayward flight
Left the paths of light
Unmindful of Mother's prayer.

I would sing as a boy to manhood grown,
Of the days when the boy began,
For the flowers of love, in the boy's heart sown,
Still bloom in the heart of man;
And though those wonderful days are past,
Mother's love is still the same,
And the heart of the boy
Still throbs with joy
At the sound of his Mother's name.

Ah, yes! if I were a poet today,
I would sing with a song of joy,
Of the love that a Mother's heart can lay
On the heart of a wayward boy;
And I lift my voice in a song of praise
To the Master of all above,
Who gives to a boy
Such heavenly joy,
As the joy of a Mother's love.

—C. A. Snodgrass.

(Copyright. Used by special permission of the author.)

THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE FOR SOCIAL SERVICE

The North Carolina Conference for Social Service held its 35th annual session at the Vanderbilt Hotel in Asheville, April 27-29. Mr. Forest H. Shuford, N. C. Commissioner of Labor, was president during the preceding year and presided at the general sessions.

At the general session on Monday night, Mr. Shuford pointed out some of the more notable accomplishments of the Conference in past years, particularly in regard to the improvement of child labor laws, the county unit plan of public welfare, the juvenile court system, statutes for the protection of children, humanizing of penal regulations, and benefits for the underprivileged. Mr. Shuford urged the members of the Conference to take an active part in the practical work of advancing and promoting social legislation, explaining that "great activity on the part of a few is of greater value than passive approval on the part of many."

The chief speaker for the Monday night session was Mr. D. Hiden Ramsey, general manager of the Asheville Citizen-Times and a member of the N. C. State Board of Education. Mr. Ramsey characterized the Conference as a "disturber of the public conscience." and said that it had kept public opinion moving forward in social legislation.

"Social progress is measured not alone in material factors of laws, planned groups and money appropriated and spent, but in human values," he said, stating that, however much is accomplished now, there is still more to do, as social problems still face the state. "These problems are due as much, if not more, to the complexities of our civilization as to human nature," he said. "These problems are caused by ill health, ignorance, and poverty. North Carolina needs a health program that will guarantee each child born in this state health protection so that he can grow to manhood not weakened by remedial diseases and illnesses of childhood.

"We have come to a time when social legislation is a primary, no longer an incidental function of government."

Dr. Frank P. Graham, President of the Greater University of North Carolina, appearing on the panel discussion on Tuesday morning, spoke on the subject, "Education for All." Among other things Dr. Graham said: "The rural people have nine per cent of the national income and 31 per cent of the children; the southern people have eight per cent of the national income and 32 per cent of the nation's children.

"If the southern states put all their general funds into the public schools alone, they would not even then reach national average of expenditures per child," he stressed, reiterating that the only way to redress the unbalance between the concentration of children in the South and the concentration of wealth elsewhere is through Federal aid to the states.

Other outstanding leaders of the State participating in the conference panel were: Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., of Chapel Hill, rural economic professor at the University of North Carolina; Harry Caldwell, of Greensboro, exective secretary of North Carolina Good Health Association; the Rev. Charles S. Hubbard of Hillsboro, commissioner of the state commission on recreation; Dr. Ellen Winston of Raleigh, commissioner of the state board of public welfare, and the Rev. George Heaton, Jr., pastor of Myers Park Baptist church, Charlotte.

I. G. Greer of Thomasville, who has been serving as a director of North Carolina Conference for Social Service, was elected conference president.

MOTHER'S DAY

On next Sunday the nation will observe Mother's Day once again. For a day the people will pause to do special homage to her who cradles the race of man in its infancy. With a spirit of humility and reverence we shall bow at the shrine of Motherhood.

We welcome this opportunity to show our love to them and to acclaim the fine qualities and virtues of our mothers. We shall remind ourselves, first of all, that we have a debt to them which can never be repaid either by words or fond gifts or by any tangible tokens of appreciation and love. Yet we shall by no means let the tender sentiments which cluster about our hearts so occupy our minds that we shall miss the opportunity of doing some tangible deed to honor the mothers still with us, or to honor their memories if they have passed on.

The mothers of the land have truly represented the great "fountain source" of high ideals and noble aspirations of men throughout the ages. It is they who have dreamed dreams and have experienced the companionship of the gods. It is they who, because they have had companionship with the angels of heaven itself, have had the power to fashion the destinies of men and nations.

It is our mothers who teach us to lisp our first prayer, to take our first steps, to utter and spell our first short words. It is the mother who gives life and sustains the tiny bit of humanity until fortified by growth and experience it is enabled to take its place among the children of men.

Always the child is the center of a mother's dream; for it she builds "more stately mansions" than potential possibilities justify. Through the child the mother envisions the realizations of the fondest dreams of her own life. Always she hopes for great attainments and illustrious careers for her children. She lives again in the lives of her children and grandchildren; a part of her spirit is woven into their achievements.

Life today is much more complex and more fraught with pitfalls than it has ever been before. Therefore the mothers in the home face greater difficulties than ever. With all of the modern gadgets and conveniences living is filled with action, and with excitement. There is a constant stir which tends to spawn and to breed

unprecedented problems in the modern home. No longer do we picture the mother as a bonneted soul riding in a covered wagon to assist with the opening of new country for young ones to come. Yet we hope that motherhood, fundamentally, has not changed one iota from what is was in those early days; we trust that they may today and forever possess that strength which comes not from books or forums, but from within.

It seems but natural that when we appraise the worth of motherhood in the fabric of our civilization we can but think of:

1. Their endless care and sacrifice for children.
2. The food, clothing and shelter which they have provided.
3. The hopes and aspirations which they have enkindled in the hearts of men.
4. The spirit of gentleness and goodness which makes life sweet and beautiful.
5. The faith and the courage which moves mountains and does the impossible.
6. That individual whose radiant personality glows in the presence of all mankind.

On Mother's Day, 'tis fitting that we wear an appropriate flower dedicated wholly to mother; that we should bestrew her pathway with flowers; and that we should seek to attone for all the grief and sorrow which we my have caused in other days.

MOTHER

The one who loves when all the world
Has turned its face away
Whose joy is greater than your own
When honor comes to stay.

The one who watches beside a crib
To soothe a fevered brow
Whose hand so cool and beautiful
Comes back in memory now.

The one to whom we took our woes
In childhood's happy days
Who comforted us later when
We learned a cold world's ways.

Sweetest name on mortal tongue
Shaper of man's destiny.
Comforter who never failed
Mother—for Eternity.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Trophies Are Presented

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

On Sunday morning of last week at the Sunday School hour, the basketball trophies were presented to the champion teams for the past season. Cottage No. 3 received the larger trophy for winning the championship in the "A" League, and Cottage No. 7 received the trophy for winning in the "B" League.

Superintendent Hawfield first called the boys of the Cottage No. 7 team to the stage, and James Knight, the captain, received the trophy for the team.

Then the undefeated team from Cottage No. 3 was called to the stage and Mr. Hawfield presented them the trophy that all teams had worked hard to get. Clifton Rhodes received the trophy for the team.

Chapel Program

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The chapel program for Friday, May 2nd, was given by Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys.

Everybody sang the song, "Jesus Loves Me." After that, we prayed the Lord's Prayer. Then we had a Bible story by Mrs. Hawfield. The story was "Jesus in the Temple." We all sang a song and saluted the flag.

The first thing on the program by the first grade boys was a song, "On the Way to School." Jimmy Scott gave a poem, "Who Likes the Wind." Then the boys sang a group of songs. These songs were followed by a group of poems. Four boys recited these poems. Sam Finney sang a song, "Pretty Little Robin." A play, "The Rooster and the Ducks," was given by the first grade boys.

For our amusement, Mrs. Hawfield played two records, "Seven at a Blow" and "The Bremen Band."

This program was one of the best we have had in a long time.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We met in the auditorium and sang some songs. Then we went to our rooms, and we voted for the boy who did the best last Sunday. France Dean Ray had the first part on the program. Paul Denton had the second part, and John McKinney had the third part. Then we voted for the one who did the best in this program. John McKinney and Olin Sealey are the ones who did the best for the past two Sundays.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

First on our program was a song entitled "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Next, there was a talk by Mr. Puckett. Then we had prayer. Mr. Sofness read some more of the story of William Carey that he has been reading for some time. Our last song was "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

When we went to our class, Mr. L. B. Preslar was in charge of it.. Benny Riggins had the first part. His topic was "How the Book Was Found." Lindsay Elder had the second part, and his topic was "How the Good News Was Told." James Swinson, who had the third part, had for his topic "The Book of Adventures." Leroy Wilkins had the fourth part, "Letters from Everybody." Bobby Woodruff, who had the last part, discussed "John's Beautiful Vision."

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

First, we met in the auditorium where we sang three songs. After this, Mr. Sofness continued the story of William Carey, a great Baptist missionary to India. In our classroom, we had a contest to find out which boys could say the books of the New Testament. Many boys did this and received prizes. We had a Bible Drill in which James Dunn won by a score of 35 to Talmadge Duncan's 33. Clifton Rhodes dismissed us with prayer.

Radio Program

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

April 29, ten boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, who live in Cottage No. 3, gave the radio program. It was a program of hymns.

The first thing on our program was a song, "Give Me Thy Heart." Then we had another song, "Tell Me the Story of Jesus." The last song was "Break Thou the Bread of Life." Mr. Hines then gave a talk.

We enpoyed giving this program.

New Boys Enter School

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Recently, we received six new boys. They are the following:Earl Hensley, 4th grade; Harvey Ennis, 4th grade; Charles Pinkston, 5th grade; Howard Riley, 8th grade; Harvey Arnette, 6th grade, and William Hinson, 4th grade.

We hope that the workers of the school can help them. They can if the boys will do their part, for every worker at the school is willing and eager to help all the boys. We want these new boys to make something out of themselves.

Meeting at Cottage Number 16

By Charles Smith, 8th Grade

Saturday, April 26, a meeting was held at Cottage No. 16. Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, came to the cottage to speak to the boys. He made a brief talk, and then he led a group of songs. The pianist was Mrs. Sanders of Sanford, N. C. After we had sung the songs, Rev. Mr. Harbison led us in prayer. We all enjoyed this inspirational meeting and appreciated Mr. Harbison's coming out to the cottage. We are thankful to Mr. Adams, the cottage officer, for inviting him to come. We hope that he can come again soon.

Boys Attend Southside Baptist Church

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Last Sunday, April 27, six of the boys of the school attended the morning service at Southside Baptist

Church. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. E. B. Hicks, Rev. C. H. Tucker did the preaching. All the boys received much good from this service.

The boys who went were: James Arrowood, James Dunn, David Gibson, Paul Denton, Jesse Hamlin, and Glenn Evans.

Boys See Baseball Game at Concord

By J. D. Gupton, 8th Grade

The Boy Scouts of Troop No. 61, the boys of Cottage No. 1, Mr. Walters, and Mr. Peck went to see an interesting baseball game at Concord. Concord played the House of David, and Concord won by the score of 23-9.

We all enjoyed going very much, and we want to thank those who made it possible for us to see that game.

Boys Join Baptist Church

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Last Sunday night, some of the boys of Cottage No. 7 joined the Kerr Street Baptist Church in Concord. The boys who joined the church were: Arthur Lawson, Thomas Edwards, Ed Guinn and Jack Pachall. Mr. and Mrs. Horne of Cottage No. 7 were very happy that these boys joined the church. We all are glad that these boys became Christians and joined the church. We hope that they will live up to their profession of faith and will be true to the church membership. We know that these boys can make a success in the church, and we know that they can help others to make up their mind to follow Jesus in the same steps that He laid out for them. Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the pastor of the church, baptized these boys.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 11, 1947

May 11—Ray Watkins, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
May 11—Eugene Williams, Cottage No. 15, 13th birthday.
May 11—Billy Baynes, Cottage No. 13, 17th birthday.
May 12—Solomon Shelton, Jr., Cottage 15, 15th birthday.
May 13—Carl Church, Cottage No. 1, 14th birthday.
May 13—Henry Shepherd, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.
May 16—Robert Melton, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.

A PRAYER FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Rev. C. Exelle Rozzelle, D. D. Chaplain Oasis Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

O God: We rejoice today because of Thy Universal Fatherhood, but let us say our prayer once a year in honor of Thy divine Motherhood. All we have learned of Thy compassion and love, Thy tenderness and sympathy, Thy generosity and charitable goodness makes us feel deeply now that within Thy bountiful nature there is the bleeding heart of a divine Mother. We as unworthy sons can this day feel the touch of Thy good hand and know that our lives are in Thy gracious care. We see in Thy holy face all the lines of a mother's beauty and winsomeness. We behold this day a smile so radiant with love that all frowns disappear. Thy blessed countenance like the morning sun shines upon each of us, leaving a blessing that will be our comfort all the day long. We are assured now that Love is Thy correct name, and by its sustaining presence we are led daily into 'green pastures and by the still waters. So, hear us as we bow humbly before Thy all embracing Mercy and Motherhood, and lead us all in the pathway of a noble sonship.

O God, Creator of all good men and things: Here we are, sons of countless mothers living and dead. Here we sit in the ashes of 'man's inhumanity to man', because we refused to go the way our mother taught us, the way of unselfishness and love, the path of brotherly kindness and peace. So we suffer today in anxiety and fear; we are stupified in our confusion and doubt. Restore unto us today the influence of our good mothers and teach us again 'the hand that rocks the cradle must rule the world.' Let us understand once more the teaching of our nursery days; let us attune our hearts again to eventide's lullaby. May we in memory, O God, lay our tired head on mother's knee and repeat again and again the prayers we learned in the holy place. May we remember today that in her meekness was our strength and in her soft whisper lay the world's salvation. We have tried assemblies and parliaments toward world peace, and they have failed us. Let us as children of our mothers now try the way of charity and the warm heart. The tyrant's edict has spelled only ruin; mother's word, O God, will open the quiet doors to a new heaven and a new earth. In her methods is our victory.

O God, maker of mothers and men in all lands and climes: How fortunate we have been in Thy great gifts to us. Today we look back to those early years of life, beautiful years of childhood. No day then was ever too long, no night ever too dark and painful for mother's interest and care. All of us have seen their golden hair turn to silver and their faces of beauty become furrowed with many wrinkles. Youth has turned to age for the benefit of children and grandchildren. Bless them all today, dear God, who are still living to comfort us in our uncertainties. Give us unfailing memories of those who lie

sleeping yonder under the willows. What a heritage has been ours. What good fortune Heaven has bestowed so kindly upon us. May mother's still small voice challenge us this hour to be worthy sons of such discipline and guidance. How, O God, can we fail such an inheritance? How can we disappoint them who have suffered so much for our advantage?

O God of all fathers and mothers: In an hour of bewilderment let us recall the stirring lines of the poet—

"The greatest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not:
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

In such a stanza as this we come to realize the long painful struggle of motherhood in every age, even from the beginning. So this day reminds us of the mothers of long ago, those chosen and elect ladies of our distant heritage—Mother Eve in the garden, faithful Sarah by Abraham's side, lovely Rebecca and Rachel, Naomi and Ruth of Moab, dear devout Hannah, and especially, O God, Mary of Nazareth, the virgin mother. In memory of all these heroines and many, many more our hearts beat a little faster on this day so hallowed by the high and holy thoughts of motherhood. For them everyone and for their generous contributions to our lives, we speak our word of thanksgiving and offer out tribute of praise. May we never forget their lives and loves and labors.

O Forgiver of all our shortcomings and iniquities: We bend the knee in Thy presence and beg at Thy mercy a long forgiveness even as our mothers forgave. Cheer us in our despondency as they cheered long ago. Lift us by Thy strong hand even as they gave us new hope. Let us be worthy of them and Thee, O Motherly God, and grant to each son today a portion of truth, beauty, and goodness—the elements of a compassionate motherhood and the qualities of a true child of God.

All these blessings we ask for all the sons of our Nobility in the name of Mary's Son, the true and perfect Nobleman of all. Amen.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S INCOGNITO VISIT

The Chapel Hill Weekly.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, and Captain E. E. Hazlett, U. S. Navy, retired, grew up together as chums in Abilene, Kansas. One went napolis. They sat on opposite sides napolis.. They sat on opposite sides of the field at Army-Navy football games, and their duties took them along different paths. While Eisenhower was engaged in maneuvers on prairies or in the mountains, Hazett would be far away on the bounding main. But their friendship was kept warm by occasional meetings when their paths crossed, by visits to one another, and by letters. The turn of events has been such that they have had to depend upon letters for their contact in recent years.

When General Eisenhower came to North Carolina to inspect Fort Bragg this week, accompanied by Mrs. Eisenhower, that gave the chance for the long-hoped-for meeting. The General would slip off from his duties, without any announcement about where he was going, and he and his wife would have a few quiet happy hours with their old friends, the Hazletts, in Chapel Hill.

Somehow the word got out, maybe by a grapevine telephone message from Fort Bragg. The first call to Captain Hazlett, inquiring about the proposed visit, was from Major Aenchbacher of the Army Air Forces, now a student in the University, who piloted General Eisenhower across the Mediterranean at the beginning of the invasion of North Africa. He was one person whom Captain Hazlett knew the General would want to see, and he got a cordial invitation to drop in around four o'clock.

The State Highway Patrol had insisted on having an escort for the General all the time he was in North Carolina, and of course the attention of passersby was attracted when the State troopers and the Army automobile bearing General and Mrs. Eisenhower stopped in front of the Hazlett home at the corner of Boundary street and Rosemary lane. Young Merwyn Van Hecke came along and saw the Five Stars on the license plate, and another student living in the neighborhood made the same discovery.

Now, of course, the cat was out of the bag. In a few minutes a couple of reporters from the student newspaper, the Tar Heel, were knocking at the door. Captain Hazlett, always friendly and hospitable, is the last man in the world not to welcome people across the doormat, but he was doubtful about asking these callers in because the General had expressed the wish for just a quiet visit.

"Oh, bring them in by all means," said the General when the question was put to him. "I'll be glad to see them." He received the students graciously, answered their questions, and bantered with them gaily.

By this time the news of the General's presence in the village had

spread around, and presently Robert W. Madry, director of the University News Bureau, arrived with a photographer. The General, with utmost good-humor, posed for pictures with his host and with several grouping of the small company of the Hazletts' friends who had been invited in. A highly oramental spot in one of the line-ups was the blond Miss Mary Elizabeth Hazlett, a journalism student in the University.

Illness kept President Craham from being present, and Chancellor House was out of town, but Controller Carmichael was there. Other callers were Major Aenchbacher, R.D.W. Connor, Thomas J. Wilson, and Captain D. W. Loomis (commanding officer of the Naval ROTC in the University).

The Chapel Hillians who met the General found that he lived up to everything they had heard and read about his kindliness and charm,and they remarked that Mrs. Eisenhower matched him well in these qualities. As to the outcome of the plan for an incognito visit, they took this as a joke and seemed to enjoy it. After all, the publicity was of a mild character. The privacy enjoyed by the visitors was considerably more than that of a goldfish in a bowl. Mrs. Eisenhower was told of Merwyn Van Heck's discovering the Five Stars on the car, she said to her husband: "That was good G-2, wasn't it?" She added to one of the callers: "We're used to all that now. Wherever we go, people always find out right away. When we were riding down the street here in Chapel Hill a few minutes ago a child looked in the car and shouted 'There's Ike!' "

President Wilson used to find pleasure in relating how he once had his special car sidetracked at Hannibal, Missiouri, so he might make a quiet pilgrimage to the monument erected on the bluff to the honor of Mark Twain. Unknown to the natives, Wilson asked one of them if he remembered Tom Sawyer.

"Never heard of him," the Missourian made answer.

"Do you recollect Huckleberry Finn?" asked the President.

"Finn? Finn?" mused the native. "There was a family of Finns down the road apiece, but I don't recollect there was a Huckleberry among 'em."

"Do you happen to recall Puddin'head Wilson?" ventured the visitor.

"Oh, yes, sure!" said the native promptly; "I voted for him twice, sir!" —Capper's Weekly.

AN ACCOUNTING AND A LOOK AT THE FUTURE

The Asheville Citizen

North Carolina, as Franklin Roosevelt put it once in a happy phrase, is "a balance State." The balance comes in part from a well adjusted diversity of industry and agriculture, but it also derives from a forward-looking concept of social welfare. For this last factor the influence of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service is in no small measure responsible.

Meeting in Asheville with the theme "Social Legislation: an Accounting and a Look Ahead," the Conference is observing the thirty-fifth anniversary of its activity in North Carolina. The birth of this organization more or less coincides with the beginning of a new era in State progress. It was in 1920 that Herbert Hoover remarked: "North Carolina has made a greater economic advance in every phase of life in the last fifteen years than any other state in the Union," Our formal welfare program is the second in the nation to be set up under full State control. Many of the patterns it follows have been recognized in their adminiitration or in their enabling laws as patterns for the other commonwealths.

The Asheville conference brings together executives, workers and laymen in various fields of social service —education, health, labor, recreation, public welfare, inter-racial cooperation and so forth. In this post-war year it provides an opportunity for analysis of things past and for planning for the future. It is not an academic body; it is in close touch with everyday North Carolina. "Men can study Greek in groves," as Edwin A. Alderman said, "but they cannot study modern life save amidst modern life."

Building upon a solid past, social service in North Carolina equips itself for the challenge of tomorrow. The State and the region are in ferment. It is a ferment of hope attended by spectacular material growth. At the same time, North Carolina cannot ignore its shortcomings. It hovers between forty-third and forty-fourth among the states in per capita income. It ranks even lower in General assistance payments to needy citizens. It is still far from meeting minimun needs of dependent children and the aged. It lags in public health, although it is beginning to make historic strides. It is undertaking, at great cost, to equalize educational opportunity and to provide adequate pay for teachers.

In all of these things North Carolina is sensitive to both achievement and promise. It is rightly proud and rightly self-critical by turn. No group is closer to these vast problems than the Conference for Social Service. Its deliberations will be attended with interest by every thoughful Tar Heel.

HIGHER STANDARDS FOR MINISTRY

(Religious Herald)

Churches that practice congregational government are under obligation to guard the enjoyment of their liberty in a manner that will not cause stumbling to others. Baptists, who are among the Christians who practice congregational government, are not immune to the misuse of freedom. Sometimes they come dangerously close to error by supposing that any act is good if it is that of a local autonomous congregation. They overlook the fact that liberty is not a end in inself. A local Baptist church is never free from the obligations of its relationship to other Christian bodies, and for that reason no congregation is independent in its actions.

Consider, for instance, the ordination of candidates to the ministry. In keeping with their views about the church, Baptist hold that the authority of ordination rests in the local congregation. That is good, and it is in accord with what we believe about the early church. It is an error however, to suppose that a church can claim eternal rightness for its acts just because the local body makes these decisions. One does not justify the ordination of a particular candidate to the ministry on the ground that is was done by the authority of a local church. That does not make it right.

Baptist believe in the autonomy of the local church, but their adherence to the New Testament at this point makes it difficult to raise the standards for ordination. That higher standards are desirable, and even necessary today, is quite evident. The rapid expansion of the public school system, the large increase in college population, and the higher professional standards put the Christian pulpit to test. Local churches should carefully consider this when they examine candidates for the ministry. Once a man is ordained by the local church, he becomes a minister of the denomination; therefore the church has a great obligation to the denomination.

Likewise, a person who offers for the ministry should give consideration to personal qualifications. He must have, first of all, an experience with God if he would be a true shepherd. But that is not all. When a young man makes the decision to preach the Gospel, he should at the same time make a solemn resolution that he will cultivate to the limit of his ability the talents which he has dedicated for service to the Lord. God is worthy of the best. So the Apostle Paul admonished young Timothy: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

In the past when opportunities were limited, ministers without much academic training stood well before the people. The possibilities for successful leadership by untrained pastors are much less today. On the other hand educational opportunities in college and seminary are available for all and at little sacrifice. Usually ordination should mark the end of a

long period of preparation; therefore, if possible, it should be deferred until days of training are over. To assure uniformity of action and to meet the obligation to the denomination, each district association should select an ordination committee with authority to examine candidates for the ministry, by approved standards.

Always we must keep in mind that the Kingdom of God does not operate by rules of men. An arrangement by the churches for an ordination committee should include provisions for men who receive a call to the ministry late in life. For some of these there may be no opportunity for formal or academic training. Retaining business or trade relation during the week, they can go on Sundays to small churches that are unable to secure regular pastors. British Baptists have wisely provided lay-preachers for just such services. Virginia Baptists might profit by the example of their British brethren by giving the lay-preachers a standing, less than that of the regularly ordained minister.

———:———

GLASSES, PLEASE

I've always been worried because so many people wear glasses. I'll bet they can see things that I can't.

For years I've tried to get oculists to give me glasses. But I can always read the whole chart starting with the bottom line. The oculists put their foot down. No glasses!

It's strange because my wife keeps saying I'm blind. I can't find things I'm hunting for even when I look in the right drawer. I can't see a soiled shirt on the bedroom floor.

My wife complains of this.

On the other hand I can distinguish an ankle at two city blocks.

My wife complains of this.

I would like to own glasses regardless. Once I did wheedle a pair of reading spectacles from one man. The first day I had them a peculiar mishap occured. It's too involved to explain, but the spectacles dropped 24 floors down an elecator shaft.

They got broken.

I guess Fate and the doctors are against me. I'll be uneasy all the rest of my life.

What's going on—am I missing something? —Charles D. Rice

TEACHERS' SALARIES

(Monroe Enquirer)

The vast increase in dollar income of individuals which occurred during and after the war has been inequitably distributed. It has been greatest in the field of factor and industrial labor where, in most cases, it has outrun the increase in the cost of living. It has been least in the professional and whitecollar field where, in almost all instances it has been substantially below the increase in the cost of living. These latter groups, far from sharing in the "prosperity" of the present, are much worse off than in 1940.

The best example of this, of course, is the school teachers. Their plight is symbolic of that of millions of people, working in highly responsible jobs, whose standard of living has taken a terrific beating in late years.

The recent teachers' strike in Buffalo simply dramatized a situation which is nation-wide in scope. Since 1940, according to the United States News, the average annual earnings of factory workers have risen from $1,314 to $2,440. In the same period on the other hand the average annual income of teachers has risen from $1,441 to only $2,133. And this wage it must be remembered, includes large cities where teachers are paid relatively well. In some rural sections teachers of one-room schools get as little as $800 a year. Almost everywhere, teachers receive less than garbage collectors, janitors and other city employes who work at menial tasks requiring little education.

Furthermore, teachers must live up to their position in the community, which means that they must have homes in good residential areas, dress well, contribute to charity, etc. Many teachers have been forced to take night jobs to make both ends meet—which inevitably involves a decline in their efficiency as instructors. In one widely-publicized case, a male teacher worked at night as a bartender in a tavern—a job which paid him twice as much as his teaching salary.

Practically everyone admits that the justice of the teachers' demand for better pay is unassailable—but the solution is not an easy one. Cities and counties have plenty of budget troubles of their own, and if they raise the pay of one group of employes, other groups will certainly demand raises too. States are helping out—but the states, like all other units of government, are hard put to make both ends meet. Many of them are raising taxes and adopting new taxes just to pay present running costs. Federal aid has been proposed—but it doesn't seem practical at a time when Congress is supposed to be cutting costs all along the line.

What is true of the teachers is true of a greater or lesser extent of civil service employes, and nonelective officials in every branch of the government. It is true of people living on fixed incomes, who have no means of counteracting higher living costs through higher earnings. These people are caught in a tremendous squeeze, and there seems to be no adequate relief in sight. The industrial workers have made definite

gains, while many white-collar workers have suffered a heavy loss. That fact summarizes a problem of growing importance to the whole country.

DOES IT PAY TO GET EVEN

By Richard Maxwell, in The Yellow Jacket

A BRILLIANT young statesman once came within a single vote of becoming President of the United States. One man defeated him, so he sought revenge, and challenged that one man to a duel. Thus ended two of our country's most promising careers, his own and that of the man he succeeded in killing—Alexander Hamilton Aaron Burr found that revenge is not sweet —as so many think. Revenge is bitter.

So did another gifted young American named Bendict Arnold. His revenge against those who obstructed his rapid rise to greatness and fame led him to a despicable and lonely life of exile, scorned by his country and its enemies alike.

Revenge is a boomerang, as our proverbs advise. "Never break your enemy's rice bowl," is a Chinese saying. "Biting off your nose to spite your face," is another angle. An ancient Hebrew sage warns: "Vengeance is mine, said the Lord. No. pious platitude, that. Change the word "Lord" to "nature," if you choose; the significance is just the same.

Those who harm others are sowing the seeds of their own destruction, as history proves and re-proves. Witness, Hitler.

Julius Caesar, the noblest Roman of them all, was once handed a list of his enemies. Without looking at it, he ordered it destroyed immediately. "I do not care to know who they are," said Caesar. "When they relize I am a better friend than enemy, they all will become my friends."

Revenge might be called self-defense run amuck. Harness its power and use it on your side. So—forget that grudge, and get to work.

Of the forty billion people who have lived on this planet since the birth of Christ, probably not more than three per cent have lived under a government giving them personal rights and where they might call their souls their own, where they were something more than herded cattle to be ordered about by someone in power. And a large share of that tiny three per cent who have had any real liberty have lived in the United States, under our Constitution.

—Frank Gannett.

DUTIES TO SELF

Adapted from an Address by Anton H. Muller

The Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is drilled into every child. You can best learn how to act rightly towards others by learning to perform your duties to self. To enumerate these duties would require a large volume. Let us take what we consider our most important duties—mental training, body training, health keeping, energy, self control and habit making.

Almost every boy is ambitious. Every boy likes to stand well in his class, school or club; it is a most natural desire to hold one's self in "goodstanding." Yet every boy is not willing to make an extra hard effort or to make some sacrifice in order to attain the highest position in his community.

Education, whether intellectual or physical, is a necessity, in fact a duty. Education does not come to one like the meales, it is the result of hard effort. The brain is very like a muscle, it requires exercise. The more intellectual exercise you take the higher will be your mental efficiency. If you were to strap your right arm to your body for a period of six months it would become useless, in fact it would become crippled and deformed; in the same way our minds by lack of use become crippled and deformed.

It is very desirable to have a well trained mind, but the true aim of mankind is to bring out all the elements in harmonious proportions. Physical education is to provide health and strength, not strength in any particular organ or set of mucles, but a general healthiness of all the organs. The human body is really a wonderful machine, and is a worthy object of cultivation.

We can make as much out of the body as out of the brain. A strong body is desirable as most occupations require great skill in hand and eye. The man with a fine, healthy body enjoys many advantages. Every boy should feel that it is his duty to take bodily exercise best suited to his individual needs, but it is very important that he refrain from acquiring such a fondness for sports as to absorb all his strength from mental activity. At one time the idea prevailed that in order to obtain an education one had to risk vigor and health; today young men who enter school or college in a delicate condition, by careful regard of the laws of health, graduate with high honors and strong bodies.

Health keeping is mainly moderation and discretion, and obeying the simple laws of nature. You are taught that the mind and body are so connected that what affects one affects the other also. The mind and the body can be no better than the present state of health. We are given ourselves to look after. Every boy should aim to put his body under the control of his mind. By exercising one' will power the body and mind can be kept in the best possible condition. The human body should be prepared for at least fifty years of good hard work.

In order to accomplish anything in life one must work, one must be industrious. Idleness is a disease. The boy who spends his life in idleness soon degenerates, he decays. Energy is the spark of life; it is a blessing and a joy. An energetic boy is active, he can begin work with a surprising promptness. He does not shirk little details, but works with a vigor that produces the highest efficiency. To a boy of energy work is not painful, but a pleasure.

Jerky starts are worthless, and they absorb energy. Hard work becomes easy with continuous efforts. An active boy starts work with light heart, the lazy fellow with a sigh. A boy should form the habit of making starts and see to it that he is always properly started; then nature will see that he is always going. The boy who is given ten examples to work out, twenty words to learn in spelling, and then a map to draw, does not show energy if he does just what is given to him but no more. The energetic boy takes up many tasks, and when he completes them, goes to others. Sometimes when one task is completed, a boy is inclined to stop working and begin talking or anoying his neighbors, instead of going on to the next task. To take up new work is as important as to do the work at hand, and not to stop too long between jobs is a necessary condition of success.

The boy who controls himself is his own master; he does not run through life at the beck and call of others. Self-control prevents one from being carried off into foolish and regrettable acts. A boy with a will does nothing nothing until he decides to do it. The boy of self-control can control his temper and anger, can avoid hasty words. He is self-restrained when tempted, and by self-restraint when under provocation he rules his own spirit. How great a truth was spoken in these words: "Greater is he that ruleth himself than he that taketh a city."

Habit making is the most important duty of self-control. Habit rules us. Your habits are your own. You can choose your habits as you choose your friends. The forming of good habits depends upon will-power. Habit is developed by doing an act often, and by doing an act often we can do it automatically, so that instead of being part of our work it actually becomes part of ourselves. We can make what habits we want, just as we can learn what sport or trade we want. An act which is at first hard becomes easy, then a pleasure, and at last necessary, so that the habit which is at first difficult to make becomes at last impossible to resist. The first lie does not make one a liar, but repetition in general makes one a repeater, and by constantly telling one lie after another one has acquired a vicious habit. We should not do often that which we desire to discontinue. By paying strict attention to our habits we need give less to our work, since when good habits are formed things go right by themselves.

To sum up let us realize that every boy owes it to himself to educate his mind and his body, to guard his health, develop energy, master self-control and form reliable habits. Make sure you have a high estimate of yourself. What you estimate yourself to be, you will be. Teachers and

parents may help you, you may have every advantage that wealth and knowledge can offer, but unless you have a desire within yourself and determination to do something and be something, all else will be in vain.

THE BEAUTY OF GIVING

By Daphne Penny Stanton

There is an old adage, the origin of which is not known, that has been quoted down through the years: "The more you give, the more you get." I remember thinking when I was a child, upon hearing my mother say that to me, "That's funny! It doesn't make sense! If you give things away, then you don't have anything. You are just out that much. I can't understand it." But I did not express my perplexity." to my mother. I had learned that she was a woman of much wisdom and she usually knew that what she said was true.

During the past few years, I have become conscious of the working of this principle. It is true! "The more you give, the more you get."

It is not as simple as it looks. There is a difference in the results when it is not applied or carried out properly.

First of all, it depends on what you think of as giving. Most of us pay taxes of some kind to the government. Do we consider this giving money to the government. We buy food every day. Do we give money to the grocery store in response to the bill we receive? When our doctor examines us, do we give him the required fee? In each of these cases, we are merely doing what is expected in the matter of fair rate of exchange. It is not giving.

Giving is contributing over and above what is expected of us for which we expect to receive no return.

That brings us to the second consideration. This is the most difficult part to explane and understand. I am not sure that it can be explained or understood. If you contribute something, expecting nothing in return, how can it be true that "the more you give, the more you get?" In the answer to this question lies the beauty of giving.

The results of giving are not tabulated in comparison to what has been given. There is no measuring rod for what we get. Our returns are often in the form of a happy face, a confident smile, a sincere "thank you," a greateful handshake, or a healthy body. These are enough to make us glad we gave.

But there is more. How many times have we had some extraordinary good fortune, or received an unexpected joy that we knew we did not deserve or that we had not dreamed would happen! We are amazed at our "luck." Do we ever stop to think that it might have been because we gave?

"The more you give, the more you get." It works! Won't you try it?—

THE CHIEFTAINESS AND THE VOLCANO

By Charlotte M. Yonge

Few regions in the world are more beautiful than the Hawaiian Islands, which lie far away in the Pacific. They are in great part formed by the busy little coral polyps; but in the midst of them are lofty mountains, thrown up by the wonderful power that we call volcanic.

In sailing up to the Islands the first things that one sees are two lofty peaks, each two miles and a half high. One is white with perpetual snow, the other is dark—dark with lava and cinders on which the inward heat will not permit the snow to cast a white mantle. The first of these has been tranquil for many years, the other is the largest and most terrible active volcano in the world, and is named Kilauea.

The huge crater is a lake of liquid fire several miles across. Over it there is always a vapor, which hangs by day like a silvery cloud, but at dusk is red and glowing and at night is like a forest in flames. Rising into the glowing mist are two black cones, in the midst of a sea of melted lava, tossed wildly about as in a boiling caldron.

The edge of this hugh basin of burning matter is a ledge of hard lava, above which rises a mighty wall of scoria or cinder; in one place it forms an abrupt precipice four thousand feet high, but in other it can be descended, by dangerous paths, by those who desire to have a closer view of the lake of flame within.

Tremendous is the scene at all times, but at the period of eruption the majesty is beyond all imagination. Rivers of boiling lava, blood-red with heat, rush down the mountain side and spread destruction over the plains.

Heathen nations living among such wonderful appearances of nature naturally think they are caused by divine beings and so, in the Hawaiian Islands, the terrible Kilauea was supposed to be the home of the goddess Pele. Fierce goddess she was, who permitted no woman to touch the verge of her mountain, and, if one should do so, it was believed that Pele in her wrath would destroy the whole island.

At length, however, missionaries came to the islands, and little by little the people ceased to worship their savage deities, and they began to reverge the one true Maker of heaven and earth. But still they did not quite put aside their old belief about Kilauea; there the terrible sights and sounds and the desolating streams that might at any moment burst forth from the basin of flame were to them signs of the anger of a mighty goddess whom the nation feared to provoke.

After the young king and all his court had made up their minds to abandon their idols, still the priests of Pele on the flaming mountain kept their strong-hold of heathenism, and threatened Pele's wrath upon those

who gave up the ancient worship.

Then is was that a brave Christian woman, strong in faith and courage, resolved to defy the goodess and break the spell that bound trembling people to her worship. The name of this woman was Kapiolani. No common trust and courage were needed to enable her to carry out her undertaking. Not only was she outraging the old religious belief of her people; the ascent of the mountain was very toilsome and dangerous.

Wild crags and slippery sheets of lava and the slopes of crumbling cinders were difficult for the feet of the coast-bred woman to climb. And the heated soil, the vapor that oozed up from the crevices of the half-cooled lava, must have filled any mind with awe and terror, above all one that had been bred up in the faith that these were signs of wrath of a revengeful and powerful deity whose law she was disobeying.

A short time before, several men had been suffocated on the mountain side by the gases of the volcano—struck dead, as it must have seemed to the islanders, by the breath of the angry goddess.

But Kapiolani, strong in the faith that the God in whom she believed would guard her from danger, climbed up the mountain, bearing in her hand the sacred berries which it was considered sacrilege for woman to touch.

The angry priests of Pele tried to bar her way by threatening her with the rage of their mistress: but Kapiolani heeded them not. She made her way to the top of the mountain and gazed into the fiery gulf below, then she desended the side of the terrible crater, even to the margin of the boiling sea of fire, and hurled into it the sacred berries.

"If I perish by the anger of Pele," she exclaimed, "then dread her power; but, behold, I defy her wrath. I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. He was the breath that kindled these flames; His is the hand which restrains their fury! Oh, all ye people, behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii and turn and serve the Lord!"

Then the brave woman descended the mountain and went in safety to her home. She had won her cause—the cause of faith.

Do not say all you know, for he who says all he knows often says more than he knows.
Do not spend all you have, for he who spends all he has often spends more than he has.
Do not tell all you hear, for he who tells all he hears often tells more than he hears.

—Arabian Proverbs.

WHAT GOOD HAVE YOU DONE?

By Walter A. Quincke, in The Oregon Mason

One of the most touching and most beautiful scenes in the New Testament a worthy challenge to the skill of a great artist, is that of a death-room where lay the body of a woman named Dorcas. Surrounding the body were a number of poor people, and they were displaying to one another garments which the loving hands of Dorcas had made for them. Tears streamed down the faces of these humble ones as they talked of the good woman to whom death had come. That was a much finer tribute than sometimes appears in eulogistic panegyrics pronounced in the midst of stately funerals. Dorcas was a woman who quietly and effectively did a lot of good.

There are many way in which men may do good. A very common way is that of giving. How much, and in what spirit, do we give! Do we give cheerfully and with a sense of partnership with God? Do we give proportionately, and according as we have prospered? Are we satisfied with our record of giving? Are we willing to submit the figures in the very presence of the Great Architect of the Universe?

It is wonderful how much even a dollar will accomplish when it is given gladly and reverently in behalf of the welfare and happiness of others.

How much good have we done by what we have said? Perhaps we have spoken words which we wish had never been uttered; ungenerous words, biting sarcastic words, cruelly critical words, perchance slanderous or unclean words. May we be forgiven and may we experience that genuine repentance which leads to a new habit of utterance.

There is one thing that many need in large measure, and that is encouragement, and a few pessimistic words may give anyone an aggravated case of the blues. Nasty words are bound to put sadness and dejection into a person's heart. But with some cheerful sunshine and new life to those who are ready to give up.

There is marked difference in individuals in this respect. There are those who give us gloomy views of the universe whenever we have to listen to them. There are others whose words seems to light up the world. There are joy killers and joy creators.

Clean, active, and generous living accomplishes untold good. Who can estimate the force of personal example? Just to live decently and honestly in your community is a truly great thing. To live so that the poisonous tongue of the slanderer cannot hurt you, to live on a plane that the whole world recognizes as above reproach, is to radiate goodness and is to let the Light and Truths shine into other lives.

By the grace of God we can develop efficency in doing good.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Acts 4: 10-17. The subject of his helpful and inspiring message to the boys was "Keeping Our Ideals Alive." As a text he selected part of the 13th verse of the lesson just read, which told how the people, impressed by the works of Peter and John, "marvelled, and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Cox stated that one of the most difficult problems in life is that of keeping our ideals alive. As people grow older there is a tendency to lose sight of the high ideals of youthful days. Unless we exercise the greatest care as we advance in years, we may lose all incentive for that which is good.

As we advance in years, many of our high ideals and good intentions die out. We should constantly guard against this. If we cling to those high ideals of early years, life for us will be most hopeful. Were it not for high ideals, sad indeed would life be for men and women.

Rev. Mr. Cox then explained how it is possible for us to keep our high ideals alive, as follows:

(1) We must give ourselves to a great cause. A great aim to live for will keep us fighting to overcome life's evils. When we lose our purpose for living, it is because of the loss of the high ideals of early life. We should ever strive to live for something greater than self.

This was illustrated by the following story: A Christian minister had a son who was a great problem. The boy had no interest in religion. He made only fair progress in high school. The war came on, and the young man enlisted in the United States Navy. From the moment he put on the uniform of his country, he became a different fellow. He completed his basic training with a fine record. Just before going away for duty at sea, he was home on leave. He asked his father to go with him to church. He especially wanted his father to attend a communion service with him. This young man's ideals had become high and noble because he had found a great cause for which to work.

(2) Inspiration is something which will cause us to hold to our high ideals in life. It is good for us to live with people who will inspire us to greater things that will be of much value in shaping the course of our lives. A great individual may leave a lasting impression on people. This was shown by what the people said about Peter and John—they had been in the company of Jesus. It was obvious that these disciples had been inspired by the Master. The test of keeping our high ideals is a matter of living in the company of good and noble people.

(3) Discipline is another thing which enters into the attainment of high ideals. We must give up things

of lesser importance in order that we might give ourselves to something superior. It is necessary to root out evil qualities and replace them with those things which are right and good.

Some people think old ideals and standards of living are not worth anything in this modern world. Such a thought is definitely wrong. The teachings of Jesus were given to the world more than two thousand years ago, yet they still provide the only hope for our future

(4) We must live in fellowship with God. Our high ideals are born of religion. Apart from the Christian religion they simply do not exist. We live in a world filled with evil. To combat the evils of the day we have a counteractive — the companionship of God. In order to be a better person, a man must be conscious that there is some great power behind him which means that he must feel that God is with him.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Cox pointed out that in the days of Peter and John, observers readily understood from their good deeds that they had been in the company of Jesus. He urged the boys to always remember, with the passing of the years, that they could never be found in better company than that of the Master, trying their best at all times to carry out His teachings.

———:———

PROMISE YOURSELF

To be strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

—Christian D. Larson.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Indifference is the invincible giant of the world.—Ouida.

—:—

Ability and necessity dwell near each other.—Pythagoras.

—:—

Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.—Goethe.

—:—

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.—Tolstoi.

—:—

A good scare is worth more to some men than good advice.—E. W. Howe.

—:—

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.
—Chesterfield.

—:—

He who has imagination without learning has wings and no feet.
—Joubert.

—:—

Act upon your impulses, but pray that they may be directed by God.
—Tennent.

—:—

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

—:—

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.
—Seneca.

—:—

As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so it is of small wits to talk much, and say nothing.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his faults.
—Addison.

Hundreds would never have known want, if they had not first known waste.—Spurgeon.

—:—

They whose guilt within their bosom lies, imagine every eye beholds their blame.—Shakespeare.

—:—

It was pride that changed angels into devils; it is humility that makes men as angels.—Augustine.

—:—

Our thanks should be as fervent for mercies received, as our petitions for mercies sought.—C. Simmons.

—:—

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—G. Eliot.

—:—

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Irving.

—:—

That is the most perfect government under which a wrong to the humblest is an affront to all.—Solon.

—:—

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned through success, but through misadventure.—A. B. Alcott.

—:—

He that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end.—Penn.

—:—

We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.
—Emerson.

—:—

Great men are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser.
—Carlyle.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Some people do the oddest things to get even!

—:—

The shortest distance between two dates is a good line.

—:—

Study yourself to know just why you rate yourself as a wise guy.

—:—

One of the very few things we can still get for a nickel is the wrong number.

—:—

Some people are so narrow-minded they can look through a keyhole with both eyes at the same time.

—:—

The elevator operator is the only person we know who makes a success of running other people down.

—:—

A young lady recently found herself engaged to five different GI's. She told the judge that Cupid must have shot her with shrapnel.

—:—

The prediction is that there will be sixty million cars on the highways by 1960. If we can get an average of three persons in each car, the pedestrian problem will be solved.

—:—

The little boy said that he was sure the new baby at his house had been sent from heaven, for he had been told that they liked it nice and quiet up there .

—:—

Fishing doesn't become an art until the fish is in the frying pan, or some exacting housewife carries it away from the grocery store in a tin can.

Bill: "Have a chew of tobacco?"
Jim: "No thanks, I don't use the stuff."
Bill: "Well, I don't blame you. My wife left me when I started chewing."
Jim: "Huh! Give me a chew."

—:—

A passenger on a Pullman had a terrible hang-over. "Porter!" he shouted, "get me another glass of ice water." "Sorry, boss," said the porter, "but if ah take any more ice off dat corpse in de baggage car, it sure ain't goin' to keep till we gits to New York."

—:—

A young bride was annoyed by her husband's presence in the kitchen while she was preparing dinner. When he accidentally knocked her cook book to the floor, she flared up, and said: "Now look what you've done. You've lost the place, and I haven't the least idea what I'm cooking."

—:—

Have you ever noticed how hard it is for some people to get out of a room or office after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want them to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built there, and were waiting to be launched.

—:—

An undertaker found a donkey lying dead in front of his premises and went to inform the police. "What am I to do with it?" he asked the officer in charge. The officer had a sense of humor. "Do with it?" he asked with a grin. "Bury it, of course. You're an undertaker aren't you?" "That's true," replied the undertaker, "but I thought it only right to come around and inform the relatives first."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 27, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
William Epps
Calvin Matheson
Marion Ray
Carl Rice
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Ernest Johnson
Major Loftin
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Ray Burns
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Odean Chapman
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Ernest Kitchin
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Earl Howell
William Hinson
George Patterson
Robert Wilkins
Harold Willis
J. C. Woodall

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
John Gainey
Edward Ingold
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Ralph Seagle
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edd Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Franklin Stover
Frank Spivey
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford

Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Carlton Crawford
Miley Gunter
Curtis Helms
Kenneth McLean
Edwin Morgan
Benny Riggins
Robert Billings

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Herbert Brooks
William Carswell
Earl Grant
David Hill,
Jack Hensley

COTTAGE No. 14

Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
Lawrence Owens
Jerry Rippey

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Butcher
Donald Bass
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Carl Holt
James Johnson
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Donnie Grantham
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Charles McDaniels
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

HERE'S THE IDEA

Most of us have a strange way of criticizing the faults of others and justifying the same shortcomings in ourselves.
When the other fellow is set in his way he's obstinate;
When you are, it is just firmness.
When the other fellow tries to treat someone nice, he's toadying;
When you do, you are using tact.
When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he's cranky;
When you do, you are discriminating.
When the other fellow says what he thinks, he's spiteful;
When you do, you are frank.
When the other fellow doesn't like your friends, he's prejudiced;
When you don't like him, you are a good judge of human nature.

—Selected.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 17, 1947 No. 20

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MEN WANTED

Not gold, but only men can make
A nation great and strong,
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast, and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others shy.
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
A CHRISTIAN PARABLE IN STORY OF THE BIBLE	By Marvin Bauer	11
HOW IS IT WITH YOU?	By Daisy Roberts Malone	12
BY THE WAYSIDE	(Sunshine Magazine)	14
JEALOUSY	By Bernard B. Hitchcock	15
THE HEROES OF YESTERYEAR	(The Speakers Library Magazine)	16
IT CAN(T) BE DONE	(Sunshine Magazine)	19
MESSAGE OUT OF THE DEPTHS	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	22
FLOWERS FOR REMEMBRANCE	(The Youth's Evangelist)	23
UNEMPLOYMENT BREEDS CRIMINALS	(Hill Top News)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE WORD TO THE LIVING

It isn't enough to say in our hearts
That we like a man for his ways.
It isn't enough that we fill our minds
With paeans of silent praise.
Nor is it enough that we honor a man,
As our confidence upward mounts—
It's going right up to the man himself
And telling him so, that counts.

If a man does a work you really admire,
Don't leave a kind work unsaid
In fear that to do so might make him vain,
And cause him to "lose his head."
But reach out your hand and tell him, "Well done!"
And see how his gratitude swells,
It isn't the flowers we strew on the grave,
It's the word to the living that tells.

—Author Unknown.

THE BOY SCOUTS GO CAMPING

During last weekend a group of the Boy Scouts from the Jackson Training School participated in a weekend camping activity at Camp Cabarrus. There were about twenty boys in all who enjoyed this excellent outdoor experience, and we are sure that everyone of them had a grand time, and learned some lessons which will benefit them not only while they stay at the school but throughout all their lives. It is hard to estimate fully just how much it is to a boy when he has an opportunity to get out into the forest, out onto the fields, and in competition with other Scouts.

The Scouts from the Training School gave a splendid account of themselves. In all there were three patrols from the school, and

the boys understood that if they made good records and high scores in various competitive items of Scouting they would have an opportunity to go to Camp Dick Henning at Ellerbe Springs on the weekend of May 16-17. The boys all seemed to be very eager to hold the banners high and to make good scores.

We are delighted to announce that all three patrols from the school scored enough points to win blue ribbons and thereby become entitled to go to the Council Camp at Dick Henning. The scores of the different patrols were as follows:Troop 61, Wolf Patrol, 849 points; Troop 61, Buffalo Patrol, 837 points; and Troop 60, Owl Patrol, 845 points. Thus, these scores entitled them to blue ribbons and to another delightful camping outing.

Mr. John Corliss is the Scoutmaster for Troop 60 ,and Mr. Earl Walters is the Scoutmaster for Troop 61. We commend both of these Scout leaders for the excellent showing which these boys made, and we look forward to further honors for these two troops.

Some few of the Boy Scouts here at the school did not have the opportunity to make the trip to Camp Cabarrus. Some of the boys were tied up with other activities, but this does not mean they will not have the opportunity to spend a full week in camp later on in the summer. In all, we are hoping there will be around thirty-five Scouts from the school who will get the benefit of a full week of camping.

We are particularly gratified to announce that two prominent citizens in Concord have contributed a total of $330 in order to make it possible for the Training School Scouts to attend the summer camp for Scouts. Mr. Aubrey Hoover, Jr. gave $220 of this amount, and Mr. Bill Propst gave $110. We want to express our sincere thanks to thes two men for their generous contributions. We are sure our Scouts will gain great profit from their experiences, and we shall emphasize with them the importance of their doing the very best they can in appreciation for the gifts which have made Scouting possible for them.

* * * * * * * *

QUESTING FOR KNOWLEDGE

The time has arrived when high schools and colleges are staging

their commencement exercises and when the young people are pasing another milestone in their lives by graduation from high school or from college. The experience of graduation, of course, is an important event in the life of any person, and there is every reason why it should be staged as a dramatic and significant occasion. As a matter of fact, a person graduates from high school or from college only once in a lifetime, and, consequently, it should be recognized as a celebrated event.

In all the graduating exercises, the minister and orators, with all their eloquence and power at their command, will strive to impress upon the minds of young people the importance of their retaining the knowledge which they have gained thus far, and of carrying it with them out into the practical, everday life of the world. It is fitting and proper that the young people should be given advice and counsel of all the wise leaders in adult life, so that the young may not squander the opportunities which present themselves.

The young people everywhere who are stepping out into practical life are being told that knowledge is power and that they should make use of all the useful things which they have learned as they have traversed the pathways of life. It is hoped that among other things every person will be reminded of the fact that he owes a debt of gratitude to his teachers and all the adults leaders who have made his education possible. In the education of the youth there is a constant flow of sacrificial service which is beyond measure, and the only rewad that comes to the adult generation is the satisfaction of knowing that the young people have, in a measure, availed themselves of the facilities for which they have sacrificed through the years.

Also, among other things, it is hoped that all young people will be reminded of the fact that their greatest obligation in life is to use their knowledge and their wisdom towards the services of mankind. The accumulation of an education, while it may enable one to earn a fortune, is, in essence, an opportunity for enriching and enlightening the world; it is a channel of service towards one's fellowman.

Among those who are graduating from the high schools of this day there, of course, will be some who will go out with a full de-

termination to push to the front and to rise to the highest levels of attainment possible. They will regard their graduation day merely as a stepping stone into the bigger and greater things in life. They will consider that their commencement exercises only mark the time when they really begin to learn the greatest lessons of all. The greatest tragedy of all is represented in the lives of those young people who have looked forward to their graduation day as the time when learning ceases and when textbooks are closed for all time.

The young people who receive their diplomas at this time are entering into the arena of life when there are great problems to be confronted. This is the most complex and confusing time in the history of the world. During recent years when the young people witnessed the greatest war in the history of the world, there was likely the greatest advancement in technical science and knowledge in the history of the world. We now live in an atomic age, with all it represents, for the first time. All these tend to make it difficult for one to look for the source of strength to a divine power or to an inner conscience. It is perhaps evident to all that we have far excelled in our scientific advancement what we have been able to do in our spiritual development.

The young people who are graduating today should be reminded of the fact that they will face life under great difficulties, but that it will be possible for them to go out into the world and to succeed where others have failed. It will be possible for them to carry with them the basic attitudes of dependability, persistence, honesty, and integrity, upon which foundations the very existence of our civilization has existed throughout the ages. It is possible for them to carry with them the habit and the attitude of self-improvement so that there can be no limit to their attainments. Surely, it is possible that they can go out into the practical world in quest of more knowledge year after year, year after year. This has been the attitude of many boys who have gone out and, seemingly, with no chance in life, have distinquished themselves with honor and fame.

All the young people who go out should realize the necessity of their doing the little things well, and of their starting out at or near

the bottom of the ladder with the purpose of rising to a higher goal as they merit promotion from time to time. They should go out into life with no illusions as to the practical aspects of living and meeting competition in the everyday activities of life.

No more illustrious example of success won by exercise of common virtues can be offered than Abraham Lincoln, who rose from the railsplitter to become President of the United States. It has been said of him as follows:

Probably Lincoln has been the hero of more American boys during the last two generations than any other American character. Young people look upon him as a marvelous being, raised up for a divine purpose; and yet, if we analyze his character, we find it made up of the humblest virtues, the commonest qualities; the poorest boys and girls, who look upon him as a demigod, possessing these qualities.

The strong thing about Lincoln was his manliness, his straightforward, downright honesty. You could depend upon him. He was ambitious to make the most of himself. He wanted to know something, to be somebody, to lift his head up from his humble environment and be of some account in the world. He simply wanted to better his condition.

It is true that he had a divine hunger for growth, a passion for a larger and completer life than that of those about him; but there is no evidence of any great genius, and marvelous powers. He was a simple man, never straining after effect.

His simplicity was his chief charm. Everbody who knew him felt that he was a man, a large-hearted, generous friend, always ready to help everybody and everything out of their troubles, whether it was a pig stuck in the mire, a poor widow in trouble, or a farmer who needed advice. He had a helpful mind, open, frank, transparent. He never covered up anything, never had secrets. The door of his heart was always open so that anyone could read his inmost thoughts.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Radio Program

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The radio program for Tuesday morning of last week was one that Mr. Hines and his students had prepared, and Mrs. Liske helped with the music. Hr. Hawfield announced the program, which consisted of songs, readings and poems pertaining to Mother's Day.

At the first of the program, the boys sang two songs, "Mother Dear" and "Mother." There were ten boys who sang. Arthur Lawson gave some Bible quotations concerning honoring our mothers. Gerald Johnson gave a reading which told how Anna Jarvis started Mother's Day. Another song, "Faith of our Mothers," was rendered by the group. The last thing on the program was a poem, "Somebody's Mother," by Robert Jarvis.

The boys who went to the radio station were: Gerald Johnson,Arthur Lawson, Jack Paschall, Harvey Honeycutt, Robert Jarvis, Bobby Duncan, Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, Paul Denton, Clifford Millian, and Glenn Evans.

Our Program for Mother's Day

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

For quite some time before Mother's Day the boys worked hard to get ready their program, with the help of Mr. Hines and Mrs. Liske. The program consisted of songs, recitations, and a pageant. The first thing on the program was two songs, "Mother Dear" and "Mother", which were followed by some quotations for Mother's Day, taken from the Bible, given by Arthur Lawson. The introduction was given by Gerald Johnson. Following this, three poems were given. They were: "My Mother," by Clyde Wright; "Somebody's Mother," by Robert Jarvis; and "My Angel Mother," by Carl Holt. Two songs, "Faith of Our Mother," and "A Mother's Day Hymn," were then given, after which we had three more poems, which were the following: "Mother O'Mine," by Paul Denton; "Only One Mother," by James Shook; and "Only One Mother the Wide World Over," by Waylon Gardner. John McKinney then gave a story entitled "I Don't Love You Now, Mother". Three other poems followed this. They were: "Mother's Glasses," by James Dunn; "Mother's Face," by Glenn Evans; and "As Mother Used to Do," by Talmadge Duncan. The last thing on the program was a pageant which was given by a group of boys.

Mother's Day Cards

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Each boy in the school sent a Mother's Day card to his mother. Mr. Hawfield got the cards for us to send, and Mr. Hines distributed them to the boys. Each boy, I am sure, loves his mother and wants to honor her. All the cards were nice.

One of the cards that I especially

liked had this verse on it:

For all your loving care
My tenderest wishes cannot pay,
But all the tribute of my heart
Is your this special day.

For all your understanding ways,
The thoughtful things you've done,
We hope this day will be for you
A truly happy one!

Tonsil Clinic

By Harvey Honeycutt, 8th Grade

Some of the boys at the school are going to have their tonsils removed soon. Some have already been over town to have theirs removed. There are fifty boys who are on the list, and six of them will go each time. The boys go over town one day and come back the next day. It will last about three weeks. The boys who have already had their tonsils removed are getting along fine and will soon be going back to work.

The Air Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Sunday afternoon, after the church services, the boys of the school went over to the ball field to see an air show, given by the Modelenere Club of Concord. One model plane that went up stayed for a long time, but the second time it went up it crashed.

The club gave many of the boys model airplanes as prizes. The boys who were given planes had a good time building them for themselves and their playmates.

The following boys won airplanes: Billy Smith, Richard Johnson, Harvey Arnette, Ray Naylor, Talmadge Duncan, Paul Denton,, Coy McElvin, Glenn Cunningham, Jimmy Cauthen, Charles Cain, Eugene McLean, Chas. Hudson, W. L. Steele, Reuben Vester, Ralph Cranford, Raymond Cloninger, Robert Gorden, Odell Cain, Conley Haney, Richard Sandlin, Edwin Parker, Howard Wise, Eugene Martin, Treva Colman, Nathan Ashewill, and Marion Ray.

We appreciate the fact that we could see the air show and the fact that the club presented the prizes to the boys.

An Interesting Ball Game

By Charles Smith, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday evening, Cottage No. 16 and Cottage No. 14 had a very good ball game on the school diamond near the highway. Cottage No. 14 won by the score of 14-2, but Cottage No. 16 wants to play them again soon. It was the first game of the season for Cottage No. 16. However, Cottage No. 14 had played three games before this one. Mr. Adams is the officer of Cottage No. 16, and Mr. Hooker is the officer of Cottage No. 14.

Birthday Party

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Last Wednesday, the boys who had birthdays in March and April went to a birthday party.

Each boy had some hot dogs and a coca cola. We all had a good time at the party. We all appreciated the party, and we wish to thank

all who made it possible for us to have such a good time.

Civics Class

By Ray Wooten, 8th Grade

Recently, five boys have been sent up to the 8th grade. The are: Ray Wooten, King Watkins, Harvey Honeycutt, J. D. Gupton, and Charles Smith.

The subject that they are studying the most is civics. In civics, they are studying about an interesting topic, "Human Wants." They learned that the wants of people today are so many more than those of men long ago.

Our Pageant for Mother's Day

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Recently the boys of Mr. Hines' room have been getting up a pageant. They used it for the Mother's Day program.

The outline of the pageant is given by Carl Holt. It is divided into six parts. In the first part, a mother crosses the stage with a baby in her arms. Charles Angel dramatizes that part. A song, "Sweet Baby of Mine," is sung by a group of boys. The second part shows a mother entering, leading by the hand her six-year old boy who is starting to school. The group sings "Goodbye, Mother." The third part shows a mother congratulating her son as he presents her his high school diploma. The boy who plays that part is Talmadge Duncan, who recites a famous quotation of Abraham Lincoln's. The fourth part shows a mother presenting her son a Bible as he leaves home to attend college. Clyde Wright plays this part. The fifth part shows the mother as she receives news of her son's wedding, and the group sings "Songs of Love." The last part shows the son returning to the old mother, bringing his wife and children who sing songs for her. The group of children, who are in the hidden choir, sing "Children Dear." In the last part, four boys present flowers to the old mother. They present pansies, iris, tulips, and roses. As the hidden choir sings, "Lamp-Lighting Time in the Valley," the curtains are drawn.

Farm Work

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

It is beginning to get warm now, and we are enjoying working on the farm. Strawberries are getting ripe, and some of the boys are picking them. We are also getting up hay. The boys like to cut the hay, rake the hay and haul the hay. We are cultivating the potatoes now. Some of the boys are transplanting tomato plant and other plants. Some of them have been hauling rich soil for the plant beds. We enjoy the farm work very much .

When prosperity comes, do not use all of it. —Confucius.

A CHRISTIAN PARABLE IN STORY OF THE TREES

By Marvin Bauer, in Our Paper

Sometimes people wonder why prayers are not answered promptly or the reply is different from their expectations although we have the assurance our prayers are heard by the angels and carried by them to God.

The following story is symbolic:

Three large trees stood in a dense forest; one day they prayed, asked for what they desired to be converted into when felled.

The first prayer to be a beautiful palace where kings and queens dwelt and visitors would come and gaze with awe.

The second, to be a large ship, sail the seven seas and encircle the globe.

The third wanted to stay in the forest, grow into the tallest tree there and always point a high finger to God.

One day the woodsmen came and chopped down the first tree and, in-of a palace, it was made into a common stable but a virgin and her husband found shelter there and that night there was born the fairest babe in all creation and ever since men and angels have been singing the Glory to God in the Highest.

Thirty years passed, the second tree was felled and made into a small ship, launched on the sea of Galilee; a tall young man stood on the deck of that ship and with a heart-warming smile told the multitude "I came that you might have life and enjoy it more abundantly."

Soon the third tree was chopped down, the limbs were made into a cross and beastly men goaded on by devilish spirit, pinned His shoulders down and nailed that young man to the Cross—the loveliest personality that ever walked upon this earth—but ever since, that cross has been pointing to the road to Paradise, the road which is now open to all, and the final station on that highway is God. People who have the influx of the Holy Spirit, knowing what has been done for them, have an ardent love for their Savior. The heart that had once met Jesus wil never love another.

———:———

Let thy purse and not thine eye tell thee what to buy.
You cannot expect the looking-glass to reveal more than you put into it.
There are plenty of men in the world, but very few heroes.
The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

—Old Proverbs.

HOW IS IT WITH YOU?

By Daisy Roberts Malone

There are many mothers—and fathers—all over the world who ponder the meaning of the old saying, "When your son marries, you lose him." This suspicion is aggravated, perhaps, by the fact that there are young wives who believe a man's love is one mighty force that belongs only to her. One mother who simply would not let herself even think there was any truth in the old saying, suffered an experience that came near wrecking her conclusions. Here is the mother's own story:

Just how a young wife comes to thinking she is the one and only in her husband's life, she probably does not know herself. That kind is often jealous of his mother, or even of his and her own sons and daughters. A young wife of my acquaintance quite earnestly told a group of her friends in a gloating way that she though she had finally 'weaned her husband away from his mother. I wanted to punish that young woman by wishing that when her son takes unto himself a wife, her daughter-in-law might heap upon her like a retribution. But I soon repented of this terrible thought.

Tell me, just how do you learn to eat when you cannot force food past that lump in your throat? And will food help any when that hurt in your heart gives you a sick feeling? Some mothers may grin and bear it, but I'm not on to the way of being a mother to her children, even though she has nothing to give them but love, and not expect from them love and consideration in return.

A man has many kinds of love, and not one hinders the growth of the other. I know my son loves his wife dearly in one way, and he loves his mother in another way—each a deep and abiding love. At times, perhaps jealousy, I have thought he took strange ways of showing it, even thinking perhaps his wife might be trying to, "wean" him away from his home ties, but I have discovered each time my sad mistake.

The five years my son was overseas in military service, and his wife remained behind in our modern farm home, we planned in our bi-weekly letters for his return to the farm, and into possible partnership with his father. But when he finally returned, these pages seemed to have been lost in the "book of memories," for he was so intensely interested in his wife that he never mentioned the farm. And it was to his wife's home in the city that they went. We forced ourselves to say nothing, for we concluded that our wishes were well known, and ignored.

Then came Mother's Day. I felt sure that sense my son and his wife had spent nearly all of their time at her mother's home, they were planning a grand surprise at our home. Not being able to contain myself, I wrote my son that we were happily looking forward to their "home-coming." In anticipation but without assurance, I made ready for the day, even to preparing their favorite dishes.

But the day before proved to be my Waterloo. Came word from my son that because of the severe storm, they would be unable to get out to the farm,

but, casual like, wished me "much happiness."

Happiness! Could there ever be a more ironical meaning? I was certain now that my daughter-in-law had "weaned" my son away, and misery was no word to express my feelings. My son's note finished by saying they would come the following Monday, if they could. But little did I care, and I tore up the note. If they ever came again, would I not have a lecture laid up for them!

Surprisingly, they actually came Monday—in time for an illy prepared dinner. Apparently I did not show any too much pleasure in greeting them. My son looked at me silently, just as he used to do. Then he took my hand and led me away into another room.

"Mother!" he began passionately; "you must forgive me. You must realize that I have taken upon myself responsibilities that I must fulfill."

Instead of the lecture I had laid up for my son, I could not allow him to proceed.

"I revere you and Dad more than I can show in my actions," my son said emotionally, yet firmly. "My love and my respect have grown stronger by my absence, for I can now see, as I have not seen before, the deep scaredness of your love for me, and what both of you have meant to me."

"But son," I said, "the farm—and—the partnership with your dad!"

"Why, you don't mean—" my son exclaimed. "I thought you no longer wanted me, for you never once mentioned it after I returned—and that hurt!"

I began to realize how I had misunderstood my son, and in my agony and joy I fell upon his shoulders, unable to restrain my weeping and my penitence. All I could say between sobs was, "Oh, son will you?"

"Will I!" he shouted so loudly that his wife came running in. He grabbed me and pressed me to his bosom. He pressed me so hard that I had difficulty in breathing. But I managed to say,"And what about Daisy?"

"Daisy is here to speak for herself," he said.

"I never wanted anything so much in my life!"

"You silly!" I said as I tore myself loose.

"Is it all right with Dad?" my son asked anxiously.

"Son," his father spoke as he stepped into the doorway, "I need you. You could show me no higher honor than for you and Daisy to take your place with us here."

The son took his mother and his father by the hand, and looked into their eyes with that love and understanding as only a dutiful son can.

So, you see, I am happy again, and ponder no longer the meaning of the old saying, "When your son marries, you lose him," for it is not true.

Requirements of a Gentleman: To see clearly; to understand what he hears; to be warm in manner; dignified in bearing; faithful in speech; painstaking in his work; to ask when in doubt; in anger to think of difficulties; in sight of gain to think of right.

—Selected.

BY THE WAYSIDE

(Sunshine Magazine)

A chubby little Indian girl stood on the station platform as the train came to a stop. A group of restless travelers, glad of whatever broke the monotony, gathered in a circle about her, examining her wares. On every hand the desert stretched away, meeting the bare, black mountains, their sides scarred by gorges and barren vegetation. Against their somber background the bright shawl of the Indian maid showed to good advantage.

"You pay two prices for what you buy here," said the man with his hat on one side of his head, who had the air of knowing it all. "But the tourist is robbed everywhere. You might as well make up your mind to be cheated."

"This is not cheat," the Indian girl protested. "I make baskets myself; take many days."

"Oh, of course, they all say they are selling cheap," said the man again. "And why shouldn't they cheat if they can? I'd do the same in their place." And he looked at the man on the other side of the circle who was making some purchases from the Indian girl.

When the girl had finished the transaction, she turned and faced the man who had spoken disrespectfully. "For what shall it profit a man;" she quoted in slow English, 'if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul"? That is what they taught us at the mission school," she concluded, "and I will not lie that I may sell my baskets, even if I go hungry."

It was a silent company that climbed aboard the train at the conductor's signal. That is , silent except the man with his hat on one side. Red faced, he turned to some of his companions and said, "That wasn't a long sermon, but it's the kind one can't forget in a hurry."

———:———

It is possible to have a very old body and a very young heart. It is not the calendar and the birthday book that determine your age. It is the soul within and the eyes that you look out with, and the mind that thinks and the heart that feels. It is health that makes young blood; not mere health of body, but health of temper, health of affection.—J. G. Greenough.

JEALOUSY

By Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper

Undoubtedly we could create a lively discussion embodying this lone vice which virtually all mankind possesses. Oft times confused with envy, jealousy has no brother. Many who have attempted to cope with jealousy have survived, yet suffered the pangs of remorse for their foolish venture.

No man can cope with jealousy since it is a by product of fear. Fear of being dubbed a laggard while our fellowman achieves success; fear of the adjustment which one is sometimes forced to make, and of the doubt which one casts upon one's own ability to concede to such adjustment.

While jealousy—an obnoxious breeze—can never be suppressed directly by mortal man, it can and should be treated lightly—lest it progress too rapidly.

He who understands fully his emotional conflict can minimize the self-injurious effects of this offensive trait by self-control and mental discipline. While it can never be vanquished, it can be prevented. What arouses jealousy in one has been supplanted with happiness by others.

There are many who achieve happiness through the compassionate understanding of their fellowmen. They derive great pleasures from the knowledge of the success of others. True brotherhood was born of such minds, and thrives amongst such mental personalities.

One should never direct his endeavours towards combating this vice in others of lesser mental control, as it is manifestly an impossibility. However, since it is understood that uncontrolled jealousy eventully progresses until it emerges as hate, one has no cause to fear a jealous mind, for hate is a condition of insanity and will one day dominate its possessor to the point of rendering him a victim of his own limitations.

———:———

GREAT HEARTS

Hearts that are great beat never loud;
They muffle their music when they come;
They hurry away from the thronging crowd
With bended brows and lips half dumb.
And the world looks on and mutters, "Proud."
But when great hearts have passed away,
Men gather in crowds and kiss their shroud,
And in love they gather around their clay.
Hearts that are great are always lone;
They never can manifest their best.
Their greatest greatness is unknown,
Earth knows a little—God the rest.

—Archbishop Ryan.

THE HEROES OF YESTERYEAR

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Why talk of the heroes of yesteryear? Who were they, what real greatness lies in their deeds, what do they matter to us in our world of today?

The cynic may ask these questions, and say that the heroes of history were mostly mere seekers of fame and fortune, devoting their precious years or even giving up their lives in the foolhardy pursuit of gold and silver, of praise and notoriety, of a medal or a bit of laurel. And is not true history the story of the progress of peoples, nations, races, and of the development of culture, enlightenment, intellect and ideals, rather than the stories of individual men and their deeds of valor, of spectacular victories or heroic martyrdoms? And the truly great men of the past, were they not those who led their peoples forward with education, with science, with philosophy, and with religious enlightenment?

There is an element of truth in this cynical point of view, but only an element. The questions serve only to remind us of what we already know is the truth; namely that there have been many other heroes than are named in our histories, many others than those who have worn the epaulets, the medals of bronze or gold, or the wreaths of laurel; and many more than those whose spectacular deeds and accomplishments have appealed to the popular imagination of the people throughout the centuries. However, this reminder only impresses upon us the conception of a much larger field of heroism than is ordinarily conceived, and mulitiplies many times the great debt that we owe to the heroes of the past.

And when we pause to think how vast is this heroic field, how many different kinds of heroes there have been, what great multitudes of them have died unhonored and unsung, and what an infinitessimal few of them are represented by the thousands named in the histories of the world,—when we reflect upon all this, we are startled at the thought of what an infinitely vast army these heroes of yesteryear would present, if we were so much as capable of conceiving them gathered together into one mighty heroic throng.

Yes, my friends, it is true. The heroes about whom we read in our histories, for the most part are generals, individual warriors of one rank or another. To a much lesser degree, there are the stories of great religious leaders and martyrs, of a few famous explorers, of scientists whose inventions and discoveries were of a practical nature, of a few philosophers and leaders in democratic thought, and a few renowned diplomats and statesmen. Still, however, the historian of today is not unjust. He does not hesitate to point out that only a scant few of the real heroes of the world's history are recorded in his book. He willingly assures us that few if any great men did much to improve things or open the way to a better civilization without the help of thousands of others, many of whom very probably played a more important, though less

spectacular, part than the one honored by his followers and by posterity. The greatest inventors, for instance, have only given practical application to the scientific principles which were established only after many lives had been unselfishly devoted to the thankless tasks of experiment and research. And when we think today of such a man as Stephenson as the inventor of the locomotive, we are likely also to forget the hundred of men who made that invention into the great and powerful machine that it now is. And when Thomas Gray spoke of the mute and inglorious heroes buried in the country churchyard, he was not indulging in any absurd and fantastic thoughts.

A great General is mentioned in history, yet the heroes of his battles and his triumphs were numbered in the thousands and tens of thousands. A great explorer is named, and yet not he alone but all of his followers were heroes in struggling and fighting their way into the strange and unknown lands. For every saint there were thousands of faithful, valorous and persecuted disciples whose courage was no less herioc than that of their leader. And for every Rousseau and every Thomas Jefferson there were thousands of other who had dared to think, to talk and to write upon the principles of freedom and democracy, in spite of the penalty for treason, and regardless of the power of tyranny. And the same is true in the many other fields of human endeavor. In every phase of civilization's progress,' there have been heroic leaders, and for each leader, thousands of others without whose valor and courage nothing could ever have been accomplished.

Now, my friends, we can see what this heroic host means to all of us today. It means everything that we call right and good. It means civilization. Let us reflect a moment upon the long history of human progress and the advance of civilization. It has been the history of a tremendous and enternal struggle between the forces of ignorance and enlightment, between evil and right, between human weaknesses and human virtues, between reaction and progress. In the great struggle of the centuries against civilization's slow advances were the forces of ignorance, opposing the revelations of scientist, philosopher and teacher; the forces of weakness and cowardice, caring not for principle or character; the forces of evil, destroying much of what the forces of right accomplished —but not all; and the forces of reaction, intrenched in their worldly riches, satisfied with a rotten world, and trembling at the very thought of progress and a changing world.

And yet we now live in a civilization far advanced beyond that of early history, or even that of a century ago. There is still a place for heroic measurers of human betterment, and that may always be the case; but the great reality is that remarkable progress has been made in spite of the many and powerful opposing forces. And this proves just one thing; the the great debt which every one of us owes to the heroes of yesteryear. For without those heroes, no progress could have been made. Amidst ignorance only the heroes could preach

a new religion, only the brave could reveal the truth and teach new ideas of life and living, only the courageous could face the world with the startling principles of science. In the midst of human weaknesses, only the courage of heroes could save the world from stagnation and degeneracy. Against the forces of evil, against what was wrong, we must know from our own experiences today how much heroism is needed for the right to be victorious. And against the forces of self-satisfaction, stagnancy and reaction, the countless numbers who have fought for a newer and better world have been nothing if not heroes.

Still, we can conceive only in a vague and incomplete fashion the greatness of the debt that you and I and every one of us owe to the untold millions who have heroically fought the struggle of the ages, who have fought and won battle after battle for progress and advancement—sometimes with the sword, sometimes with the spoken word and the pen; sometimes with the test-tubes, sometimes with the compass-needle, other times with wheel and with lever;—but always with a personal sacrifice, always with persistence and courage, and always with a faith in humanity and a devotion to the cause of man. And in concluding we can all see that, although we can hardly repay our debt to the heroes of yesteryear, we can be nothing less, ourselves, than contemptible weaklings, if we fail to work in the troubled world today with at least some of their unselfishness, faith, and heroic courage.

THERE IS A BRIDGE

There is a bridge that man has built
With girders of the mind;
Its buttresses are stronger than
All steel and stone combined.

There is a bridge that spans the years
As valor spans the sea,
A bannister of stars that leads
Beyond eternity.

This timeless bridge of which I speak,
This stairway of the sky,
Will one day guide man's spirit home
When dusk has put him by.

—Robert Quinn.

IT CAN('T) BE DONE

(Adapted by Sunshine Magazine from A. Allison Houghton, in Good Business)

Young Philip Larson stretched himself out upon the park bench. "Oh, what's the use?" he exclaimed aloud. He had lately returned from military service, and luxuriated in self-pity; for was not a benevolent government watching over him? There was only a thin dime in his pocket—far too thin to endure until his next dole was forthcoming. And Phil was debating whether to spend it for a nourishing bowl of soup or flip it away in a game at the corner tavern.

Absorbed in this weighty problem, Phil had not noticed a little drab, gray-haired man at the other end of the bench. His introspection was interrupted.

"Ahem!" coughed the man. Phil looked into the weather-beaten face. "It' been a warm day," said the man. Phil acknowledged tolerantly.

"Work relief?" continued the man. The question was friendly and ingratiating.

"Naw—just bumming," Phil replied, yawning.

"That's bad!" the gray voice was hammering at the young man's phychical conscience. "This war has taken the initiative away from thousands of young men."

"Initiative—where do you get that!" Phil's voice was sharp and rude. "There's a thousand men for every job—before the war they used to call them 'positions.' "

"There are positions now for thousands who make themselves blind to opportunity," said the man kindly. "You know, there are those who would rather loaf and seek charity, than work." The words bit deeply.

"That all depends on how you look at it," the monotonous voice droned. "All anyone needs to do it to tighten his belt a little—if he has the right stuff in him."

"Oh, sure! I've heard all those answers," Phil said

"Did you ever hear this one?" asked the man. "Charlie Jason, a friend of mine, was stranded in a little dead, dried-up town on the shores of Lake Michigan at the close of World War I. He was four degrees lower than flat broke. Charlie wandered along the powdery sands of the beach and stumbled over an idea: sand would polish and scour. He remembered that his mother used burnt-clay brick, crushing it into powder to scour the old bone-handled steel knives and forks.

"Charlie sifted the sand a number of times, and the result was a fine powder that he put into packages. He began selling 'Shell Dust' to the busy housewives. It was fine and soft, and easy to use—a great improvement over the old clay brick. It sold readily—pure, plain sand. But he told his customers what it was, and when they demurred on buying sand, he told them it took lots of work to make it as fine as his 'Shell Dust.' This created confidence and ready sales.

"Charlie eventually built a factory to kiln-dry the sand, and machines

to do a better job of sifting, and then improved the product by adding other scouring and cleansing agents until it was perfect. The same gritty grains that get into your shoes and sift through every crevice in the summer cottage founded one of the greatest industries of this nation. Charlie Jason didn't know it couldn't be done."

"That's all very well, maybe," said Phil skeptically, "but now it's different; everything has been thought out, and utilized."

"Far from it!" exclaimed the grayish man. "You must be blinded, groggy, from the blows you think fate has dealt you. Or, maybe you think the world owes you a living just because you fought in the war. The rest of us fought, too, and are still fighting—don't forget that. This is no time for any of us to lie down and turn lazy. We must open our eyes and see the opportunities all around us. There was Johnson, the cartoonist of national reputation, who lost a big city position. He made good at drawing cartoons of the 'big fish in the little ponds' a long, long way from Times Square. He didn't know that the opportunities had all gone the way of the dodo bird. Neither did the Metropilitan Opera star who played concerts in high-school auditoriums, or the architect who began drawing plans for garages, or the secretary who found himself minus a boss, and began teaching others in preparation for the time when business would want them.

"You may know something that the world would gladly pay to have you give it. The small makeshift job may lead to great success. There's no need for anyone to sit and mourn and cringe and bewail the lack of opportunity. It's up to all of us to get to work!"

Young Phil was beginning to sit up. "Ye-ah," he drawled, "but a fellow's got to have money these days to get a start. There are lots of rich fellows grabbing up all the opportunities. Here's my pile!" and he held up the thin dime.

"Wrong again, young man," the gray voice persisted. "Ever hear of Bill Murdock?" Everybody had, and so Phil nodded. "Bill stranded in a little flyspeack town in Ohio without a sou, and with a big hotel bill staring him in the face. There was a printed placard on the door stating that a hotel bill must be paid—or worked out on the rock pile. Anyway, that's what it meant. Bill looked at that notice every time he was awake, and then it began to haunt him in his dreams.

"One day Bill wandered out to the cemetery to look things over. Seated on a tombstone, he had no trouble feeling sad. He loved to whittle, and not having a wooden stick, he began to scrape away the moss and discoloration from the weather-beaten surface of the stone. He was surprised to see that it was pure white marble beneath the mold.

"Then an idea bumped him in the face. People would gladly pay to have these testimonials to the departed refinished. He tried out a number of abrasives, and found in fine emory paper the ideal material. It was then the simplest of tasks to sell relatives the idea of having the work done—not to be paid for until they had seen

the finished work and were well satisfied. Bill's puritanical conscience demanded that.

"Well, Bill soon bad his pockets full of money, and he felt that he had the world by the tail on a downhill pull."

"I wonder," exclaimed Phil, "if you are right!"

"I'm not telling you anything new." The drab voice now had a vibrant ring. "You have only to make a position for yourself. It will pay all you are worth. You've got to have what it takes to go out and kick old man Opportunity in the face and make him give you a place in the parade. It never hurts to try, and if you don't know it can't be done, then it's easy."

Phil looked at the western sun gilding the towers of a great city, a busy city with many people, every one a possible prospect for any useful thing he could offer. They were not competitors, as he had once thought, but prospects. He wondered why he had never thought of it in this way before. He looked again toward the great city. It had never seemed as inviting to him as now. The windows of the skyscrapers winked a welcome at him from over the tops of the trees.

And as he looked, he exclaimed, "You're right, old man! I'm going to try—but who are you—" The other end of the bench was vacant, with only the crumpled newspaper that he had seen there before the drab old man had come.

Oh, well, it didn't matter. Phil's eyes were wide open now. The skyscraper windows still gleamed at him. And to Philip Larson the "little I" had vanished, and in its place was the "great I am."

BE A MAN

God make me a man.
Give me strength to stand for the right
When other folks have left the fight.
Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he will, he can.
Teach me to see in every face
The good, the kind and not the base
Make me sincere in word and deed
Blot out from me all shame and greed.
Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active self-control.
Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play
And keep me brave from day to day
Oh make of me a man. —Author Unknown

MESSAGES OUT OF THE DEPTHS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Facing death with fortitude is nothing new or unique among men, but it never loses meaning. Written on a rock above the bodies of thirteen miners who died in the Centralia disaster were the words: "Look in everybody's pockets. We all have notes. Give them to our wives." The contents of these notes are revealing. One might have expected to find some echo of the long, bitter struggle of the miners for safety, for protective measures which might have prevented the disaster; but not so. Thoughts of loved ones were uppermost, and of God.

Two miners asked their wives for forgiveness, seeing the mistakes of the past in a different setting. One wrote the single sentence, "God bless you and your baby." Another put it, "It looks like the end for me. I love you, honey more than life itself. You are the sweetest wife in the world." An expectant father who realized he would never see his unborn child wrote simply, "My dear Wife: Good-by. Name baby Joe, so you will have a Joe. Love to all, Dad." One wrote to two boys "Be good boys. Please your father. O Lord, help me." Here is a sort of last will testament from another brave American passing into the valley of the shadow: "Dear Sweetheart and Sons: It's now 6 o'clock.—is feeling pretty low, but Honey, if I don't make it, sell the house and go live with your folks. Your Mon and Dad will take care of you and the boys. Please pray for me and join the church for me. Tell Dad to quit the mine and take care of Mon, not like this. Well, Baby, and my loving boys, goodbye as I am feeling weak. Lots of love."

PRAYER

I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know—God answers prayer.
I know that He has given His word
That tells me every prayer is heard,
And will be answered, soon or late,
And so I pray and calmly wait.

I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought,
But leave my prayer with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own,
Assured that He will grant my quest,
Or send some answer far more blest.

—Author Unknown.

FLOWERS FOR REMEMBRANCE

(The Youth's Evangelist)

Did you ever stop to wonder why it is that states and nations have adopted certain flowers as symbols?

The great English writer William Shakespere explained in his play, Hamlet, when he made Ophelia say, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

So flowers peculiar to a certain country bring remembrance of that country. A national flower is like the flag. The flag teaches us to remember the honor of our nation and to uphold its ideals. Nations are made up of homes, and the flower that grows beside our doorsteps, down in the orchard, or out in the woods makes us think of our home. So we say that flowers mean remembrance, and the state or national flower keeps us in remembrance of our home and our country.

Insofar as we know, ancient Athens, in Greece, was the first nation to adopt a national flower. Violets grow in profusion on the hillsides surrounding the city, and the violet was chosen as the symbol of Athens.

When we think of Ireland, we think of the shamrock. However, Ireland has chosen the leaf rather than one flower as the symbol. The story of how the shamrock came to be the national flower of Ireland goes back hundreds of years. St. Patrick, it is said, was trying to make the pagan people of ancient Ireland understand the Trinity and the true meaning of Christianity. He picked us a shamrock leaf, which has three parts, and said: In this wild flower three leaves are united on one stalk, and will you not then believe when I tell you that there are indeed three Persons and yet one God?"

In Wales, the leek is the symbol. It was in a battle against invading Saxons that the Welsh men put leek leaves in their hats so their comrades would know them. Victorious, they claimed the leek for the national emblem.

So often we think of the heather as being typical of Scotland, and so it is. However, purple thistles also grow in profusion on the rolling land of that country, and they form the national symbol. This symbol dates back to a crisis in the history of Scotland. When invading hordes sought once to take a certain fortress in Scotland, they decided to swim across the moat, or canal. which surrounded the fortress. In the water, they found themselves swimming among thistles which the Scotch people had thrown there as a protection against their enemies. The invaders felt the pain of the thistle pricks and cried aloud. The defenders of the fortress were awakened and became victorious. So the Scotlanders have claimed purple thistles as their national flowers.

The rose is the symbol of remembrance in England. The emblem dates back to two factions that went to war in England, when the people of York wore a white rose and those of Lancaster a red rose. Finally, a king of England, Henry VII, a Lancastrian, married a daughter of the House of York. The two roses were united in peace, and since then the symbol of England has been a red and a white rose together.

When Louis VII, King of France, went to the Holy Land on a crusade, he took the white fleur-de-lis, which is similar to our own native white iris, as a symbol of purity. Since that time, the fleur-de-lis has been considered the emblem of France.

The maple tree has always had a special place in the affections of the people of Canada, and a long time ago the Canadian people adopted the maple leaf as their national emblem.

The United States has not officially adopted a flower, but many people think of the goldenrod as a symbol. However, all the states in the union have flowers. Each state has a flower which is plentiful in that state. You would find it an interesting task to gather information and pictures of the flower of your state. Most likely, the State Park Department in your capital could give you all the information you would need.

———:———

TEMPER

Temper, ah, what a magnificent word. To think that six letters could mean so much. What do we do about our tempers? That is a question. The answer is just as intriguing. Why do anything about it, except control it?

At times, tempers can be very entertaining. To "blow up" and punish ourselves with created complexes until we froth at the mouth with self-imposed anger, oh, brother, that is great. Then again, it isn't as amusing as watching someone else lash himself into a tempestuous fury over nothing. To listen to him while he raves and exhibits a rainbow complexion, a baby blue, an emerald green, or purple, or possible he favors white. In any case, it's interesting to watch an act of anger. The exhibitionist commences with a few choice words, no answer. He feels exalted and continues, tossing more wood on the fire, still no retort. Finally he ceases to vent his anger as revenge. Hence-forth, he continues only to hear himself rave. He lashes his emotions into a storm and spends the remainder of the day enjoying the results of his confused feelings.

He is happy, he assumes injured innocence and plays piping with his blood pressure. Like I say, tempers are great. So what, if it raises cain with the blood pressure? Maybe it does shorten the life time by a few years. But, after all, if it makes "we" happy to go haywire once in a while and act out the perfect fool, then let's do it, by all means let "us" be fools. —By Bernard B. Hitchcock.

UNEMPLOYMENT BREEDS CRIMINALS

(Hill Top News)

To use a hackneyed but fitting expression, "History Repeats Itself." Surely if the signs are indicative, America is heading for another depression. The golden era following the first world war shaped up in much the same manner as the present day situation. During the war and for years after the war the working man had money in his pocket, a job and security. Then came the dark, despairing days in the late twenties and early thirties. The balloon burst and with it the security, the jobs and the homes of millions. Without a job by which to earn an honest living; without hopes for a job in the immediate future the result could be but one thing, a terrific increase in crime. The same thing will hold true with the present-day Golden Era. With the eclipse of Good Times will come an increase in crime.

Are the working people of this country to go through another trying period such as the last depression, or will our representative government use the power that is theirs' to avert a nation-wide calamity. Idealistically there is no program that will keep everyone satisfied. However, if a plan were evolved to keep the majority satisfied it would tend to curb the crime rate when Hard Times do begin to clutch at the nation. A plan such as the present Social Security, only more enveloping and longer lasting, might offer a partial solution to the problem.

Crime is an expensive luxury for our government to support. Millions must be appropriated to build prisons, to maintain law enforcement agencies and to supervise criminals upon release from prison. Millions that could be used for a much better cause—that of supplying some of the necessities of life to men who through no fault of their own are unemployed; men who have no recourse but to resort to crime to feed and shelter themselves and their families. If some of these millions could be poured into a worthwhile organization that would aid in the prevention of crime by eliminating the causitive factor, unemployment and insecurity, then perhaps some of the penal institutions maintained at state and government expense could be done away with.

To completely wipe out crime is an impossibility. Unemployment alone is not wholly the cause of crime. There are the juvenile delinquents, the hard bitten product of the slums and the habitual criminal. However, the latter can be kept under a semblance of control, if crime doesn't become a wholesale menace throughout the nation. It isn't the contention that unemployment compensation will completely eradicate crime, but rather that it will keep criminal activities down to a minimum.

Now would be the time to end this editorial with one of those Duty, Honor, County paragraphs. However, a common sense attitude toward this problem will get much more and better results. Men are entitled to a livelihood for their families. When everything is going well the people support the government, which in turn should

make provisions and pass legislation that would enable the people to live, without resorting to crime, even in the face of unemployment.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On last Sunday afternoon Rev. John Carper, pastor of the Kerr St. Methodist Church in Concord, preached to the boys at the school. We were delighted to have Mr. Carper, and we always look forward to his visits here at the school. For some time he served as a chaplain in the United States Army during World War II, and he made an outstanding record in the service. Mr. Carper always seems delighted to help with the services whenever he is called upon.

Mr. Carper read two selections of Scripture which he used as a basis for his sermon to the boys. The first lesson was taken from the 19th chapter of St. John, beginning with the 23rd verse and continuing through the 27th verse. In this selection there is an account of the crucifixion of Jesus, at which time His mother was standing by in his critical experience.

The second Scripture lesson was taken from the 31st chapter of Proverbs, beginning with the 10th verse and extending through the 31st verse. This is one of the most beautiful tributes to mothers to be found in the Bible.

Rev. Mr. Carper related to the boys about his experiences as a chaplain. when he was with the American Army at the Anzio Beach in Italy on Mother's Day in 1944. He explained how this was a very tense and dramatic moment in the lives of the soldiers, because they were on the verge of launching a new attack against the enemy. He and the soldiers who were with him on that fateful day realized that some of the soldiers, within a few hours and a few days, would be dead, some wounded, and others would encounter terrific mental shocks. As Mr. Carper talked to the soldier boys under those circumstances, he urged them to be true soldiers, faithful to every call of duty, and under all circumstances to do the things that would reflect only credit and honor upon their mothers back at home.

Mr. Carper explained how, at the last hours of Jesus, when multitudes deserted Him and turned away, His own mother was one of four women who, along with the apostle John, stayed with the Master until the end. As Jesus looked to John, He commanded him to take Mary, His mother, to his own home and to love and care for her as for his own mother.

Mr. Carper paid an eloquent tribute to motherhood, and he pointed out how any person, man or woman, boy or girl, can so live that he will bring honor and credit upon his mother. He explained to the boys how the painter, Whistler, wanted to paint what has been recognized as one of the greatest pictures of all times, his mother, because she had done so much for him throughout the years.

The speaker explained that there

have been some women who have, in their own right, made great names for themselves, such as Madame Curie, Mary Lyons, and Jane Addams, but he also explained that for the most part men have immortalized their mothers through the achievements which they have made. For instance, it was explained that Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, became famous because of the great life of her immortal son.

Mary, the mother of Jesus, became famous in sacred history because of the great life which Jesus himself lived among men. Later, when Raphael painted the greatest painting, He used Mary, the mother of Jesus, as his model.

The speaker, in his eulogies of motherhood, explained that when a person thinks rightly about the mothers of the land, he thinks of tenderness, of sacrificial service, of gentleness, of kindness, and of all the other gentle virtues.

Throughout the ages, much credit has always been due to the noble works of the mothers of men. Consecrated mothers have dedicated their sons and daughters to God even before their birth. It was explained that Hannah, the mother of Samuel, prayed reverently in the temple for a son, and when Samuel was born he was committed to the Lord.

Mr. Carper, in his personal testimony to the boys, told of his experiences when he was called to enter the ministry. At his first opportunity he rushed home to tell his mother of that decision, and when he had told his mother of the call to preach she, in turn, told him how she had prayed that he would become a preacher.

In conclusion, Mr. Carper urged the boys always to do the things that are Christ-like and honorable among men. He explained to them that this is their best way to lift high the name of their mother and to insure the fact that she, through their good deeds, will live eternally. Every person should make it his greatest ambition in life to be a pleasure to his parents rather than to bring sorrow and grief along their pathway.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 18, 1947

May 18—Marion Ross, Cottage No. 9, 14th birthday.
May 19—Ralph Seagle, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
May 20—Conley Haney, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
May 22—Garland Leonard, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
May 23—Buddy Marshall, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Don't stay away from church because there are so many hypocrites. There is always room for one more.
—A. R. Adams.

—:—

It is only error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.—Bovee.

—:—

He who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathizing friend may be said to have doubled his mental resources.—Robert Hall.

—:—

An inquistive man is a creature naturally very vacant of thought itself, and therefore forced to apply to foreign assistance.—Steele.

—:—

The spirit of a person's life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.—T. Starr King.

—:—

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who has never loved one?—Pope.

—:—

Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like the spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

He that is a good man is three-quarters of his way toward being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.—South.

—:—

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.—Chalmers.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of those around me seemed insufficient for the day.—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

There is a set of malicious, prating gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time. They will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.—Sheridan.

—:—

When we have practiced good actions awhile, they become easy; when they are easy, we take pleasure in them; when they please us, we do them frequently; and then, by frequency of act, they grow into a habit.—Tillotson.

—:—

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.—Horace Mann.

—:—

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

—:—

Though a good motive cannot sanction a bad action, a bad motive will always vitiate a good action. In common and trivial matters we may act without motive, but in momentous ones the most careful deliberation is wisdom.—W. Jay.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Some people are like blotters—they soak it all in, backwards.

—:—

The man who is too big to study his job is as big as he ever will be.

—:—

Acting the fool will give a person a headache quicker than will the making of a mistake.

—:—

Life and taxes have this in common —when you finish one you are through with the other.

—:—

A real go-getter of the present day would be the salesman who could sell subscriptions to a fashion magazine in a mudist colony.

—:—

Here's some good advice for those who are always making predictions: Be indefinite about the date; sooner or later almost anything can happen.

—:—

Manager: "For this job we want a responsible man."

Applicant: "Then I'm your man. Wherever I have worked, if anything went wrong, they told me I was responsible."

—:—

A recent prize fight turned out to be a very tame affair. Finally, one of the fans, disgusted with the lack of action on the part of both scrappers, called out: "Hit him now, you bum. You've got the wind with you."

—:—

This was overheard at a funeral: The funeral director asked an aged mourner, "How old are you, sir?" "I'm 98 years old," replied the old man. "Hardly worth going home, is it?" said the undertaker.

—:—

An Irishman took a short-cut through the cemetery one day and stopped for a moment to read some of the incriptions on the tombstones. One that he saw was: "Not dead, but sleeping." Pat scratched his head for a moment and then said, "Begorra, that guy sure ain't foolin' nobody but himself."

—·—

Father was trying to show his small son the proper manners for the dinner table. Junior, became tired of the lessons, and promptly took half of a piece of pie in one bite. Said Daddy: "One more mountful like that, and I'll send you away from the table." The boy replied: "One more mouthful like that, and I'll have enough."

—:—

A nagging wife attended a lecture on the subject, "The Face With A Smile Always Wins." She was very much impressed and decided to change her sour temperament and try experimenting with a smile. The next morning when her husband came down for breakfast she greeted him with a beaming smile. In utter amazement he collapsed. "Great guns!" he exclaimed faintly. "Now she's got lockjow."

—:—

"A certain young matron in this town kneads bread with her gloves on," was an item sent in to a small Wisconsin weekly newspaper by a cub reporter. The following editorial appeared in the next issue: The editor of this paper has more news. He needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his pants on; he is going to need bread without a thing on unless somebody subscribes to this paper pretty soon. And Wisconsis is no Garden of Eden in the winter time."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 11, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
Roger Ivey
Johnnie Myers
Marion Ray

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Ernest Johnston
James Jones
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Robert Rice
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Robert Blake
Julian Commander
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
James Scott
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

Joseph Duncan
Glenn Evans
Jack Jarvis
Leroy Shedd
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
William Ray Day
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Ernest Kitchin
James Myers
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
Charles Pinkston
Robert Wilkins
Howell Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Richard Messick
Glenn Mathewson
Robert Peavey
Louis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edd Guinn
William Hamilton
William Jenkins
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Clyde Leonard
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Emmet Fields
Lester Ingle
Carl Jenkins
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Thomas Styles
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Miley Gunter
Max Herring
Curtis Helms
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
J. C. Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Hubert Brooks
Leroy Cawan
William Carswell
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
William Hyatt

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
Jerry Rippy
James Smith
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Charles Robertson
Frank Sargent
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Donnie Grantham
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

———:———

Life itself can't give you joy,
Unless you really will it;
Life just gives you time and space—
It's up to you to fill it!

—Selected.

CAROLINA RO
MAY 24

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 24, 1947 No. 21

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

GOD HEARS PRAYER

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night—and toss it over a continent
or sea;
If the petalled white notes of a violin
Are blown across mountains or the city's din;
If songs, like crimson roses, are culled from
thin blue air—
Why should mortals wonder if God hears
prayer?

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-10
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		11
BILL OF RIGHTS FOR TEACHERS	(N. C. Public School Bulletin)	14
EDUCATION THROUGH WORK	(Speakers Library Magazine)	16
THE VICTORS	By Hilda Richmond	19
VILLAGES THAT VANISHED	By Mack Webb	21
DISTINCTIVE N. C. PLANTS	By Katherine Hoskins	23
THE BIRD THAT SOLD ITS WINGS	By A. D. Holden	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

BEYOND THE PROFIT OF TODAY

Lord, give me vision that shall see
Beyond the profit of today
Into the years which are to be,
That I may take the larger way
Of labor and achievement; so
Help me fashion, staunch and sure
A work my fellow-man shall know
As wrought to serve—and to endure.

I seek not for fortune, Lord, nor claim
To scorn the recompense I earn;
But help me, as I play the game,
To give the world its just return.
Thou made'st the earth for all of us;
Teach me, through struggle, strain and stress,
To win and do my share, for thus
Can profit lead to happiness.

Guard me from thoughts of little men
Which blind the soul to greater things;
Save me from smug content and then
From greed and selfishness it brings;
Aid me to join that splendid clan
Of business men who seek to trace
A calm, considered working-plan
To make the world a better place.

—Berton Braley

CONSERVING THE YOUTH OF YOUR COMMUNITY

I. Crime on the Increase

In almost every issue of our daily newspapers there is some comment regarding the sad fact that crime is on the increase in the state and nation. According to recent data sent out from Wash-

ington, "Crime in the nation increased 12.4 per cent in 1945 over 1944, with the teen-agers responsible for a substantial portion of it."

During the year 1946, according to additional facts from J. Edgar Hoover's office, "the overall increase in crime throughout the nation over 1945 was 7.6 per cent.

The upsurge of crime in 1945, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was the biggest since 1930. During 1945, one major crime or offense was committed on the average of every 20.1 seconds. A rape, felonious assault or murder occurred every 6.4 minutes.

In 1945 the criminal population of the nation totaled 6,000,000. It seems only reasonable to assume that these extraordinary facts would arouse our interest in this great national problem. Every community has its own peculiar problems, but each community has a problem none-the-less. In almost every community there is a startling increase in the rate of divorces, so that the stability of the American home is seriously threatened.

According to Mr. Hoover's records, there were over 645,000 arrests during the year 1946, indicating that crime in the nation hit a ten-year peak during that year.

Says Mr. Hoover's report: "The juvenile delinquents of the war years are graduating from petty thieves to armed robbers, and into other fields of more serious crimes. The gradual breakdown of the American home is beginning to be reflected in the national behavior pattern, and is a real cause for alarm."

II. Delinquency in the Better Homes

There is a type of delinquency which never gets into the books, and yet which is just as devastating as the sort which is treated in the juvenile courts of the land. I should like to dwell upon this, and to emphasize the importance of your being concerned about it.

Wherever there is a tendency or a weakness to be reckless with the talents of life, there is a type or a shade of delinquency. In many of the better homes of the land, children have been allowed to have their own way far too often, they have been pampered and petted, and, in plain language, they have been spoiled. There have

been thousands of instances in which children in good homes have been allowed to drop their own education, or preparation for useful careers, simply because they were unwilling to pay the price of personal application and sacrifice. They have been allowed to accept mediocrity when they were abundantly capable of superior attainments. They have been permitted to waste the human values in life, when they should have been sharpening their wits with diligent application for outstanding careers.

Along with this, there have been far too many instances in society when the children of well-to-do parents have sown their wild oats and committed some very wild and black crimes, only to have their parents intercede for them, and in many instances pay them out.

In far too many instances, parents have failed to be the masters of their own households. It generally occurs that homes are headed for trouble when children are not properly guided in the early years of their childhood. Then the parents, on some sad day, are awakened to the fact that their child is out of control.

Children do not have to be dealt with cruelly or brutally, but they do have to be given proper guidance and direction. Every child certainly needs to learn the important lesson of being obedient to authority. It was never intended that children should set the standards, nor that they dominate the discipline of the home.

In the home there is nothing of greater importance than for parents to realize the necessity for them to invest a large part of their own lives in the rearing of their children. There are parental responsibilities in the home which can never properly be delegated to other shoulders. There must be an investment of personal service if the child is to get that stablizing sense of belonging to a home which offers to him the love and the care to which he is rightly entitled.

At the Jackson Training School we now have an eight-year-old boy, and when he was sent to us it was explained that he was away ahead of everybody in his home community. This means, among other things, that he was ahead of his parents, he was ahead of the public school teachers, he was ahead of the police. No one could do anything with him. He would listen to no one. His mother

tied him to a porch post while she went away to drink and carouse around. The neighbors pitied him and turned him loose to go and find his mother. The home had nothing to offer him. There was no love, no affection, no tenderness, no care, no security. Consequently he sought for these things out in the world, on the streets and in the alley ways.

Recently Dr. Kelly, one of the eminent psychiartrists who examined the twenty-two Nazi war criminals of Nuernburg, told of the early life of Adolph Hitler. By the time this highly emotional, unstable boy had reached the age of fifteen years, he left his own home, because he rebelled against any parental authority. At fifteen years he went to Vienna, Austria, to study art and to defy the parental authority which should have guided him.

At Vienna he failed on his intelligence and aptitude tests, and was never permitted to enter the school of art. Most of the instructors there were Jews, and it was explained that from that time on, throughout his life, Hitler had bitter aversion for all Jews. He simply transferred his personal resentments from a few Jewish leaders to an entire race of people.

Thus it is that there are great menaces to society, and to the world, when there are distortions and breakdowns in children. Had Hitler been properly trained as a youth, the entire course of the world might have been different.

III. All Homes and Individuals Inter-related.

No home in any community is isolated or untouched by the influence of the other homes. As long as there is a substandard, improverished home, where disease and crime are spawned and bred there is a constant menace to the safety and welfare of every other home.

All social welfare programs, whether they relate to health, to education, to recreation, to religious training, or to any other civic enterprise, must relate themselves to all people in the community. We must be able to realize that all such programs must move along on a broad social front, with a soul and a concept that is broad enough to include every individual child in the community. People everywhere are influenced by their neighbors.

You will remember that Governor Charles B. Aycock, in his famous speech on "Universal Education," preached a doctrine that if North Carolina would move forward as it should, every child in the state should have an education. His theory was that education should reach the remotest corners and coves and that it should touch the humblest home. The people of the state heard him with interest and heeded his challenge.

President Theodore Roosevelt once made this remarkable and noteworthy proclamation: "This nation will not be a good place for anyone of us to live in until we make it a good place for all of us to live in."

A marvelous story is told of the time when many islands in an archipelago out in the sea talked to each other. Each island boasted of its isolation and its independence. Each island regarded itself as a world unto itself, with beasts and birds and vegetation. Later, when the waters receded backwards, each island found that it was in reality a part of every other island; it was discovered that each was a part of the highest mountain in the group.

So it is in the life of the world. Each person is part of every other person, and the community, the state, and the nation are no better than all make it together.

No home in any community is impregnable against the social ills which may beset the entire community. No home, regardless of how strong it is, can hope to remain untouched by others.

In your own community you should be concerned and deeply interested in such things as community recreation, housing problems, public schools, religious training for youth, Scouting, lighting in schools and workshops, food and safety.

* * * * * * * *

NEW AUTOMATIC JOB PRINTING PRESS PURCHASED AND INSTALLED

We are particularly delighted to announce that the school has been able to purchase and install a new automatic job printing press. This is one item of equipment that has been urgently needed in the printing department, and now that it has been secured the school has the facilities and the opportunities to do a very great amount of

job printing for various institutions in the state. It is planned to send a special notice to state departments and institutions to inform them that we are fully equipped here at the school to do job printing. It will always be our policy to offer low prices to the customers, although we plan to do the highest quality work. At no time will the school ever be interested in competing with private firms who pay their taxes and help to support the state institutions. Our major emphasis will always be to offer to the boys here specific training in the print shop, and, consequently, training is our primary purpose, rather than the vast quantity of production.

Our new press is a Chandler and Price Craftsman Automatic Press. It is equipped with all the modern attachments so that the work can be done accurately and rapidly. We are greatly delighted that Mr. Godown and the boys of the print shop have this splendid addition to their equipment.

* * * * * * * *

THREE PATROLS FROM THE TRAINING SCHOOL ENJOY WEEK-END IN CAMP

On last week-end, three patrols from the Training School enjoyed a delightful week-end at Camp Dick Henning, which is the camp for the Central North Carolina Council of Boy Scouts.

All three of the patrols from the Training School succeeded in earning enough points to entitle them to blue ribbons.

The school was represented with the following patrols:

Troop 61: Buffalo Patrol, 910 points; Wolf Patrol, 897 points.

Troop 60: Owl Patrol, 887 points.

In all, about twenty boys went to the camp. They made the trip in one of the school's trucks, and they went under the direction of Mr. John Corliss, Scoutmaster for Troop 60, and Mr. Earl Walters, Scoutmaster for Troop 61.

The school is very proud of the splendid record that our Boy Scouts have made in their two recent camping trips. They have acquitted themselves with much credit and honor, both to themselves and to the school. Not a single boy has taken advantage of

the situation to do anything of an ungentlemanly nature. Each one has been a model Scout.

As was announced last week, we already have on hand enough funds to provide a week's camping experience for about 30 boys. Within a short time the boys will be making plans and packing their necessary equipment and supplies for a delightful week at the Council Camp. We will expect every boy representing the school to get the most benefit possible from his Scouting experience. The boys are anticipating their trip with a great deal of interest.

* * * * * * * *

MR. HARVEY MOORE GIVES A STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIO

Mr. Harvey Moore, who is an outstanding textile manufacturer of Concord and Charlotte, has just donated the school enough funds to purchase a fine Stomberg-Carlson radio. This radio was given for use in the infirmary, and it is a most appropriate gift for this purpose. With his gift the school was able to purchase a new radio that retails for $190. It is one of the latest models in the radio field, and is equipped with the latest attachments for the FM (frequency modulation).

We wish to take this opportunity to express to Mr. Moore our sincere thanks for his generous gift. It is most encouraging to those who work for and with the boys here at the school to receive such a gift as this. There will be many, many happy hours spent by the boys at the hospital listening to the beautiful music and other appropriate programs over the radio.

Mr. Harvey Moore has always been generous towards worthy enterprises. He is generous towards the church, and he has been interested in civic programs for community improvement for many years. He has many warm friends in Concord and rural Cabarrus County, especially in the Rocky River section, where his early forebears resided. He is an outstanding citizen who has won the affection and high esteem of his fellowmen.

TONSIL CLINIC

During the last several days a number of boys have been having their tonsils removed, under the direction of the school's physician, Dr. R. M. King. Mr. J. C. Fisher, the Assistant Superintendent, has made all the detailed arrangements for this clinic, and he has cared for the boys with every precaution. In all, between 50 and 60 boys will have their tonsils removed during this present clinic. Dr. R. B. Rankin, who is a highly successful eye, ear, nose and throat specialist in Concord, has been doing the operations, and, so far, he has had excellent results.

The boys are taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital for their operations, and they spend one night there, after which they are brought back to the infirmary at the school where they are kept under close supervision during their period of convalescence.

The officials of the school think the tonsil clinic is an important project in the health program at the school. It is found that probably half of the boys at the school sooner or later need to have their tonsils removed. It is found that when diseased tonsils are properly removed a boy's health steadily improves—he gains in weight, has a better appetite, has less bronchial trouble, and his hearing is properly safeguarded. No boy goes through the operation unless it is approved and supervised by the school's physician.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 25, 1947

May 25—Howell Willis, Cottage No. 5, 14th birthday.
May 25—Edward Stone, Cottage No. 5, 17th birthday.
May 28—Harrison Minor, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
May 30—Donald Franklin Baker, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
May 30—Ray Naylor, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

After singing the song entitled "The Old Rugged Cross," we had a Bible drill. It was based on the sayings of the prophets of the Old Testament. Glenn Evans won this contest, followed closely by Clyde Wright.

After we went into our classroom, we had a talk by Mr. Puckett. He told us that alcohol is not good for us. We want to learn more about the evil effects of alcohol. We need to learn all we can about shunning the evil in every form.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We had a good meeting on May 11, 1947. Mr. Sofness was our leader. He had Clyde Hill to have the first part. His part was "What Is in a Verse?" Olin Sealey had the second part, "What Can You Find in a Word?" The third part was by John McKinney, and it was "What Can You Find in a Story?" Jack Jarvis and James Arrowood had the other parts. We are going to vote to see which boy did the best. We will vote next Sunday. We didn't have time to vote last Sunday after the program.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 6th Grade

First on our program was a song entitled "The Old Rugged Cross." Then Mr. Puckett had Glenn Evans, Clyde Wright, Eugene Martin, and James Dunn to give some Bible quotations in a drill.

After this was over, we went to our class. Mr. Oscar W. Faulk was in charge of our group. Edward McCall had the first part, and his topic was "Moses' Home". Woodrow Norton, who had the second part, discussed "Samuel's Home." Jesse Hamlin had the third part, and his topic was "A Father Who Took His Son to Jesus." Thomas Staley, who had the fourth part, had for his topic "Jesus' Home." Bennie Riggins had the last part. His topic was "A Home Where Jesus Visited."

An Enjoyable Surprise

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Last Monday, Miss Maude Brown of Concord sent the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School three large cans of cookies. Mr. Hines distributed them equally, both in the morning school section and the afternoon school section. The boys enjoyed the cookies very much, and they all want to express their appreciation to Miss Brown for the cookies.

ajiqi

New Boys

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Recently the school has received

some new boys. The boys, their home towns, and their grade are as follows: Arey Hogue, Mooresville, first grade; Paul Turner, Hendersonville, second grade; Clifton Kerns, Ashboro, third grade; Claude Sexton, Reidsville, fourth grade; Nathan Ashwell, High Point, fourth grade; James Martin, Troutman, fifth grade; Raymond Kiser, Burlington, sixth grade; Glenn Singleterry, Rockingham, seventh grade; and Billy Kassell, High Point, eighth grade.

We all hope these boys will make a fine record in our school.

Picture Shows

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Thursday, May 8th, we saw a show entitled "Her Adventurous Night," starring Dennis O'Keefe. This picture was about a man's son who was always making up and telling stories. His mother and father tried to stop him but finally one of his stories uncovered a murder (and found the murderer) that had happened fifteen years ago.

Friday, May 9th, we saw another show entitled "Years of Progress." This show was about the great advances in our civilization from early man to present-day. This picture told us much about the advancement of the car.

A Special Program

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Friday night, all the boys who were well and not in the hospital on account of having had a tonsil operation went to our auditorium and saw four men play musical instruments. They played a violin, a guitar, a mandolin, and a bass fiddle. They sang "Hill-Billy" songs, Spanish songs, romantic songs, and hymns.

There was a man who had the part of a colored person. He was called "Shorty," and he came out on the stage and played pranks on the man who was called "Curly" or "Fiddling Pete." The pranks were funny.

All the boys seemed to enjoy their coming and are hoping that they will be coming back again soon.

Saftey Program

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

The chapel program last Friday was a safety program. It was given by Mrs. Morrison's 2nd grade boys. It was given in the auditorium at the school. The stage was beautifully decorated with safety posters and pretty flowers.

The following program was given: "America," by all; Salute to the Flag, by all; Bible story, "The Home of Jesus," by Billy Smith in the morning and Andrew Daw in the afternoon; Prayer, by Mr. Hines; Song, "Safe Play," by six boys; Reading, "My Bike," by Charles Walker; Song, "Playground," by six boys. Play, "Safe Way," by a group of boys; Song, "Obey the Traffic Light," by a group of boys; "Safety Pledge," by Billy Smith; and Song, "Stop, Stop, Stop," by six boys. The main feature of the program came next. It was a play, "In the Doctor's Office," by several boys. Jack Hensley took the part of doc-for. This play taught the impor-

tance of taking saftey precautions and avoiding accidents. After the play, some boys told of their courtesy club, sang a safety song, and gave their safety yell. Mr. Hines gave a short talk on safety at the morning and afternoon assembly, and Mr. Hawfield gave a safety talk also at the morning assembly.

All the boys enjoyed the program very much, and they would all like to see another similar program soon.

---:---

AN ATHLETE'S PRAYER

Help me to play the game, dear Lord,
With all my might and main;
Grant me the courage born of right,
A heart to stand the strain.

Send me a sense of humor, Lord,
To laugh when the victory's mine
To laugh, if I should meet defeat,
Without a fret or whine.

Give me the grace to follow rules,
To 'fess up when I'm wrong,
When silence or the other thing
Wins plaudits from the throng.

When foes are tough and fighting fierce
And I am getting weak,
Dear God, don't ever let me show
A broad, bright, yellow streak.

And teach me, Lord, life's game to play
Just one day at a time
With Thee as coach and trainer, Lord,
Real victory must be mine.

—Fededrick D. Tyner.

BILL OF RIGHTS FOR TEACHERS

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

A bill of Rights for Teachers has been written recently by Professor Raleigh Schorling of the University of Michigan's School of Education. It is being reprinted below with his permission:

1. The right to teach classes that are not too large—in general, from ten to twenty pupils.

2. The right to have time in the school day for planning.

In general, the instructors in the schools of the armed forces had at least one hour to plan and to prepare for each hour of teaching. Teachers need to plan with their pupils and with supervisors, parents, and other teachers. Planning is not possible if there is little or no time for planning, and if the people concerned cannot find the time to meet.

3. The right of a 45-hour week.

In general, the teachers' week should include 15 hours of teaching, 15 hours of planning and pupil guidance, and 15 hours devoted to sponsoring extra curricular activities, participating in community activities, and grading pupils' written work.

A teacher's extra work—grading papers, planning, and visits to homes—cannot be left on the desk at the end of the school day. No one knows the average number of hours per week for all teachers, but it is probably much closer to 70 hours a week than 45.

4. The right to an adequate amount of helpful and constructive supervision.

5. The right to adequate compensation for the full year of 52 weeks.

Teachers should be paid on a twelve-months basis with a month's vacation each year allowed with pay.

6. The right to have good materials and enough of them.

The disposition of society toward the cost of educating for living in a peaceful world presents a sharp contrast with the attitude toward the expense of training for combat.

Too often a teacher is expected to perform miracles, without the materials needed for effective work. Of especial importance are such audio-visual materials as are genuinely useful and readily available.

7. The right to work in a room that, with the help of the students, can be made pleasant and appropriate to the task to be learned.

8. The right to the same personal liberties which other respectable citizens assume for themselves as a matter of course.

A community may well expect decency and idealism of its teachers, but it has no right to scrutinize every petty detail of their personal lives. No group of intelligent citizens in other occupations and professions would want every detail of their personal lives supervised. Teachers are human beings and should be treated as such.

9. The right to an internship.

The solution to the problem of the beginning teacher is the idea of internship. This idea, so vital in medical education, has long been advocated in

teacher education and is generally approved, but seldom found in practice.

10. The right to a realistic program of inservice education.

By inservice education is meant training on the job. The experienced teacher from time to time needs to revise materials and methods. The inservice program should be geared to a competent department of research that will keep materials and technics up-to-date without too much grief and waste of effort.

11. The right to participate in modifying the curriculm and methods and in formulating school policies.

12. The right to keep from being lost in the profession.

Many excellent teachers are lost in the vast numbers who, with relatively little ability, training, and experience, come and go. There is no systematic provision for continued recognition of growth in the service. All are teachers! There is little differentiation that recognizes competence or length of service except by meager annual increments in salary.

———:———

Above the immense fireplace of the living room in a mid-western clubhouse is the motto: "He who chops his own wood gets warmed twice."

It has been the American concept that the man who worked a little harder and a little better deserves a larger reward than his less industrious and less skillful fellow worker. Until late years, no one in this country had even thought of denying to that man his right to a larger compensation. It was the competitive spirit between Americans which was largely responsible for making America the greatest nation the world has ever known, with the highest standard of living for all classes.

For lack of a better name, we call this American system "Free Enterprise." Under it for more than a century and a half, as a nation and as individuals, we made great progress. If we cast out this system, and return to the old European system, our progress will cease, delay will set in, and we will lose our place in the sun as the world's greatest nation.

Let us therefor turn a deaf ear to the defamers of our American system of Free Enterprise. Let us have done the something-for-nothing schemes; let us quit looking for a daily visit from Santa Claus; and let us again recognize the old truth that "He who chops his own wood gets warmed twice." —George Peck.

EDUCATION THROUGH WORK

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Every occupation puts a thread into our hands which, if followed, will surely lead us up the hill of science, not by the same path indeed as that of books, but to a pinnacle as high. In cases where, like the farmer, the occupation covers many things, a full and varied education may be secured. He may follow in the traditional ruts, and become a very stupid creature; but the farm is a veritable university to one who will so regard it. Whatever the domestic animals have to teach—and the psychologists are now telling us that they have much to teach in mind and morals; whatever soil and dew and rain and heat and winds do, and what are their relations to harvests; what lessons are contained in the seasons; what reverence is hidden in the miracle of growth; what tender and inspiring mystery and awe are involved in the reproduction of life put under his hand; what long looks ahead, and careful combinations to keep his little universe or university in operation—these things go to make the farm what it actually proves itself to be, and more and more as time goes on, a veritable school for the training of its owner. A good share of the farmers of the country may be properly regarded as educated. They have the ability to think, to plan, to make combinations; they have the self-respect, the executive ability, the fertility in resources, the character, which are the fruits of education. They may halt in their speech and lack in the graces of life, but in the bone and sinew of education they are not lacking.

It is getting to be even more so in commerical pursuits. It is pretty well acknowledged that success in almost any business depends upon the thought put into it; but thought means study. Other things being equal, it is the man who knows most about his business who does the best in it. But this knowledge, and study, and thought may be turned into personal education as well as into commerical success; and this is the higher view of it to be taken. As things now are, commerical and industrial pursuits are challenging those engaged in them to the highest possible use of their minds. Every business has become a problem; it runs off into sociology and religion. Two subjects now crowd upon every man—political economy and social morality. One who is in business comes face to face with them. Now, there are no studies that have in them so much educating capacity as these allied branches—political economy and ethics. One cannot follow them carefully, either theoretically or practically, without becoming a thoughtful and earnest man. Any man, whether wage-earner or employer, who will determine to look at his occupation in the light of its relations to society, will find himself engaged in those very studies that best discipline and train the mind and character. And he is studying them in the very school where all men must

who would know anything about them. What is learned in the university has not much value until it is taken into the world and learned over again in its practical schools. The university itself acknowledges this; the whole tendency of education at present is away from theoretical to practical methods of study; the object-lesson is used even up to mental philosophy. The day of the doctrinaire is over who sits in his study and spins theories of government and conduct and finances out of statistics and general truths. Every wise teacher now gets as near as possible to the practical side of his subject, and talks with the leaders in business quite as much as he studies his books. You who are at work in your various fields are in the very school where the teachers are studying, and where only full and final lessons are to be learned. The graduate comes into it with some slight advantage in the shape of information and trained habits of investigation, but he must take his place along with the rest before he can even begin to be educated. His danger and weakness will lie in his temptation to trust in theories and precedents, while the student may undervalue them. What is most needed is the spirit or disposition to look at one's calling in this light, and to turn it into the school that it is. Education is more than anything else a temper of mind, a longing for knowledge. The righteous man, according to Scripture, is he who would be righteous:

"'Tis heaven alone that is given
away
'Tis only God may be had for the
asking."

So, in this matter of education, the man who says to himself, I long for knowledge; I would understand things; I would develop my faculties —such a one is already well on in his education; such a one can never be ranked with the unlearned. The point to be made is to get into this temper of longing desire, to start into action this lofty ambition of making the most of ourselves, to open our eyes to the fact that all the means of education are under our hand, and that its main lessons are echoing in our ears. Not only our particular callings, but life as a whole, may be made a process of education. Insensibly and necessarily, we learn a great deal by simply passing through life—its great main lessons of virtue and foresight and patience. But we can learn these better, and far more besides, if we consciously set ourselves to the task of studying life. Our fathers made much of meditation, and greatly enriched their minds thereby; but it needs to be supplemented by observation, else the millstones of the mind wear themselves out for lack of something to grind. The form that education is taking at present is that of observing—noting and watching whatever goes on, and so finding out what it is, what it means, and what it points to in the way of action. To learn to do this carefully and well is an educational process. One can thus watch and study the operation of one's own mind, and unless one is overborne by self-consciousness and vanity, one can thus learn more of its nature than all the philosophers can teach. Even

a broader field is found in the careers of others, whom necessarily we can study better than we can study ourselves. There we see under what laws life goes on, how early influences work themselves out, how environment affects character, how different qualities help or hinder each other, what most moves men, what is false and what is true, what is evil and what is good, and by what currents men are carried on to their destiny. Not only is it true that "the proper study of mankind is man," but it is the study that best trains our faculities—sharpening the wits, imparting wisdom, enlarging knowledge, and, if studied deeply enough, yielding that last and highest result of education—a perception that man is a spiritual being, and that all life points in that direction.

Our object is to turn our minds away from vain regrets at not having had better early advantages, and to show that the possibilities and real values of education are always open to all who have desires in that direction. The school of life never ends, and the world as it lies around us in the present day—full, rich, varied, and stimulating, with books within every one's reach, and with a daily press calling for thought and question, every form of activity demanding intelligence, the very air palpitating with knowledge—becomes a veritable university to those who will open their eyes to it.

A PRAYER

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hour of despair overcomes me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.

May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that proverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.

Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path.

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still. —Max Ehrmann.

THE VICTORS

(Adapted by Sunshine Magazine from Hilda Richmond, in S. S. Times)

The young boys' baseball club, known as the "Victors," had Richard Ebbert as their captain. Richard was just a little older than the others, and he was a good boy. He sold papers and helped his mother. The reason the boys in the baseball club thought so much of Richard was because he was their friend and champion, for whenever a crowd of rough boys tried to break up their game and drive them from their little field, Richard always chased them away.

But one day the boys heard that Richard was sick. "Mother says," Claude told a bunch of the boys, "that Richard's mother will have an awful hard time now that Richard is sick. I wish I hadn't spent all my money for this mask—I'd take him some oranges, or something."

"My mother says Richard always earned enough money selling papers to pay the rent," said Joe. "Now there's nobody to carry his papers."

"We can carry the papers!" cried Tom eagerly. "We can earn the money and give it to Richard's mother."

"We couldn't budge that big sack," said Leonard discouragingly.

"We'll each take a street, and it won't be a load for anybody. We can do it," said George.

Like a flash the boys ran down the street, and very soon they were talking the plan over with Richard's mother. She helped them divide the patrons, so each of the nine boys could take a street or two.

"A new paper boy?" said an old lady, peering at Tom with her near-sighted eyes. "I don't know about this. I've had Richard so long, I don't want to change."

"Richard is sick, ma'am, and I'm helping till he gets well," said Tom.

"Is that so? Well, I'm glad Richard has such good friends. You may bring the paper every day, and here is pay in advance. I will send some fruit to Richard this very day. I didn't know he was ill."

Up and down the streets the boys went, explaining and delivering, trying to do the work as faithfully as Richard had been doing it, until the whole town was interested in the sick boy. Flowers and good things to eat fairly rained down on the little cottage, and Richard said he would have to hurry and get well so he could thank all his kind friends.

"I can never tell the Victors how much I like them," he said as he lay propped up in a big chair out under the old apple tree. "They did so much for me, and all I ever did for them was to chase away some boys who were mean to them."

"That was a bigger thing than we did," cried all the boys. "Just remember, Richard, that we stand by our friends, and you are the best friend the Victors got. Take your time getting well; we'll look after the papers. We've got twenty new subscribers for you, and there'll be lots more before you're back on the job."

"I'll never forget you," said Richard, with tears in his eyes. Then turning to his mother, he said, "It pays to have friends like these boys, doesn't it, Mother?"

His mother put her arms around

Richard, and looked gratefully at the boys. Then she said something the boys always remembered. "Boys," she said, "friendship is the greatest thing in the world. Just fill your life with helpful things, things done for others because you love them. Such deeds will never be forgotten."

"Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind."

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

(Masonic Quarterly)

The best balm for the healing of life's injuries is kindness. It is like the summer breezes blowing softly through woods of balsam fir, of which the tired invalid breathes deeply and gratefully and falls into soothing sleep. It is like the dew, or the slow soft rain which falls through still night upon the parched earth, causing the withering grass to freshen and the drooping flowers to take heart of hope. Kindness is like the rich, brooding silence which envelops the earth, into which all torturing noises and rasping discords are absorbed, a measureless silence at the heart of which there is everlasting peace. Kindness comes with soft footsteps down the corridors of pain, where those who suffer much cry and moan, and where those who suffer most are silent; and the touch of kindness is so gentle that those who moan and cry look up and smile and those whose pain is too deep and bitter for cry or moan forget for a time their agony and break their suffering silence with gratitude. Kindness is the spirit of yearning compassion in the heart of God. Kindness is the spirit that presides over the cradles of the world, the mother-spirit which is the soul of all goodness, that has widened out from the cradle over the whole of life, the heart's lullaby translated into the universal love songs of the world. Kindness is strong beyond measure.

Her hands are as soft as the hands of a little child, but they have the enduring strength of steel. Her feet are very gentle, but they are swift and tireless to run on far missions of mercy. Iron gates at which violence has battered in vain, open at the magic of her touch; and Anger, and Hate, and Suspicion, and Jealousy, and Cruelty, the aboriginal passions of the soul, unconquered and untamed by material force, surrender to Kindness and are transformed by her heart softening and regenerating power. Justice is great, and knowledge is great, and truth is great, and faith is great, and hope is great; but kindness is greater than all of these, for kindness is love, and love is God.

"Becoming famous is not nearly so difficult as staying so."

VILLAGES THAT VANISHED

By Mack Webb, in The State

Everyone is familiar with the story of the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island, but few people are aware that North Carolina has its other "lost" communities, which once thrived briefly and then disappeared into oblivion.

How many, for instance, have heard of Gaston, Buffalo City, Williamsboro, Waynesboro, Brunswick, Sneedsboro, Parkewood, or Tuckertown? All once were bustling communities; now all that is left of them are a few ruins, overgrown with weeds.

Typical of these "ghost" towns is Gaston, of which big things once were expected. As the terminus of the old Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, this once-busy community was located near what is now Roanoke Rapids. It had a large hotel and the business and commerce of a railroad center. Now there is nothing.

Buffalo City, a once prosperous community of some 200 or more souls in the East Lake section near Fort Landing, at one time engaged in profitable commerce with the West Indies, ships entering Alligator River to a point on Milltail Creek which was connected with Buffalo City by a two-mile canal. Sometime before 1860 it was deserted completely by its inhabitants. The story has it that it was abandoned after a sailor brought cholera to the town. Many citizens died; all the rest fled, and never went back.

Chartered in 1785, Williamsboro was a gay and colorful community near Henderson in what formerly was part of Granville County. All that is left now is a church, and even that long since has been in disuse.

Another once-flourishing town which has passed from the scene was Waynesboro, once the county seat of Wayne County. Located on the Neuse River, it was built in 1782 and prospered for nearly 70 years. But it couldn't keep up with the thriving railroad village of Goldsboro only a mile away, where the courthouse eventually was moved in 1847. It finally filled up completely, houses and stores being torn down and rebuilt at Goldsboro. Now all that marks Waynesboro are a few gravestones peeping up from the weeds.

Brunswick, perhaps, is better known; But it, too, has vanished from the map. Founded in 1725 on the South bank of the Cape Fear River below Wilmington, it led a brief existence in the face of many trials and tribulations. In 1748 it was attacked, captured and partially destroyed by the Spanish. Although it soon was retaken and rebuilt, it was exposed to pirates, its harbor was unsafe in stormy weather, and swarms of mosquitoes made life miserable for its inhabitants in summer. As the port city of Wilmington grew in importance, Brunswick dwindled, and finally was abandoned after the Revolutionary War. All that is left now are a few ruins.

The town of Parkewood has been written up in The State on a previous occasion. Located near Carthage, it was once a flourishing village.

Mill-stones were manufactured and shipped to various points in the country. There were several stores and about forty homes. Then the bottom dropped out of the mill-stone business, and Parkewood folded up after a brief struggle.

Sneedsboro, on the Yadkin River in Anson County, was promoted by a stock company as a trading center in the early 19th century. Founded in 1818, it struggled along until around 1832, when it gave up the ghost and disappeared.

"But," some might say, "all of these things happened a century or so ago. Nothing like that could happen these days." But that's where they would be wrong: one of North Carolina's vanished villages, Tuckertown, has been abandoned within the past 35 years.

A textile mill community of 300 persons and dating back to the Civil War, Tuckertown was located on the Yadkin River in Montgomery County. It had stores, a depot, churches, a school, a post office. But in the early 1900's the cotton mill which provided Tuckertown's bread and butter suspended operations. As the mill was their main source of support, most of the citizens moved away to get jobs elsewhere. The mill machinery was sold, the buildings were torn down and the bricks were hauled away, the houses were razed and the materials sold. The few structures that were left fell into decay until all that remained of Tuckertown were a depot and a church. Then came a tornado, taking away the church and leaving only the depot—which hasn't been used in years.

ENTHUSIASM

If you can't get enthusiastic about your work, it's time to get alarmed. Something is wrong.

Compete with yourself; set your teeth and dive into the job of breaking your own record.

No man keeps up enthusiasm automatically.

Enthusiasm must be nourished with new actions, new aspirations, new efforts, new vision.

It is a man's own fault if his enthusiasm is gone; he has failed to feed it.

And right here is the big reason why thousands of men hit the high-meter marks at 35 and then recede.

They can "do their work with their eyes shut," and that is the way they do it.

They have lost the driving power of enthusiasm.

They sleep at the switch. All they see in life is the face of the time clock. And all they hear is the quitting whistle.

If you want to turn hours into minutes, renew your enthusiasm.

—Selected.

DISTINCTIVE CAROLINA PLANTS

By Katherine Hoskins, in The State

One of the most characteristic plants of the Carolina coastal region is the yaupon, an evergreen shrub of the holly family, whose leaves were used by the Indians to make a tea of strongly emetic and purgative properties. In Narratives of Carolina, published by Thomas Ashe in 1682, the explorer describes it as "the famous Cassiny, or Yaupon, whose admirable and incomparable qualities are highly applauded and extolled by French and Spanish explorers. It is the leaves of this tree, which, boyld in water (as we do tea) wonderfully enliven and envigorate the heart with genuine easie sweat and Transpirations preserving the Mind free and serene, Keeping the body brisk, active, and lively, not for an hour or two, but for as many days, as those Authors report, without any other Nourishment or Subsistence. Which, if true, is really admirable. They also add that none amongst the Indians but their great men or Captains, who have been famous for their great Exploits and Noble Actions are admitted to the use of this Noble Beveridge."

The Black Drink, as it was called, was an essential part of the purification ceremonies preceding the feast of the New Fires, which took place annually in March, when the wigwams were cleansed, the ashes removed, and a new blaze lighted by the priest from the sacred fires. As the shrub grew only along the seaboard the dried leaves were a valuable and much sought article of trade between the coastal and hill tribes, the latter of whom had plants of equal value and rarity to exchange.

The dainty, white-flowered Bloodroot, or Puccoon, which grows only in the Piedmont and mountain sections of the state, was the source of the blood-red dye obtainable only from its bulbous root. John Lawson, whose book of travels published in 1711 was the first History of North Carolina, says:

"With this (Bloodroot) and Bear's Grease, the Indians aniont their Heads and Temples, which is esteemed as ornamental.—Beisdes, this root has the virtue of killing Lice, and suffers none to abide and breed in their Heads.—"

All Red Men painted, both for decorative purposes and for protection against wind, sun, snow, and insects. Designs indicated tribal membership, marks of achievement, or sometimes merely participation in various ceremonial events. Bloodroot red signified life, and was used in symbolic protection from the enemy. When preparing for the warpath, the braves rubbed themselves with bear grease, then traced the proper emblems upon their person with fingers dipped in the dried and powdered Bloodroot. Death to their enemies was indicated by outlining the red patterns in black, with charcoal. Adorned with Puccoon Paint and purified with the Black Drink, the most timid brave probably felt better prepared to face the enemy.

Just as in our time, reciprocal trade

treaties permitted warring tribes a cessation of hostilities in order to exchange necessary supplies of ceremonial paint and drink, with officiating Medicine Men doubtless obtaining a substantial cut for their services in the process.

THE BIRD THAT SOLD ITS WING

By A. D. Belden, in "Stories of the King."

A little boy named Robert once came home from Sunday School looking very glum.

"I wish I had a fortune," he said. "I'd give anything for a fortune." Just then his mother came in and overheard what he said.

"Bobby, my boy," she said, "would you give anything for a fortune? Ah, Bobby," said his mother. "I don't think you could ever have heard the story of how the skylark sold his wings."

"Oh, mother, do tell me," said Bobby. And his mother began:

"Once there lived a skylark who was the finest of his race. One day as he flew over a wood he looked down, and there, traveling over the wide road that ran through it, was the strangest little coach ever seen. It was painted black with yellow stripes, and was drawn by six horses as black as pitch. But what interested him most was the fact that he saw sticking out of the window of the coach the tails of some worms, and so he flew down to see what this thing might be, and as he drew nearer he heard the coachman calling out: 'Three fine fat, juicy worms for two feathers. Who'll buy?'

"'That's cheap enough,' the skylark thought. 'I'd give anything for worms, especially big ones.' So he nibbled first at one wing and then at the other, and pulled a feather out of each, bought the worms and hurried away into a dark corner to eat them all by himself.

"Next day he saw the coach again and had another feast. And the next day, too, and the day after that, and the day after that. In fact, he grew fonder and fonder of worms. But, oh! his wings. Soon he lost a sunward race in which he had always been first. Then he was only able to fly just above the trees, then not even as high as that. At last he could not fly at all, but could only hop about in the undergrowth and he could sing no more because of the darkness and chilliness of the wood from which he could not escape.

"When things got as bad as this, he thought upon a good plan for making them better. He worked hard hunting worms and got a large heap of them by the roadside, and when the coach came along he cried to the coachman: 'Please, sir, I have here a lot of worms: how many feathers will you give me for them! And, would you believe it, that hard-hearted coachman simply answered: My business is worms for feathers, not feathers for worms,' and he whipped

up his horses and drove away. The poor, foolish little skylark rolled over and died of broken wings and a broken heart.

"When he was found, and the other skylarks saw what had happened they buried him in the wood by the roadside, and over his grave they placed a warning to all other birds, never, never, never to sell one feather of their wings for worms, or for anything else.

"And, Bobby," his mother continued, "Jesus said, What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Bobby had been following his mother's words carefully. He looked at her when she ceased speaking.

"Mother," he said earnestly, "I think after all I would not give anything for a fortune."

LOOKING FOR A JOB

Here are a few pointers which will aid the boy looking for a job. Study this list carefully and you will be more likely to make a good impression—and first impressions go a long way toward landing the job you are after. The list follows:

1. Tap on an office door before you open it.
2. Enter with a pleasant look on your face.
3. Remove your hat before entering. But do not place it on a desk.
4. Stand quietly at a respectable distance.
5. Don't be first to offer to shake hands.
6. Don't pull up the chair unless you are asked to do so.
7. Try to be a good listener.
8. Don't slouch in your chair or lean against anything.
9. Keep your eyes off the desk.
10. Don't show interest in telephone conversation.
11. Don't punctuate what you have to say with "see"? "Understand me"? or "Do you get what I mean"?
12. Don't stare about the office, but do look about you sufficiently so that you may get out without knocking over a hatrack. —The Riverside.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On last Sunday afternoon Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, conducted the preaching services for the boys. The boys enjoyed having Mr. Harbison, and the school is greatly indebted to him for his kindly interest in the boys.

Mr. Harbison read the Scripture selection, which was taken from a part of the third chapter of the book of James. This Scripture Lesson is an important one dealing with the very great need of everyone being able and willing to control his tongue with wisdom and discretion.

In order to make this message effective to the boys, Mr. Harbison explained that his sermon would deal with four important T's which operate daily in the lives of all people, and these were named as follows: tongue, temper, thoughts, time.

In his message Mr. Harbison explained that the tongue represents both the greatest blessing that mankind has and at the same time one of the greatest curses or dangers. With the tongue it is possible for man to sing songs and utter praise to God for His goodness. It was explained that the reason the world has a language, or many languages, is because people with their tongues can speak one to another.

It was explained that the tongue, while it is very useful, is almost untamable. It requires considerable guidance and caution. Mr. Harbison explained how he once saw a boy busy constructing a box for his own use. When he had almost completed his work, he found that a nail that was too large split one of the boards, and this angered the boy, who used profane words, and then, because he was greatly angered, he dashed his work to pieces. It is possible for everyone to cultivate the habit and the attitude of controling his tongue. The ability to control comes from the inside, and the human being does not require the "bit" which is used for animals.

It was explained to the boys that temper is always an important thing in the life of a person. Everyone needs a certain amount of temper, but, more than this, he needs to be able to control it. The force and power for controling a temper comes from the heart. It is not reasonable to expect that a bad boy with evil thoughts in his heart will control his temper, but he will say ugly things, particularly about other people. In this connection it was explained that when people learn to control their tempers in any one situation in life, it strengthens their characters to the end that they are better able to control themselves on other occasions.

In the third place, Mr. Harbison dwelt upon the importance of righteous "thoughts." It was explained that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he in his living. It was explained that sometimes boys and even adults begin to think of wrongs which have been done to them. Sometimes they are only imaginary ones, and too often people think how they can get even with those who have apparently wronged them. It is most unfortunate when a person harbors hard feelings or grudges towards other people, and many times there is no real basis for such a feeling. It is possible for a

person to think high and holy thoughts, or he may think of crooked and dirty things. In this connection, he explained that if a person is inclined to think evil thoughts what he needs to do more than anything else is to refuse to harbor or repeat these thoughts over and over in his mind. Evil thoughts will die of themselves if they are not harbored.

The fourth point of emphasis in the life of a person is "time." The boys were advised to use their time wisely and for self-improvement. In far too many instances the boys in school have not done their work as well as they should, and they have offered as their alibi that they did not have the time. Oftentimes, the time has been wasted in more trivial things. It is always the case that the person who uses his time in school wisely will have lessons prepared and all the required written work done on time. This occurs day after day, and month after month.

———:———

The boy came around the corner and short. He heard a terrific noise. Where did it come from—and why? He looked around. By the railroad tracks, back of the building, men were laying cement. A little gasoline engine was turning the mixer and it was making the racket. It must be about a one-half horsepower unit, he decided, thinking of his physics lessons in school.

Just then he glanced in through the windows of the brick building. There was a whirling dynamo that made electricity for the whole town. There was the long, wide leather belt carrying the power from the flywheel to the dynamo. That flywheel was taller than a man, but how quietly it turned! Gliding back and forth so steadily, so powerful, and yet so silently, was the piston rod that drove the dynamo. The steam engine was quiet power—doing a big work. The little gasoline engine was noisy power, performing a small task.

Something new came into the boy's mind. "What about people:" The really big people seemed to work quietly. Others seemed to make a lot of noise and do very little. Then he thought of himself. "O Lord," he said quietly," make me big! Big enough to do big deeds in a quiet way! Give me real power!"

—The Secret Place.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Let him that would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.

—:—

Intolerance has been the curse of every age and state.—Davies.

—:—

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.
—Goethe.

—:—

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

—:—

Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success.—Henry Ford.

—:—

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.—Thoreau.

—:—

How little do they see what really is, who frame their hasty judgment upon that which seems.—Southey.

—:—

I divide all readers into two classes: those who read to remember, and those who read to forget.
—William Lyon Phelps.

—:—

Culture of intellect without religion in the heart is only civilized barbarism, and disguised animalism.
—Bunsen.

—:—

The wise are instructed by reason; ordinary minds, by experience; the stupid, by necessity; and brutes by instinct.—Cicero.

—:—

The failures of life come from resting in good intentions, which are in vain unless carried out in wise actions.—C. Simmons.

It is usually not so much the greatness of our trouble, but the littleness of our spirit which makes us complain.—Jeremy Taylor.

—:—

Literature, taken in all its bearings forms the grand line of demarcation between the human and the animal kingdoms.—William Godwin.

—:—

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. It is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.—Fuller.

—:—

Music cleanses the understanding, inspires it, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

There is an unfortunate disposition in man to attend much more to the faults of his companions that offend him, than to their perfections which please him.—Greville.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages to be sure of it.
—Colton.

—:—

Nature is man's teacher. She unfolds her treasures to his search, unseals his eye, illumines his mind, and purifies his heart; an influence breathes from all the sights and sounds of her existence.—Street.

—:—

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure water; but when you once come to the springs they will rise up and meet you.—Felton.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A loafer doesn't get much good out of a holiday.

—:—

What a big gap there is between advice and help.

—:—

When you put your best foot forward, be sure you have your pet corn covered.

—:—

The man who hits the ball over the fence can take it easy goin' round the bases.

—:—

It would be tough on the State of Kentucky if all those colonels should demand a bonus.

—:—

One of the most embarrassing things in the world is to look into a keyhole and see another eye.

—:—

Don't worry about your hair falling out. Think how bad it would be if it ached and you had to have it pulled.

—:—

A man asked his neighbor why he always called his car "baby." The reply was that it was so named because it never went anywhere without a rattle.

—:—

Not so long ago three lunatics escaped from a large insane asylum. Posses went out and searched the surrounding countryside for twenty-four hours and brought in five.

—:—

Wife, whispering: "Wake up, John. There's a burglar going through your pockets."

Husband, sleepily; "Leave me out of it. You two fight it out yourselves."

The day was very hot. A very fat lady asked a little boy why he had been following her around all the afternoon. The boy replied: "I'm sorry, but you're the only shady spot around."

—:—

A nationally known physician tells us that the human body is composed of various ingredients which have a material value of only sixty-seven cents. We wonder how he might explain a doctor's bill for $500 for repairs on a sixty-seven-cent machine.

—:—

A distinguished visitor at an insane asylum had great difficulty in getting a telephone connection. In exasperation he shouted at the operator: "Young lady, do you know who I am?" "No," came the calm reply, "but I know where you are."

—:—

The newly-weds had been back from their honeymoon for about sixty days. The young wife had handed her husband quite a number of bills, all dated the month before they were married. Hubby asked his wife this question: "Look here, don't you think it's a bit unfair to expect me to pay for the bait with which I was caught?"

—:—

A civic club was holding a large stag party. One of the members asked another how he would be able to get away from his wife for the occasion. He replied: "Every night at seven-thirty my wife puts a beauty pack on her face, soaks her feet in beauty mud and puts a lot of the stuff on her hands. About nine o'clock, she won't be able to move, for I mixed cement with the beauty mud."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 18, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Jack Griffin
Calvin Matheson
Marion Ray
Carl Rice

COTTAGE No. 1

William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Van Robinson
Melvin Radford
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Billy Ray Day
Earl Gilmore
Ernest Kitchin
James Myers
Robert Melton

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Carl Howell
George Pinkston

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Donald Forbes
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Robert Peavey
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd
Reuben Vester
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields
Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
James Upright
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
R. L. Crawford
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Clifford Millian
Ray Roberts
Howard Riley
Kenneth King
Eugene King
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Earl Brigman
Cecil Clark
Robert King
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Hubert Brooks
William Carswell
Earl Grant
David Hill
Larry Johnson
William Lunsford
Robert Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
Jerry Rippy
Ray Wooten
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Bass
Alvin Fox
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Charles Rhodes
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker
Roy Watkins
J. D. Gupton

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Donnie Grantham
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Sammie Lynn
Roy Orr
Robert Poplin
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

"A large heart will never expand the chest to the danger point."

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV | CONCORD, N. C., MAY 31, 1947 | No. 22

MEMORIAL DAY

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet,
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.
We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright;
We'll love the land for which they fell,
With soul, and strength, and might!

—S. M. Kneil.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr. Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		10
THE RISK OF FAITH	(Watchman-Examiner)	12
THE WAY UP	By L. L. Frailey	15
YOU CAN'T ERASE THE SPOKEN WORD	By Elmer Wheeler	17
GENERAL STILWELL'S FAREWELL	(Speakers Library Magazine)	18
DISCONTENT	(The Yellow Jacket)	20
GREEK PROBLEMS OF RELIEF	(Watchman-Examiner)	21
A LITTLE PARABLE FOR MOTHERS	By Temple Bailey	22
REFLECTION	By Bernard B. Hitchcock	23
SINS OF THE PARENTS	(Kannapolis Daily Independent)	24
AN IMPOSSIBLE ATTITUDE	(Alabama Baptist)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TAPS AT TWILIGHT

Blow softly, bugles, for our honoured dead,
And tell them, where they sleep through sun and rain,
The secret of their rest can now be read
By us who know they have not died in vain.

Blow proudly, bugles, with a new-born pride
In our beloved dead, who slumber on,
Still holding dear the cause for which they died,
Yet died scarce knowing how the day had gone.

Tell them, loud bugles, we have heard the call,
The call from mounds where tender grasses creep.
If we break faith with them, we too shall fall
And we in unremembered graves may sleep.

So blow, brave-noted, through our ranks of doubt;
The goal is dim, the field is still unwon;
The night is dark, the hounds of wrath are out,
And a thousand terrors cloud the sun.

But blow, proud bugles, sweet and silvery soft,
And tell them valour walks their vanished world,
The torch their hands released is held aloft,
The riddled flag of honour floats unfurled!

—Arthur Stringer

MEMORIAL DAY

On May 30th, the American people will once again observe Memorial Day, and out of the sentiments of their hearts seek to pay tribute to their war heroes, living and dead. In humility the true American patriots will prostrate themselves at the graves of the soldiers who have given their lives for the liberty and peace of the world.

The predominant purpose of our hearts will be to pay a worthy tribute and to eulogize those who have lost their lives in the various conflicts throughout the history of our nation. We are particularly eager to be assured of the fact that we will not forget the debt of eternal gratitude which we owe to the soldier lads. True it is, there is no way we can ever repay them for their sacrifices, but we can dedicate our lives entirely to the fulfillment of the dreams and the high ideals which motivated their lives in their services to the country.

When one meditates upon the sacrifices of the soldier boys, it is but natural that he would be reminded of how much these young men have missed and are missing today in death. To most of them there were many doors of opportunity beckoning to great achievements in life; they had high aspirations and were ambitious for worthy careers. We lament the great tragedies that have come to them, and we fight against the bitterness that creeps upon our very souls. However, in the finest sense of the word, we must not let bitterness destroy the cheer and the happiness of life, because the events which have transpired can never be recalled; there is no way whereby the dead can be restored to life. Surely, however, our greatest tribute to the soldier lads is that we shall diligently strive to make the world so good that we shall know that they did not die in vain.

The Memorial Day services are sacred. Probably the most sacred services of the Christian nation are the memorial services for dead heroes. As Americans, we shall this year have our memorial services in which many people will come together as members of a great family to honor those who have gone before, and to pay a debt of gratitude for what they were and for what they achieved. These will be sacred services, because they will be in memory of the sacrifices of the heroic soldier lads.

The heroes who have died in the conflict in the past were not thinking primarily of rewards for themselves. They have given their services, and because they did not think primarily of rewards for themselves, they belong in the company of heroes; they did all without a thought of recompense. Indeed, they were ready to be forgotten if those things for which they fought might be remem-

bered by those who lived on. These noble sentiments of personal sacrifice and unselfish giving constitute their greatest glory. It is through their sacrifices that the nation itself has become a sacred thing, and that patriotism has taken on a newer and a higher meaning.

In recent years, the drama of warfare has been enacted on the battlefields all over the world, and today many of the choicest young men of the nation lie in cemeteries on foreign soil, some with their graves marked by the simple white crosses and some in graves that are unmarked. These are the boys who faced the enemy and with their comrades led the charges bravely into the face of the withering fire from the enemy's fortifications. These are the same young men who only a few years ago yearned for the privilege of making their contributions to the nation's progress. Because of them, we today breathe the air of liberty and freedom such as the world has not known in many years, and yet there are many ills in the world today. There are many problems which remain yet to be solved.

We will not, on Memorial Day, seek to give our tributes only to those who have fallen in battle, but we pay a warm tribute to those who have been sorely wounded, and even to those whose bodies are unscarred. Many thousands of young men bear the ill-fated marks of the enemy's daggers, and they will go through life suffering from their wounds and suffering the mental anguishes of the spirit. We owe our debt of gratitude to them also, and it is more than we can ever fully repay. They went into the battle courageously, and with strong hearts, and they crowned their achievements with glory and fame.

Then, too, there are those who were favored by good fortune. There were times when the air about them was filled with bullets and fragments, and they were even knocking at death's door, but good fortune spared their lives, and today they are with us in life and surely we can pause long enough to tell them that we are grateful for their sacrifices, too. On Memorial Day we will place flowers on the graves of the fallen, but at the same time we can look squarely into the face of the soldier boy who came through the conflicts in safety and say to him, out of the depths of our heart,

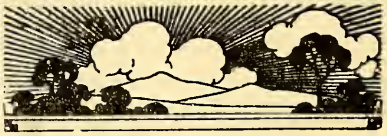
that we appreciate the offering which he has made, too.

The nation this year, when it has moved two years away from World War II, should seek to offer its greatest tributes. On this Memorial Day it is to be hoped that the nation has traveled a two years' journey upon the road to everlasting peace, and that the time will ultimately be ushered in when men will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

From among all the poems that have been written for Memorial Day, we choose one of Edgar Guest's poems, which reads as follows:

MEMORIAL DAY

These did not pass in selfishness; they died for all mankind;
They died to build a better world for all who stay behind;
And we who hold their memory dear, and bring them flowers today,
Should consecrate ourselves once more to live and die as they.
These were defenders of the faith and guardians of the truth;
That you and I might live and love, they gladly gave their youth;
And we who set this day apart to honor them who sleep,
Should pledge ourselves to hold the faith they gave their lives to keep.
If tears are all we shed for them, then they have died in vain;
If flowers are all we bring them now, forgotten they remain;
If by their courage we ourselves to courage are not led,
Then needlessly these graves have closed above our hero dead.
To symbolize our love with flowers is not enough to do;
We must be brave as they were brave, and true as they were true;
They died to build a better world, and we who mourn today
Should consecrate ourselves once more to live and die as they.



LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

B. T. U. Meeting—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

We met in the auditorium and sang a song, "Jesus Is All the World to Me." Mr. Sofness read to us some more in the book from which he has been reading. It tells of the great work of William Carey, a great Baptist missionary to India.

In our group meeting, we had a good meeting. Mrs. Sofness was in charge of our group. She led us in prayer. After our program, we voted on the one who did the best last Sunday. James Arrowood, who was the one who did the best, received a little book for his prize. J. C. Littlejohn and James Wiles asked questions about the lesson for Sunday .

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

We learned very much in our meeting about how recent laws have abolished the caste system in India. We learned that they have done away with the "untouchables" in India. This was surely well discussed at the meeting of all groups.

In our particular group, we talked about the home and how to make it a happy place. Mr. Puckett was our leader. He told us that he is going to be away next weekend, because of the fact that he is going to a convention in Asheville. Last Sunday was was the last Sunday he will be here with us until the first Sunday in September, because there will be only one meeting of the B. T. U. until that time. All of the boys who are members of the B. T. U. will miss attending the meetings.

B. T. U. Meeting—Junior Group II

By Bobby Woodruff, 6th Grade

When we went to our class, the first part on our program was given by Emory King. The second part was given by Bennie Riggins. Mr. Sofness told us how to get up and say our parts without reading them out of the quarterlies. Then the third part was given by Jesse Hamlin. The fourth part was given by Leroy Wilkins. Mr. Sofness told us how to look up words in the dictionary. The fifth part was given by Bobby Woodruff.

The Gifts of Green

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

On Monday, May 19, 1947, we had the regular picture show or educational picture. The title of it was "The Gift of Green." The picture told the boys, as well as the teachers, about plants, trees, leaves of trees, and the roots of trees. It also gave a cross section of a leaf, showing the epidermis, the palisade layer, the sponge layer and the dermis. The boys all enjoyed the picture very much and are looking forward to many more about the same study.

Three Cottage Groups Attend Baseball Game

By James Shook, 8th Grade

May 19, 1947 was the day that a surprise came to the boys of three cottages, because they heard that that night they would be permitted to go to see a ball game in Concord. The cottage groups that went were Cottages Nos. 5, 13, and 14. Concord played Salisbury. Salisbury was leading when we left the ball park. The score was 12-2, but the game was not over then. We enjoyed the game very much, and we would like to see another one soon.

Boy Scouts Serve as Boy Runners

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Wednesday, May 21, 1947, Mr. Walters selected some of the Boys Scouts of his troop—Troop No. 61—to serve as boy runners. The duty of a boy runner is to notify the boys of the arrival of their parents and other visitors on visiting day. System is worth very much in everything, and the system used on visiting day is a good one. The visitors call at the office, and then the boy runners are sent for the boys. Promptness in finding the boys is worth very much to both the boys and their visitors. The boy runner notifies the teacher, officer, or matron that certain boys are wanted at the office, because company is waiting there for them. After the visitors are gone, the boy runner sees to it that the boys who had company are checked back to the regular place of duty. The main advantage is that it help the new boys to find their work officers.

We see a great advantage in having Boy Scouts serve as boy runners, for it places responsibility on them. All of the Boy Scouts are glad to be assistance, too.

Our Parallel Reading

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

The boys of the 8th grade of the Stonewall Jackson Training School are now busy reading their supplementary books and reporting on them. Each boy is required to read the following books: one book of travel, one book of poetry or a long poem, one book of history, and one biography. Then there are four electives. They may be any of the above types of books or any of the following: Fiction, Bible, civics, myths, science books, arts, drama, or essays. These requirements offer a wide selection.

These requirements for parallel reading are followed in our higher grades. We want to learn to do things in 8th grade work just as we will be required to do in our high school work.

Cottage No. 11 Gets Venetian Blinds

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

A short time ago Cottage No. 11 boys and Mrs. Rouse were talking about getting new shades for the cottage. We decided to get Venetian blinds as they would look better. The boys want to help pay for some of the blinds, so that would be about six for the sitting room. Up to now we have paid for two and a half blinds. Mr. and Mrs. Rouse said, "It is left up to you if you want to buy

six for the sitting room." They have tried to help the looks of the cottage, and we feel that it is our duty to help them in doing this, as the boys in the cottage did in the past. We are also proud of the drapes which Mrs. Rouse bought at the same time.

My Scrapbook

By Miley Gunter, 9th Grade

During my stay in the ninth grade since September, I have been making a General Science Scrapbook. I have been studying about: Simple and Complex Machines, Chemistry, Heat and Light, and Electricity. In each chapter we study different topics. They are as follows: The bicycle, the steam engine, the automobile, pulleys, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon dioxide, a study of two elements not very common, what happens when a flame burns, twenty common elements, how to make a simple cell, a dry cell and a storage battery, changing electrical energy to chemical energy, copper plating, parallel connections and series, measure of electricity, frictional electricity, generator and dynamo, natural magnet, electro magnet, motor, electricity transmitted, insulator, transformer, home wiring, electrical appliances, radio and Morse Code. I am planning on doing much more work like this .

zC6....

HIVE OF BEES

Here is a swarm of BEES. If you attend to them they will make for you the honey of success, and if you neglect them you are apt to get stung.

1. BE polite. Politeness will get you out of more difficulties, climb you more hills, cut you more barbed wire, find you more smiles, than any quality you can acquire.
2. BE sure. Don't guess. Don't suppose. Find out exactly. Know. And if you don't know, ask.
3. BE clean. Water and whiskbrooms are cheap.
4. BE honest. Even when nobody's looking.
5. BE on time. People that have to wait for you don't like you.
6. BE patient.
7. BE cheerful. And if you can't be cheerful, look cheerful anyhow.
8. BE considerate. Don't be officious, nor meddlesome, nor a nuisance, but—you know,—be considerate.
9. BE careful. Better be careful one hundred times than get killed once. Look out for these BEES.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

A short time ago, while visiting in Raleigh, we met William B. Peeden, one of our old boys, on the street. For several years, Bill has been employed as railroad fireman, and he been getting along exceptionally well.

Bill informed that he has one more examination to take in his effort to become a railroad engineer. Since he has successfully passed previous examinations, he seemed quite confident that he will be able to make a passing average on the final test.

Although he has been away from us for several years, Bill has never lost interest in the school. He has visited us on several occasions, and has usually left some worthwhile gifts for the boys in his old cottage.

—:—

We were delighted recently to learn of the fine record made by John T. Allen, Jr., one of our former students, who has been attending the Edwards Military Institute, Salemburg, since leaving the Training School.

Johnny came to this institution from Fayetteville, March 17, 1944, and was conditionally released, September 4, 1945. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group, and was employed as office boy.

In a recent issue of "The Fayetteville Observer" there appeared a picture of our young friend, Johnny, together with some very favorable comment concerning his work at Edwards Military Institute. He was president of the graduating class of 1947, which received diplomas on May 23rd.

Johnny was editor-in-chief of both the "Bell and Bugle," a student newspaper, and the "Sash and Saber," the school annual. He was also a member of the International Relations Club and historian of the Beta Club.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate this fine lad on the splendid record he has made since leaving us. His many friends among both the boys and the staff members here are delighted to learn that he has done so well, and they extend best wishes for his continued success in life.

Johnny's younger brother, Charles, also a former student here, and a member of our printing class, has been attending Edwards Military Institute since September, 1945. Information which has come to us from time to time indicates that he, too, has been making a fine record in his school work.

—:—

Ivan A. Morrozoff, of Fayetteville, a former member of our printing class, called at the Uplift office a few days ago. As is always the case, we were very glad to see this young fellow with the million-dollar smile.

During his stay at the school Tiny became quite proficient at operating the linotype, and for quite some time after leaving us he followed this occupation with considerable success.

About the time this country entered the recent war, Tiny enlisted in the United States Army, and he was assigned to the 1875th Aviation Engineers Corps. He spent nearly three years in the China-Burma-India area.

During a greater part of that time, the out'it to which he belonged was engaged in building airstrips in the dense jungle section of the country. It was from some of the strips that the famous B-29's created so much havoc in the Japanese homeland by bombing some of the largest cities and strategic military points.

Returning to the United States after the close of the war, this young man secured employment as linotype operator with the Fayetteville Observer, where he is working at the present time.

Having had two years of high school study prior to entering the military service, Tiny wanted to continue his education. An arrangement under the G. I. Bill of Rights enabled him to continue his work with the newspaper, and at the same time to attend high school classes at night.

This proved to be a highly satisfactory move on the part of our young friend, and he is now a member of the graduating Class of 1947 of the Massey Hill High School, of Fayetteville. His feeling of justifiable pride was plainly evident as he handed us an invitation to the commencement exercises to be held in the high school auditorium on May 29.

We are quite proud of our friend Tiny's success, and the splendid manner in which he has adjusted himself to life in a peaceful country, after having contributed his share in the great effort of winning the most deadly war in the history of the world. Our best wishes for continued success go with this young man in all of his future undertakings.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 1, 1947

June 2—Floyd Canady, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
June 2—J. C. Woodell, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
June 2—Thomas Styles, Cottage No. 9, 15th birthday.
June 3—Glenn Matheson, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
June 5—Robert Canady, Cottage No. 17, 15th birthday.
June 5— Arthur Lawson, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
June 6—Woodrow Mace, Cottage No. 2, 16th birthday.
June 7—James Everett Wilson, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
June 7—Howard Hall, Cottage No. 14, 16th birthday.

THE RISK OF FAITH

The Watchman-Examiner

It has never been conclusively decided whether men like Washington and Lincoln were great because of the coincidence of history or whether they, by their greatness, made history. There are, however, two facts of which we may be sure. First, no man will ever reach very high who does not risk his life on some great venture; and second, there is no age completely void of some challenge calling for the best that is within us.

It is quite inconceivable, although not impossible, that Washington might have lived out his day as a rich idle, colonial dandy, or that Lincoln could have remained a backward, ignorant, Kentucky hill-billy. Many of their contemporairies of whom we have never heard did just that. These two towering men, and others like them, did not because their generations flung into their faces a mighty challenge and the greatness within them responded. They grew tall in stature because they reached up and laid hold of something great.

Faith is born by taking risks. It develops in the face of an overwhelming challenge. We sometimes think of the faithful as creatures endowed with some special gift. In reality, they have been, more often than not, confronted with some insurmountable task which demanded that they believe in God. Walk again through that hall of fame perserved in Hebrew history. Abraham called to go out and possess an unknown land, "went out by faith." There were countless others—"who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to fight the armies of the aliens."

The trouble with many of us is that we are content to cut out jobs that are too picayune—we can do them without God. Many of you have heard the story of the man who purchased a new home. He called in a landscape artist and ordered, among other things, that a majestic shade tree be removed from the yard. 'It is too big for the landscape," he said. The artist, looking at that beautiful tree, a product of years, ventured to suggest: "Is it not possible, sir, that your landscape is too small?" It is possible—tragically so!

In the matter of building our own personal, inner spirtual lives we circumscribe the landscape and remove some of the very things that are indispensable to the building of a great soul. We take away the discipline of prayer and study and self-denial. We remove from our live the great inspiring experiences of worship and Christian experience and humble service. They are eliminated because we do not face life with a vision that demands them.

The same things can happen to a church. Let me indulge in a brief bit of history. We are proud of the chapter in the life of our church which reveals how its founders secured its site back when the neighborhood was

a pioneering community. Then a little band of noble people had the unbelievable audacity to dream our beautiful sanctuary, and more—to build it! Over and over we have heard it. It was a risk of faith. They could not do it along. They had to count on God.

What, may I ask, does our church have in view now that demands a risk like that? What will it set its heart and hand to do that will cause it to believe in God? What our church needs and what every church needs that does not have it is such a vision and a program of service and evangelism and expansion that men will say, "You are foolish. You cannot do it." What each church needs is a mighty risk in faith! I dare you to take it.

Here is a story that comes out of the autobiography of that great Christian statesman and Nobel Prize winner, Dr. John R. Mott: "In Paris, we were having a meeting of the World's Committee, and Mr. Wanamaker turned up. After the meeting, he said to me, 'Get in and ride with me Mott.' I got in. He said, 'That man of yours, Fisher of Japan, wants me to give a building for the Y. M. C. A. at Kyoto, the ancient capital of the country. Now, Mott, is that the best thing I can do? And I said, 'Mr. Wanamaker no, it is not the best you can do. Far better would it be for you to give not only a building for the old capital of Japan, but also simultaneously for Seoul, the Capital of Korea, and one for Peking, the ca-of Korea, and one for Peking, the Capital of China. That would be much for us to bring the plans to him and to see them carried out."

He got people to do big things because he confronted them with a mighty challenge. A church may expect no more from its people than it demands.

We shall never get anywhere in anything so long as we choose to play safe. The "Rich Young Ruler," confronted with the challenge of Jesus, made his choice and gained no more distinction in life than that pathetically commonplace distinction of being rich.

Those men who have blazed trails to new and high achievement have always been branded as fools by a contented society. There were those idiots, the Wright brothers, believing that man could fly; or that madman, Columbus, thinking the world was round. Yonder was the shoe cobbler, Carey, wanting to go to India; the churchman of his day trying to set him down and shut him up by saying, "If God wants to convert the heathen, he will find a way to do it." And William Carey, sounding the battle cry started the march of gospel troubadours around the earth: "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God."

Let me say quickly now, that it is not an unequal risk. I am not inviting men and women to play wasteful and prodigal. Here is the young man who got into trouble some years back in our own city; he got into debt and finally had to reveal his plight to his parents. He had been playing the slot machine. He was a mathematician, a high school boy. They said, "why did you do it?" His answer, "I thought I could figure out how to beat the thing." They are not made that way. If they were, they never would

have been made. They are made to beat people.

Our risk is not like that. It is not destined to lose. We put our trust in a God whose laws are immutable, whose presence is assured, and whose power is ours through the Christ who died to give us life. And so, in the words of those of the Scripture of whom we read: "We have no might against this great company, neither know we what to do." And God flashes back the answer, "Fear not, nor be dismayed, tomorrow go out against them: for the Lord will be with you." (II Chronicles 20:1-17.)

BOY—AM I A MESS?

When God gave out brains,
I thought he said trains . . . .
and I missed mine!

When he gave out good looks,
I thought he said books . . . .
and I didn't want any!

When he said noses,
I thought he said roses . . . .
and I ordered a big red one!

When he gave out legs,
I thought he said kegs . . . .
and I ordered two fat ones!

When he gave out ears,
I thought he said beers . . . .
and I ordered two large ones!

When he said chins,
I thought he said gins . . . .
and I ordered a double!

Boy! Am I a mess?

—Exchange.

THIS WAY UP

By L. E. "Cy" Frailey, in Our Paper

Here are some observations in the reaction of the truly big men of business. They do not wallow in the gutter with men of lower ideals or false judgments. They simply leave them alone. Their course ahead is charted. The time is short. If ever they are hurt by those who taunt and heckle, as surely they must be, they keep their thoughts to themselves.

Sometimes, and always if the heckler has any semblance of character, this refusal to engage in verbal controversy turns the critic into a friend. If not, the big man marches on to victory, leaving his petty tormentor far behind.

It is generally agreed that William McKinley ranks among our most highly respected presidents. During one of his congressional campaigns, he was persistently followed by a reporter from an opposition newspaper, who seized every possible opportunity to misrepresent views, and to hold him up to ridicule. Mr. McKinley took this barrages of unfair criticism with fortitude, and even remarked that at least he could admire the young reporter's determination.

Finally, however, Mr. McKinley admiration turned to pity. The reporter was ill clad, and the weather was extremely cold. It was evident that the young man's devotion to duty was causing great discomfort. And one night, the affair came to an interesting climax.

Mr. McKinley was riding in a closed carriage, while the critical reporter sat shivering on the driver's seat outside. The great statesman endured the chattering as long as he could; then, he stopped the carriage and said, "Young man, come here. Put on this overcoat, and ride inside with me."

"But, Mr. McKinley," the young man stammered, "don't you know who I am? I've been ripping you to pieces during this campaign, and I don't intend to stop."

"Yes, yes, I know who you are," replied the statesman, "but just put on this coat and get inside where it is warm.

You know what a little man would have said under the same curcumstances. "You little fool, stay out there and freeze until your tongue stops wagging. Good enough for you!" But Mr. McKinley was a big man—too big to hold a grudge.

Well? Not an easy philosophy to follow, is it? The slurs of petty critics do get under your skin—and you long to plant four good knuckles on their chins. But big men let the fire die out. They will not lower themselves to the little man's level. Yes, this is another truth I have observed. Big men pay no attention to petty critcs. That, too, has helped make them big.

One of the funniest experiences in business is to watch some men after they have been advanced to some small position of authority. A bottle of old wine, swallowed in one mighty gulp, couldnot go to their

heads any faster. How they strut! What an air of importance they do assume.

Let us consider George Washington. George, you know, was an aristocrat, but he had no illusions about dignity when there was work to be done. And he certainly must have been "all man" to stand that winter at Valley Forge!

One day at Valley Forge was especially cold. The general, leaving headquarters, drew on his great coat, turned up the collar, and pulled his hat down to shield his face from the biting wind. As he walked about the camp, he came to a small group of men who were building a wall of logs. A corporal stood at one side, barking orders.

"Up with it," he cried. "Now all together! Push! What's wrong with you fellows? Push! Up with it. Up I say."

But the log was very heavy, and just before reaching the top of the pile, back it fell to the groud.

The corporal, his face bloated with anger, shouted again: "Come on, you loafers. Up with it. Up. Push."

The men tugged and strained once more. The huge log nearly reached the top. But back it fell.

Another struggle followed, and another. Each time the corporal flew into a frenzy of abuse. Finally, Washington ran forward and added his muscle to that of the others. As the log rolled into its place, the men began to thank him. But Washington turned on the corporal.

"Why didn't you help these men?" he asked sharply.

Me?" replied the other. "Why don't you see I am a corporal?"

"Oh, indeed!" said Washington, throwing open his great coat and revealing his uniform. "Well, I am only the commander-in-chief. The next time you have a heavy log to lift, send for me."

Big men are willing to lift heavy logs—shoulder to shoulder with the others. Little men think they have advanced beyond the need of cooperation. They seem to think work is beneath their dignity.

Tell me, my friends, how can these petty people, in positions of little authority, get such "high-falutin" ideas of their own importance? How can they possibly imagine that "helping out" would lose respect. Seems to me that's the way to win respect. You have a boss. Tell me, do you think the less of him when he takes off his coat and helps in an emergency? No. I can't believe it.

The following bit of conversation between two Quakers is recorded: "William, thee knows that I do not believe in calling anyone names; but William, if the mayor of the town should come to me and say: 'Joshua, I want thee to bring me the greatest liar in this city,' I would come to thee, William, and I would lay my hand on thy shoulder and I would say to thee: 'William' the mayor wants to see thee.' " —Exchange.

YOU CAN'T ERASE SPOKEN WORDS

By Elmer Wheeler, in Kiwanis Magazine

Words are like sunbeams, someone sagely said, for the more you concentrate them the deeper they burn.

How true this is.

How true, too, the act that you can-

How true, too, the fact that you cannot erase the spoken word; once it is spoken it is on its merry way.

On the way to make a friend or to lose one; to encourage someone, or to tear down another's reputation.

Words on the loose!

How they can damage, chew up, tear apart, rip a reputation; how they can inspire, lift up, elevate!

Simple spoken words, uttered on the spur of a moment, from the lips that are too thin or too full.

You cannot erase them once they are spoken.

They leap at people, penetrate their hearts, pierce their brain, leave a good thought or bury a bad one.

So often they are spoken carelessly. "Why I saw Jim out with Mary," and the words start a Pony Express of rumor.

Thoughtlessly, someone says, "I think you are a fool!" and then reaches out to retrieve the words before they strike the ear drum, and register in the heart of the sensitive soul.

It is too late. Words in flight cannot be shot down like planes in flight.

Be a good listener first; a good talker second, and you won't "wish I hadn't said that."

Think twice and speak once, and you won't always be "shooting my old mouth off."

Remember you can't learn when your mouth is working. You learn when it is closed, and your ears are working.

Before you say it—write it for then if you don't like the way it looks, you can erase it on paper.

These are the simple remedies for quick spoken folks; for people who regard their words carelessly, thoughtlessly.

How cruel, though, are many words spoken in haste; when pointed directly at someone, aimed to splatter a heart or ruin a soul.

"You're wrong" or "You don't understand what I mean," someone shouts, and another person feels he is regarded as pretty dumb.

"I didn't make myself quite clear," would have been a better way to put it.

It is all in how you say what you say.

Watch your words and your words will watch out for you.

Think twice; speak once. Listen more than you talk.

Remember, you can't erase the spoken word!

The happy people are those who are producing something; the bored people are those who are consuming much and producing nothing.—Dean W. R. Inge.

GENERAL STILWELL'S FAREWELL

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

(The following is the farewell message of the late General Joseph Stilwell to the Tenth Army. The editors believe that it is not only an outstanding speech, but that it has a special significance for the coming Memorial season.)

Now that you are on your way back to the farm, the shop, the desk, or the mine, or soon will be, listen to a few words from an old brass hat who has watched the generations pass by. You are not required to listen any more; nobody can call you to attention; you are free from red tape, discipline, censorship, and restrictions; the wraps are off you at last. But give me a chance to speak to you briefly with the wraps off me, too. Even brass hats are tied up in red tape, and sometimes they don't like it any better than you do.

My great regret is that I can't expect to go along with your generation very much longer. I have seen how you respond in a crisis, and it is okay. I have heard you cuss and gripe, and that's normal and proper. You can take it on the nose, and you can dish it out, with interest. You have made the grade, as soldiers, sailors, and marines, and you can have my shirt any time you need it.

When you get home, they will make a fuss over you. They will be shouting, "Welcome home, heroes," "The thanks of America," etc. How you will squirm and wish you could get down to Clancy's with the boys! All you can do is sweat it out, make your speech, and be thankful that it does not last very long.

The home folks think a lot of you and they will only be trying to show their appreciation. You want your own people and your community to feel that you made good, anyway. They never doubted that you would; it was only you who had any qualms about it. And here is where you cash in; you have been through the mill, you have stood the gaff, and you have the satisfaction of accomplishment that nothing can buy. That is the real reward of your service. From now on you can live with yourself, without regrets.

But unless I read you wrong, you will not think your work as Americans is all done because the war is over. In the face of aggression, we got together and submerged all our little differences. In the big issues, everybody came through. You did not hesitate to go forward and pull a buddy out of macine-gun fire at the risk of your own neck. And it didn't count that you were maybe a college graduate and he never got beyond the eighth grade, because you know he'd have done as much for you. You wouldn't know, except incidentally, who were Protestants, Catholics, or Jews in your company, who were union and who were non-union. It wouldn't have made any difference anyway.

The war has proved the essential cohesion of America. If the Germans and the Japs had looked us over care-

fully, and had had the brains to evaluate what they saw, they would never have been crazy enought to try to pull us down. If we can lick a problem such as this war has been, are we going to let the comparatively minor problems of peace bother us? Why, if we put the same effort on solving our domestic problems that we have put on licking the Germans and the Japs, we could make over the United States of America the way we'd like to have it.

It is too much to expect that we should continue the same pace when the urge is gone, but 11,000,000 ex-servicemen can have a lot to say about what we will do. I am sure of one thing—you like the way America is headed, or you wouldn't have put up such a fight for it.

Maybe in the near future your machine gunner will make a million dollars and you will run a filling station. What the hell. It may be that you will make the million and the gunner will run the filling station. That's America—everybody on his feet, and nobody on his knees.

One more thing before I stop talking. You have left your outfit and exchanged the bugle for the alarm clock, but you will never be alone again. There are 11,000,000 men now who belong to the same club you do, who have had similiar experiences. You have, all of you, seen a lot of a world and can appreciate what we've got in the United States of America. Because I have faith in the outlook and ideals of your generation, I should like to live long enough to see what you do with your opportunities. But though it is a fine day in the morning for you, it is getting late in the afternoon for me.

Good luck, soldier. I am proud to have known you.

FRIENDLY MISTAKES

There are about three things a fellow can do when he makes a mistake. He can resolve that he will never make another, which is fine, but impracticable. He may let that mistake make a coward of him, which is foolish; or, he can make up his mind that he'll let it be his teacher and so profit by the experience that if the situation comes his way again, he'll know just how to meet it.

Think it over. Each one of us must decide whether he will let his mistakes remain his enemies or become his friends. Why should we let a mistake, or even two or three break our spirit and sap our fighting strength? A lad who showed that kind of disposition on the gridiron or on the baseball diamond would never make the team. We all make mistakes, but if we let them be our teachers, counseling us, advising us, admonishing us, in due time we shall acquit ourselves all the better in life. —Selected.

DISCONTENT

(The Yellow Jacket)

When a horse balkes, the buifficulty is not in his legs but in his head. When a human being is paralyzed by discontent, the trouble is not with the circumstances but with his reaction to those circumstances. One poor boy becomes a millionaire and another sticks right where he is, so unhappy over his bad start in life that he does not make the necessary efforts to go forward. One woman keeps so cheerful and jolly when the family income goes down that she is invited everywhere, while another mourns until her friends make her unwelcome because she has lost joy. The discontented person thinks he wants to get away from where he is, to leave his poverty, his unsatisfactory position, his tiresome relatives or friends, and go somewhere else where he is confident that he will find success, riches and admiring companions. But his intense dislike of his circumstances fiill his thoughts to exclusion of qualities which make for progress, spontaneous activity, adaptability, interest outside one's self. All of the time he blames his surroundings, but it is his own mental attitude which chains him. Emerson states the case remarkably well. Discontent, he says, "is the want of self reliance; it is infirmity of will." With confidence and the will to go forward no adversity, no obstacle can continue to obstruct progress. Every trial of strength only adds to confidence, increases determination, prepares for victory. None of us should be content with poverty, but rebellion on self pity and jealousy are no help in overcoming it, while confidence and energy and courage will eventually break down any straightened circumstances. Contentment after all, is a quality of mind and he who has not learned it will never acquire it by mere getting a million dollars of fame, for there are always fresh causes for discontent appearing to the person who is willing to entertain them. The way to get the balk out of our heads is to be happy with what life offers, looking always for additional happiness, and enjoy to the full what ever little thing presents itself in the daily round. Paul, who knew poverty and contempt and prison charted the whole road to happiness in one small sentence in his letter to the Philippians, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Not because of, but in spite of your handicaps, you can work out some service in life. Accept your hand as it was dealt, and then, without wasting time bemoaning bad cards, play the game.

—Charles R. Brown.

GREEK PROBLEM OF RELIEF

(The Watchman-Examiner)

At its meeting on March 20, the General Council of the Northern Baptist Convention approved for publicity a resolution supporting the proposal of President Truman to send relief to Greece. The resolution was distributed to the public press, which conveyed the impression that Northern Baptists generally were in sympathy with and in support of the project. The novelty of this type of pronouncement concerning a public question which has already tied up Congress and involved the United Nations has evoked some serious questioning on the part of members of the Northern Baptist constituency as to the wisdom of the General Council in speaking for the churches on such question. The resolution referred to, however, stated that none of the relief money should go for military purposes. It may be taken that the proponents of the resolution intended to express a sentiment on behalf of feeding and clothnng hungry Greeks and in assisting the Greek nation economically to become self-supporting. So many international enlargements are involved in Greek relief, the number of Baptists involved is so infinitesimally small, and so many other areas are as bad off as Greece, that premature pronouncements on what is a political and international problem may only be effective of further disturbing Northern Convention fellowship by raising the question as to the right of the General Council to issue pronouncements in the name of the churches which compose the Northern Convention. Letters received indicate such concern and regret over the practice.

During the Civil War one day Jefferson Davis wanted a reliable officer for an important command. He asked General Lee what he thought of a certain man named Whiting for the post. Lee commended him highly.

One of the latter's officers was much surprised at General Lee's recommendation. Calling General Lee aside, he asked him if he knew what derogatory things Whiting has been saying about him. Lee answered, "I understand that the President wanted to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."

Big men are too maganimous to take note of criticism or slights. It is the small man, the man who is self-important, who cannot overlook personal attacks.

A LITTLE PARABLE FOR MOTHERS

By Temple Bailey

The young mother set her foot on the path of life.

"Is the way long?" she asked.

And her guide said: "Yes, and the way is hard, and you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young mother was happy and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed with them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them and life was good and the young mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook wth fear and cold and, the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Oh mother, we are not afraid for you are near, and no harm can come"; and the mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we are there." So the children climbed, and when they reached the top they said, "We could not have done it without you, mother." And the mother when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars and said: "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength."

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled and the mother said: "Look up, Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their mother; and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the children said, "You will always walk with us, mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

If a man cannot smile he is built wrong. If he can smile and won't—keep away from him.—Exchange.

REFLECTION

By Bernard B. Hitchcock

Personality is the doorway of character. If we cultivate a pleasant and agreeable personality we add happiness to our lives as well as to others'. When we continuously "look the other way" upon encountering unpleasant attitudes, we cease worrying over trifles. Mistrust; lying; enmity; unreliability; all these obnoxious traits are given birth through reflection.

The old adage, "Thinking makes it so," can well apply to the reflective qualities. When we mistrust another, we are fully responsible for planting seeds of mistrust in dubious ground. Naturally, we are considering these incongruent traits as opponents of normal minds. In abnormal beings, such actions are second nature.

In a normal human being, unreliability is a creative quality. We refuse to place our confidence in someone who immediately becomes unreliable. The propensity of most persons is to live up to what is expected of them. So if we expect someone to act sneaky, nasty and deceitful, in most cases we shall receive just what we expect. Human minds achieve maturity between the ages of 11 and 14, and as can be readly understood, they respond to essentially the same methods of reproach as a child. Ignoring actions of stupidity submits the offender to self-inflicted punishment. Whether the punishment be instilled through embarrassment, momentary complex or shame, matters not; providing that it justifies the purpose.

Some times our ignorance and stupidity impels us to disagree. When these moments arise, it is time for us to recognize our inadequacy and withdraw in silence. To date scientists have discovered that the most efficient means of disguising ignorance is through physical coordination videlicet: to bring the lower jawbone in close contact with the maxilla, and to maintain such position constantly, relaxing only at meal times.

SERVICE

When we try to serve the world (or to understand it) we touch what is divine. We get our dignity, our courage, our joy in work because of the greatness of the far-off end always in sight, always attainable, never at any moment attained. Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If we find the job where we can be of use, we are hitched to the star of the world and move with it.—Richard Cabot.

SINS OF THE PARENTS

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

J. Edgar Hoover, who handles the end product of youth gone wrong, is by no means the first to attribute its deliquency to the dereliction of parents; but his Sunday article in "This Week" does an especially comprehensive job of surveying the ways in which parents fail.

The child who from infancy has confidence in the love of those around him has no grudge against them, to be transferred to all society as he matures. All seven of the bad influences listed by Director Hoover have their root in a defect in that love, either in depriving the child of normal warmth and sustaining affection, or smothering it in a cloying sentimentality that betrays an emotionally immature parent—the poorest of all supports for the child in its job of learning to stand alone.

Out of this latter grows the tendency to dote, to forgive when discipline is in order. At the other extreme is indifference, translated into neglect and letting the young run wild. The broken home, of course, represents a crisis in the young life which is capable of irreparable damage to personality. More numerous, perhaps, is the unhappy home that holds together after a fashion. It is wisely said that youth seeking a mate does best to look in happy homes. It is no absolute guarantee, but the chances are all with those whose adjustment began in the cradle, and who, being adjusted to the family, find little difficulty in adjusting themselves to life.

This contemplates a better home than many parents, with the best of intentions provide. Yet too often the key deficiency is in themselves, in a variety of qualities which add up to selfishness, an unwillingness to share themselves, a disposition to consult their own conveniences in times which are crucial to the child's future. Any or all of these do not invariably lead to destruction of the young nature; but they affect it, and so often decisively and for the worse that in this country last year 108,000 persons under 21 were arested. It is a shocking harvest. No child is born bad; if he turns out that way, it is not unfair to look first to those closest to him.

———:———

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

I only want a chosen few
Who've stood through good and evil, too—
True friendship's test—
Who only strove to find the good,
And then as only true friends could—
Forgave the rest.

—Selected.

AN IMPOSSIBLE ATTITUDE

(The Alabama Baptist)

Neutrality is an impossible attitude in a world in which we live. When an issue arises, one may not be able to decide at once which side he will take. But this is certain—one cannot sit on the fence forever. There comes a time when he must come to a decision, clear and distinct, and be done with straddling the fence.

One says in effect, "Oh, I stand aside. I take no part. I am not called on to deside one way or the other. I am a spectator looking down casually at the great struggle. It is no concern of mind."

This is not the way patriotic folk acted when this nation was struggling for its existence. Nor may they act that way with reference to the kingdom of God. For men are either for it or against it; they are either out of it or in it; and they are for Christ or against Him. No one has ever yet served both God and mammon.

Thus no man living can be a mere onlooker. "In this world," said Francis Bacon, "God only and the angels may be spectators." One cannot be both friend and foe, ally and enemy at the same time. Thus any affectation of indifference toward a matter of right and wrong is virtual decision. Neutrality is impossible. And this is no hard and arbitrary judgment, but the sentence of fact, declaring men and things what they are.

There is an old Jewish tradition that the manna which fed the Israelites in the desert did not have one uniform taste, but tasted according to each man's mouth. One may think he is judging the taste of the manna, when, as a matter or fact, the manna is judging his taste. One may think that he is valuing with nice discrimination the kingdom of God when, as a matter of fact, the kingdom is weighing and valuing him.

As iron leaps to the magnet, so also one leaps to embrace this or that. Even if a man think he is indifferent and neutral, by that very fact he has made a decision. And every purpose and intent of the heart is known to God whether it be right or wrong.

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great action. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or vavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world.—James Freeman Clarke.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. John H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Philippians 3:7-9.

The speaker began by telling something of his own experiences while a student at Davidson College. During the vacation months one summer he served as supply pastor of a small church in a fishing village in Florida. He told the following story:

In this village there lived an old retired sailor who was more than seventy years old. He was known to everybody in the community as "Captain Joe." For more than fifty years, this old fellow had followed the sea, and had visited all corners of the world.

One day, as the old sailor and the young ministerial student were sitting on a rock down on the shore, the old man told the young man about the sea. He talked about it as he had known it all his life. He spoke of the times when the waters were blue in appearance, and of the other times when they would look green or black. This old man had sailed the deep during terrific storms, as well as in quiet, pleasant sailing weather. He had been caught in typhoons in the South Pacific, and, on one occasion, the vessel on which he was sailing was wrecked and he and his fellow crew members suffered for many days before they were rescued.

This veteran sailor, said the speaker, talked of the sea in a manner that clearly showed that he had given his life to it, and he loved it.

The great Apostle Paul was just like that about Jesus, continued Rev. Mr. McKinnon. He gave up everything that he owned in order to serve Jesus. He took his prominent family connections, his position as an educated leader of his people, his wealth, his position in the synagogue, and, placing them all in one pile, he gave away all for the sake of the Master. He wanted to know more about Jesus. From the time of his conversion on the road to Damascus, he spent his entire life in learning more about Christ.

We of today must come to know Jesus in much the same way as did Paul, said the speaker. While we, like Paul, have never seen the Master, it is our privilege to read in the Bible the words of those who really knew Jesus--those who had walked and talked with him on many occasions along the shores of Galilee. It is possible for us, by prayer to talk to Jesus and come to know him better.

Paul made it the one pursuit of his life to learn everything possible about the Master. He went even further. He said that he not only wanted to know Christ, but he wanted to gain Christ.

The speaker then pointed out that Christ is always ready and willing to give us courage to fight against the evil forces that are constantly trying to overpower us. Should we falter in this battle, we need not give up the fight as lost, for the Master is willing to give us another chance, and will help us to carry on. He will never forsake those who appeal to him for help.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon told his listeners that another reason for the Apostle Paul's success was that he forsook all else that he might be found in Christ. Paul told of a kind of righteousness that he had tried to achieve. He then discovered that Christ could do more for him in that respect than any other. In coming to know the Master, he realized that by himself he could do nothing.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. McKinnon told the boys that Paul had been looking for real life, and found that through Jesus was the only way. Paul had the knowledge of the grace of God. He urged the boys to remember at all times that they, like Paul, would be sure to find that no power, no matter how great, could separate them from Jesus Christ, whenever they fully decided to put their lives into his hands.

———:———

BEGINNING AGAIN

My heart was lifted when I heard,
It matters not what may befall,
Beyond all else I hear the call:
"You can begin again."

My courage rises when I hear
God's voice allay the thought of fear,
And when He whispers gently, near,
"You can begin again."

When once quite all the world seemed wrong,
Throughout its din I heard His song,
"You can begin again."

An inner joy within me stirred,
I treasured each assuring word,
"You can begin again."

Begin again? Another chance?
Can even I make an advance?
"You can begin again."

Begin at once by taking heart
And knowing God—of you He's part!
New life to you He will impart!
"You can begin again."

—Frank B. Whitney.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Even the smallest hair throws its shadow.—Goethe.

—:—

A good face is a letter of recommendation, as a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer.

—:—

Moral light is the radiation of the diviner glory.—Dick.

—:—

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Lamb.

—:—

The way to have nothing to give, is to give nothing.—J. Sterling.

—:—

The real secret of happiness is to be found in unselfishness.
—Dorothy Dix.

—:—

On the soft bed of luxury most kingdoms have expired.—Young.

—:—

There is nothing so refreshing to American people as the truth.
—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

—:—

If you are willing to admit you are all wrong when you are, you are all right.—Will Rogers.

—:—

Men are but children, too, though they have gray hairs; they are only of a larger size.—Seneca.

—:—

There are two days about which nobody should ever worry, and these are yesterday and tomorrow.
—Robert J. Burdette.

—:—

To die for the truth is not to die merely for one's faith, or one's country; it is to die for the world.
—Cowper.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.—Lavater.

—:—

Among the attributes of God, although they are all equal, mercy shines with even more brilliancy than justice.—Cervantes.

—:—

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years; meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.
—Cherbuliez.

—:—

Encouragement is oxygen to the soul. Good work can never be expected from a worker without encouragement. No one ever climbed spiritual heights without it. No one ever lived without it.—George M. Adams.

—:—

If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will.—William James.

—:—

The only people who make no mistakes are dead people. I saw a man last week who has not made a mistake for four thousand years. He is a mummy in the Egyptian department of the British Museum.—Wayland.

—:—

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—Pascal.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Marriage is love parsonified.

—:—

If you expect nothing, all you get is so much velvet.

—:—

How to avoid falling hair—Step quickly to one side.

—:—

Those who fear the future are likely to fumble the present.

—:—

If what you did yesterday still looks big to you, you surely haven't done much today.

—:—

If there is anything worse than being old and bent it is being young and broke.

—:—

Some people talk more religion in five minutes than they practice in five years.

—:—

It takes a thousand years to grow a California redwood. And then a fool comes along with a lighted cigarette.

—:—

The horse and buggy days were not so bad. In winter you didn't have to tow the horse around the block to get him started.

—:—

You never realize how lucky you are until you enter a gift shop and see how many things your friends have not sent you.

—:—

The village parson met one of his flock, a surly old farmer. "I didn't see you in church last Sunday," said the parson. "Too wet," replied the farmer. "But it's always dry inside," protested the parson. "That's another reason," said the farmer.

Voice on the Phone: "There are two mice fighting up here in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Well, what do you expect for a dollar room, a bull fight?"

—:—

"Is there anything you wish to eat before the execution?" asked the warden of the condemned prisoner. "Yes, mushrooms," said the prisoner. "I've always been scared to eat them for fear I'd be poisoned."

—:—

A miser, away on business, sent his wife a check for a thousand kisses on her birthday. The good wife, annoyed at his thrift, wrote him this card: "Dear Jim: Thanks for the birthday check. The milkman cashed it for me this morning."

—:—

While it has often been said that a cat has nine lives, it can only be skinned once. A man is supposed to have only one life, but he gets skinned many times. He seems to be the only animal that doesn't know when he has had enough.

—:—

Closer to the truth than he meant to be was the schoolboy who wrote on an examination paper: "The Armistice was signed on the 11th of November in 1918, and since then every year there has been two minutes of peace."

—:—

A farmer was trying to persuade two mules to go into the barn, but with no success. The neighboring minister was passing at the time. "Hey!" shouted the farmer. "You're just the feller I'm looking for. Tell me how Noah was able to get two of these here critters into the ark."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 25, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
William Epps
Jack Griffin
Roger Ivey
Johnnie Myers
Carl Rice
Charles Smith

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Carl Davis
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Jimmy Jones
Richard Johnston
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ransom Edwards
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Melvin Radford
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Talmadge Duncan
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Clifton Rhodes
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
James Martin
Claude Sexton

COTTAGE No. 4

Odean Chapman
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchin
Robert Melton
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Carl Howell
Aaron McCarson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Floyd Bruce
Charles Hudson
Melvin Ledford
Ralph Seagle
Leroy Wilkins
Edward Ingold
Robert Driggers
Donald Branch
Elmer Sutherland
Ollie Daw

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Jerry Peavey
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Jack Paschall

Reuben Vester
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Clonininger
Emmet Fields
Donald Hall
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
Carl Jenkins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Odell Cain
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Robert Galyan
Kenneth King
Eugene King
Cliford Millian
James Moore
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
James Cartrette
Cecil Clark
Conley Haney
Curtis Helms
Luther Hull
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Leroy Cowan
William Carswell
Edwin Parker

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
John Moretz
Leon Poston
Jerry Rippy
James Smith
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Wiliam Best
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Solomon Shelton
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Johnson Barnes
Carlyle Brown
Donnie Grantham
Sammie Lynn
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter
Nathan Ashwell

It is pleasant to have people love you even when they don't know you. But of more value is the love of the friend who has found you out and still loves you.—Anonymous.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 31, 1947 No. 22

JUN 7 1947
no 23

MY DESIRE

May I live this life in such a way
That after I am dead,
My errors and my triumphs
May show some youth the path ahead.

That his bold but inexperienced feet
Need tread not where I trod,
But straight and true the path may keep
That leads to peace with God.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
THE STORY OF THE MINUTE MAN	By Roland Welles Robbins	13
ON THE LIQUOR ISSUE	By Bishop Clare Purcell	19
EVEN THE IMPOSSIBLE	By Ora Mae Campbell	21
YOUNG CITIZENS	(Selected)	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

HOME AND FRIENDS

O, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no friend so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy—
For future hopes— and praise them,
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them;
For things afar still sweeter are;
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught the earth hath naught,
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this:
Our home and friends around us.

—From an Old Scrapbook.

PROFITING FROM PAST MISTAKES

One of the highly important principles that should operate in the life of every person is that he or she will be willing always to profit from the mistakes of other days. It is unfortunate that all people do make mistakes, but there is an old adage that says, "To err is

human." So long, then, as time shall last, mistakes will be made and people will have to pay the penalties of their errors.

It has been truly said that there is no particular dishonor in making mistakes, particularly in the area of making choices and decisions, but there is shame and dishonor when a person refuses to profit by the mistakes which are oftentimes very obvious and apparent. Only the fool refuses to benefit when he understands he has made an unwise decision.

Recognizing that mistakes are inevitable, the manufacturers of pencils recognized the necessity of equipping them with erasers so that people in their everyday use of this simple instrument would at the same time have a way of erasing their mistakes and making necessary corrections.

No person, of course, is expected to be strong enough in his character or wise in his judgment so that he will never make any mistakes. To expect perfection is always hoping for too much. However, by using caution and self-counsel it is always possible to reduce the repetition of mistakes to the very minimum. The tragedy comes when too many people persist in repeating over and over some of their foolish misdeeds.

It seems that one of the glaring weaknesses of the present day is that so many people have become accustomed to expecting so much for so little. This seems to be true in most of the areas of life, and particularly among working people. For instance, it is not an uncommon thing to see the speed and the hurry with which people dash away from their jobs at the close of the day, when at the beginning of the day, at a time when they were taking up their tools and starting to their posts of duty, they manifested a disposition of being slouchy and indifferent, instead of being ambitious and alert. Without a doubt, the basic principle in the formula of success in life is when working people are alert and ambitious to do their full duty and more. The world has always operated on this principle, and it is hoped it will ever continue to do so. It is a basic principle of individual initiative which earns for worthy people merited promotion and recognition.

It has been said that "one's reputation is the foundation for future success, and if a person slips rotten hours and slighted work

into the foundation, his superstructure will topple; the foundation must be clean, solid and firm."

In another area of life such as in the realm of morals, there are people who have become almost morally defunct, and they have, by continuous indiscretions, practically destroyed their own strength of character. For instance, it always occurs that the confirmed drinker or alcoholic is reminded time after time that he is destroying the finest virtues of his life. He sees that from day to day he is paying the penalties for his mistakes, and yet with each succeeding day he is losing in the battle against this evil, and he, no doubt, longs for that day in his life when he can stand face to face with the temptation and declare that he will not make the same mistake again. In his spirit there is a desperate struggle which is never open and disclosed to the world, but too often he fights a losing battle and his life ends in the tragedy of the gutter when he should have crowned his life with glory and honor.

The same evil principles operate in all the destructive vices of life. Whether a person is a confirmed rogue, liar, user of profanity, there is always a grave danger that unless he has enough strength of character to overcome these evils, for which it sometimes seems to require a miracle, there is a danger that the mistakes of the day will be repeated over and over, when they should be the warning signs on the highway of life.

It is common knowledge that throughout all the history of the world important battles have been lost because of the mistakes of certain leaders or military generals, and it is obvious that even the course of history has been entirely altered by certain mistakes or errors of judgment. History records that the Battle of Waterloo was lost by the forces of Napoleon because Napoleon made the mistake of delaying his attack against the British forces during the morning hours of June 18, 1815. His delay enabled the Prussian soldiers under Blucher to come to the aid of the British under the Duke of Wellington. Finally, late in the afternoon Blucher's men arrived with the promised aid, and the hours that Napoleon had waited during that morning saved the day for his enemies. Napoleon's defeat was decisive, and ultimately he lost his power as the ruler of the French people.

In conclusion, let it be said that it is the wise person who can analyze the events of each day and determine wherein mistakes have been made. Then, on the succeeding days, not take counsel of his fears but take caution against the repetition of whatever mistakes he may have made in the yesteryear. The mistakes of today may in reality become stepping-stones for the successes of to-morrow.

The following poem expresses appropriate sentiments in regard to our obligations to let each day be a new beginning:

NEW EVERY MORNING

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over;
The tasks are done the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

EIGHTEEN ADDITIONAL BOYS JOIN FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

We are happy to report that eighteen additional boys here at the Jackson Training School had the privilege of joining the First Baptist Church in Concord at the evening services on Sunday, June 1. These boys had all been thinking for a period of several weeks of what it means to become a church member, and special efforts were made by Rev. Mr. Summers and others to explain this sacred event in the life of a person.

The school has been highly pleased with the fine cooperation in religious matters which has been given to the school by Mr. Summers and the members of the First Baptist Church. The boys have all felt a long and cordial feeling towards that church and also towards the pastor. Mr. Summers has made special efforts from time to time to help our boys and start them in the right direction in religious experiences. We are grateful for all this splendid help.

In the process of becoming church members every possible effort is made to let each boy feel that he has a free choice in the selection of his own church. No pressure whatever is ever used to try to persuade any boy to join any particular church. There are times when it is suggested that boys delay their becoming church members until they can be sure that they intend to be worthy and that they have the proper sacred attitude towards church membership. It is hoped that every boy who joins the church here at the school will continue his church attendance at home and that he will fellowship often with the other church members of his home community. There is probably nothing that will mean more to a boy in his efforts to make a good record at home than for him to ally himself with the church people of his community.

It is interesting to note that practically every boy who joins the church while he is here at the school is first administered the ordinance of baptism. An effort is made to explain to the boy that this is one of the sacred ceremonies of every church and that it is highly fitting for every person to dedicate his life to the Lord in his youth, to be baptized and to join some church.

No doubt, much of the credit for these boys becoming church members is due to the special efforts which were made here at the school recently at a revival meeting by Rev. E. J. Harbison and Rev. Ed Earnhardt. We are grateful to them, too, for their helpful inspiration to the boys.

The following is a list of the boys who joined last Sunday: Leonard Allen, Carl Church, Ted Clonch, R. L. Crawford, Charles Franklin, Bobby Galyan, Donnie Grantham, Billy Hamilton, Curtis Helms, Clifford Millian, Nathan McCarson, Russell Seagle, Billy Smith, Thelbert Suggs, Roy Watkins, Earl Wood, J. C. Woodell, and Ray Wooten.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 8, 1947

June 9—William Jenkins, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
June 9—Robert Ellers, Cottage No. 1, 15th birthday.
June 10—John McKinney, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
June 13—J. D. Ashley, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.
June 14—Ellis Sylvanus (Van) Robinson, Cottage No. 2, 16th birthday.
June 15—Emmett Fields, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

News Items of Interest

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Mrs. Hawfield gave the boys in the 8th grade some magazines last Tuesday morning when they had finished writing the letters for the boys of her grade, the 1st grade. The magazines are "Life" and "The Saturday Evening Post." All of the 8th grade boys appreciated getting these magazines.

Mr. Kennett has returned from a vacation of one week. All of the boys are glad that he is back with us at the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell, officer and matron of Cottage No. 6, have gone on their two weeks vacation. The boys of their cottage have been sent out to the other cottages while they are away. Mr. Russell is in charge of the laundry, but while he is away Mr. Kennett has the laundry.

Recently, the first grade has purchased a number of new records for physical education games. Some of the new records are the following: "Pop Goes the Weasel," "The Little Hunters," "Turkey in the Straw," "Soldier Boy," "London Bridge," "A-Hunting We Will Go," and a number of others. They are learning to play these games by the music.

Mrs. W. M. Morrison, the second grade teacher, is away from the school now on account of the illness of her sister. Mrs. Talbert is substituting for her.

Swimming

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

The swimming season started last Saturday, and all of the boys were glad of it. Saturday was a good time to go swimming on account of its be- a hot summer day.

Each cottage group, after playing baseball and softball on Saturday afternoons, gets to go in swimming. During the week every cottage group gets to go in swimming two other times, too. They either go Mondays and Wednesdays or else they go on Tuesdays and Fridays. We are glad that we get to go in three times a week.

Baseball Game

By Emory King, 8th Grade

May 23rd ws the day when we had a baseball game that really was a good one! The school team played against the Rocky River Scouts. The score was 11-11. The boys who played on the school team were the following: Major Loftin, Harvey Arnette, Gerald Johnson, Edwin Peterson, Robert Billings, Billy Ray, Sammie Lynn, Billy Ray Daye, and Ray Burns.

B. T. U.—Intermediate Group

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

First we met in the auditorium where we sang a song entitled "The Old Rugged Cross." Then Mr. John

Crowder told us that this would be the last Sunday that they would have a meeting of the B. T. U. until the first Sunday in September. Mrs. Sofness sang a solo entitled "The Holy City."

When we went to our group meeting, we discussed how we could do well and make people proud of us the rest of the year. Mr. Sofness told us something about his experiences in the army over in England.

Then we went back in the auditorium. There we told Mr. and Mrs. Sofness and Mr. Crowder goodby until the first Sunday in September.

B. T. U.—Junior Group I

By John McKinney, 3rd Grade

When we met in the auditorium with the other groups, Jesse Hamlin, James Arrowood, James Dunn, and John McKinney sang a song, "Jesus Calls Us." Then we had prayer and sang another song, "The Old Rugged Cross."

In our group meeting, some of the boys led us in prayer. James Wiles had the first part, "A Long Voyage." John McKinney had the second part, "Crossing the Equator." Bernard Webster, who had the third part, discussed "A Strange Land," and Paul Denton discussed "A Distant Land." David Gibson had the last part on the program. We voted on the one who did the best, and David Gibson was selected.

B. T. U.—Junior Group II

By Emory King, 8th Grade

Our group program was a good one! "A Long Voyage" was the topic of discussion that the first boy on the program had. Bobby Joseph Duncan discussed it. Edward McCall had for his topic "A Strange Land," and Woodrow Norton hade a talk, "A Distant Land." Philip Kirk had the last part, "The Snake Farm." Mr. Crowder was in charge of our class.

Prayer Meeting at Cottage No. 16

By Cecil Burleson, 8th Grade

Last Saturday night, Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, near the school, came to Cottage No. 16 and spoke to the boys. Before his talk, there were some songs, "Love Lifted Me" and "In My Heart There Rings A Melody." Next, the Scripture was read. Rev. Mr. Harbison talked to the boys about being pure in heart and being ready to meet God. This talk was a great encouragement to the boys. They hope that he will come back again soon.

More Boys Released

By Olin Sealey, 3rd Grade

During the month of May, there have been more boys released from the school. Their names, grades, and hometowns are as follows: Jerry Ray, 9th grade, Newton; Earl Kinlaw, 6th grade, Lumberton; Lacy Overton, 4th grade, Pisgah; James Hunt, 4th grade, Bessemer City; Alvin Fox, 2nd grade, Marion; and James David Johnson, 7th grade, Charlotte.

We all hope that these boys will make good.

Trip to Wildwood Cottage

By Bobby Ellers, 8th Grade

Last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Peck and Mr. Corliss carried a group of boys of Cottages Nos. 1 and 5 over to the Wildwood Cottage, the school's cabin. While the boys were over there, they waded in the creek, played in the water, caught tadpoles and minnows, played baseball and marbles, and ate supper.

The boys all had such a good time, and they are grateful to Mr. Peck and Mr. Corliss for taking them to the cabin.

State Marble Tournament at Burlington

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Here at the school we had a marble tournament, the first in the history of the school. There were two tournaments, one in the six-foot circle and one in the ten-foot circle. The two best players in the six-foot circle were Edd Guinn and Frank Belk, and the two best in the ten-foot circle were David Johnson and Thomas McGee.

In a game to see who would be the real champions in the two groups, Edd Guinn and David Johnson won the honors. They both went to the State Tournament at Burlington.

Edd Guinn won "runner-up" place, and he received a silver medal, bathing trunks, T-shirt, and two pairs of socks. David Johnson won fifth place, and he won a pair of bathing trunks. James Lochlear went along as manager.

The boys appreciated the fact that they could go to the tournament.

Gifts for Boys of Cottage No. 3

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

One afternoon last week we had a visitor to come to our cottage. We think he remembered us most kindly. The visitor was Mr. J. E. Brown of Charlotte who represents the Proctor and Gamble Company. He came at the right time, for Mr. Hines, our officer in Cottage No. 3, had started a "Clean-Up Campaign" similar to the one we had last year. Mr. Brown brought with him, and presented to us, samples of liquid dentifrice and Drene shampoo. Last year when we had our "Clean-Up Campaign" we derived so much good by learning more about why we should care for our teeth, hands and face, hair, and nails. This year we want to learn even more. All the boys appreciate what Mr. Brown did, and we are going to strive to keep cleaner every day.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The name of the show for Thursday night was "Abilene Town." This was a western picture showing the life of the town marshall. It showed how a band of bad men tried to drive a band of homesteaders out of Abilene. They burned their barns, burned their wagons, drove their cattle across their land, and even broke into their stores and saloons. During all this time the town marshall was trying to stop it. He finally did with the help of the towns people. They sang a very nice song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic. This was a

good show, and it showed how a town marshall helped his town.

Regular Chapel Program

By Julian Commander, 7th Grade

On May 30, the seventh grade gave a program. First, we had the 23rd Psalm, which was given by Edwin Parker. Next, we had the Lord's Prayer after which we sang "America." Then we had the pledge to the flag. We had a poem by W. L. Steele. We had a speech, "History of Memorial Day," by Harold Kernodle. We had "Makers of the Flag," by Billy Baynes; "Cheers For the Living and Tears for the Dead," by J. W. Smith; "Blue and the Gray," by Melvin Radford; "In Flanders Fields," by Edwin Parker; "My Native Land," by Phillip Kirk; "Hats Off," by Donald Stultz; "In Remembrance of Heroes," by Harold Sloop; "Memorial Day," by Bobby Shepherd; "Why We Celebrate Memorial Day," by John McKinney; and "Crosses," by Julian Commander. The program was under the direction of Mr. Caldwell. All the boys enjoyed the program.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

To have their cake and eat it, too,
Is what some folks would like to do,
Who, without dint of toil and strife,
Would reap the benefit of life.

They seem to think all things are free
For which is paid no currency,
Though other forms of pay attend
By which they pay-up in the end.

While they may reap no pain nor tears,
In gleaning thus throughout the years,
Whene'er a struggle they must make,
That much more effort doth it take.

Something for everything they get
These folks will ever pay, and yet
They keep on thinking they can win
From this life more than they put in.

—Charles J. Starburg.

THE STORY OF THE MINUTE MAN

By Roland Welles Robbins, in Our Paper

PART I

Patrick Harrington was a young man of twenty-three when he went to work for Judge Henry French on his Sudbury Road farm in Concord in 1871. There he worked for the family the following thirty-five years, practically his lifetime. Along with his farm duties Patrick would drive the family on its local missions—to the village, to visit the Alcotts or the Emersons, or maybe to see some law client of the Judge.

So it was little concern he gave to the Judge's request to hitch up Bucephalis to the carryall one fine day in 1873. The Judge's two sons, Will and Daniel had named the horse Bucephalus to give it a personal touch. And personal it was, for it twisted tongues so that most folks preferred to call it Bob-tail. This trip was some day to prove to be the most significant Patrick ever made for the French family.

A year earlier some farsighted Concord citizens had been giving serious thought to the coming centennial celebration of the Battle of Concord. To be sure, it was three years away, but that was little enough time to prepare for such a momentous occasion. This was an ideal time to rekindle the local debates on an appropriate memorial to the men of April 19th, 1775, and its site. For eighty years this had been a very touchy subject, particularly so about anniversary time. Not that nothing had been done in all those years to commemorate the "embattled farmer," for as early as 1792 there was interest in erecting a monument at or near the Old North Bridge. But state politics soon slipped a noose over this suggestion. This came about because of a growing desire to have the General Court of Massachusetts moved from Boston to some town further inland. Concord has been favorably mentioned. Those who wished to have the seat of the General Court remain in Boston realized the erection of a monument in Concord would tend to distinguish and attract new public attention to the town. As this would not benefit their cause they artfully shelved the recommendaation for a Concord monument after it had been discussed on the floor of the House and approved. Again in 1813 and 1814 political dissensions saw to it that renewed proposals for a monument were quelled. But in 1825, with the fiftieth anniversary of the battle approaching, interest had flamed too high for politics to control. Concord joined the Bunker Hill Monument Association. The purpose of this organization being to erect monuments at Charlestown and Concord.

At the semi-centennial celebration on April 19th, 1825, a corner-stone for a monument was laid in the public square of Concord. Under this corner-stone was placed a leaden box which held specimens of United States coins, Continental paper currency of the years 1775 and 1776, des-

cription of the governments of the United States and of Massachusetts, names of the municipal officers of the town, a description of the day's celebration, newspapers of the day and a plate with this inscription: "Here on the 19th of April, 1775, began the war of that Revolution which gave Independence to America. Our fathers willed it and their will was done. The world now admires what their valor won."

There was a great fanfare at the celebration and many speeches were made. At the occasion twenty two year old Ralph Waldo Emerson was also laying his corner-stone to oratorical fame with his toast to "the little bush that marks the spot where Captain Davis fell—'tis the burning bush were God spake for His people." At last a fine start had been made for a good cause.

But with the passing of the anniversary, and vent given to the pent-up enthusiasm, local interests turned to more current problems, so much so that ultimately the proposed plans were doomed to be filed in the pages of time, to be observed only by curious historians. Within eleven weeks of its dedication the corner-stone had become an object of ridicule. This was the reaction of some Concord citizens upon learning that the Bunker Hill Monument Association had suggested the public square site. The citizens felt that the location of the monument was something to be decided by Concordians. Besides, there were other locations that seemed more appropiate than the public square. And here was born the first of the local bickerings that were to replace the earlier political opposition to the monument.

The inspired start given the plans at the semi-centennial celebration breathed its last when a sham monument about twenty feet in height built of casks and boards was erected upon the corner-stone at night by idle people. The next night being the Fourth of July, it was touched off. Surely an ironic choice of a day to execute so unceremoniously the remains of the proposed memorial to those who had helped make the Independence Day celebration possible.

The Bunker Hill Monument Association later finding they had underestimated the work at Charlestown gave up the idea for the time being and turned Concord's share of the funds over to the town.

Again in 1827 the local interest in a monument was publicly discussed. This time it was suggested that the site should be somewhere near "where stood the North Bridge." Said the local Yeoman's Gazette on April 21, "And we anticipate the day as near, when a splendid and durable monument shall rise on that site of ground." But that day was still ten years away. For it was not until the two hundreth anniversary of the founding of the town, in 1832, that Concord citizens finally arrived at a conclusive decision. Emerson's address of the day, later to become an historic classic, is credited with bringing this about, although the Reverend Dr. Ripley had offered the town in 1834 the land that had been part of the battleground to which he had gained title by possession.

The town's part, he made clear,

would be to decide on and erect a monument there—this to be done in the coming three years. Concord's share of the Bunker Hill Monument Association's funds, with other contributions, were now put to use; and in 1836 was erected on the east bank of the Concord River the Battle Monument which is standing today. It was dedicated on July 4, 1837, with great ceremony. Emerson wrote his Concord Hymn for the occasion and it was sung by those assembled.

And here the story pauses long enough to courteously correct Emerson. He says in this now famous Concord Hymn:

"And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps."

In his address at the town's two hundredth anniversary celebration Emerson had spoken of the remains of the western abutment of the Old North Bridge still to be seen. Emerson moved to Concord in 1834. Although he was well acquainted with the town before settling there, he probably was not familiar with the topography of the earlier roads. In 1792-93 extensive improvements were made in the road leading to Carlisle and Westford, which was then the route to Groton.

Originally the road to these towns began at Concord centre and ran in a northerly direction for about a half mile, then turning sharply to the west, crossed the Old North Bridge. There the road separated and went in two different directions. The 1792-93 improvements had had two roads leading from the centre of town—one going to Carlisle, the other to Westford and Groton. In straightening the new road to Carlisle the Old North Bridge and the roadway to it were severed from the route. This left the bridge of little value at that location. Undoubtedly, Emerson was aware of this. But apparently he was not familiar with details of the work that was done. Yankee thrift did not leave a perfectly good bridge for the teeth of time to devour, but moved it down stream forty rods to the location of the new Carlisle road. Seeing the remains of the abutments and knowing that the high waters of spring freshets had been removing bridges for years, Emerson's natural deduction was that "time" had eliminated the bridge.

Getting back to the story of the Minute Man. The town now had a monument. But by no means did this do away with the controversy. While the shaft design and the size of the structure were more or less to the liking of the people of Concord, the location of the monument was a different story. Of course there was bound to be some opposition to the location regardless of where it was erected. This was to be assumed. But why, said a large group, should this memorial to the Minute Men be set up on the east bank of the Concord River? Was not that where the British troops had stood and issued their challenge? Was this dedication for them? After all, the Minute Men stood on the opposite side of the river. It was there they voted a final decision to have their bid for independence heard, then sealed that determination with their blood sacrifices. How could the east bank possibly compete with the soil that had cradled their freedom?

Surely this was a good argument.

Apparently the west bank of the river would have been more to the liking of everyone. But the choice of the east bank seems to have been the work of the elements. First of all, the Old North Bridge had been removed; that would have meant the building of a bridge. Then, the west bank of the river at this location was under water in spring and was more or less swampy the year around. This would require a great deal of filling and work that the majority of the townspeople felt was unnecessary, since the east bank would serve the same purpose. Nevertheless dissension and ill feeling towards the site of the monument were to be tangled in the web of local discord for another thirty-eight years.

Yet this disagreement had its good point. It was because of this and a kindly old gentleman, Ebenezer Hubbard, that made possible the erection of the Minute Man statue. If the monument, dedicated in 1837, had been placed on the west side of the Concord River instead of the east bank it is doubtiful if any need of another monument would have been felt. People in general would have been satisfied, even Mr. Hubbard. As it turned out, Mr. Hubbard wanted to correct an injustice that he thought had been done to the Minute Men. When he died in 1871 he very generously willed the bulk of his estate to the publice welfare of Concord and to the town of Hancock, New Hampshire, where he was born. The will had been drawn up ten years before his death and was simply written, with the exception of a thousand dollar gift to the town of Concord for the purpose of erecting a monument on the west bank of the Concord River. The shrewd phrasing of this offer shows his feeling toward the subject and his determined desire to have it attended to. 'I hereby order my executor, hereinafter named, to pay the sum of one thousand dollars towards building a monument in said town of Concord, on the spot where the Americans fell, on the opposite side of the river from the present monument, in the battle of the 19th of April 1775, providing my said executor shall ascertain that such monument first named, has been built, or sufficient funds been obtained for that purpose within 2 years after my said executor shall have ascertained that said first named monument is not built, nor sufficient funds been obtained for that purpose,. within 2 years after my decease, then I hereby order my said executor to pay over to the town of Hancock, as aforesaid, the sum of $500." This five hundred dollars was to be added to a thousand dollars he had willed Hancock for its poor fund. The other five hundred dollars was to be added to a thousand dollars he gave to Hancock for the support and benefit of its library.

There is another story worth relating involving Mr. Hubbard's money and patriotic interest. Some years earlier he decided that the important part the Old North Bridge played in the engagement of April 19th, 1775, warranted its reproduction on the site of the old abutments. This would serve not only as an appropriate land mark but also as a convenient means of getting over to the west side of the battleground. To support this idea he went to the Concord National Bank and drew out six new one-hundred dollar bills. The money was to be turned over to the town when it ap-

proved the plan. But this fine gesture became bogged in the mire of local dissension. So Mr. Hubbard took his six new bills and tucked them inside of a Bible for safekeeping until a mutual agreement could be reached. This did not occur. Some years later Ebenezer Hubbard got to thumbing this Bible and came across the money. In the meantime the National Banking System had come into existence on February 25, 1863, and this currency had been recalled. Consequently, his $600 was valueless. Taking the six, still crisp, bills he hastened over to the bank, telling his story of the good intent for which he had planned their use and of his banking them in the Bible because of what he thought to be only a temporary delay on the part of the town before accepting the offer. He convinced the bank president that this generous gift would greatly benefit the town and should not be forfeited because of a technicality. So the bank redeemed his money. He presented the new currency to the town with the reservation that it be spent only for the expenses of reconstructing the Old North Bridge. Nothing came of this at the time. For when the early interest in the comming centennial celebration of the battle began to stir about, the town was still in possession of this gift.

At the annual town meeting in 1872 a committee was appointed to carry out the terms of Ebenezer Hubbard's will and make arrangements for the erection of some sort of monument on the west bank of the Concord River at the battleground. This was known as the Monument Committee. Its chairman was John S. Keyes, and among the members were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Frederic Hudson, George Heywood, George M. Brooks, John R. Moore, W. W. Wide, Henry F. Smith, George A. King, and A. J. Harlow.

The committee received many suggestions as to what would be most appropriate for the occasion. The most persistent idea had been for the erection of a statue of a "Minute Man" This suggestion was finally approved. Now to decide who was to do the highly skilled work of modeling so important a piece of local art.

Young Daniel Chester French of Concord had been showing some ability at sculpture. But after all. Dan was only twenty years old, and had turned his interest to sculpture only three years earlier, possibly an advanced hobby. May Alcott had a class of girls to whom she taught drawing. Dan sat in with them for about a month. He spent another month in the studio of John Q. A. Ward in New York, and took some lessons in drawing from Dr. Rimmer of Brookline. The products of Daniel's hand had been only figures of animals on the farm and busts of members of the family; he had yet to make a lifesize statue.

Fully realizing his art background to be somewhat meager, Dan was reluctant to enter into competition with contemporary artists. But Judge French soon convinced him that he should make the attempt. The judge helped Daniel work out a statue design that would best voice the spirit of the Minute Man. By 1873 Daniel had made sketches and a clay model and had taken them down to Mr. Keyes and Mr. Emerson of the Monument Committee. They recommended

his work to the town, and at the November meeting in 1873, this model shared the platform with the extensive plans of the Water Department which were on display. After full examination and discussion the model was accepted, and Daniel French was commissioned to make a study in plaster. For the expense of his work the Monument Committee decided to spend $200. This would have to pay for all materials and other expenses involved in the making of the plaster cast. It was also made clear that Daniel would have to volunteer his service free. After all, he was untried; and surely it was a golden opportunity for him.

(To Be Continued)

NIMITZ HITS NAIL ON HEAD

Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, one of the American heroes of the second World War, has issued a plea for a strong reserve force to help care for any sudden emergency which would be a threat to the United States. His plea is one which is often advanced by military men, but played down by isolationists and those who believe the Atlantic and Pacific oceans provide insurmountable barriers and are ample protection. His statement is printed below:

"Often in peacetime, we Americans are inclined to forget the price of peace. There seems a tendency to forget that those same elements of strength that obtained victory will continue to be factors in obtaining a just and permanent peace for all concerned.

"That is why the new Naval Reserve will be a vital force in the lives of every American. That is why every Naval Reservist will be, in trust, a factor in world affairs.

"Our postwar economy could not, of course, stand the burden of a Navy as large as the one we possessed in 1945. Yet it is clear that this force for good must somehow be kept 'in being'. The logical solution then, is a small compact ready fleet, backed up by a large, well-trained Naval Reserve.

"The new Naval Resrve provides excellent educational opportunities for the men and women who will, in turn, contribute to their communities by reason of their self-improvement and group readiness.

"Our efforts to obtain this needed support for the regular Navy will reach their peak during Naval Reserve Week, commencing May 18. Our goal—the enrollment of 1,148,000 Reservists—will be achieved if our citizens lead to the drive their active and wholehearted support." —The News-Herald.

ON THE LIQUOR ISSUE

By Bishop Clare Purcell

From the beginning of its history The Methodist Church has taken great interest in the human wellbeing of the people among whom it works. In fact, it has placed greater emphasis upon "life" than upon "doctrine." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Methodism has developed a social creed as well as a theological creed. This is the natural outgrowth of the conviction that the highest value on earth is human personality. If Jesus taught anything, he taught this truth: The person of every individual is sacred. The exploitation of the persons of human beings is, therefore, sin. In the book of Discipline of the Church this Social Creed is published. It is the product of the thinking of the noblest and ablest men and women the Church has produced through the long years of struggle with this ancient enemy. Below are given pertinent excerpts from this creed:

"We believe that personality possesses the highest value. We test all institutions and practices by their effect upon personality. Therefore, applying the foregoing principle, The Methodist Church declares itself as follows: We stand for the protection of the individual, the home, and society from the social, economic and moral waste of the traffic in intoxicants and habit-forming drugs."

"We challenge the people called Methodists to have no part in the infamous liquor traffic. Repeal of national prohibition has been more a ghastly failure than even its most consistent enemies predicted. The new saloon in its various guises is attended by shocking evils, unknown to the old saloon. One of the most tragic features of the whole debacle is that the toll of disaster falls most heavily upon youth. Protection of its citizens is a function of the state. It is intolerable that any government, though participating in revenues, should be a party to a business which thrives upon the physical, social, moral and spiritual decay of its people."

"Methodism insists that intoxicating liquor cannot be legalized without sin."

"Adequate relief can come only through total abstinence for the individual and effective prohibition by the state."

"Amid the confused moral judgments of our age with regard to drinking and the liquor traffic, The Methodist Church lifts the clear voice of the Christian conscience. Alcohol by its very nature harms personality. We, therefore, stand for the Christian principle of total abstinence."

Many other pronouncements of the Church through its highest conferences and councils might be cited, but the above will suffice to show that the Church has no thought of changing its historic position on this age-old evil. The Church has a right to expect a respectiful consideration of its position by all fair-minded persons.

It is hard to realize that in this day of wider scientific knowledge about this despoiler of persons we

should be asked to legalize it. It is an affront to the enlightened Christian conscience of this modern age. By now all should know that legalization is not the solution. The answer lies in the opposite direction. Repeal the iniquitous "gallon" law and enforce honest effort a wise prohibitory statute.

The only semblance of argument for legalization is that it will bring in much needed revenues. We are all agreed that legalization will produce Revenue—and Crime. Forgetting for the moment the cost of Crime, let us ask how much money our drinking friends will have to spend in order to produce one million dollars in taxes. They will have to spend at least $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 per year to appropriate the $1,000,000 to the admittedly good causes which will share the profits. The fallacy of such reasoning is apparent to all. No reputable economist will say that this is sound economy.

That which produces poverty for the people cannot produce wealth for the state. The people are the state.

WONDERING

I have been wondering lately just what is the matter with some of us Americans," writes Harry G. Nye, "and I have been wondering if that isn't it—wondering.

"If somebody buys a car or builds a house, we wonder how he got the money. If somebody gets married, we wonder what he saw in her; and we wonder if she knew this, and wonder if anybody told him that.

"If a man makes a success, we wonder how he did it, and wonder if it weren't just luck, and we wonder anyway if he is as well off as he says he is.

"We wonder if he won't go bust some day, and if he does, we wonder why the banks didn't help him, and wonder why anybody gave him credit, anyway.

"We wonder about the people who just moved in; we wonder about the people who just moved out. We wonder what killed Smith, and wonder if he left enough to provide for his family.

"I wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing if we wondered less and worked more? I wonder if any of our wondering changes the results, anyway, and wonder if work wouldn't.

"I wonder if we wondered only about our own affairs and our own job, and worked hard at it, if that wouldn't build us up a wonderful business, and make business wonderful in general."

(Square and Compass)

EVEN THE IMPOSSIBLE

By Ora Mae Campbell, in The Happy Harvester

It was June; all over the countryside honeysuckles filled the air with fragrant perfume. Tourists who glided up and down the Virginia highway whiffed the enchanting odor. Grass like a rich green velvet carpet stretched from hill to hill and ran along a sparkling little brook which wound its way in and out of a clump of budding trees.

Traffic was getting heavier by the minute, for this was Saturday. Horns honked impatiently as buses, trucks and cars skidded their brakes to keep from hitting an old relic of a buggy which rattled across the highway from a country road. The driver, an old man with stooped shoulders and white hair, pulled on the reins, but two stubborn horses merely walled their eyes and lunged forward barely missing a big black sedan which was halted at the edge of the pavement.

The driver of the car gave a deep sigh, "I thought sure that old man would get his then."

His companion nodded his head, "That old man will make his last trip one of these days; I've been expecting it for years now."

"Does he travel like this all the time —with those horses, I mean?"

"Every day of the year."

The driver frowned, "Well, he's surely an oldtimer. What brings him out so much? Know him?"

"No, I can't say I known him; I've just seen him so much that I can spot him a mile away. An odd story his is; if you lived here you'd know it too."

"Well, let's hear it."

Well, the old man and his wife had a hard time years ago. Their only son was unruly and one day he and the old man got into an argument and the boy left home."

"Yeah?" the companion drawled by way of encouragement.

"Well, the boy got into trouble, went into a saloon and shot the bartender who refused to sell him more liquor. Of course, he got sent up for life."

"So what about the old man?"

"Well, that's what I'm getting to. The old man then got religion and tried to fix things up with his boy, wanted him to forgive him, but the boy wouldn't so much as write a line to his dad. And it's been' well' maybe twenty- one or twenty-two years since. The old man writes the boy and goes to the mailbox every day rain or shine hoping for an answer, but none does he get."

"Maybe the boy is dead," the driver said as he put his foot down a little harder on the accelerator.

"Could be," his friend admitted, "but no one in this community has ever been able to make the old man believe that."

By this time the man lapsed into silence as they overtook the shabby buggy stopped near a country mailbox. The old farmer creaked the box open and a shadow crossed his face as he gazed into an empty little enclosure, and then bowed his head.

"That's a shame," growled one of the irritated spectators. "That's a shame for his old heart to be crushed like that."

"But what can we do about it?" his friend queried.

"There ought to be something, and you say that he keeps praying to the Lord and believing that one of these days he'll have a letter?"

"That's right, and the old man hasn't missed more than two days I dare say in twenty-odd years going to that mailbox."
mailbox."

"Say." the quiet man was saying, "I have an idea. Why can't you and I help the Lord to answer his prayer. Rather, we'll answer it and he'll think the Lord did it."

"But how? That's what I want to know."

"Well, a week from Sunday is Father's Day. Why can't we buy some nice little greeting card and send the old man. We can sign it Your Son. He'll never know the difference."

"Aw, that won't do. It'll have to be mailed from Richmond."

"Well, I'm to be there Monday, so I'll just jot down a little note right now so I won't forget. We won't have to sign anything. I'll just buy one of the cards with a nice verse that says something about what a dear father you are and the old man will think it came right from his son's hands in answer to prayer. What about that for an idea?"

"All right," his companion answered, "even the Lord couldn't fall out with us for that. We're just trying to keep the old man from losing faith. He ought to know better than to pray for the impossible. After that boy has been gone for twenty years and more and hasn't written a scratch and then to suddenly send a big newsy letter across the miles, impossible."

"That's what I know," rejoined the older of the two men. "But say, we want to be here next Saturday when the feeble old father finds the card in the mailbox. He'll think the Lord did it." The men laughed and sped the car down the highway where it disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Tomorrow was Father's Day, and two men pulled a black sedan close to a country mailbox and stopped.

"We'll pretend we're picking flowers," one said. "He ought to be along any time now."

"And will he ever smile when he sees that card," murmured the other as he peeped into the box again to make sure it had arrived. "I just almost hear him as he gives thanks to the Lord for it."

The minutes dragged by; an hour had come, an hour and a half and still no old man. Someone was approaching the box; maybe the old man was sick and had to send for his mail today.

"Is this Al Parker's box?" It was and the men told the stranger so, but he just lingered. Why did he have to come to ruin everything?

"Do you know Al Parker?" the man asked; his voice low and almost hoarse.

One of the waiting men nodded curtly and went about his business of smelling honeysuckles. If they didn't start a conversation surely the stranger would leave before the old man came.

By this time the men spotted the familiar buggy laboring up the highway; horses hoofs clattered against a stretch of pavement. The stranger's lean face spread into a faint smile, "I believe that's him now," he said.

It was. The old man wheeled into sight and the buggy had not stopped when the stranger almost leaped into the feeble father's arms, "Papa," he cried, his voice trembling with em-

otion, "I've come home. Forgive me is mama alive?"

A snowy head bowed and two bony army entwined about the stranger's body. He had meant to speak, but his voice broke. By this time the buggy was rattling down the highway again, and the father and son were seated close, so close together. The old man's right hand was uplifted, and his shrunken lips murmured, "The Lord be praised."

Watching them disappear from view at the end of the highway, one of the spectators cleared his throat, "Well I'll be the old man clear forgot to look in the mailbox."

The older companion cleared the film from his eyes and also cleared his throat, "You are right, but I've learned something from this. God can do the impossible, and I don't reckon He needs any help."

SKIRTS

Skirts are what women wear where men wear pants, the biggest difference being that skirts come singly and not in pairs. Of course that doesn't mean that women do not in many instances wear pants too, figuratively speaking, they don't look so good. Either there's not enough slack to take up or there's too much taking up of what slack there is. Skirts may be approached from either end, put on over the head or stepped into, but once they're in they generally adhere to a middle course.

Skirts follow a waistline which varies according to the design of the upper garments which they have to meet, vertically at least. If they don't meet horizontally, that's a matter of girth control. When skirts get out of shape it's frequently because they have become hipped on their subjects. There used to be such things as underskirts but they've long since been given the slip.

Skirts leave uncovered multitude of skins. But at that they're very deceptive; the shorter skirts are the longer they make people look. When skirts are long enough to have trains, they almost invariably have side-tracked material that should have gone into the top parts of the dresses of which they are a part.

You never know what the style will be in skirts from one season to another but when they pop at the seams, fail to meet in the back or offer increasing zipper resistance on the side, you may reasonably conclude that they're getting fuller.

To be sure there's a great deal that we've left unsaid about skirts, but it's still the season of the year when breezes may catch up the subject at any moment and carry it on to new heights.

—Greensboro News.

YOUNG CITIZENS

(Selected)

What part does good citizenship play in the matter of law? Is law a necessary part of our everyday life? Could we get along without it? Does law affect young people? These are some of the questions we shall consider. Perhaps the Eighteenth Amendment has caused more discussion than any other point in our law, but to launch forth in a tirade against breaking it may be as superfluous and unnecessary as to try to convert us from Buddhism. The younger generation is not half so prone to discuss it or break it as the older generation. We are reminded of an incident that happened years before our Sunday schools were departmentalized, when all ages and grades studied the same lesson. The lesson for one Sunday was a temperance lesson, and in the beginners' department, when the evils of drunkenness were dwelt upon for quite a while one five-year-old bounced up and announced with great pride, "Aunt Emma, I have never been drunk in my life!" But the Eighteenth Amendment is not the whole law and we shall now look into some other parts that affect us as young citizens.

In order for people to live together in harmony, there must be rules. Why there must be rules is no doubt a proof of original sin. But the rules did not spring up over night—law is a growth. The elders of the tribe did not put their heads together and say, "It is a rule in our tribe that one man shall not take the goods of another man." No, indeed, law is not imposed like that. Law is a growth from customs. When one departs from the custom of the people, one has in reality broken the law. In England, it is the custom to keep to the left in driving, in this country it is to keep to the right. If one of us should go to the left and thereby have an accident, the law would be an the side of the person who went to the right. But we cannot always wait for a custom to become a law. It takes many years for a custom to become established. We have so many inventions now that we are forced to make laws for the welfare of the majority of the people. Parking laws are the best examples of this. If we expect others to keep the laws, we must abide by them ourselves. Laws are to citizens what rules are to those playing a game. If anyone playing basketball, baseball, football or tennis keeps on breaking the rules, we put him out of the game. And if citizens keep on breaking laws, we are forced to put them where they must be watched—we take away their liberty.

The good citizen does not have to be told not to steal, or not to break the speed limit. He is the highest grade of citizen who is so interested in the welfare of his neighbor that it is not necessary to tell him, "Thou shall not." He keeps the law and more. The good citizen is more than just "decent" or lawabiding—he is a positive force for lifting the level of the community. He wants to live in the fullest sense, and he wants others to enjoy the same privilege.

There are two kinds of law—the law that requires that we treat our neighbor right—or the law of the state, and the law requires that we love our neighbor—or the law of God. We can keep all the laws of the state perfectly and still not love our neighbor. The state has made many laws—just how many no one knows; one is impressed with the number when one goes into a law library. But the whole law of God is contained in one word—love. "God is love"—"thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, soul, strength, and heart—and thy neighbor as thyself." If all of us would practice that, we would put all the lawyers out of business, and policemen would be mere ornaments to our streets. There would be no one standing over us to make us do right, but we would do right because we enjoyed doing right. Our lives would all be works of art that we gloried in keeping up to the highest mark. But we are getting too far beyond our times, and we come back with a thud to life as it is lived. Let us keep working toward this law of love—we have spent two thousand years trying to get it into our hearts and we have made progress in some lines—but let us not stop and rest on what has been done when there is still so much to do.

DON'T FEAR CRITICISM

The life of a newspaper editor is never dull or boring. With each issue there is something new. After each issue there are critics and admirers who have their say. And that is as it should be for a free press and free speech were among the reasons why we just fought another war.

And so we got a kick out of a clipping which is headed, "Don't Fear Criticism," it says:

"The galleries are full of critics. They play no ball. They fight no fights. They make no mistakes because they attempt nothing. Down in the arena are the doers. They make mistakes because they attempt to try many things.

"Ford forgot to put a reverse gear in his first automobile. Edison once spent $2,000,000 on an invention which proved of little value.

"The man who makes no mistakes lacks boldness and the spirit of adventure. He is the one who never tries anything. He is the brake on the wheel of progress.

"And yet it cannot be truly said he makes no mistakes because the biggest mistake he makes is the very fact that he tries nothing, does nothing except criticize those who do things."

—Pittsylvania Star.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. John Carper, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the walk to Emmaus, as recorded in the 24th chapter of Luke. The subject of his message to the boys was "Christ's Wonderful Power," and the text which he selected was Job 19:25—"For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

The speaker began by stating that the sentiments expressed by Job are just what the world needs most today. No matter what happens to us, the fact that our redeemer liveth will sustain us.

The great power of Christian faith, said Rev. Mr. Carper, is far mightier than the power of the atomic bomb. Although the latter, when released on a Japanese city, proved to be the greatest destructive force ever known to man, it is not to be compared with the power of Christian faith.

The speaker then stated that never before in the history of the world has mankind faced a more crucial hour than we are facing today. It is our duty, therefore, to prove to the world that we, as a Christian nation, stand for the one and only answer to the world's great problem. Christian faith is the "atomic power" which will enable us to live for that which is good. Its mighty force is the only power through which we shall be able to overcome the evils which confront us today.

In the recent war, continued the speaker, the cooperation of scientists of the United States, Great Britian and Canada produced the deadly weapon which brought to an end the most terrible conflict in the history of the world. These men worked unceasingly, and at the proper time God revealed to them the secret of atomic power.

Attention was called to what two of the world's leaders had to say about the atomic bomb. President Truman said, "The atomic bomb is far too dangerous to be loosed in a lawless world." Winston Churchill made this statement: "We must indeed pray that this awful agency may become the perennial fountain of world prosperity."

Rev. Mr. Carper told his listeners that the most commonplace things in this world are loaded with unlimited power. A friendly smile, a bit of kindness, a few words spoken at the proper time, can set tremendous power going.

The Christian people, said he, have the power to save the entire world. They possess that which is for the benefit of all the people on the earth. The tragic thing is that so many people let lie unused the great power which is theirs.

The speaker next called attention to the fact that this Christian power is not something which is reserved for those in the higher stations of life. He pointed out that Christ chose followers and helpers from among common, ordinary men who, through his power, were able to make a great impression on the life of the world.

The Master infused into them this great spiritual force. These men, selected from the most humble walks of life, changed the course of the history of the entire world. For instance, the Apostle Paul was not a person who might be called physically strong. We are told that he was beset by many bodily ailments. However, aided by the wonderful power of Jesus Christ, he became the great Christian worker of all time, second only to the Master himself.

In the atomic power, of which we read constantly in the daily papers, said Rev. Mr. Carper, we have the building blocks of the universe. In Jesus Christ's power we have the building blocks of humanity.

This atomic power has been achieved to bring about either life or death. It is the greatest instrument of destruction known to man. However, this power may also be developed to man's greatest benefit. It may be the answer to the problem of men living together peacably all over the world, or it may be the instrument through which the world may be destroyed.

The battle against selfishness goes on daily. The choice of clinging to either good or evil is ours to make. This terribly destructive bomb should cause us to realize more than ever before that each man is responsible for his own soul. The way of death will become clear enough if we will take time to read Paul's letter to the Corinthians. But in his epistle to those same people, Paul also points to the way of life—love, patience, peace, joy, etc. Against these things there is no law. The results of continuing in either the right or the wrong way have been clearly pointed out to us. It is within our power to choose the way to go. We may choose either life or death.

Christian faith, continued Rev. Mr. Carper, is positive knowledge that all men are brothers. In the eyes of God we are all children of the same family. A realization of this fact will help us to live more nobly. If we all work together for the good of all people, we shall really be worthy to be called the true children of God.

In conclusion, the speaker told his listeners that a man's life is not terminated on earth. The personality and character builded here will go on forever. He asked the boys to always remember that the power of Christian faith is the only power that will lead them on to eternal happiness.

COULD BE THE WORDS OF SOME OF OUR MODERN WRITERS

We are living in a dying and decadent age. Youth is corrupt, lacking in respect for elders, impatient of restraint. Age-old truth is doubted, and the teachings of the fathers questioned. The signs of the time forecast the destruction of the world at an early date, and the end of time.—Inscription on an Ancient Egyptian Tomb.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

—:—

To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.—Johnson.

—:—

The preaching that comes from the soul, most works on the soul.—Fuller.

—:—

The only answer to a split atom is a united world.—Senator Vandenburg.

—:—

The noontide sun is dark, and music discord, when the heart is low.
—Young.

—:—

Cultured and fine manners are everywhere a passport to regard.
—Johnson.

—:—

Leisure is a beautiful garment, but it will not do for constant wear.
—Franklin.

—:—

I envy no man that he knows more than myself, but pity them that know less.—Sir Thomas Browne.

—:—

The miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

—:—

The memory is a treasurer to whom we must give funds, if we would draw the assistance we need.—Rowe.

—:—

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bar a thousand harms and lengthen life.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

The law may give you the right of way, but it makes no provision for hospital bills and funeral expenses, if you foolishly maintain that right.
—Selected.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.
—O. Dewey.

—:—

A shallow life may seem full, just as a little water in a cup can be stirred around until is spills over.
—Sockman.

—:—

The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we find everywhere of the wisdom of Him who made it.—Burke.

—:—

Easier were it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than to force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free.—Southey.

—:—

Never chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than anyone can lie me out of it.
—Lyman Beecher.

—:—

If a person does you a dirty trick, don't feel so badly about it. There are more than a hundred million other people who never did you a dirty trick.—Cook.

—:—

A willful falsehood told is a cripple, not able to stand by itself without another to support it. It is easy to tell a lie, but hard to tell only one lie.—Fuller.

—:—

Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation; they degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge.—Junius.

—:—

Real merit of any kind, cannot be long concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.
—Chesterfield.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A jitterbug is not an insect. It's a human being acting like one.

—:—

The difference between a violinist and a fiddler is about four inches of hair.

—:—

The battle for peace seems to have changed to a fight for pieces of the world.

—:—

If you cannot sleep, try lying on the edge of the bed—then you may drop off.

—:—

Here's a proposed slogan for the new automobile situation: "No bribe —no drive."

—:—

Experience is something you acquire when the opportunity for using it is gone.

—:—

Protect the birds. The dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

—:—

Usally the man who knows just what should be done expects the other fellow to do it.

—:—

Isn't it rather paradoxical that as soon as the race is on, someone yells, "They're off!"

—:—

How pleasant life will be when women learn to change gears as smoothly and nonchalantly as they change husbands.

—:—

"You are positively the slowest mechanic who ever worked on a truck," said the garage owner. "Is there anything you are quick at doing?" "Yes," said the mechanic, "nobody can get tired as quickly as I can."

The fellow at the wheel of a hearse has this advantage—he never has a back seat driver.

—:—

Sizes are often very deceiving. Sometimes a small woman's thumb has a man under it.

—:—

The popular after dinner speaker is one who has learned the art of saying nothing briefly.

—:—

While it is true that a girl's ideal may be shattered, in a good many cases he is just "broke."

—:—

It generally takes about five years for a tree to produce nuts—that is, all but the family tree.

—:—

'Tis said that love makes the world go around—but then so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

—:—

Worry is like a rocking chair—it will give you something to do, but it won't get you anywhere.

—:—

An opportunist is a person who, finding himself in hot water, decides he needs a bath anyway.

—:—

The difference between the dime novel of yesterday and the best seller of today is about $2.40.

—:—

At least tailors are optimistic. They report that pockets in the pants will be the same size as last year.

—:—

An elderly woman was in the public library. "I'd like to get a book," she said to the librarian. "Something light or heavy?" asked the librarian. "Oh, it doesn't matter. I have my car outside," replied the lady.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 1, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
William Epps
William Kassell
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Marion Ray
Charles Smith
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Franklin
James Jones
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Robert Blake
Ray Burns
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
Ray Naylor
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Jesse Hamlin
Jack Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Olin Sealey
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchin
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Floyd Bruce
Melvin Ledford
Kenneth Holcomb
Richard Messick
Robert Long
Edward Ingold
Leroy Wilkins
Robert Evans
Earl Holliman
Eugene McLean
Robert Driggers
Robert Galyan
Robert Peavy
Donald Branch
Elmer Sutherland

COTTAGE No. 7

Thomas Edwards
James Knight
Philip Kirk
Clyde Leonard
Jack Paschall

Franklin Stover
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
Carl Jenkins
Eugene Newton
Thomas Styles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Odell Cain
Ted Clonch
R. L. Crawford
Roy Gaskins
Kenneth King
Clifford Millian
Herbert Stewart
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Roy Eddings
Luther Hull
Robert King
Kenneth McLean
William Ray
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Carswell
Earl Grant
Jack Hensley
William Hyatt
William Lunsford
Edwin Parker

COTTAGE No. 14

Elbert Gentry
Howard Hall
Roy Marsh
John Moretz
Lawrence Owens
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
James Shook
James Smith
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Sugg's
Solomon Shelton
Frank Sargent
Willie Stamey
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins
Carl Propes

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Donnie Grantham
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Nathan Ashwell
Thomas Davis
Harvey Honeycutt
William Hunter

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

JUN 16 '47

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 14, 1947 No. 24

OUR FLAG

Glorious flag we raise so proudly,
Stars and stripes, red, white and blue,
You have been the inspiration
Of an ever growing nation
Such as this world never knew.
Peace and Justice,
Freedom, Progress,
Are the blessings we can sieze
When the flag we call Old Glory
Is unfurling to the breeze.

—Clara Endicott Sears.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
INVESTING IN BOYS	By Dr. William Stidger	11
TRUE CHARACTER	(Selected)	12
HISTORY OF AN OLD HYMN	(The Happy Harvester)	14
THE STORY OF THE MINUTE MAN	By Roland Welles Robbins	15
EUROPE'S CHILDREN	By Mary Jo Thompson	20
KEEP YOUR SENSE OF MISSION	By Roy L. Smith	21
WHO IS DELINQUENT?	(The Clarion)	22
A LAW-DERIDING PEOPLE	(Largo)	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

DAD

Dad never had much to say,
Jogging along in his quiet way,
Contentedly smoking his old dugeen
As he turned the soil to the golden sheen.
Used to say as he slapped the mare,
One wrinkled hand in tangled hair:
"Rest in peace when your work's well done,
So pitch in, son."

Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
On the old back porch for a farewell chat;
E'er I changed the farm and the simple life
For a city's war and bustle and strife;
While I gaily talked of the city's charm,
His eyes looked out o'er the fertile farm
And he said as he rubbed where the hair was thin:
"All right, son, you win."

'Member the night I trudged home
Sinking deep in the fresh-turned loam,
Sick and sore for the dear old place,
Hungerin' most for the loved old face.
When I climbed the hilltop o'er,
There stood Dad in the kitchen door.
And he said with a voice from deep within:
"Hello, son, come in."

One winter's day the first of snow,
He went the way we all must go;
And his spirit soared to the realms above,
On the wings of simple-hearted love.
And I know when I cross that bar
I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
And he'll say as he idly strokes his chin:
"Hello, son, come in."

—Author Unknown.

ADDING LUSTER TO THE COLORS

The flag of the United States symbolizes the power of the greatest nation in the world today. Saturday, June 14th, will be observed throughout the nation as Flag Day, when the attention of all citizens will be focussed upon the greatness and the majesty of the Stars and Stripes. It is a day when people renew their devotion and loyalty to their flag, and when there is universal rejoicing because of the liberty and the freedom that is guaranteed under this banner to one and all.

On each Flag Day, the people with great pride salute their flag, and they are thrilled to great outbursts of enthusiasm when the flag is on parade in the streets and on the battlefields. It is a flag with a grand history. A flag that although it has known grave dangers throughout the years, it has never gone down in defeat, nor has it ever been sullied by national shame.

The flag of the United States, no doubt, holds the highest rank of any flag in the world, and it is great because the people of the land have made it so. No flag in any land ranks higher in the esteem of the world than do the people themselves who march under the banner. Ours is a glorious emblem because is is a symbol of liberty, justice and truth.

The chief hope and concern of every American citizen should be that by his own strength of character, his own true worth as a loyal and self-supporting individual, and by his devotion to the Stars and Stripes, he will thereby add more luster and more glory to the flag. At no time should anyone be willing to become so untrustworthy, intolerant or trifling in his behavior that he besmirches the banner which vouchsafes to him his freedom and protection.

This year, just two years after the close of World War II, the American people in their observance of Flag Day will surely not be unmindful of the recent bitter struggles and the heroic sacrifices of the soldiers who bore arms in the conflicts. In humility and reverence we pay tribute to them.

We rejoice, too, in the noble thought that our country's flag has been a crusading banner in the cause of world peace. In address-

the Canadian Parliament a few days ago, President Harry S. Truman, made the following significant statements:

"We seek a peaceful world, a proserous world, a free world, a world of good neighbors, living on terms of equality and mutual respect, as Canada and the United States have lived for generations.

"We intend to support those who are determined to govern themselves in their own way, and who honor the right of others to do likewise.

"We intend to aid those who seek to live at peace with their neighbors, without coercing or being coerced, without intimidating or being intimidated.

"We intend to uphold those who respect the dignity of the individual, who guarantee him equal treatment under law, and who allow him the widest possible latitude to work out his own destiny and achieve success to the limit of his capacity.

'We intend to cooperate actively and loyally with all who honestly seek, as we do, to build a better world in which mankind can live in peace and prosperity.

"At this critical hour in history, we of the United States are deeply conscious of our responsibities to the world. We know that in this trying period, between a war that is over and a peace that is not yet secure, the destitute and the oppressed of the earth look chiefly to us for sustenance and support until they can again face life with self-confidence and self-reliance."

* * * * * * * *

FATHER

By custom and common consent, a day has been set aside to honor the fathers of the land. This day, the third Sunday in June, is dedicated to them. It is the day when we pay special homage to fathers, and express to them in words and in tokens our love and adoration.

The upright father in his home richly deserves all of the tributes and the affections of his family. As the head of the household he carries the heavy burdens of the day, so that the home is kept secure and steadfast. With persistence and vision he provides for the needs of the home, both for the day and for the future. He lives for his family, so that they may live abundantly.

A father's feeling toward his children is not always understood by others. For his children he dreams of great achievements and nobility of soul. The true aspirations of a good father are best expressed by a noted writer, when he said, "Children are our most transcendent ideals. They can reach beyond what we have dreamed for ourselves and by so doing, justify our existence, repay the sacrifices that we have made. It is by this eternal progress that mankind is reaching ever nearer the stars."

Therefore, Father's Day is a most appropriate time for expressing to our fathers, living and dead, our most sincere thanks for all that they have done during the passing years. It is always true that no matter how strong or how courageous a man may be, there are moments when he desperately needs the cheering words of encouragement or a pat on the back for his noble efforts. The Dad in the home may have great stamina and a fixed determination so that he may seem to be somewhat of an eternal spring or fountain of parental power. Yet there is always a danger that the heavy burdens of the work-a-day world may be too heavy for him to bear alone, and thus it is that every father should be accorded his rightful honor and given encouragement by those in his home.

It will be very heartening to the father to have the mother of his children and the children of his heart to offer their sincere praise and adulations on this day, so that he may have from them some simple manifestations or tokens of love, and an assurance that they do not know how in the world they would get along without him.

* * * * * * * *

ADDITIONAL GIFTS FOR THE WILDWOOD COTTAGE

We are particularly gratified to announce the receipt of some additional gifts for the Wildwood Cottage that has been under construction for the boys of the School for the past several weeks. The cabin is nearing completion, and the construction has progressed so far that a number of groups have already made use of it for outing events.

Mr. J. W. Beckham, of Charlotte, recently made a very generous

gift to the cabin project of fifty dollars. We are indeed very grateful to Mr. Beckham for his generous gift. It will go a long way towards the final completion of the building. He is the general manager of the Business Equipment Company, of Charlotte. He is a highly respected business man of that city.

Mr. A. B. Cook, of the Cook Meat Packing Plant, Concord, also made a recent donation of five dollars for the cabin. We wish to express to him our sincere thanks for his valuable donation.

Both of these donations to the Wildwood Cottage fund came to us because of the special efforts of Mr. James H. Hobby, of the School staff. We wish to thank Mr. Hobby, too, for his interest and his help.

We are also greatly pleased to announce that we already have the the assurance of a donation to cover the cost of labor and materials for wiring the cabin at a later date. Just as soon as the electric power line has been extended to the cabin the wiring will be done, and a more detailed announcement will be made then concerning this other donation.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 15, 1947

June 16—Clarence Eugene Wyatt, Cottage No. 9, 13th birthday.
June 16—Earl Gilmore, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
June 18—Carlyle Brown, Indian Cottage, 16th birthday.
June 18—Eugene King, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.
June 19—Robert Billings, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
June 21—William Hunter, Infirmary, 16th birthday.
June 21—Philip Kirk, Cottage No. 7, 12th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Boys Receive Dental Treatment

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Dr. D. Dudley of the North Carolina State Health Department has come to the Stonewall Jackson Training School to do some of the dental work that is needed. Dr. Dudley will be here at the school for one week. However, later on in the summer he will be back to finish his work. The work that he is doing now will be mostly an emergency treatment.

An Enjoyable Party

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Last Monday night, Mr. Hines had a party for the boys who are in Cottage No. 3. Clyde Wright, Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Joe Duncan, and Jack Jarvis helped with planning the party. Jack Jarvis, David Gibson, and Paul Denton helped with the serving. We were served candy, peanuts, mints, and chewing gum after we had played games and had heard a very amusing story. Everyone enjoyed the party very much.

More Boys Released

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Recently, there have been more boys released from the Training School. Their names, grades, and hometowns are as follows: Marion Ray, 8th grade, Burnsville; Jesse Hamlin, 5th grade, Asheville; Roy Marsh, 5th grade, Yadkinville; Harrison Minor, 6th grade, Greensboro; Thomas Hutchins, 8th grade, Pensacola; Lawrence Owens, 3rd grade, Lexington; William Epps, 9th grade, Wilmington, and Donald Stultz, 7th grade, Germanton.

We all hope that these boys who have gone home recently will make a success in life. If they do not, it will not be the fault of the school, because here at the Stonewall Jackson Training School they have had every opportunity to make good that could possibly be given to them. All the other boys have had, and are having, wonderful opportunities, too.

Baseball Standings

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The baseball standings for the month of May are as follows:

	W	L	Pct.
Cottage No. 4	6	1	.857
Cottage No. 2	5	2	.714
Cottage No. 10	5	2	.714
Cottage No. 9	4	2	.667
Cottage No. 17	4	3	.571
Cottage No. 11	3	3	.500
Cottage No. 1	3	4	.429
Cottage No. 15	3	4	.429
Cottage No. 3	2	4	.333
Cottage No. 13	2	5	.285
Cottage No. 5	1	5	.167
Cottage No. 14	1	6	.143

These games have been very close,

and anything can happen from now on. Each boy hopes that his own cottage will improve in the standings.

A Camping Trip

By Cecil Burleson, 8th Grade

Saturday the boys of Cottage No. 16 went on a camping trip to Wildwood Cottage. For refreshments we had hot dogs and Pepsi Cola. We had some visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield, Mr. and Mrs. Horne, and all the boys of Cottage No. 7. We went to bed later than usual, and we had a good night's rest.

Sunday we went fishing. We caught some fish and ate them for our supper.

All the boys wish to thank Mr. Adams for making it possible for them to go on such a nice camping trip. We hope that we shall be able to go again soon.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The show for last Thursday night was entitled "Saratoga Trunk," starring Gary Cooper as Colonel Moroon. This picture was about a French girl, a midget (who was unusally strong to be as small as he was), and a servant. This picture was about how they came over to America and had many interesting experiences in New Orleans and Saratoga.

The comedy was "The Good Egg."

New Biology Class

By Miley Gunter, 10th Grade

This week the new tenth grade has started Biology, a required tenth grade study. We will continue the study of this for six or seven weeks. At the end of this time the ones who have done good work will receive a full unit. We have already learned that Biology is a study of living things. The word Biology means a study of life. Bi means life, and ology means a study of. In this course we hope to learn many things about the living things about us, and understand the structure and beauty of life from the one cell plants and animals up to the most complex forms of life. Above all we want to understand more about our own bodies.

Most of the boys taking this Biology have five units as follows: English I, Math I, Social Science I, General Science I, and Health and Physical Education. All of us hope to get a unit in Biology.

Radio Program

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday the following boys went to the radio station: Charles Angel, Odell Cain, Charles Autry, Silas Orr, Edwin Peterson, and Roy Gaskins. They sang the following songs: "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Nobody Knows." The leader of the songs was Mr. Leon Godown. The boys were assisted at the piano by Mrs. Frank Liske. Mr. Hawfield made a talk about juvenile delinquency.

We are sure these boys were glad to go to the radio station and that they will want to go again soon.

GOSSIP

(United Presbyterian)

This is a tale of a gossip. A man went to a bank and sought the loan of $16,000, offering his house as security. The bank valued the house at only $10,000, and refused the loan. Then this man, very much incensed, began to talk in a loose ungarded way about the bank which had refused him the loan. His rambling statements and baseless accusations in two weeks time became a compact, although wholly false, attack on the soundness of the savings bank. The section around the bank seethed with gossip and the stories grew and grew. Finally, a few nervous people withdrew their savings. The news spread like wildfire and the number who had taken out their savings was greatly magnified. Then panic laid hold on hundreds of people and there was suddenly a run on the bank. The July 1st reports had shown resources of nearly $32,000,000, with deposits of approximately $30,000,000. A surplus of 1,385,925 was available for the protection of the depositors. Fourteen million dollars in cash and credit were soon made available for the bank and the run stopped. But detectives were sent out to catch the gossip who started the rumors which had started the run on the bank. If caught, he faces a misdemeanor charge, with a maximum fine of $1,000 or a year in prison, or both.

A confirmed gossip, either man or woman, is the most dangerous creature in existence. The possibilities of evil in such people are boundless. They start runs on banks. They murder reputations. They poison all cups of life. They constitute life's supreme pest and nuisance. They scatter firebrands and death. They are the children of their father, the devil.

THAT LITTLE CHAP O' MINE

To feel his little hand in mine, so clinging and so warm,
To know he thinks me strong enough to keep him safe from harm;
To see his simple faith in all that I can say or do,
It sort o' shames a fellow, but it makes him better, too;
And I'm trying hard to be the man he fancies me to be,
Because I have this chap at home who thinks the world o' me.

I would not disappoint his trust for anything on earth,
Nor let him know how little I just naturally am worth.
But after all, it's easier, that brighter road to climb,
With little hands behind me to push me all the time.
And I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be
Because I have this chap at home who thinks the world o' me.

—Selected.

INVESTING IN BOYS

(Adapted from Dr. William Stidger, in Sunshine Magazine

Several years ago an Italian boy named Tony was engaged every morning to shine the shoes of William R a manufacturer and business man. Mr. Rich liked Tony, and one morning while the boy was shining his shoes, moved by a sudden impulse, he said to the boy, "Tony, if you could do one thing, the thing that would please you most what would it be?"

"Oh," replied Tony, "I'd rather go to college and be a doctor more than anything else, Mr. Rich, but I can't afford to do that, for I'm keeping my mother."

"Well, what would you say if I told you I would give you the money not only to keep your mother, but to go to college and medical school also?"

"I'd say that you wouldn't do it!" exclaimed the boy with a smile on his lips and a gleam in his eyes.

"But I will do it!" said Mr. Rich. "Find out what it will cost, plan to go next fall, and I'll pay the bills."

"Is it a deal, Mr. Rich?" almost shouted Tony in great joy. Mr. Rich grasped the young man's hand and shook it heartily.

Fifteen years later, a bronzed young Italian doctor drove up to Mr. Rich's office in Boston, parked his car at the curb, and asked to see Mr. Rich. When that fine old man came out, Tony handed him a check which paid back all the money with interest which Mr. Rich had advanced for his education.

Mr. Rich took the check, endorsed it, and handed it back to the young doctor. "Tony," he said, "when I invested in your education, I didn't expect to have it returned to me in dollars and cents. And I don't want it now. Take this and send some other boy through school, just as I did you."

Tony eagerly grabbed his benefactor by the arm, led him over to the window, and pointed down to his new car at the curb. "See that boy in my car?" he said. "He is the boy I will send through college with this money. The good that you did for me will live on. He's the boy, Mr. Rich, who shines my shoes every morning, just as I used to shine your shoes. And my guess is that when he is through, he will pay the money back to me, and I shall send him off to give another boy of his generation a chance.

Life is strangely dramatic, even in the most ordinary walks and among the most ordinary people. The boy who was the second in this golden chain of sharing went to school. In the last year of his medical education the Army grabbed him, for he was a well-trained doctor in Oriental diseases in the South Pacific. On his chest he wears every decoration that the Army can pin on a boy, and he has invested his education and skill in a manner that Mr. Rich, if he had lived, would have rejoiced. And the end is not yet in sight for any man to see.

"A gentleman is one who can disagree without being disagreeable."

TRUE CHARACTER

(Selected)

"Oh, look at that beautiful show window! What a grand store that must be!" "Yes, you can always tell the character of a store by its show windows, just as you can tell the character of a person by his appearance."

Thus commented two window shoppers meandering down the street. And the stroller, who overheard the conversation, soliloquized:

People can tell what kind of person you are by your appearance, your conduct, everything about you—just like the show window of a merchant's store. Especially do you reveal your character by what you say, and how you act in the face of opposition.

Most people do not appreciate how much their success depends on what other people think of them. No one can hide his true character. Wherever we go, we are on exhibition. We are holding ourselves up like a bulletin board for other people to read—not as we would like to be, but as we are. A thousand eyes and a thousand judgments are estimating us. We are covered all over with earmarks of our calibre.

People can tell you what kind of person you are by observing your little everyday acts. If you are selfish, if you exhibit pettiness, greed and trickiness in a car, or on a train, or at the table, an observing person can size you up from these acts; he will know to a certainty that you are not big, broad, honest, but that you are petty, small and narrow, not worthy of confidence.

A few dollars judiciously expended in improving his appearance would result in a material advancement in the average man's position. And, as a general thing, an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals. But many a man plods along in mediocrity to the end of his career, never knowing why he has not succeeded.

From various sources the stroller has gathered some poignant suggestions that bear heavily on personal impressions. Use them, he says, or abuse them:

Wear just what is expected of you in your circumstances. Whatever tends to attract attention is on the way to vulgarity.

Choose your company. Don't go with those who spend more than you can afford, or talk the way you don't like. Don't criticize—just drop out.

Don't be officious. Don't qualify in the popular art of minding other people's business. Don't regulate.

Be gentle. The stronger, the gentler. The more power you have, use it the more carefully.

Don't hold a grudge. If the man is mean, it's too great a compliment to him to waste time hating him.

Train your voice. Speak low. When you see you are losing your temper, if you will drop your voice about a third you will find that you will regain command of yourself. Don't mumble Pronounce the consonants. Finish your sentences.

Don't argue. Discuss. The difference is, in argument you are trying

to outdo the other fellow; in discussion you are trying to get at the truth.

Learn to converse. One good way is to be interested in what the other person is saying, instead of thinking all the time about what you are going to say when he is through.

Don't talk about yourself—of your health, your family, your troubles, your success. Listen to the other fellow talk of his. That will make a hit with him. And what do you care?

Don't interrupt. Wait until the other person runs down. In general discussion be the last to speak. Then you can utter the veriest platitude, and your speech will sound grand.

The easiest way to get a reputation for being deep is to keep still. "Even a fool is counted wise when he holdeth his peace," said Solomon.

Break yourself of any unpleasant mannerisms, such as twisting your mouth, working with your finger nails, twirling your thumbs, posing or squirming, or drumming with your fingers.

All these things obstruct and belie your personality. And the art of pleasing consists in perfectly expressing your self, simply, naturally, and with ease.

DAD

"There's someone in the lower hall;
See who it is." "Just Dad, that's all."
Just Dad returning to his door,
His labor done, the long day o'er,
His back perhaps a little bent,
His body weary, yet content,
His step perhaps a little slow,
And yet how glad to see the glow
Stream out across the evening gloam—
Just Dad, that's all, just coming home.

The food is on the table, bright
The living room with yellow light.
The furnace sends its pleasant heat
And bids the wintertime retreat.
Outside the dark, outside the storm,
But all within is snug and warm.
The roof is strong, the wall secure,
And peace and joy and comfort sure.
"There's someone in the lower hall;
See who it is." "Just Dad, that's all."

—Selected.

THE HISTORY OF THAT OLD HYMN

(The Happy Harvester)

One evening a songwriter, P. P. Bliss, had gone to hear the famous Dwight L. Moody preach. Moody told about a shipwreck which had happened one very dark night. Only one light was vissible as a pilot strove against the tempest to guide the vessel to a safe harbor.

The captain was doubtful whether the pilot had rightly judged the position of the port, for other lights invisible to him ought to have marked hidden dangers. But the pilot was quite sure that he was right on his course.

The captain asked, "Where are the lower lights?"

"Gone out, sir."

"Can you make it?" asked the anxious captain.

"We must or we shall be lost, sir!"

The pilot did his best, but the storm was furious and without the guiding lights they struck a rock and quickly the ship broke up. Many passengers were drowned in the wild seas. At this point in the story, Moody roused his audience with these ringing words,

"Brothers, the Master will take care of the great lighthouse. Let us keep the lower lights burning!"

P. P. Bliss could not forget this illustration. He soon scribbled down the words of this hymn, which seemed to come straight from his heart.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Chorus:

Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

———:———

We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us,—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives. I know this belief is hard; it has slipped away from me again and again; but I have felt that if I let it go forever, I should have no light through the darkness of this life.—George Eliot.

THE STORY OF THE MINUTE MAN

By Roland Welles Robbins, in Our Paper

PART II

Eagerly accepting the assignment and its financial arrangements, he started out on his first professional undertaking. This called for setting up a shop. Daniel rented a room on the third floor of the Studio Building in Boston. He was able to borrow a plaster cast of the Apollo Belvidere from the Boston Athenaeum, which was nearby. With this statue, a full length mirror, and himself posing for some of the uncertain views, for nude models in Boston were an unknown quanity in the 1870's, he settled to the task before him.

Daniel had decided that if this statue was to represent a people it would best portray their story by faithfully reproducing the image of one of them.

Captain Isaac Davis of Acton had led the Minute Men that fateful April 19th at the Old North Bridge. It was he who, after saying to his men, "I haven't a man that is afraid to go," led his men in the first organized attack on the British—and to his own death. Raising his musket to take his first aim, he was shot throug the heart and instantly killed, the first commissioned officer to spill his blood for the cause. Captain Davis was but thirty years old, and only several days earlier had been appointed as Captain and taken charge of his company. He left a widow and four children. Davis loved his guns, and had a gun-shop side of his home where he repaired and made fire arms. His work was of the best. Also, as a marksman there were no better.

A premonition Captain Davis had several days before the battle will acquaint one with how great a scrifice he made. Returning home one afternoon with his wife, he found a large owl perched on his favorite gun—the one he carried in the battle. He would not permit anyone to disturb it. There the owl stayed for two or three days. This he took as an ill omen and felt that he was not to return from Concord.

His company gathered at his home. As they marched away he halted them long enough to go back and embrace his wife and family, and asked his wife to take good care of the children.

No man with the domestic security that Captain Davis possessed and with the feeling of coming disaster could lay aside more in upholding his beliefs. This was the story that Daniel wanted woven into his statue. It was Captain Davis' spirit and features that would speak for these people.

It was because of this that Patrick was hitching up Bucephalus, for judge French was going to Acton to gather the story that was to form the symbol of one of mankind's greatest achievements—his independence.

The Judge spent some time in Acton talking with local historians and oldtimers and going through the Davis homestead in hope of finding a portrait or sketches of Captain Davis.

This was the best he could hope for, as daguerrotype photography was not used until some sixty years after Davis' death. In this he was to be disappointed, for Acton history showed that no known portrait or sketches of Davis existed, or ever had.

But he did bring back pictures and information enough to have Daniel make a good likeness of Davis. The pictures were of relatives and of men who resembled the Captain in some way. Patrick Harrington's living daughters have often related how their father told of this trip to Acton and of the Judge bringing back these pictures. As Davis's widow did not die until 1841 she was able to satisfy historians with information of her husband for sixty-six years after his death.

With this data Daniel French modelled the striking form of the Minute Man during the winter of 1873 74.

When the need arose for a living model, dressed in the clothing of the Minute Men, a number of Concord young men volunteered. Concordians very proudly went through their attics and long stored trunks to gather clothing, leggings and items that had played some part in battle so they could again he worn by the men models. The physical characteristics of several of these young men were used. Young Charles Baird posed four times. Daniel's friend Charles Hoar also had desirable physical qualities. But none of the volunteers had the ruged arms of a man of the soil. This proved to be no handicap; for who had a finer developed arm than the French's own Patrick Harrington? The statue's strong wrists, the firm hold on the musket, the lingering hand on the plow, and the vein bulging forearms, in themselves, thanks to Patrick, express the virility and determination of the Minute Men.

By September 1874 Daniel French had finished the Minute Man—his first statue. The plaster cast was sent to the Ames, Foundry at Chicopee, Massachusetts, where it was to be cast in bronze. This concern was the pioneer of bronze casting in this country and moulded the first successful bronze statue, that of Benjamin Franklin, which stands in front of the City Hall in Boston, Mass. Wanting something of historic value to be used in this casting. Daniel had Judge Hoar of Concord use his influence in having ten pieces of condemned cannon, said to have been captured by New Englanders in the battle of Louisburg, made available to the town of Concord. These cannon were shipped to the foundry, melted down, and poured in the final casting.

The finshed statue was seven feet in height and weighed 1280 pounds. The Ames Foundry's expense for their work came to $1,538.62 to which they added a 10 percent profit charge making total cost of $1,692.48 for casting the statue. Here again, Yankee shrewdness was made use of as Mounument Committee Chairman, John S. Keyes, acting for the Town of Concord, sold the cannon to the Ames Foundry, receiving twenty-two cents a pound for the bronze used in the statue and twenty cents a pound for what was left over. Not only was there realized enough money to pay for the finshed bronze statue and a refund of $7.89 to Mr. Keyes, but there is evidence to show that

possibly several hundred dollars more may have been paid for the bronze cannon. As the Mounment Committee's financial report records only $10.00 being paid for transferring the cannon from New York to Chicopee —money received from the sale of the cannon may have helped defray the expense of shipping. Also, it is known that the Mounument Committee requested an estimate from the Ames Foundry for statuettes of the Minute Man. At least one statuette was made and likely paid for by receipts from the cannon sale.

On the bottom of the Ames Foundry's account sheet for the Minute Man statue job is written and underlined —"Not a profitable job." Financially, it may have been a disappointment to Mr, Ames, but sentimentally, he had a warm feeling toward this work and recognized the greatness of Daniel Chester French's statue long before it became universal.

When finished the statue was shipped to Concord and mounted on a seven foot high granite pedestal. Mr. John Cole of Westford had contracted to cut this pedestal from a boulder found about five miles from the battleground.

The same boulder also furnished the granite for the 1836 mounument.

The statue was set up on the west bank of the Concord River on the spot where Davis had fallen. This had been marked for a number of years by the bush Emerson had referred to as the burning bush. Mr. Hubbard's earlier ambition to have built a rustic likeness of the Old North Bridge was now fulfilled, this being necessary to reach the statue.

On the pedestal of the Statue was inscribed the first stanza of the Concord Hymn

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

And here is something, undoubtedly few Concordians are familiar with. Under that pedestal was placed a sealed copper box containing the history of Concord, accounts of the battle from the diary of Rev. William Emerson, a participant, written immediately after the conflict, coins and postal currency of the day, a record relating to the erection of the statue, and many other interests of the time.

The east and west sides of the battleground, separated for eighty-three years by the empty abutments of the Old North Bridge, were now linked and evenly balanced by their fine memorials. Also settled after years of turbulent discussion was the local controversy on the subject.

The $500 voted by the Monument Committee for the expense of the model was given Daniel in two payments, one of $225, paid in 1873, and the $275 balance in 1874. They were charged to the general expense account of the town and listed under "miscellaneous." But the material expense of the model exceeded the original estimate by $100.02. This was paid from the Monument Committee's $1500 fund that was appropriated by the town in 1874. The Committee had at their disposal $3600, $500 charged to "general expenses" of the town, the $1500 appropriation, Ebenezer Hubbard's $100 bequest, and

his $600 gift for the bridge. But the working fund of the Committee did not quite match their total expenditures of $3788.22. The balance of $$188.22 was later paid by the town.

While discussing figures and costs, it might be well to list some of the Committee's larger expenditures: Expense of model, $600.02; conveyance of same to Chicopee, $51.30; pedestal of statue, $975; teams, labor, grading and sods, $847.50; piles for bridge, $190; for completing bridge, $600; for stone and abutments of bridge $85.50; for foundation of pedestal. $37.37; for setting statue on base, $29; freight on statue from Chicopee, $31.79; expense of sub-committee to Chicopee, $$48.20; and transportation of cannon at New York, $10. Also listed is $25 for table over the grave of British buried near the bridge. Surely the cost of the supporting accessories for such an undertaking runs high when one sees how little of the Committee's funds were absorbed by the model itself.

President Grant and members of his cabinet came to Concord for the 19th of April 1875, Centennial Anniversary celebration of the battle and the unveiling of the statue. But Daniel Chester French was not there for the dedication. Little realizing the magnitude of the occasion he had earlier sailed for Florance, Italy, where he was to study for the next two years. The day following the dedication Daniel attained his twenty-fifth birthday.

Few have accomplished so much so early in life.

It must be recorded that Daniel Chester French's generous services did not go unrewarded for long. On March 10, 1876, the Monument Committee filed their report. They had one recommendation to make in completing this account, "That the town pay Mr. D. C. French, the artist, one thousand dollars for his compensation." Twenty-three days later this was approved by the town, and in 1876 it was paid. This came as a surprise to Daniel French, who was well content with the invaluable experience he had gained and his mounting reputation. Little did he then realize that some years later his skilled hands were to carve the great Lincoln Memorial.

Although there probably were other expenses, the recorded total of all expenditures involving the Minute Man statue undertaking was $648,859. That investment is perpetually paying dividends in patriotism, for the statue inspirationally recalls the history and spirit of a determined people on April 19th, 1775.

While the interest in the statue at the time of the dedication remained more or less local, it was destined to grow until the picture or silhouette of the Minute Man was familar to all of us, regardless of how remote our station. On May 1, 1911, the Minute Man's volunteered services were first used in connection with the War Finance Program. This was seven months before our country became engaged in World War II. That he was a popular choice is shown in the fact that no one committee or individual is credited with suggesting his enlistment for this inportant role. When an appropriate idea for this purpose was being solicited, several different

sources had encouraged the use of this statue.

No other work of art has had so many printed reproductions as has Daniel Chester French's Minute Man, their total being lost in uncountable billions. Yet with these prints one seldom finds accompanying literature of identification; they do not need it. The figure tells its own story. For no other man made form or monument better expresses the courageous and determined attitude of a people accepting the uncertainties that they must face rather than forsake their beliefs.

One can find no better description of the Minute Man statue than that given by an elderly lady. As a young woman she drove from East Boston to Concord to see the battleground. When she first saw the statue she was captivated by it. "His proudly held head, the defiant stance, his firm hold on his musket, are a shield for his ideals; and yet the lingering hand on the plow and the hesitant foot speak of his preference for home and peace, a peace he must now lay aside if he is to preserve it. To me he is the most fascinating man in the world."

Laid aside was his peace for seven years of war, hardship and uncertainties. No doubt few thought at that time these convictions of theirs would concern anyone except themselves and possibly a future generation or two.

The reward of those seven years of anguish and distress was as great a measure of peace and security as man ever obtained for his scrifices. For out of these came equality for all and the birth of our democracy. An infant government at that time, but today a great nation and always growing.

The next time you see the Minute Man give him a mental nod of appreciation for the well-built foundation he willed you. Each generation constructs a new story upon it. Some of these additions have not been built with the standards set by the Minute Men. But these weaknesses came only from the experimentations of a free men in their efforts to better this structure. To be sure, this colossal monument created by individual initiative is not completed, never will be. For an unlicensed free man is an ambitious man, and his ambition means the perpetuation of mental and physical achievements.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet this day with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, can neither be injured by any of them—for no one can fix on me what is ugly—nor can I be angry with my neighbor, nor hate him. We are made for cooperation; to act against one another, that is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away.

—Marcus Aurelius

EUROPE'S CHILDREN

By Mary Jo Thompson, in The Clarion

Have you ever been hungry? I mean really hungry, so hungry that to see a moustache of milk on the upper lip of a child makes you sick to your stomach.

During the war years in Europe I thought I was hungry, but my hunger was nothing in comparison to the hunger which Europeans are experiencing today. We see pictures in our weekly magazines showing as half starved children scavenging through garbage cans, hoping to find a crust of bread or some such edible refuse. We look at them, shake our heads and say, "Isn't that dreadful?" Then we turn the page.

It is easy to be forgetful in this country of plenty, but those children in Europe, who have survived air raids human, homelessness, terror and torture, will not forget so easily.

Taking country by country, the British children have fared best of all the youngsters who have been through the war, for they were, in the main, with their parents. The British had, after all, to endure what European refugees call "a good clean bombing." Children were given fresh milk to drink, not as much as they would have liked, maybe but more than the adults' ration of one and a half pints per week .

The British children were also able to take advantage of lend-lease orange juice, which was obtainable in concentrated from—two bottles for the equivalent of twenty cents. The orange juice was good, and it was nutritous.

Crossing to the continent, the picture changes. Boys and girls lived under enemy occupation. There was no lend-lease for them. Now the American Red Cross, American Friends Service, and other associations are supplementing their meagre rations with dried milk, powdered eggs, and fats—things which mean much to so many.

When we stop to think that, according to statistics, only one-half of the babies born in Europe today have a chance of survival, we may consider ourselves indeed fortunate.

So let us think twice when we grumble about our food (and the writer does her share of grumbling when beans appear!) Let us realize that, but for the Grace of God, we too, would be among the world's starving millions.

———:———

The races of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help.—Sir Walter Scott.

KEEP YOUR SENSE OF MISSION

By Roy L. Smith, in Minnesota Journal of Education

Most of us are able to meet the really great disasters of life with a certain courage and fortitude. We go to the hospital for major operations with a smile upon our lips and with confidence in our hearts. We rise above tragedy with a certain resiliency that is nothing less than splendid.

But we are not so successful in meeting the petty irritations that come regularly with each day's monotonous routine. The carping criticism of the chronic fault-finder wears us down; the rattle in the window, or the squeak in the car which we cannot find; these things break our spirit.

An eccentric old man once prayed, "Lord, deliver us from the gnats; we can take care of the elephants ourselves."

The one great fortification against thes petty anoyances is a vivid sense of mission.

The teacher who can see beyond the restless boys to the virgorous citizens, and think of herself as having some part in making useful men of them, will be able to maintain a certain equanimity which will be one of her greatest assets.

A brilliant musician, an artist in her profession, was assigned to teach in a slum district. The children were unmannerly and coarse; the physical equipment was in bad repair; there was a spirit of squalor about the entire school. "But I always keep in mind that I am a window through which they will get a glimpse of a better world," she said, "and that keeps my own soul serene and saves me from surrendering to the hopelessness all about me." Small wonder that she was the favorite teacher of the school.

Seek for the secret of success of such as Sir Wildred Grenfell, Albert Schweitzer, Jane Addams, or Nurse Kenny, and you will discover it in their exalted sense of mission.

Look deep into the life of any great leader of men, and you will find that he differs from other men only in the fact that he is driven by a sense of mission.

Just at this present moment the statesmen of the world are discussing, with great seriousness, their responsibility for building a new and better world.

The school teacher who is breaking down racial prejudice, creating a world consciousness in the minds of her pupils, and preparing them for the increased responsibilities of the new world, is rendering a patriotic service as great as any that has been rendered on the battlefield.

This sense of mission is something that grows up within us; it is not something that comes in our pay envelope. With it, any of us has a chance to succeed; without it, no one has any chance at success.

"Being on the job is the first rung on the ladder of success."

WHO IS DELINQUENT?

(The Clarion)

Juvenile delinquents are made, not born. Medical Science has proved that out of the average birth rate of 9,000 born each month, none have any desires except to eat and sleep. They are not born with "delinquency" in their blood, they do not inherit what ever delinquent tendencies their parents may have had. Children grow into habits in accordance with their surroundings, Science also states that children are the world's greatest mimics. I believe that three-fourths of the juvenile delinquency of today would be eradicated if one half of the parents would remember this fact. "Do as I say, but not as I do would become archaic.

"Webster's definition of an adult is "having attained full size and strength, matured." He must have been speaking solely from a physical standpoint, as many so called adults with children of their own do conform to this definition in the least, and I do not refer to the three classes of unfortunates known as morons imbeciles and idoits—I refer to the generally normal person, i. e. Mr. A who comes staggering home through the wee hours, is not a moron, neither is Mr. B. who carries a gun surreptitiously for "protection" an imbecile nor is Mr. C, whose visits to the red lightdistrict are well known, an idiot. Yet, those men are "adults" and parents of children who are teen-agers, adolescents, juveniles between 13 and 20.

However, Mr. A's son Johnny 18 years of age faces a prison term for driving while intoxicated and killing someone—Johnny is a juvenile delinquent in the eyes of the law; and to Johnnies accusations about his father's drinking he receives this reply, "Well, I am old enough to drink and you aren't."

No, Mr. A and all other fathers with growing sons and daughters, you are not old enough to drink. No person if he is responsible for the correct environment and the correction and supervision of the men and women of tomorrow is old enough to drink.

Mr. B's daughter is slated for a few years behoind stone walls to pay society for shooting her boy friend. She is 17 years old and also rated a juvenile delinquent. She acquired the idea that to carry a gun was all right —her father did: also she believed it was thrilling and dangerous. Yes it was dangerous and Mr. B. is indirectly responsible for this tragedy. Yet, Mr. B is an adult.

And how can Mr. C expect his sons and daughters to be decent men and women, when they know their father has been the gossip of the neighborhood. For certainly there is no decency in a promiscuous and philandering parent.

Trust and understanding from childhood up is the keynote to an everlasting bond between the parent and the child. Few persons will betray a trust and children are no exception. If treated properly, not with condescension, but with loving help and kindness children respond and

they have good examples before them for environment plays the major part in the picture.

If a child is allowed to help in the family decisions as well as making his personal decisions and made to feel that he is an important part of the whole, which is the family, he will respond accordingly.

Democracy is the foundation of this nation. The home is the foundation of democracy and the parents are the foundation of the home.

Parent, do you see them, how truly great your responsibilities are? Open your eyes to these things and ask your self this question—"Am I living my life in such a way that my child or his friends may copy the way of living?"

Webster also says that 'Delinquency is a neglect or failure in duty." Therefore, who is the delinquent the parent or the child?

A quotation from the world's best seller. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." (The Bible) Also in Proverbs we find, " A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

In that the average age at this institution has been becoming increasingly lower in the last five years we now have many girls from twenty to twenty five. We are therefore interested in their point of view on what is today, a universal problem—the so-called juvenile delinquent. Anyone who read my article in the New Era knows that I believe it is a problem which no one may shrug away.

With this thought in mind, I asked the above member of my staff to write an article from the point of view of a juvenile, for she has just passed twenty one.

Day after day as I go around this campus I find the good that lies hidden in the hearts of these so-called juvenile delinquents. They have fine minds and great potentialities which only needed encouragement and under standing. With that foundation and experience they are learning a new life. It rather looks as if the cause of our present delinquency lies in the laps of the people who do the most talking and offer the least in constructive thinking and living.

WHO LIVES HERE?

It has been estimated in that we have in America a third of a million Indians; a third of a million Orientals, Filipinos and Mexicans; sixty million Anglo-saxons; ten million Irish;thirteen million Negroes; fifteen million Teutons; nine million Slavs; five million Italians; two million Frenchmen; four million Scandinavians and one million each of Finns, Lithuanians and Greeks. Everyone in this conglomeration is supposed to be an American, at least they united as such to win the war, but if they cannot be Americans at peace and unite in preserving the 'Spirt of 1776," let us sort out the dissenters and reconduct them to the place whence they came. Let us make America American."—Masonic News of Idaho.

A LAW-DERIDING PEOPLE

(Largo)

"If you don't like the law, don't obey it." To the discredit of the nation, that's the way a lot of people think and act in the United States. The national habit is not to abide by the law of the land, but to beat it and cheat it, break it and ignore it.

This doesn't refer to you and me, of course. We consider ourselves law-abiding citizens. We don't count the prohibition days, because we were thirsty and needed a drink, and we didn't believe in prohibition anyway. We don't regard ourselves as law-breakers when we use the mails to buy lottery tickets, or skip a traffic light when nobody is looking. And some folks think it is rather cute to cut corners when making out our income tax returns.

There are a lot of other laws we break without noticing it, partly because nobody can move in this country without stepping on a law. Legislatures, local and national, keep grinding out new laws and rarely repeal the old ones. And in Philadelphia, for instance, a peaceful and well-behaved citizen can break twenty-two obsolete laws in one morning without knowing it.

If we took our laws more seriously we would get rid of the ones which are not working any more. We would either obey them or throw them out of court.

The disregard for law in the United States goes deeper than a disrespect for prohibition or other meddlesome statutes. Sometimes it seems that crime is the custom: law-observance haven't cultivated the habit to keep

For example, a friend of mine traveled six weeks in another country in his car. At first he worried about leaving the car unquarded, containing his luggage, camera, etc. But friendly policeman assured him everything would be all right while he visited a cathedral or a museum, and so it was. He lost nothing by thieving in six weeks of touring. Then he brought his car back to New York, left it outside a restaurant while he had lunch, and found his suitcase gone when he came back.

Probably the policeman, to whom he reported his loss, called him a fool for assuming that anybody is honest. But you can assume it is in some countries and it's so. There are criminals everywhere, of course, but they must be vastly more plentiful in the United States than in any other civilized country. Most of them are not professional criminals. They are merely the kind of people who think it all right to break the law if you can get away with it.

At a famous historical museum and patriotic memorial in Pennsylvania the attendants will tell you that it is impossible to keep books, pictures and other conveniences for visitors, because unless they are constantly watched somebody will steal them.

That tells the story. That's why we have more murders, robberies, various crimes of violence, and misdemeanors than other nations. That's why the American policemen is so commonly regarded as a public enemy, and not

the people's friend and guardian. We the exception to the rule.
and respect the law.

Thoughtful citizens are pretty sick about this year's industrial disorders. "To hell with the law" has been a common attitude on both sides. On the picket lines, in some places, the law meant nothing unless armed police and soldiers were there to make it mean something. Governors of states, even the bigwigs in Washington, have fiddled and diddled and changed the subject while the law was flouted by both sides in labor disputes.

Even the more respectable public has been slow to sit up and take notice while the law of the land was made a mere "scrap of paper." Only when the shoe pinched, as when newspapers stopped circulation in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, did the general public show any real interest in maintaining law and order.

That's the worst aspect of times of strikes and civil war in industry. The real cause goes far back, beyond the grievances and greed which set employers and employees at odds. It goes back to a deep-rooted disrespect for the law and contempt for lawful ways and means of righting wrongs and settling disputes.

This can't be cured quickly. Making more laws won't cure the American people's contempt for the laws they've got. But a new habit of respect for law must be built and maintained in the United States, or the nation will tear itself to pieces. We must learn to abide by the law or change it for a better law in lawful fashion. The other way of living leads to civil war, the survival of the strongest and meanest, and the devil take the hindmost.

DAD

Always my counsellor, always my friend,
Always with patience his help would lend;
Always at hand with life's problems I met,
Throughout all the world my best friend yet;
Always consistent, understanding my mould,
Midst all my sorrows as true as gold.

Always the first to wish me luck,
Always the first to praise my pluck;
Always at hand to give me a tip,
Usually saying, "Keep a stiff upper lip."
The same old sport, this Dad of mine.

—Author Unknown.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Last Sunday, Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, preached to the boys here at the school. His message was unusually interesting and full of good advice for the boys. His visits to the school are always enjoyed by the boys.

For the Scripture lesson Mr. Tarlton read four verses from the Twenty-Fourth Chapter of the Book of Acts, beginning with the 24th and reading through the 27th verses. Mr. Tarlton used as a subject for his discourse these words: "God Can Wait."

The minister explained that there is a great tendency among most people to assume that life is full of interesting activities, that life is so grand and glorious that God can wait. Too many assume the falacious attitude that because there are so many things to do that they simply do not have time for religious activities.

Furthermore, a great many people take the view that it is not too bad if they sow their wild oats in their youth, and they live on the theory that they can and will reform, that they will become Christians in later life, and that they can actually atone for the sins of youth. Mr. Tarlton warned the boys to not take this view of life and thereby waste the most precious years of all.

To emphasize this particular point, Mr. Tarlton told the story of how Satan once upon a time called a convention of all the imps of hell. At the meeting one speaker declared that there is no God. At first this was regarded as the speech of a wise person. Soon it was remembered that it had been said, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and the speech was discounted.

Another speaker tried to explain that the Bible is not the inspired word of God and that it is unimportant. Then it was suddenly remembered that the Bible is the best seller and that it has changed the lives of many who have read it. This speech was ruled out.

The next speaker among the imps declared that Christ is not the Son of God. But when it was recalled that Christ had said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." It was explained that this very thing had really happened again and again.

The fourth imp made the most effective speech of all, for he cautioned all of the other imps to tell the young people to not be in any hurry about becoming Christians. It was agreed by the entire group that this was the most destructive discourse of all.

Mr. Tarlton explained that far too many church members fail to meet their Christian obligations. Too many excuse themselves from attending church services on Sunday by saying that they are too tired, or that the weather is too hot or cold. And then they say too, that God can wait.

When God told Noah to build an ark before He destroyed the world, the people only sneered, while Noah worked to build the ark. Sodom and Gomorrah, two wicked cities, were destroyed because the people said,

"Let God wait." The rich young ruler wanted very much to follow Jesus, but when he was required to sell all of his possessions, he said, "Let God wait."

Finally the preacher told the boys that God, after all, is not to be put off by friend or foe. The Bible warns that "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man Cometh." Therefore, all, should be prepared at all times, in youth or in manhood, in the day or in the night.

———:———

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad, with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame,
To show how well he has played the game,
But great in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him coming, and to hear his voice.

Only a dad, with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more.
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the searching crowd,
Toiling, striving, from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way.
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of men.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small
To do, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

—Author Unknown.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

What you are to be, you are now becoming.—Guy T. Cook.

—:—

God created no beast as low down as an unprincipled man.—Dresden.

—:—

The time to make friends is before you need them.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

A nation is no stronger than the character of its citizens.—Adams.

—:—

One way to get on is to find a better way to do things.—B. C. Forbes.

—:—

Pithy sentences are like sharp nails which force truth upon our memory.
—Diderot.

—:—

Shallow men believe in luck; wise and strong men in cause and effect.
—Emerson.

—:—

Dispatch is the life of business, and method is the soul of dispatch.
—William Penn.

—:—

A mob is a monster, with heads enough, but no heart, and little brain.
—Goldsmith.

—:—

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?
—George Eliot.

—:—

Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest.
—Mark Twain.

—:—

The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed great in the decline.—George F. Train.

A man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority, though he be alone.—Henry Ward Beecher.

—:—

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them; power flows to the man who knows how.
—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, and nothing is ever to be attained without it.—Joshua Reynolds.

—:—

Ignorance doesn't get us into half as much trouble as a cocksure knowledge of things we don't know.
—Exchange.

—:—

When we look at the world in a broad, generous, friendly spirit, what wonderful people we find in it.
—Emerson.

—:—

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where true friendship is so rare.
—Exchange.

—:—

There are two ways of rising in the world: either by one's own industry, or by the foolishness of others.
—Jean LaBruyere.

—:—

Malice is the devil's picture. Lust makes men brutish; malice makes them devilish—it is mental murder.
—T. Watson.

—:—

To manage a business successfully requires as much courage as that possessed by a soldier who goes to war. Business courage is the more natural because all the benefits which the public has in material wealth come from it.—Charles F. Abbott.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Nervous prostration was unknown when people worked more and worried less.

—:—

The size of your troubles generally depends on whether they are coming or going.

—:—

The average man's idea of "tasteful interior decoration in the home" will always be a square meal.

—:—

When Balaam lived it was considered a miracle when an ass spoke. My! How times have changed.

—:—

Wouldn't it be terrible if we were born old and had to look forward to growing young, green and silly?

—:—

To be among those who know "What's What" is far more important than to be listed in "Who's Who."

—:—

Some one has said that love is only a condition of the mind at a time when the mind is out of condition.

—:—

A farmer told us, "If you want to see the biggest hog in these parts, come to the farm and ask for me."

—:—

Remember, there will be a lot of people in heaven just as surprised to see you as you will be to see them.

—:—

Some one asked us the other day if a giraffe got a sore throat by getting its feet wet. Yes, but not until the next week.

—:—

Someone said the other day there is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome. Wonder if he ever tried putting toothpaste back in the tube.

After viewing some of the recent films, we have come to the conclusion that all the dummies in the movies don't get thrown over cliffs.

—:—

Visitor: "What a glorious painting! I wish I could take those gorgeous colors home with me."

Artist: "You will; you're sitting on my paint box."

—:—

Many a wife has helped her husband to the top of the ladder—and left him there while she made up her mind whether the picture would look better there, or somewhere else.

—:—

A hill billy on a visit to town bought an ice cream cone, walked outside to eat it, then carried the cone back to the soda fountain. Handing it back to the clerk, he said, "Much obliged for the little vase."

—:—

A small boy came back from kindergarden and announced that he was not going back. His mother ordered him to return. "All right, mother," he said wearily, "if you want me to grow up to be a bead stringer, I" go back."

—:—

An elevator operator grew weary of constantly being asked the time of day, so he hung a clock in his cage. Now, everybody asks him, "Is that clock right?"

—:—

A very timid man was trying to rent an apartment. "Have you any children?" asked the real estate agent, harshly. "No," said the man, meekly. "Any dogs?" was the next question. The reply was again a very weak "No." "Any other pets—a canary or a parrot, perhaps?" "No," said the timid man very humbly, "but I've got a fountain pen that scratches a bit."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week of June 8, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Cecil Burleson
Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
William Kassell
Johnnie Myers

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Ransom Edwards
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
Ray Naylor
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
France Ray
Kenneth Holcomb

COTTAGE No. 4

Odean Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Billy Ray Daye
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchin
James Myers
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
Clyde Leonard
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins
Howell Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Evans
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

James Knight
Richard Cook
Glenn Davis
Edward McCall
Reuben Vester
William Brown
Ed Guinn

Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Worth Craven
Ralph Cranford
Robert Hinson
Lester Ingle
David Johnson
Emmet Fields
Clifton Kerns
EuX *efflues
Jimmy Wiles
Jack Griffin

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Cecil Clark
Roy Eddings
Miley Gunter
Conley Haney
Luther Hull
Robert King
Kenneth McLean
Richard Sandlin
J. C. Taylor
William Jenkins
Jerry Peavey
W. L. Steele

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Eugene Bowers
Herbert Brooks
Earl Grant
David Hill
Jack Hensley
William Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 14

Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
John Moretz
Clifford Martin
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
James Shook
James Smith
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Solomon Shelton
Frank Sargent
Willie Stamey
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins
Carl Propst

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Sammie Lynn
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere; before whom I may think aloud.—**Emerson.**

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

JUN 21 '4

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 21, 1947 No. 25

REAL JOY

Think not the beautiful doings of thy soul
Shall perish unremembered. They abide
With thee forever; and alone the good
Thou doest nobly, truth and love approve.
Each pure and gentle deed of mercy brings
An honest recompense, and from it looms
That sovereign knowledge of thy duty done—
A joy beyond all dignities of earth.

—Herman Miller.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
BONERS	(Selected)	12
THE OWL IS A WISE BIRD	(Indiana Boys' School Herald)	14
WHAT KIND OF TOWN	(Island Lantern)	15
LOYALTY	(Island Lantern)	16
MISTAKES PROVIDE TEST	(Selected)	17
IT CAN'T BE DONE	(The Riverside)	18
THE FALSE HOOD OF PESSIMISM	(Speakers Library Magazine)	19
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY	(The Terrescope)	21
OVERCOMING A GREAT HANDICAP	By Thomas Molloy	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TWILIGHT MEMORIES

In the peaceful hour of twilight—
When I find myself alone,
Dreaming of the happy moments
That the fleeting years have shown,
I so often am reminded
That the best things life extends
Are associated closely
With our dear ones and our friends.

Twilight memories—how often
They bring wistfully to mind
Recollections of the places
And the folks I've left behind.
How they fill my heart with gladness,
As they carry me away
To the scenes of youth and childhood
And the joys of yesterday.

Cares are very soon forgotten,
As my thoughts again recall
Certain friends who, time has taught me,
Are the best friends, after all;
And, I'm sure, as true a pleasure
As a man will ever know
Is the hour I give to dreaming
In the twilight's peaceful glow.

—Lawrence Hawthorne.

DENTAL CLINIC

During the week ending June 6th, Dr. D. W. Dudley, of the Dental Division of the N. C. State Board of Health, completed a five-day dental clinic at the school. This was a rather short period of time, but Dr. Dudley used that time to the fullest advantage, and during

the five days he was able to treat quite a number of the boys at the school. Much of what Dr. Dudley did during the time was to make inspections for use in his dental clinic at a later time.

During the week Dr. Dudley inspected the teeth of three hundred boys, and he gave treatments to eighty of them. He performed one hundred ten teeth extractions, and in addition to this he made ten silver nitrate treatments. An interesting feature of his work was that he made sixty-seven extractions of six-year molars.

All of these operations were given to the boys who were in critical need of dental work. Unfortunately, a good many of the boys had practically no professional treatment for their teeth prior to their commitments to the school, and when they have experienced several years of malnutrition it means that their teeth oftentimes are poor and imperfect. While they are here it is the policy of the school to do everything possible for the permanent restoration of their teeth.

We will look forward to the time when Dr. Dudley will come back probably during the summer months, and spend from four to six weeks at the school. With an enrollment of around three hundred twenty-five boys, there will be enough work to keep him busy during all the time he can be spared to the school from the State Board of Health.

We wish to take this opportunity to commend Dr. Dudley's work, and express appreciation to the State Board for its cooperation in making the dental clinic possible.

* * * * * * * * *

ADDITIONAL GIFTS FOR WILDWOOD COTTAGE

We had two very pleasant surprises at the school last Saturday when we received two generous gifts of money to be used in advancing the erection and equipping the Wildwood Cottage. These gifts came to us voluntarily, but they did come from friends who had contributed to the school at other times.

Mrs. Harold C. Dwelle, of Charlotte, sent a contribution of one hundred dollars for the cabin project. This represented a very generous amount of money, and we are most grateful to her for her gift. There is a good bit of work to be done at the cottage yet,

and we will need all the funds we can get. We wish to express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Dwelle for this and all her other contributions.

We are delighted also to announce that Mr. A. W. Klemme, of High Point, "an old-time friend of the school," sent us a generous contribution of twenty-five dollars for the cabin project. We wish to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to Mr. Klemme for his gift.

We hope it will not be so long until we will have the floors cemented, and we will have enough furnishings so that we can make our boys and our visitors comfortable.

* * * * * * * *

DISCIPLINE

In a world that is composed of millions of people, it would probably be utterly impossible to even live if there were no restraints or guidance or discipline. It seems safe to assume that descipline is a requisite of human behavior and human relationships, and it is only when and where there is paganism or heathenism that the social order offers no corrections or chastisements.

Generally speaking, one of the most difficult and complex problems of parents and other adults is to properly understand the actions and the behavior of children, and to offer to them the highest form of guidance and correction. Most people generally assume that children who present behavior problems and who eventually become miscreants do so because of failures of parents—that is, because those who were older did not know or understand or care. To the wise parent, of course, the ultimate goal of good descipline is that the child may learn the art of self-control. For the parent it is only after earnest effort, patience and self-sacrifice that he or she can finally say, "I have helped my child to learn the principles which enable him to make a fine art of living."

In every individual, either in childhood, youth or adulthood, there are always present a variety of emotions which tend to determine the everyday behavior of a life. For instance, there is present in every person certain innate impulses of affection, kindness, selfishness, hate, anger, and revenge. These are not all of the impulses,

but they are representative, and what an individual needs most of all is to learn to be able to control himself with wisdom and discretion so that his behavior may prove to be acceptable and beneficial to those about him, and to himself, also.

In the Scriptures it has been declared that he that controls his own temper is greater than he that taketh a city.

It is evident that where there is no restraint, either as forced control or as self-discipline, there will inevitably be some deplorable outburst of temper which will be very destructive to an individual and very humiliating to others. We have an illustration of this when a thirteen-year-old lad murders his own mother and offers as his only explanation, "I flew mad and shot her." This, of course, represents the most extreme and most tragic illustration of an unbridled disposition, but all along the line there are similar infractions of the rules of decent human relationship, and these tend to prove the indisputable fact that children and young people need proper correction and training.

In Webster's unabridged dictionary there occur the following definitions of discipline: (1) correction, chastisement; punishment inflicted by way of correction and training; (2) subjection to rule; submissiveness to control; (3) education; instruction; the cultivation of the mind and formation of the manners.

Thus we learn that, in essence, discipline represents training and forcible regulation of human behavior.

In olden times, during the trials and vicissitudes of the Hebrew nation, it was explained time and again that the Lord punished the entire nation for their sins and iniquities. Through the prophets and the priests, the people were forewarned that if they persisted in their evil ways punishment and the ultimate destruction of their nation would follow. Thus we see that human misbehavior incurred the condemnation of the Creator from time to time and eventually destruction was visited upon the Hebrew nation.

The principle of punishment for the infractions against an orderly way of life prevails in all of nature as well as in all human relationships. Herbert Spencer once explained that a stern discipline pervades all nature which is a little cruel that it may be very kind. Similarly, it has been explained that a great river such as the

Mississippi, with its vast supply of water, properly controlled within the banks and the dikes of this great stream, becomes a highway of commerce, and if there were no controlling channels the stream would spread out over such vast areas that it would not only be useless itself but it would become in reality a mighty destructive force.

In our various social democratic agencies and institutions authority for discipline is vested in those people who by virtue of their maturity and their experience have shown that they are capable of exercising that authority wisely. In the family group the authority is vested in parents; in the schoolroom it is vested in teachers; in the army it is vested in officers. Then, the matter of using such authority determines whether children and others shall become self-disciplined individuals or the kind of people who satisfy their every whim with no consideration for the consequences to others.

In the home and in the schoolroom the wise counselor will understand that there are vast differences in individuals. Some children are inclined to be bold and aggressive, so much so that they tend to become unfair and abusive towards others, and they need the restraints of a firm hand, but there is never any need that they be treated abusively or unduly humiliated, without ever seeing the purposes behind corrections and chastisements.

On the other hand, there is the child who tends to feel inferior and who is timid and submissive, so much so that there is a grave danger that he may develop a feeling of inferiority, and there may occur in his life certain very destructive conflicts and emotions. He represents the child who generally needs kind treatment and stimulation towards the cultivation of self reliance and the feeling of self importance. Primarily, this means there is no one formula or rule for the training of children which can be regarded as applicable to all children.

In some classrooms there is a theory that there should be unquestioned obedience by children, on the basis that children do not possess the ability to make wise choices, and they should, therefore, have their decisions made for them by older and wiser people. It should be recognized that the proper development of personality

and individuality does not result from slavish obedience, and neither does it mean that the parent or teacher should offer some rational excuse or reason for every command that may be given to a child.

On the other hand, there are parents who believe that so-called self-expression on the part of the child, without any restraint, is desirable. There are those who allow their children to follow their own whims; who exert no authority at all. It is perfectly obvious that their children will have great difficulty in adjusting themselves into group activities where consideration for the rights of others is highly important if one is to be accepted.

In the administration of discipline, particularly in the home, it is highly important that parents work together and cooperate fully in their corrections. Unfortunately, it sometimes occurs that the parents have different concepts, so that one parent says to the child that he will be treated unfairly and unjustly. Then, to make the matter worse, this particular parent allows certain indulgencies to the child in order to bribe him and obtain his affections. This sort of thing is very destructive to the proper rearing of a child.

After all, it seems that the most important factor in child training is that parents use impartiality and that they be fair. It seems only reasonable to assume that parents must assume their obligations for the proper training and guidance of their children, even to the point that punishment of the right sort will be administered if the child is disobedient against parental warnings. Of course, no parent should administer any form of punishment in a fit of anger and as an outlet to a spirit of vengeance, but if there is to be punishment it is to be given in deliberation and in the spirit of kindness.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

News Items of Interest

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Horne, officer and matron of Cottage No. 7, are away on their vacation. The boys of their cottage are now in the various cottages while they are gone. The boys have received cards from them, and they are in Jacksonville Florida.

Recently, the fourth grade boys have been decorating their room, with the help of their teacher, Mrs. J. D. Morrison. They have decorated their room with pictures of birds, food, flowers, etc. They have been drawing the pictures in connection with their science work. They are studying a unit entitled "The World in Which We Live."

Mrs. Tarleton, the fifth grade teacher, has left the school. Miss Smart has taken her place. All the boys like Miss Smart. They liked Mrs. Tarleton, too.

Cottage Groups See Baseball Game

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Monday night, June 9th, Cottages No. 3, No. 11, and No. 17 went to see a baseball game at Webb Field in Concord. The game was played by the teams from Hickory and Concord. It was a nice game. Hickory won by the score of 8-1. We wish to express our thanks to the ones who made it possible for us to see the game.

Radio Program

By J. D. Gupton, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday, the boys gave the radio program from Station WEGO, Concord. The third grade boys gave the program. The program consisted of songs and poems. Miss Oehler, the third grade teacher, had prepared this program.

The program was as follows: Song, "There Are Many Flags in Many Lands," by third grade boys; "The Flag Today," Clyde Hill; "Happy Land", Song by all; "Our Flag," Olin Sealey; Song "Our Flag"; "Star", Ben Wilson; Song, "The Red White, and Blue"; "'My Coming," Paul Denton; Song, "Proudly We Hail Thee"; "Pledge to the Flag," six boys; "The Star-Spangled Banner," John McKinney; and Song, "Stars and Stripes."

The boys who gave the program were John McKinney, Olin Sealey, Ben Wilson, Paul Denton, Keith Yandle, and Clyde Hill. We appreciated hearing this splendid program, and we know the boys who gave it were glad to give it.

Preparing for a Camping Trip

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

On Sunday, June 15, 1947 the boys of Troop No. 61 will leave for Camp Dick Henning at Ellerbe, N. C. They will stay until Saturday, June 21st.

While at the camp, the boys will

pass tests and scout requirements, and afterwards they will go hiking, fishing, and swimming. They will participate in other lively sports which will be carried on.

The boys who will make the trip are as follows: Wilton Wiggins. Farley McGee, Billy Smith, William Britt, Ben Wilson, James Dunn, Kenneth Halcomb, Glenn Davis, Jerry Peavey, Edd Guinn, J. D. Gupton, Harold Kernodle, Thomas Edwards, James Wiles, Cecil Clark, William Lunsford Conley Haney, and Bennie Riggins.

We are sure that the boys will have a nice time. So let's wish them the best of luck!

Comments on Chapel Program

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

When Mr. Hines' class was talking about how much they had enjoyed Miss Oehler's chapel program, he said, "Why not tell Miss Oehler and her grade about how you enjoyed the program?" They did, and some of the comments are as follows:

Gerald Johnson of the 11th grade said, "I think the program was one of the best programs ever given at the school, and it was well-organized."

J. D. Gupton of the 8th grade said, "The program was extra good. All did very well. We thank Miss Oehler for the splendid play."

Charles Smith remarked, "It was nice and thoughtful of Miss Oehler and her grade to get up a good program for Flag Day."

"All the boys enjoyed the program very much. All of the boys said their parts loud enough to be heard and understood," was Ray Wooten's remark.

ohnfqIih oahh mtow mtfo faam amoaf

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The show for Thursday night was an unusually good one. It was entitled "Courage of Lassie", starring Lassie as Bill. Most of us who saw "Lassie Comes Home" and "Son of Lassie" know that Lassie is a good performer. In this picture, she played the part of a war dog. She did many good things for the army such as saving the lives of a group of soldiers. While she was doing this, she was shot by the enemy and was wounded. On the way back home, she jumped off the train and after many difficulties reached her beloved mistress.

The name of the comedy was "Lonesome Lenny." We all enjoyed this picture and wish to thank all who made it possible.

Features of Our 3rd Grade Program, As Told By Different Members of The Grade

Songs

By Charles Rhodes, 3rd Grade

The third grade gave a "Flag Day" program. We sang "America" and gave the salute to the Flag. Then a pageant, "Columbia", was given. The following songs were used: "My Flag", "Happy Land", "Our Flag", "The Red, White, and Blue", "Flag of Our Land", "Stars and Stripes", and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Devotional

By Thomas McGee, 3rd Grade

"This Is My Father's World" was sung by the audience. Then Billy Brown and Clyde Hill gave the story, "The Creation of the World," using scenafelt to illustrate the story.

Then we prayed the Lord's Prayer.

An Appropriate Story

By Clyde Hill, 3rd Grade

John McKinney beautifully told the origin of the song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was sung as a conclusion of our program. It was certainly a good story.

Flag Don'ts

By Clyde Hill, 3rd Grade

Eugene McLean gave these "Flag Don'ts":

I. Don't fly the flag at night. 2. Don't wash the flag. 3. Don't use the flag in advertising. 4. Don't fly the flag upside down. 5. Don't use the flag as bunting. 6. Don't allow flag to touch the ground. 7. Don't deface the flag. 8. Don't let the sun set on the flag.

The Stage

By Engene Newton, 3rd Grade

The auditorium stage was decorated with many American flags. Bowls of mixed red, white, and blue flowers were used.

Our Surprise

By Keith Yandle, 3rd Grade

Just as we were dressed ready to begin our program in the afternoon, Mr. Godown came and made pictures of us on the stage.

We will have pictures of our cast of characters in our costumes for the pageant to take home with us.

We thank Mr. Godown for this kindness.

New Fifth Grade Teacher

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Miss Smart from Concord is our 5th grade teacher now. Before coming to our school, she taught in the Concord Public Schools. She taught science in the 7th grade.

She is a graduate of Queens College and has been working some at the University of North Carlina for a M. A. degree. She is majoring in Education.

Miss Smart said, "I enjoy my work here very much, because I like teaching and I like boys."

While the boys regretted Mrs. Tarleton's leaving,they are glad that they were fortunate enough to get another good teacher so soon. They appreciate having a good teacher!

"You'll never offend a person by returning a smile."

BONERS

(Selected)

Fred G. Neuman aired a choice collection of typographical boners in "Pep News" recently. Speed, explains Newman, is often the cause of ridiculous typographical errors. One day a war account read, "the conflict was dreadful and the enmy was repulsed with great laughter." I'm a war veteran, and take it from me there is nothing laugh-provoking about a battle. The word should have been slaughter. Failure of a letter to drop, a "c" in this instance messed up the following sentence: "When the President's wife entered the humble sitting-room of the house she was politely offered a hair." Absence of the letter "b" in a word made these lines outrageous: "A man was arrested yesterday on the charge of having eaten a cabman for demanding more than his regular fare." Lack of a "b" also gave this item a preposterous swing: "An employee in the service of the government was accused of having stolen a small ox from the mail. The stolen property was found in his vest pocket." True, if you are an advertiser, or your name is balled up, it may not be so funny but if your neighbor's name is Hascal and it appears Rascal —wow! The story goes that a society editor described a young bride thus: "Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry boots." It appeared in print. "Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry boats." The omission of the letter "t" messed up this article in a Los Angeles daily: "William Blank and Frank Blank today caught a 400-pound surgeon in the Snake River after a six-hour battle."

When former President Herbert Hoover observed a birthday anniversary, a Kentucky newspaper ran a picture of him, underneath which it stated: "The veteran Republican leader was born in 1784," a transposition of the middle figures making him the oldest living American. Another paper spoke of a musical affair and said: "Miss Blank, pianist, and Miss Bobbs, accompanist, will assist in preventing the following program." Which recalls a knockout some Eastern newspaper ran: "Miss Blank will present a program of Christman music. Mrs. Bobbs will beat the organ." (Instead of be at.) Use of too many hyphens in a Fort Wayne, Ind., paper's classified ad told about some tough old hens a fellow was trying to sell. Here's the ad: "For Sale— 350-year-old white leghorns." Failure of a letter "n" to drop in the word "months" altered the meaning, but may have put the utter truth in this sentence: "He reached into the closet and pulled out a winter coat that had been hanging there for months!" Irvin S. Cobb in his best-selling autobiography, "Exit Laughing," recalls several good headings which, while not errors, are certainly interesting curios. For instance, a woman in New York City gave birth to a child while riding on a street car. The editor captioned the story: "Born While Her Mother Was Away From Home." Which recalls the heading in an Oklahoma daily

with reference to a colored college receiving an allowance, to-wit: "Negro College Gets U. S. Grant." One of the most amusing errors appeared in a Western paper, the absence of an "a" in the word "Hungary" messing up the heading of a social item, thus: "Count Zog to Wed Hungry Countess."

UNDERSTANDING

(A paraphrase of I Corinthians 13:1-13.)

Though I teach with the skill of the finest teachers,
And have not understanding,
I am become only a clever speaker and a charming entertainer.
And though I understand all techniques and all methods,
And though I have much training,
So that I feel quite competent,
But have no understanding of the way my pupils think,
It is not enough.
And if I spend many hours in lesson preparation,
And become tense and nervous with the strain,
But have no understanding
Of the personal problems of my pupils,
It still is not enough.
The understanding teacher is very patient, very kind;
Is not shocked when young people bring him their confidences;
Does not gossip; is not easily discouraged;
Does not behave himself in ways that are unworthy,
But is at all times a living example to his students
Of the good way of life of which he speaks.
Understanding never fails.
But whether there be materials, they shall become obsolete;
Whether there be methods, they shall become outmoded;
Whether there be techniques, they shall be abandoned;
For we know only a little,
And can pass on to our children only a little;
But when we have understanding,
Then all our efforts will become creative,
And our influence will live forever in the lives of our pupils.
When I was a child, I spoke with immaturity,
My emotions were uncontrolled and I behaved childishly;
But now that I am an adult, I must face life as it is,
With courage and with understanding.
And now abideth skill, devotion, understanding. These three,
And the greatest of these is understanding.

—**Elouise B. Rivinius.**

THE OWL IS A WISE BIRD

(Indiana Boys' School Herald)

The owl is considered a wise bird for he makes less noise than other birds. He does things in a quiet way, therefore he gives the impression of wisdom and has a reputation for being wise.

Persons who speak loudly always cause us to doubt their ability. Likewise those who just talk too much are judged in the same manner.

Aside from the loud and long talker we have another disagreeable type who talks too much of things of no interest or worth, or else makes remarks which offend others in a personal way.

Cutting remarks, wisecracks, profane or obscene language marks one as having a type of mind not adapted to do the thing accomplished by worthwhile people.

Try to say the right thing at the right time and place in the right manner.

Too much talk on the job causes confusion, work of poor quality and may result in loss of a job.

Uncomplimentary remarks either to or concerning others removes something from one's personality and in nearly every case will take something from his pocketbook for if there are any objectionable or disagreeable traits in his manner people will less likely want to use him.

Whether we are hired on a job or whether we operate an enterprise of our own, it is an asset to be liked and respected. Many fail because they are not well liked, and many of these failures can be credited to a lack of judgment in the use of talk.

Conversation should be directed to things of mutual interest and to things which show a sincere interest in the other fellow. People are not entertained by others who speak too much of their own accomplishments or troubles.

Talk in quantity or quality will help to either make or break us. It is wise to be a good listener, the exception being that we should select as best we can the kind of talk to which we listen.

———:———

"If Samuel Woodworth had not written the famous song, 'Old Oaken Bucket,' until the present day, he could not have gotten it before the people without subjecting it to Mr. Pertrillo and his Union, and having it revised or altered before putting it on the 'air.' In the meantime, Mr. Woodworth and his contemporaries, and countless thousands of men and women, boys and girls, would have been deprived of the enjoyment this song has afforded. It has been a strong part of the program of many a fireside and Sunday night neighborhood gathering." —Elmer B. Lewis.

WHAT KIND OF TOWN

(The Island Lantern)

A stranger nearing a city asked a resident what kind of a town it was. The resident asked him what kind of a town he came from, and when he answered, said that this was exactly the same kind of town. It doesn't matter where you are, you have to create the atmosphere surrounding you. If it proves to be a rotten place, it is a cinch you helped make it so. Take the men out of this institution and you could not find a single mean thing in it, hence whatever meanness there is here we bring it in with us. Man seems to be about the only animal that acts in a cussed way from pure cussedness. A tiger slays to eat only, seldom if ever, from pure cussedness. Man alone destroys his fellows from pure cussedness, whether he calls it war or murder. We can make only ourselves and everyone round us unhappy to almost any limit, or we can do a lot to help others make the grade, and the funny part of it is that the kick back will be just about in proportion and of the same kind as we kick off. We are really not entitled to much credit for kindness to others since we are quite certain to get it back with interest. Sometime, however, we don't but quite the reverse, but we get a dividend in doing our own kindly acts, so we can forget the cussedness of a chap who returns them with a snarl. If you want to prove this, do some mean thing and see how you really feel about it, then try doing some thing and savor the result. There won't be much choice, so why do the mean things? They hurt you more than they do anyone else. It is really much easier to be pleasant and kindly than the opposite, and it is the best paying investment you can make.

We can really make it very pleasant in here, and there is no law that says we must not, in fact everyone else will feel good about it and give you back the same. We are here because we are here, so why make any more of a mess of it than necessary? Fifty years from now no one in the world will know that we were anywhere, and it is right here and now that we have to live.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun!—Emerson.

LOYALTY

(The Island Lantern)

There are a few words in the English language or in any other that carry greater potentialities than the word "Loyalty." If a man is not loyal to his own best self and those who trust and believe in him, any other virtues he may have are discounted 90 per cent. From the smallest affairs of life to the greatest, everything seems to hang on that single word for all hope of progress and success. Even the man who goes it single handed can not move without running against this factor, loyalty of family, friends, or even his dog.

The leader of a gang of pirates is dependent upon the loyalty of his subordinate cutthroats, while the ruler of a great state could not hold power a day without the loyalty of those he must trust. Throughout life, from the love of the mother, to his last friend, man is dependent almost for his existance, on loyalty.

The man who is not loyal cannot be trusted, no matter what other qualities he may have.

Loyalty is not something to be expressed with words alone, but by every act and word. If someone places confidence in you and you accept it and its advantages and are not loyal to him, you are in common parlance a "double-crosser." If responsibility is placed in you it carries with it an absolute obligation of loyalty. Things you could have gotten away with and thought them all right, come now under new and rigid laws of loyalty to trust. It does not make any difference whether you are in here or outside, an inmate or an honored captain of industry. There are no middle grounds, you are either loyal or a double-crosser, which is just another name for disloyalty. Even the meanest of us will fight if called a "double crosser." One of the highest compliments anyone can pay you is to say you are loyal, which means that you will not betray a trust.

Loyalty has a real commercial value as well as a moral one, it is the basis of confidence on which 90 per cent of the commerce of the world is conducted; credit. Loyalty alone holds the good and true friends we have, their's to us, and our's to them. No government could exist without it, no army win battles, no man really succeed; and you can not have it without giving it.

———:———

"If I can make men of my people, my business will take care of itself. Everything I can do to help them ultimately benefits me. The more money I spend on them, the more enthusiasm they will have for my interests, and the more money they will make for both of us." —Henry Ford.

MISTAKES PROVIDE TEST

(Selected)

"Mistakes never break a ball player," said the late Walter Johnson, one of the greatest pitchers of all time. "If a player can come back, then a mistake will never check him," said the man upon whom Clark Griffith, president of the Washington Senators, put full confidence when it came to handling his players.

Johnson's argument was that the real test of a great ball player was the player's ability to come back after being downed. He pointed to numerous cases in baseball where a player had been severely beaten by a mistake, lost his grip by another, and of other incidents where a mediocre player could have come crashing back on his mistake to go over with a bang—only to feel that his mistake was final.

"Mistakes have made many great players," contended Johnson, "when they would have been but ordinary athletes had not a mistake, or a series of them, given them a fighting spirit."

Johnson pointed to Babe Ruth's case some years back, when the Babe was all but out for the count as the result of many mistakes. "When the Babe came back it showed he had the real stuff. He would have been but an ordinary player had he believed his mistake was final, and the act was over."

Besides, argued Walter, only the players who try to do something the laggards will not attempt make mistakes. The dime-a-dozen ball player makes few mistakes because he attempts little.

A famous manager of the New York Giants once said, "A hard loser is generally a good athlete." When making this statement, he did not mean a poor loser. He was speaking of the athlete who does not think lightly of defeat, and who will not stop trying when the odds are obviously favoring his opponents.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 22, 1947

June 23—Miley Gunter, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
June 23—James Arrowood, Cottage No. 3, 15th birthday.
June 24—Herman Galyan, Jr., Cottage No. 4, 14th birthday.
June 26—Dannie M. Hayes, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.
June 26—W. L. Steele, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
June 27—Earl Hensley, Cottage No. 1, 12th birthday.
June 28—Bobby Blake, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.

IT CAN'T BE DONE

(The Riverside)

"Who said it can't be done?" From the beginning of time, this has been one of the most overworked phrases in all languages. The man who constructed the first rude plow was confronted with these words from those who thought that clam shells were the only implements of soil cultivation.

What a laugh the man raised who first tried to harness an ox! The first raft constructed and the first sail hoisted on a boat were signals for the anvil chorus to begin knocking.

Harvey was criticized for teaching that the blood circulates. Columbus was loudly laughed at for thinking that the earth was round.

The great Eastern started out on its voyage to lay the Atlantic Cable amid the jeers of those on the piers who knew better.

Edison endured the patient years of unbelief in the minds of most people who said that "no machine could be made to talk." Lincoln was cartooned as a giant baboon. Timid souls said to Caesar, "You can't cross the Rubicon."

The first oil well in Pennsylvan was called "Drake's Folly." McCormick patented his first reaper in the face of a crowd who knew that, "a machine could not tie a knot."

Every idealist, dreamer, inventor and reformer has had to do his work in the face of ridicule and doubt.

A young sorority girl in a Western university was told that she could not keep company with a certain young man who waited on tables in the chapter house. She married him, and some time later she moved with him to the White House.

Young men and women, many of whom are being told that they cannot secure and education, cannot succeed, cannot become cultured, may have all these things if they want them badly enough.

Someone gave this motto to the world:

"What I can do, I ought to do;
What I ought to do, I may do;
What I may do, I can do;
What I can do, I will do."

---:---

GOOD TASTE IS A MORAL QUALITY

Good taste is essentially a moral quality: Taste is not only a part and an index of morality, it is the only morality. The first, last and closed trial question to any living creature is: "What do you like?" and is the entire object of true education is to not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things. What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—John Ruskin.

THE FALSEHOOD OF PESSIMISM

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Pessimism will never be the poor man's faith. He cannot afford to part with the dream of the future, dream though it be, in which he can take refuge from the dull, weary misery of the present.

The poor are for the most part optimists. If they were not, they would not be the easy prey they are for the demagogue who seeks to rise on their shoulders to power by promises of the good time coming, when all men shall be equally rich and equally happy. No! pessimism is the creed of a man who has enjoyed life to the utmost, and for whom it has become all weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The worn-out voluptuary, the blase man of rank and wealth and fashion who has had all that the poor man longs for, and who can tell him that it does not bring the happiness he dreams that it can give; the man who, tired and sick of life's banquet, falls to criticizing its dainties and to scoffing at its tawdry and faded ornaments; the cynic who sneers at all the higher, nobler, purer, instincts of our nature, which he has lost for himself and therefore loves to deny the existence of in others, delighting to expose with irreverent hand the most hidden shames and sores of our poor humanity, showing, as it is so easy to show them, how thin are the veins of gold that traverse the thick clay of our human nature.

For such a person the philosophy of the pessimist may well be the only true philosophy of life. And close in the train of the cynic come the pleasure-loving and the profligate; they, too, like well enough the theory of life which assures them that virtue is most probably only a hypocrisy, and is, at any rate, a profitless waste of energy, better spent in the search after enjoyment.

And so, as this miserable creed spreads itself abroad among men, does virtue die, and vice, naked and not ashamed, flaunt herself in all the ways of men; and with her come her two devoted servants—degraded art and depraved and depraving literature, proclaiming their new cult of pseudo-realism. And these, all of these, cry aloud as they pass, "Also the night; also the night!" And to furnish us with light in its darkness they will give us the phosphorescence of corruption, the corpse-lights flitting to and fro over the graves of faith and hope and love.

But odious and revolting as is this forecast for humanity, the question we have to decide for ourselves is not "Is this horrible," but "Is it true?" Is this prophecy, so largely justified by all the past of mankind, a true vision of its future? Thank God that we can answer that it is not. In the name of the humanity that you libel, in the name of that human heart by which we live, in the name of the soul that aspires, the heart that loves, the conscience that, elevating, purifying, soul and heart, lifts man above the beast you say he is, we challenge your prophecy of night, we reject your hideous gospel of despair.

Even had we no other, no noble

vision of our future given us from above; even were there no voice of seer other than yours to break in upon the darkness of our night, we have still two revelations left which largely testify against your creed. They are experience and history. There is no man who has never manfully fought down the beast within him, and raised himself on stepping stones of his dead self to better things; there is no devoted woman, spending her life in loving sacrifice for others; there is not one who has ever gained one real victory over evil in the world around him; nay, there is not one even of the most bitter and vicious outcast of society, whose shame and ruin you blazon as the proof of your miserable predictions, who does not by the exceeding bitterness of his agonizing cry for deliverance from a state the wretchedness of which proves it to be unnatural for him, who does not own to a belief—deep as the innermost core of our nature, old as its first sorrow, universal as is that very law of decay and death over which you gloat, strong so that no waters of affliction have ever quenched it—that we are not as the beasts that perish; that there is in us something greater, nobler, more enduring, too, than external circumstances and change and death, and that we shall survive all these.

And history, too, the story of our race, if it gives you good proof of your evil prophecy, gives its refutation, too; for it tells us how still from out of this humanity, which you declare tends ever to dissolution and corruption, there have arisen again, and yet again, even in its darkest hours, heroes, sages, prophets, martyrs, whose words and deeds in their day, as stars in the night, have not yet withdrawn their shining. It tells us how strangely, by the power of some hidden, unquenchable life, this degenerate humanity of ours, at which you mock, has been suddenly regenerated in these and in thousands whom their lives have stirred to nobler lives again. Each and all of them are our witnesses against these prophets of the night; each one of these, who in their day found life worth living, because they found a sweetness even in death itself, for the sake of their fellow men, each one of them, from their shrines in the loving memories of men, in answer to your false watchword, "The night cometh" still cry aloud, "Also the morning, also the morning!"

THE CAT

A small schoolboy wrote the following essay on cats:

"Cats and people are funny animals. Cats have four paws but only one ma. People have forefathers and only one mother.

"When a cat smells a rat he gets excited, so do people.

"Cats carry tails, and a lot of people carry tales, too.

"All cats have fur coats. Some people have fur coats, and the ones who don't have fur coats say catty things about the ones who have them."

—Selected.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(The Terrescope)

What steps should be taken to combat juvenile delinquency?

This question—this subject—occupies the thoughtful attention of an ever increasing number of Americans. Unfortunately, and we use the word advisedly, juvenile delinquency has been brought to the fore by the numbers of teen-age boys and girls who find themselves in difficulty with the law.

It is our opinion the extent of juvenile delinquency is not to be measured by the numbers of youngster who commit crime. They represent but few of the thousands who are of same mind. Further, juvenile delinquency is an indication of the moral tone of this people—or any other people. And again, not all delinquents wind up in the so-called children's home, the so-called girl or boy's school, or the so-called reformatory which, bluntly speaking, are often homes (schools, and reformatories in name only.

While this may appear to be an opportunity to lambast the several agencies dealing with the "criminal" juvenile, there is far more to juvenile delinquency than involves the operation of places of detention: for, were every institution of detention to attain its paper idealism, delinquency would still be with us.

Delinquency is the product of our common society, the product of callow cynicism, of psuedo intellectualism, of indifference to that spiriual idealism which must permeate the whole of a healthful society. Our American society is not spiritually healthful to the production of a sound, moral nation.

The roots of juvenile delinquency lie deep in soil in which seed was planted years ago. For the past fifty or more years there has been a gradual trend away from a reverence for the things which, by inherent right, should be reverenced—away from those things which have long been called homely virtues—toil, honesty, ordinary purity, home and family, religion, plain speaking, and other like qualities too numerous to mention.

This trend represents the written and spoken thoughts of the "best" minds of the past three or four generations—if sensation seeking, nitwit, sham intelligentsiaism may be called best. To these "thinkers" little, if anything, has been sacred.

The effort of the past fifty or more years has produced an odd kettle of fish. Today—in the minds of multitudes, only fools work. Today lack of honesty is common to every strata of our common society. Today, purity and decency have become prudishness—the butt of cheap and tawdry humor. The common attitude toward home and family is reflected not only by marriage and divorce statistics, but also by the fact that the home has largely become but a place to eat and sleep. Today, the attitude toward church and religion may be likened to the average man's attitude toward membership in a social or country club, a very nice

and proper place to be seen, but certainly nothing of too much importance. Plain speaking, truthful speaking has given way to the inuendo and inference of doubletalk or to down-right misrepresentation. The right and just have become a matter of, "Is it good for me, is it expedient for me, will it hurt my standing in the community, will it hurt me with my employers, shall I be considered a fool for standing for what I know to be right?

Education is no longer pursued for itself alone. It has become associated with the means to make money—and make it easily. The college man who works for nominal wages, who works with his hands as a bricklayer, as a trademan of any kind, is considered a dolt. His education is thought to be wasted.

Man today, many men at least, regard sex as filthy as a barnyard.

The literature of the day has degenerated to a point that, unless filth and mental garbage fill each chapter, it is not considered readable matter—except for a few "longhairs."

How in God's name—reverently in God's name, can our common society, with anything but pious hypocracy pretent to be astounded at the number of juveniles who run afoul of the law? at the twisting and turning of both juveniles and adults, seeking both decency and sanity of leadership?

How in God's name can society expect the child of the crowded tenement areas to be filled with the highest of ideals when that child lives surrounded by the evidence of the callous, heartless, stupid, greedy hands and hearts which make such districts possible.

How can society expect purity from children when adult lives, when newspepers, when magazines, when books, when the motion picture are not remotely to be associated with purity?

How can society expect honesty of act, forthrightness and plain speaking when men and women high in public life resort to the meaningless mumbojumbo of words, when these men and women choose the path of expediency rather than the path of right?

By what sane or insane right does society strike a pose of amazed astonishment when mere children commit the most heinous of crimes? Our literature, our radio broadcasts, the movies, and the "funnies" are chockfull of knives, daggers, guns, killings, and below-the-belt humor and downright obscenity. The cheapest commodity in the world today is the juvenile and adult mind—there are so many purveyors of "moral" garbage—the folks who cry and sniffle, "Why! we are pointing to a moral." These dispensers of mental and moral garbage must realize that man is the product of his environment—the influences by which he is surrounded. They know—but do they care?

What steps should be taken to combat juvenile delinquency?

Are you kidding?

Start acting like the adults you want the kids to be. Be enough man or woman to reverence that which must be reverence. Clean up the filth to be found in books, papers, magazines, radio, and the movies. Examine the histories of other peoples who have passed into oblivion.

Recognize that our greatest need is to reaffirm age-old truths—not by uttering pious platitudes, not by assuming a holier-than-thou attitude, but by facing ugly facts for what they are, and then by letting God lead you—and your conscience.

———:———

THE BOY WHO USED TO BE ME

A lad stood there as I opened the door,
Whom I thought I'd seen somewhere before.
"What do you want, my boy?" said I.
As he gazed at me with a puzzled eye.

"Excuse me," he said, "for troubling you.
I'm seeking a friend that I once knew."
You look like him; you bear his name,
But now I see you're not the same.

He used to live at this address,
But he has moved away, I guess."
And turning away, he left my place
With disappointment on his face.

With a "Good bye, sir," he closed the gate,
And left me there disconsolate.
And then I heard, as strange it seems,
A voice I'd heard in my youthful dreams.

An inner voice, that said to me:
"That boy is the boy you used to be!
His wistful heart has a pang within,
For he's seeking the man you might have been!"

—Andrew R. Marker.

OVERCOMING A GREAT HANDICAP

By Thomas Molloy, in Trade Winds

When Robert Harris was five years old, his ambition was to be like his father, an outstanding draftsman.

Bob was a cheerful lad, who had no troubles at all, until his father passed away. Bob was fourteen and in eighth grade at the time. Not long afterwards, his mother married a handsome man, whose disposition seemed to be generous and thoughtful.

Bob grew to like his step-father, who was successful in the advertising field.

During the winter months Bob would go sliding, skiing and had frequent snow fights with the fellows of his age. A snowball thrown by his opponents hit Bob near the eyeball. His eyes were all bloodshot. Bob felt something was wrong. His eyes gave him much pain for days. He felt he must be going blind. Sure enough, the second tragedy of his young life befell him. He became blind.

His step-father paid his way to the school for the blind, where he had Braile, and took part in sports with other blind students. His courage amazed all his teachers and in Robert the teachers found many hidden talents. They found out he had a talent in wood-working, which must be developed.

At the end of two years, he left the school for the blind with his dreams of becoming a skilled draftsman gone, but the hope of becoming a skilled wood carver growing.

Bob's courage grew and grew. He entered Central Trade School with the best in the class, and he was well liked by all who came in contact with him. He was very much interested in sports, as most every boy is today. Basketball was his top sport. One day just before the basketball season started, Bob was given a pass, as presentation for his high standard in Trade School. He was given the opportunity to sit on the players' bench at every game. He proved a valuable cog, and a wonderful luck charm. The team won every game when he was on the bench. However, Bob could not make the all important game with Cranston, because he was sick. His absence seemed to send the team down, for they lost their first game to a fair Cranston five, who had won only six previous outings, and lost seven. Bob happened to be listening in to that all important clash, and was dismayed at the outcome. "Oh, If I could only get out of bed, and cheer the team on."

Bob's continued absence really hurt the team, for he was as much a part of the team as the players. The season soon ended with Central Trade School coming out on top with 18 victories and 3 defeats. The team also lost to Butler High (62-45). Bob was still in the hospital. But Central Trade received a tournament bid to play in the All New England Trade School Conference. Bob amazed the hospital authorities, recovered and was present when Central Trade got in the semi-finals and upset the dope by beating powerful English Trade (39-37). They came from behind in

the finals to knock out unbeaten Durfee Trade of New Hampshire (46-45) in as thrilling a game as was ever held. Central Trade was hailed as "The Cinderella Team of Basketball." This Trade School team presented Bob with an award. They took him on their shoulders and he was named the most valuable member of the team. His presence on the bench paved the way for Central's first championship team.

After the season was over, the team appeared at banquets. Bob spoke at some of the affairs. He said, "There couldn't be a better group of boys than at Central Trade. I know from the courage and light heartedness of the boys that they are the best."

As Bob finished through his third year, his future seemed certain. Then again trouble came, his step-father turned out to be a miser, and his mother became an invalid.

His step-father made his home life so unhappy, he left and went to live with his uncle, who was a fine old man, but he was not very wealthy, and Bob had to earn extra money to get along in his last year.

Bob spoke at many banquets, and was much sought after as a speaker, and told many a sport yarn. That's how he was able to save some money, and continue his last year.

Bob's dream finally came true. He was to receive his diploma with sixty other students at Central Trade. As he proceeded to take his certificate from the Mayor, he received a big hand that was heard through the hall. The Mayor said, "There is a boy who does not know when to give up. He did not give up like a lot of unfortunate people would today. His determination to stick with the job, goes to prove that any person, who goes about his job in the right way can make his dream come true. We people, throughout the city are proud of you, Robert Harris. You have already won an honor being in 'Who's Who' in Trade School. I shall see you get a further start by giving you a scholarship to Maxwell Institute, the very best wood working school in the state." Bob learned just a little later that the scholarship had been a gift from his own father to the school twenty years before, and had always been given to an outstanding student.

This story proves that anyone who gets licked by disappointments, sorrows or other minor headaches will never be strong enough to reach his ambition. Courage, faith and self-confidence are needed by all those who wish to succeed in the world today.

To know one person who is absolutely to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, even his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he ever heard or can hear.—McDonald.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 9:1-9.

The speaker began by stating that in many churches special reference is now being made to the present part of the calendar year known as the non-festival section of the year. During this long line of Trinity Sundays special study is made of the life of Christ. The events recorded in the Bible in this portion of the Master's life on earth bring many things to our minds.

One of the first things to be studied at this time, he added, is the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, for the purpose of saving men. Many people have the idea that this is not for them. They are gravely mistaken, for God's grace is for all.

The special feature of such a thought, continued the speaker, is that the Kingdom of Heaven is here in the world, within the reach of all men. But we must remember that this is a world of sinners, but there is a chance for all of them to repent of their evil ways and become members of God's kingdom. When we give proper thought to this wonderful truth, we shall more readily understand why Christ gave himself to die upon the cross. All Christians know that Christ is interested in sinners. The one great duty of the Church is to minister to sinners, even as Jesus ministered to them during his stay on earth.

In the lesson just read, Jesus cured the man sick of palsy, and then went on to where Matthew was sitting in the tax-collector's place of business, and said to Matthew, "Follow me." By this act Jesus wanted to show the people that the grace of God was for all men. There is no such thing in Christianity as partiality on God's part. Even in this present day, we all have the privilege of accepting Jesus, and of following him.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out that such instances in the life of the Master as had just been cited was a revelation of God's mercy to all people. While hanging upon the cruel cross, Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That same voice is still pleading for the sinners of the world today.

In speaking of church attendance, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that entirely too many people have no desire to attend church and hear the Word of God. Others stay away because they do not like certain individuals in the church. Still others have a personal dislike for the pastor. Many more havea greater interest in seeking pleasure in worldly things. Such habits are sure to cause these people heartaches and sadness sooner or later.

One of the most glorious things about the Kingdom of Heaven, added the speaker, is that sinners may be redeemed and enter therein. When we know something of the joys of a Christian life, we are getting the benefits of the greatest thing in life.

In addition to leading a good life himself, nothing greater could come to a person than to be able to lead another to Christ.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then pointed out that the Kinkdom of Heaven is for sinners—those who mend their ways. It is not just a pleasure garden where sinners are to enjoy life. It is here on earth ta take men out of sinful ways and teach them to live lives of service to their fellow men, and to be of service to God.

Many men, said the speaker, have been so successful in material ways of the world that they have lost sight of that which really counts—their own souls and the souls of others. We dare not forget God as we seek to attain worldly treasures. Such treasures will perish. Life with God is the only thing which is lasting. We should not live our lives doing as we please, rather, we should live as the Master would have us live.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then called attention to three things about Jesus which the Pharisees could not see, and which many people cannot see today, as follows: (1) God can be merciful to sinners, as Jesus so clearly taught during his ministry on earth. Many people do not understand God's forgiveness. (2) The fact that God takes a sinner, and not only forgives him, but cleanses him. (3) It is not the value of the material offering we might add to the Christian work, nor the form of worship in which we take part that counts with God. What really means the most to Him is the attitude of men's hearts. If our hearts are not right we are not acceptable in the sight of God. We must remember that Christ can look within. Unless our hearts are put into our work in connection with Christianity, we shall never amount to anything along that line.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner made it quite clear that God has given us life, and that some day it will be returned to Him. How we are going to return that life is the most important thing of all. We can give back to God broken, sinful lives, or we can return to Him with records of clean, wholesome lives. The choice is ours. Each individual life will be judged according to its own record.

———:———

Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair and sweet for a season, it must soon wither, and become offensive. Joy from within is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair, it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal.—Young.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

He who sidesteps a duty avoids a gain.—Spanish Proverb.

—:—

You are never fully dressed until you wear a smile.—Selected.

—:—

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is to you.—Emerson.

—:—

It is better to understand a little than to misunderstand a lot.
—Anatole France.

—:—

Leaders are simply men who come with a decision, not for one.
—Mme. Georgette Leblanc.

—:—

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life.
—John Ruskin.

—:—

Any fool can criticize, condemn and complain—and most of them do.
—Dale Carnegie.

—:—

Better do a kindness near at home than walk a thousand miles to burn incense.—Confucius.

—:—

A failure is a man who has blundered but is not able to cash in on the experience.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

You are often sorry for saying a harsh word, but you never regret saying a kind one.—Bert Estabrook.

—:—

Nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners truly pleasing.—Hugh Blair.

—:—

Think not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults.
—Socrates.

The greatest success usually comes from one step beyond the point where defeat overtook you.—Robert Collier.

—:—

Don't part with your illusions. When they have gone, you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.
—Mark Twain.

If it is true that one judges a man by the deeds which he does, one knows him also by those that he does not do.—Exchange.

—:—

Let us live in as small a circle as we will, we are either debtors or creditors before we have had time to look around.—Goethe.

—:—

Health is the greatest of all possessions, and it is a maxim with me that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king.—Bickerstaff.

—:—

Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings. Only one thing endures, and that is character.
—Horace Greely.

—:—

March without people, and you march into night; their instincts are a finger-pointing of Providence, always turned toward real benefit.
—Emerson.

—:—

Christian morality is qualified to survive because love and agreement, which unite men, are stronger than hate and fear, which divide them.
—Ralph Barton Perry.

—:—

The ability to keep a cool head in an emergency, maintains poise in the midst of excitement, and to refuse to be stampeded are true marks of leadership.—R. Shannon.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

How sweet the girl,
How true, how brave,
Who can kiss a man
When he needs a shave.

—:—

The fellow who is up and doing is never down and out.

—:—

The weather man is usually the best paid writer of fiction.

—:—

Opportunity knocks for every man, but a woman gets a ring.

—:—

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

—:—

Some so-called bright children should be applauded with one hand.

—:—

An editor is a person who uses other people's words and gets all the blame for them.

—:—

Four things that man cannot handle with absolute safety—dynamite, women, whiskey and authority.

—:—

You may find a girl who has never been kissed, but you'll never find a girl who has been kissed only once.

—:—

If Mars in inhabited, said inhabitants are the only people in the world who haven't aked the United States for a loan.

—:—

We read recently of a draftee called up for examination who claimed exemption on the grounds of poor eyesight—and brought along a very homely-looking wife as evidence.

—:—

Said a speaker at a political rally, "There are so many interruptions I can't hear myself speak." At that moment a voice from the rear of the hall shouted, "Don't worry, you are not missing much."

—:—

When the white men discovered this country the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work. The white men thought they could improve a system like that.

—:—

This grasshopper story comes from South Dakota: A farmer left his team in the field and went for a drink of water. When he returned, the grasshoppers had eaten the team and were pitching horseshoes to see which would get the harness.

—:—

The prisoner in court said that he wasn't drunk the night before. However, the policeman who arrested him testified that he saw him drop a penny in a mail box just outside the Empire State Building, and then look up at the top to see how much he weighed.

—:—

The following notice appeared in a small town paper: "On next Wednesday evening the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church will hold a rummage sale. Good chance to get rid of anything not worth keeping but too good to throw away. Ladies, bring along your husbands."

—:—

A professor at a medical school asked a student how much of a certain drug should be administered to a patient. "Five grains," said the student. A few minutes later the student said, "Professor, I'd like to change my answer to that question." The professor, glancing at his watch, replied, "Never mind, young man, your patient has been dead for forty seconds."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 15, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
Charles Smith

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemons
Carl Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Richard Johnston
Major Loftin
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Ray Burns
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Ray Naylor
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright
James Christy
Kenneth Holcomb

COTTAGE No. 4

Odean Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Billy Ray Daye
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchin
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthen
William Hinson
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Howell Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Lloyd Bruce
Robert Evans
Robert Galyan
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Glenn Matheson

Eugene McLean
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Frank Belk
Glenn Davis
William Jenkins
Clyde Leonard
Edward McCall
Jack Paschall
Jerry Peavey
Robert Shepherd
W. L. Steele
Reuben Vester

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields
Jack Griffin
Carl Jenkins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Glenn Singletary
James Upright
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

R. L. Crawford
Kenneth King
Eugene King
Hoyt Mathis
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
Carlton Crawford
Roy Eddings
Conley Haney
Luther Hull
Kenneth McLean

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

John Moretz
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
James Shook
James Smith
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
J. K. Blackburn
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Charles Rhodes
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Johnson Barnes
Carlyle Brown
Eden Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Sammie Lynn
Robert Poplin

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt

Not him who possesses much, would one rightly call the happy man, but him who knows how to use with wisdom the blessings of the gods, and to endure hard cherished friends or fatherland.

—Horace.

364

JUN 27 '47

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 28, 1947 No. 26

THE GREATEST NEED

I often think that anyone can face
A crisis or a crushing tragedy
With calm, exalted courage, but the place
That needs the greatest strength and energy
Is the daily grind: to manage just to laugh
At all the petty hazards of each day—
To smile whilst sifting life's wheat from its
chaff,
And strive to see just good along the way.

—Reba Baker.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
VISUAL EDUCATION	By Edith M. Baucom	9
A BOY WILL DO HIS PART	By Robert Quillen	11
THEY MUFFED THE BALL	(Evangelical Messenger)	12
TRANSITION	(The Orphans' Friend)	13
THE SOCIAL SALVATION OF MANKIND	(Draper Inmate)	15
OLD SUPERSTITIONS	(Morganton News-Herald)	16
FOUR GROWN-UPS AND A CHILD	By Kathryn Close	18
IN FULL MEASURE	By Ruth E. Perrin	21
A LEGEND ABOUT GOLD	(Speakers Library Magazine)	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

OUR HEROES

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers.
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin singlehanded
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know is not right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you'll overcome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Phoebe Cary.

THE ACADEMIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

The boys at the Jackson Training School for some time have had the opportunity in the school department of taking work in any grade up through the eleventh grade. Apparently, there has been

some misunderstanding on the part of some officials in the state as to what this school has to offer to a boy. Consequently, there have been some instances in which officials have been reluctant to commit to the Training School such boys as have completed the seventh grade and have been enrolled in the eighth grade or higher. It is possible that some officials have been misinformed or that they have overlooked the fact that the school now offers the work up through the eleventh grade.

Much emphasis has been placed upon the improvement of the academic school department within recent years. It has been felt that the boys who have come to this institution are entitled to academic school work that is at least equal to or comparable to the work of the public schools of the state, and for that reason special efforts have been made to strengthen, to vitalize, and to enrich the work of this department. For some time now we have had the definite opinion that the boys who come here should not be forced to sacrifice their school progress and that if there should be any variation, the work here should be better than what they had in their home communities. The school officials have a profound conviction that the best rehabilitation that ever occurs for any boy is when he finds it possible to adjust himself in the school work to the end that he becomes happy and successful in school, and then eventually he returns to the school of his home community and takes up the work again there on a successful basis.

The teachers of the school department, ten in number, are well trained, and they are conscientious workers. They make a very desperate effort to help the boys who come with adverse attitudes towards the school, to develop favorable attitudes towards classroom work. The work here is done on a thorough basis, and a boy naturally attends school every day unless he is ill. The regular state-adopted textbooks are used in all the classes, and the teaching materials are kept up to modern standards.

It is realized that some of the boys, on account of limitations, never reach high educational achievement levels, but it is felt that every boy should have the best possible opportunity, educationally speaking. The work here is adjusted to meet the interest of the boys. Each boy is considered as an individual problem or oppor-

tunity, and the general basis of mass education is not the predominant philosophy, especially in the lower grades.

In the future, we hope that no boy will be sacrificed to the evils of an improper home environment or to the devastations of poverty, or any other contributing factors, merely because some conscientious person would be deeply interested in his educational career. We are always going to try to offer each boy the highest grade work of which he is capable.

* * * * * * * *

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

The home is the foundation of society and is vital to the stability of the church, the schools and the government itself. Though it is ordained of God and is the source of so much that is dear to all, the home is in great peril from open attacks by evil forces, by competition with business and cheap entertainment, and by sheer neglect. We are faced with such an alarming increase in divorces, juvenile delinquency, broken lives and disregard for life's sanctities that the very existence of civilization is threatened.

For the establishment and the promotion of a worthy home, there are certain basic factors or goals towards which all parents should strive with diligence. These goals may be stated briefly, as follows:

1. That religion and spiritual values will receive high regard and constant attention. No home can be regarded as a sacred institution unless religion has a prominent place in it.

2. That there will always be respect for the sacred worth of every member in the family. This means that parents will cooperate together mutually for the strengthening of the home, and that at no time will there ever be abusive or unkind treatment of one towards another.

3. That there will be stimulation and motivation by the parents for their children towards high intellectual attainments, towards the attainment of honorable vocational and professional careers. Youth always requires the encouragement and the stimulation of the adults, and without these there is a danger that children will take the easy course and forfeit their opportunities.

4. That there will always be provision for happy experiences in the home. In every well-ordered home cheer and happiness are essential. No one ever has a right "to hang up his fiddle" when he arrives at home.

5. That there will be economic security and stability because of the worthy efforts of parents. No home can be fortified against the ravages of ill health and the dangers of ignorance which does not make a maximum effort to become economically secure and independent.

6. That there will be constant consideration and adequate provision for keeping high standards of good health for all the family. Of course, this involves adequate provision for wholesome food which has been properly prepared; it involves prompt and regular medical care; it involves, very emphatically, the prevalence of the proper mental environment; and it involves health education and recreation—one of the inherent rights of a child, that he learn to play and that he have a chance to play.

7. That love will be the predominant influence in the home, powerful enough to transcend any difficulties or any differences, powerful enough to walk through the darkest shadows without bogging down, and becoming able to walk out into the bright glow of a triumphant home.

8. That there will be high standards of culture and refinement, looking towards the instillation of attitudes of courtesy and politeness. The young person who has instilled in his life the attitude of being polite and mannerly at all times has for himself a valuable asset for successful living.

9. That there will be in the home high regard for obedience to the laws of the land; that there will be recognition of the principles of authority as vested in government. The home should, above all things, not be the source of disregard for the rules of government, because otherwise there would tend to be vandalism, gangsterism, and the ultimate development of outlaws far and wide.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Father's Day Program

By Olin Sealey, 3rd Grade

Sunday, June 15th, we had a Father's Day program. The first thing on our program was a reading by Cecil Clark. The second part was given by John McKinney and was entitled "A Father's Silent Prayer." Gerald Johnson read a letter from a father to his son, and Carl Holt read the answer to the father. Eight boys gave "Tribute to Father." The boys who gave this part were the following: Billy Brown, Olin Sealey, Ben Wilson, Jimmy Wiles, Clyde Hill, Paul Denton, Robert Canady, and Donald Branch.

Everyone enjoyed the program very much. Mrs. Frank Liske was the one who presented these boys in this program. She had prepared it. We wish to thank her.

All Make Honor Roll

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Last week all the boys of Cottage No. 3 made the Honor Roll. In order to make the Honor Roll a boy must have a good conduct record. There are twenty-eight boys in Cottage No. 3. They are as follows: James Arrowood,James Christy, Paul Denton, Bobby Joe Duncan, Talmadge Duncan, James Dunn, Lindsay Elder, Glenn Evans, Waylon Gardner, David Gibson, Kenneth Halcomb, Jack Jarvis, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, J. C. Littlejohn, James Martin, John McKinney, Woodrow Norton, Lloyd Perdue, France Ray, Clifton Rhodes Olin Sealey, Claude Sexton, Leroy Shedd, Thomas Staley, Bernard Webster, Ben Wilson, and Clyde Wright. It has been a long time since all the boys in the Cottage made the Honor Roll. Mr. Hines, who is our officer, was very happy that every boy made the Honor Roll.

New Boys

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Recently there have been some new boys entering the school department. They are as following: Gerald Petty, Burlington; Alfred Perry, Burlington; and Robert Whitaker, Winston-Salem.

We all hope that these boys will make a good record during their stay here at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, because here they have so many opportunities to improve. Everybody is very willing and anxious to help a boy improve here.

More Boys Released

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

During the month of June there have been several boys going to their homes. Their names, grades, and hometowns are as follows: Howard Hall 4th grade, Selma; Roy Orr, 1st grade, Greensboro; Russell Beaver, 7th grade, Rutherfordton; Worth Craven, 7th grade, Greensboro; Solomon Shelton, 4th grade, Graham; Tommy Styles, 6th grade, Asheville;

Eugene Bowers, 5th grade, Concord; Major Loftin, 10th grade, Kings Mountain; James Upright, 10th grade, Cornelius; and Thomas Staley, 5th grade, Winston-Salem.

We all hope that these boys will make good at home.

News Items of Interest

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Mrs. Beaver, the matron at the Administration Building, is back from her vacation. While she was away the teachers ate at the cottages.

Recently the 5th grade boys have been having a series of tests. We all hope the boys make good on their tests.

The flowers here at the school are getting pretty now. Cottages Nos. 10, 3, and 11 have some unusually pretty flowers. Tommy Staley of cottage No. 3 sent his mother some very pretty flowers which he had helped to raise. He sent her cannas, zinnias, cosmos, feverfew, poppies, dianthus pinks, phlox, and flaxbowls.

Scouts Give Program

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Last Thursday night Mr. Corliss, who is our scout master, took some of the scouts to a program at Concord. First the boys ate supper, and then they gave a little program. The first thing on the program was a demonstration on knot-tying, and secound Bobby Joe Duncan gave a reading, "A Young Bride First Baseball Game." Then the boys put on a little baseball game. Two boys held up a sheet, and one did the pitching and one did the catching. Behind the curtain Ray Burns had a flash light to do the pitching with. Mr. Corliss called out the balls. Then Ray Burns turned on the flashlight and ran it across the sheet. After that was over, Ray Burns told about some of his boxing trips. All the boys enjoyed this trip.

Boys Attend Southside Baptist Church

By Paul Denton, 3rd Grade

Some of the boys of the Jackson Training School attended the morning service at Southside Baptist Church, Concord, last Sunday. During the service, the boys had a part in it. Olin Sealey, Paul Denton, Ben Wilson, and John McKinney gave readings which were appropriate for Father's Day, and Olin Sealey sang a song, "How about You." We enjoyed giving this program.

We Took a Walk

By Russell Hogue, 1st Grade

We went for a walk. Mrs. Hawfield went with us. We went out on the grass. We played leapfrog there. We looked for flowers. We learned their names. We went on to the pond. We saw the ducks. Then we came back to our room. We had a good time.

VISUAL EDUCATION

By Edith M. Baucom

Visual education is recognized as one of the most potent factors in our present day educational program, whether it is in the classroom or in outside life. It is the most significant trend in modern education. It has been said by some investigators that four-fifths of our information is acquired visually. It is certainly safe to say this amount is obtained visually after the formal school period, for a great many people do not go to the trouble to read for information. They would rather have facts shown visually through pictured newspapers, magazines, real life museums and motion pictures. This is proven by the fact that new sets of reference books and magazines are featuring the word "pictured." Most newspapers carry a pictured section occasionally.

There is an ancient Chinese proverb which says, "One picture is worth a thousand tellings." This would certainly uphold the principle that learning must be meaningful and have its basis in reality any concreteness rather than abstraction. Pictures and all forms of visual aid constitute a universal language. They promulgate common facts, understandings and emotion.

Visual education is not a new method of instruction. Comenius in the seventeeth century condemned the practice of teaching children words without meaning and said, "A child must learn not only from words but also with objects along with words." He illustrated a book at this time which was something new in its day.

It is not difficult to understand visual education. We use it in teaching a small child, and it is remarkable how he begins to know his surroundings. We can say "ball-a red ball" to a child, and he knows nothing except the sound of the word. On the other hand when we say "red ball" and touch a red ball at the same time, it takes only a short time for the child to get the understanding. Then soon the child is able to pick the red ball from other colors. The idea of "red ball" is firmly planted; after a few repetitious it is his own-well assimilated.

The learning process is the same in children and adults. "Seeing is believing" is an old saying. It is one thing to read about the cecropia moth—how it undergoes complete metamorphosis, but how much more concrete to actually observe metamorphosis—the egg, larva, pupa and adult and really see the beautiful living creature.

Visual education material is not only projected slides and pictures, important as they are. Most effective approaches to a study of nature; science, geography, history and other objects can be made through field trips and school journeys. Objects, specimens and models which are very good can be secured for reasonable prices. Museum collections are fine and can usually be obtained through time with very little trouble. Blackboard illustrations, bulletin board displays, posters, diagrams, graphs, maps, charts and globes are all effective tools of teaching. Photo-

graphs, magazines and book illustrations are available and good. Most authors realize how pictures help and are using more and more purposeful pictures. The pictures should be true, characteristic of the thing being studied, clear and excellent photopraphy, preferable depicting action, few in number, large enough to see easily and, above all, on a grade level and definitely integrated with the immediate work.

But, without a doubt, screen is one of the best ways to inform people. It has a universal appeal. During the recent war, people were incited to patriotism and to the importance of the various drives by means of special war films. Americans see the same movies, wholly speaking, so this can be a means of promulgating a common culture, understanding, and ideals. If we can rally a people with the same means. Whether individual or film strip slides or the sound and silent motion pictures, they could be today the most important outside influence in life. Then we must recognize the affect and not only use the screen as an educative tool but learn to evaluate the materials shown in them, so that they will enhance the morality and spirituality of our opeple.

Here at our school during the past year we have been fortunate to have a film strip projector. Films have been shown weekly, touching every subject, such as science, industry health and physical education, literature, invention and discovery, safety, first aid, history, Americanism and other subjects. We know this is a good way to help in the teaching and learning process, but it is not a robot teacher and must be regarded only as supplementary teaching aids. Certain procedure should be used in the teaching plan for each film shown. At least one teacher should preview her pictures and then be given a few minutes to prepare the pupils in order that they may have a purpose in seeing the picture. Afterwards the teacher should take a few minutes of time to summarize the teachings of the film. Pupil participation should be encouraged in the formation of principles, generalizations and opinions. A film should be repeated if necessary. Then integrate the learning gained through seeing the film; tie it up with living or with the things that make life worthwhile. Then the learning process is completed. It is already a part of the pupils' experiences and a cog in the wheel of understanding.

———:———

The man who loves beauty has riches untold,
The rain is his silver, the sun is his gold—
He gives more to life than a millionaire can,
And he's richer than ever, that fortunate man.

—R. M. McCann.

A BOY WILL DO HIS PART IF YOU DO YOUR PART FOR HIM

By Robert Quillen

Nobody should be surprised to learn that America has thousands of children who are not emotionally normal.

They can't develope naturally because they are not living naturally. They are victims of broken homes.

The homes are broken by divorce, or made unbearable by the endless bickering and periodic fights of drunken parents. Some parents pay lip service to decency by saying: "Wait till the kid goes to bed." But they are only fooling themselves. Kids can feel an atmosphere of enmity and malice.

Kids in or from such homes can't be normal without help—except by accident. They may become psychosis or criminals, or some kind of chos or criminals, or some kind of rebels against society and life and the fate that made them as they are.

I don't know how little girls react to unnatural home conditions, but I do know how small boys feel, and I assume that kids' emotional reactions are much alike, regardless of sex. In any case, the ordinary small boy, under such circumstances, usually feels neglected and almost invariably feels lonely.

There are certain things that are necessary to make him happy and emotionally normal.

He needs love. It is as necessary to his mental health, and perhaps to his physical he-lth, s fresh air and clean water. He hungers for it. Not for the world would he admit such a sissy weakness, especially without it, and for want of it he is likely to hate the heartless world.

His greatest need is somebody or something to love. There is a common belief that the yearning to be loved is greater than the need to love, but that is not true.

Given pleasant acquaintances, you may be happy without being loved; but if you have a capacity for love, and not even a dog to lavish your affection upon, your heart will ache with loneliness.

A boy must feel that he belongs some place and has a place that belongs to him. Possessions mean a lot to a kid. A rock that means nothing to you may be precious to him. And his dearest possessions are a private room that is exclusively his, and a bit of earth called "my yard," where he feels secure in special privileges which no other kid can take from him. Every creature has such a place, and it may be the foundation of a boy's self-respect.

Finally, he must have some incentive, other than the fear of punishment, to be good, and make good grades in school, and keep himself respectable. It may be any one of many things, but he's got to have it to keep his chin up.

THEY MUFFED THE BALL

(Evangelical Messenger)

In my younger days, my favorite pastime was baseball, says a writer in "Evangelical-Messenger." I still think it the finest American game. My first baseball was made by my mother from the yarn of a worn-out sock. I recall my first ten-cent glove. I remember the hours and hours spent back of our barn throwing a baseball against the sill of the barn, and catching it as it rolled over the grass in my direction.

Why did I go through hours of hard practice catching the ball? Well, I wanted to make the team, and to do so I knew I must be able to stop that ball without "muffing" it. A player who frequently muffed the ball simply could not play on the team.

Well, I think life is pretty much like a baseball game. It takes diligent practice to live a life worth while. Many folks hate the tedious hours and necessary discipline required in building their lives, so they just "muff the ball." It strikes me that some of our so-called great world leaders "muffed the ball" a few years ago, or we would not be in this sorry mess we are today.

Our unpracticed political leaders muffed it badly when they said, "We have a great surplus of everything, and we must regulate this over-production." We couldn't use all the wheat, cotton, and hogs ourselves, so orders were given to the farmers to plow under the wheat and cotton, and slay the pigs. Oh, God, forgive their stupidity! Didn't they know that in China, India, Japan, and other parts of the world millions were hungry? Of course they knew, but they "muffed the ball."

We could have been less selfish if we had built store-houses, as did Joseph of old. Would it not have been better had we loaded our idle ships and sent the surplus foodstuffs to our starving neighbors, rather than bombs to destroy them? Had we done this, in all probability there would have been no war. The hand that feeds the hungry mouth is seldom bitten.

The war is over, but let us not forget that little part of a great sermon which reads something like this:"Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you."

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal afterward. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

TRANSITION

(The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal)

The various "polls" that from time to time sound public opinion and publish a survey of their findings reveal strange situations sometimes. When Mr. and Mrs. General Public are approached on topics that are supposed to impinge heavily on their minds an unexpected apathy rather than otherwise is encountered. Years ago a certain magazine of nation-wide interest had built up its circulation and prestige upon the accuracy of its political forecast. Lady Luck, to put the matter in the tag of the street, left them one year high and dry in a forecast so much out of line with the subsequence voting as to put this really useful and informing publication out of existence.

The public does not seem to make up its mind so definitely these days. There are more "no opinions" or "don't knows" than ever before. One clearly seen reason is the let-down after some half-a-dozen hetic years when everyone moved at high tension, with their thoughts wholly immersed into a war situation and all its implications. During these years everyone and everything reacted to the abnormal. Rationing, scarcity, vast transportation and other problems took precedence, gearing the world to war momentum. The general public no less than the millions of fine youth of both sexes were lined up in war enconomy and this sustained tension and concomitant commitments demanded great scrifices and necessary hardships. Very naturally, while determined to fight to a successful outcome for democracy, all concerned badly wanted as speedly as possible a return to a regime of peace and all its comforts and conveniences.

Here is where everybody slipped. The blessings of peace did not immediately follow. The scarcity of commodities and services have not yet returned to the normalcy of old, making it quite patent that a new evaluation of normalcy must be set up. The demand is far in the rear of supply, though in certain classes of production, the pre-war output has already been exceeded. Many things, paper for instance, is more difficult to get and higher in price than in any previous year, though the mills are working to capacity loads. The building situation is a familiar to the general public, notably GI's and their families.

These are nonetheless fruitful years. Let no one think that there is a real lull in action. The people are sanely observing the trend of events and evaluating them with a view of making the right decisions. There is a gradual and healthy working out of the confusion; progress is the order of the times even though we may not see it today. Tom, Dick and Harry now know that the stepped-up tempo of the world makes it sure that vast changes, changes of permanent kind are in the making and the public is thinking things through rather than manifesting more explosive reactions.

There is crime, there is greed,

there is poor ethics, in some quarters, but the bad boys are not running wild as many feared they would do with our change from a war to a peace economy. The general public has shown great generosity, great forbearance, great stability. The tested values of American institutions have been thoroughly demonstrated and conditions in the main are wholesome. A great era is in making.

THE FRIENDLY THINGS

Oh, It's just the little homely things,
The unabtrusive, friendly things,
The "Won't-you-let-me-help-you" things
That make our pathway light.

The "Laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things
And it's the jolly, joking things,
The "Never-mind-the-trouble" things,
That makes the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things
The wondrous record-breaking things,
These "never-can-be-equalled" things
That all the papers cite.

Are not the little human things,
The "everyday encountered" things,
The "just-because-I-like-you" things,
That make us happy quite.

So here's to all the little things,
The "done-and-then-forgotten" things,
Those "Oh,-it's-simply-nothing" things
That make life worth the fight.

—Author Unknown.

THE SOCIAL SALVATION OF MANKIND

(Draper Inmate)

Education will cure all the social ills and ailments of mankind. But education is only begun with receipt of a diploma, be it from Public School 13 or a Rhodes scholarship.

The great hope of mankind for universal peace and healthy international commerce, good national governments, and social relationships of a high order, rests with preponderance on Education.

It is an amazing fact that whereas a nation may be obliged to spend hundreds of millions or billions of dollars on successive wars, that same nation will be penurious and niggardly in spending money for education and miserly in paying its schoolteachers. Yet in broader and wiser educational programs will be found the means to intelligently mediate or frustrate the underlying causes of internecine warfare, which causes are based on greed, avarice or jealousy almost without exception.

A common fallacy in the United States lies in a misconception of the term "education." For example: of a person who has been graduated from a college or university of higher learning, it will be generally said that "He has a fine education." Actually, that person has a fine Basis for education; Whether or not he uses that basis and builds upon it is a matter purely up to the individual. If he does not, then he will find many others with elementary or high school diplomas who are better educated than he.

Perhaps no better definition of the word "Education" exists than that given by an author and sociologist of the last Century:

"Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but all—by example."

———:———

I would meet the morning and evening on very sincere grounds. When the sun introduces me to a new day, I silently say to myself, "Let us be faithful all around. We will do justice and receive it."

—Henry Thoreau.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS

(Morganton News Herald)

For years I've been quoting and referring to "old superstitions." A few day ago I came across several in rhyme, more or less familiar, but slightly different from the way I had heard them. There was this one on the days of the week to do the family laundry:

"They that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday
Wash for shame;
They that wash on Friday
Wash for need;
And they that wash on Saturday
Oh, slovens are indeed!"

All of which probably accounts for the fact that Monday is the universally favorite "wash day."

Evidently the rhyme about "lucky" wedding days is not observed so much now as formerly, for, disregarding the "no luck at all" designated for Saturday weddings, there seem to be as many, or more, ceremonies in Saturdays as any other day in the week:

"Marry Monday, marry for wealth;
Marry Tuesday, marry for health;
Marry Wednesday, the best day of all;
Marry Thursday, marry for crosses;
Marry Friday, marry for losses;
Marry Saturday, no luck at all."

The more familiar rhyme leaves out the repetition of the word "marry" and is abbreviated to "Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, etc."

The lines about sneezing were entirely unfamiliar to me:

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you'll kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart tomorrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
For you will have trouble the whole of the week."

There are a lot of superstitions about dreams—"bad luck" to tell one before breakfast, "worse luck" to dream about muddy water, etc., etc. In this group of rhymes about old superstitions there was this:

"Friday night's dream on a Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it ever so old."

Among the selections, too, was the

familiar birthday rhyme, surely not to be taken seriously:

"Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a living,
And a child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay."

———:———

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S NINE REASONS FOR GOING TO CHURCH

First: In this actual world, a churchless community, a community where men have abandoned and scoffed at or ignored their religious needs, is a community on the rapid down grade.

Second: Church work and church attendance mean the cultivation of the habit of feeling some responsibility for others.

Third: There are enough holidays for most of us. Sundays differ from other holidays in the fact that there are fifty-two of them every year. Therefore, on Sundays go to church.

Fourth: Yes, I know all the excuses. I know that one can worship the Creator in a grove of trees, or by a runing brook or in a man's house just as well as in a church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact the average man does not thus worship.

Fifth: He may not hear a good sermon at church. He will hear a sermon by a good man, who, with his good wife, is engaged all the week in making hard lives a little easier.

Sixth: He will listen to and take part in reading some beautiful passages from the Bible. And if he is not familiar with the Bible, he has suffered a loss.

Seventh: He will take part in singing some good hymns.

Eighth: He will meet and nod or speak to good, quiet neighbors. He will come away feeling a little more charitably toward all the world, even toward those excessively foolish young men who regard church going as a soft performance.

Ninth: I advocate a man's joining in church work for the sake of showing his faith by his works.—Exchange.

FOUR GROWN-UPS AND A CHILD

Adapted from Kathryn Close, in The Survey

A term, "Adult Delinquency," has found its way into current usage. The implication is that many children wander into bypaths because the grown-ups who should be guiding them along the road to full development have fallen down on their job. The phrase is not too apt, for it is likely to conjure up pictures of fences, dealers in "white slavery," or drink-crazed brutes. Such sinister characters do exist and take their toll in warped lives among the children who cross their paths. But they represent only a small proportion of the adults who commit sins against children. "Adult delinquency" is, for the most part, a matter of omission, rather than commission; of ignorance, rather than deliberation.

Almost every child, in the gradual process of growing up, comes into close contact with four types of adults, all of whom have a tremendous influence upon his life. The closest and most influential, of course, are his parents. Next to his parents and other relatives in the home, he sees his school teacher most often. Then, if he comes from a religious family, he may see a Sunday school teacher, or some other representative of the church regularly. In addition, the child often finds leisure interests with a group of other children led by an adult known among social workers as a group or recreation leader. All these grown-ups have a hand in unfolding the child's personality, but unless each handles this precious human material with care and some understanding of what the other is doing, damage may occur.

I. PARENTS

Scientific research may not yet have dug out all the cause of juvenile delinquency nor the exact combination of situations that produce behavior deviations, but it has revealed some of the basic needs of children—phychological vitamins, the lack of which will almost surely stunt a child's personality growth. Unfortunately, this knowledge is too often reserved for application only after signs of twisted development have appeared. The parent, too frequently, is not let in on the secrets of child phychology until little Johnny begins to throw rocks through people's windows.

Books, pamphlets, meetings, and discussion reach only those parents who are interested enough in child development to read about it or to attend a meeting. Unfortunately, a great many parents who love their children take their welfare pretty much for granted. They do not realize that successful child development demands efforts beyond provision of physical care and schooling. The question of how they can be reached before their children begin to show symptoms of maladjustment is one that has long remained unanswered.

II. THE TEACHER

The best parent education program would be no guarantee that all chil-

dren's personalities would grow straight. Even good homes need cooperation from the outside. And some parents, because of a twist or lack in their own personalities, are handicapped in their attempts to deal with children. Upon the school teacher falls the responsibility of backing parents' efforts to nurture the child's personality growth or even sometimes of supplying the nourishment lacking in the home.

The old-fashioned notion that a teacher's primary function is to teach reading, writing, and 'rithmetic has given way in the minds of educational theorists to the conception of education as a preparation for living. How far this has permeated down to the classroom could only be determined by a survey too extensive to be undertaken. Even if it had and all teachers were willing to admit that their duties entailed more than getting facts out of books into small heads, the teacher's job of living up to this mandate, with the large number of children in most classrooms, would be well-nigh impossible.

What the teacher can do depends on her own personality adjustment, her grasp of the fundamentals of child behavior, and her skill in the application of educational methods. But it also depends to a great degree on the educational set-up under which she functions and the aids at her disposal.

Forward-looking school authorities, in an effort to give the teacher opportunity for such a constructive approach, are leaning more and more in the direction of "activities programs."

A good citizen has a more positive role than the avoidance of law breaking. Accordingly, the teacher who trains for citizenship goes beyond the negative role of awareness of incipient trouble. She tries to help children to understand one another and to imbue them with a sense of values based on ideas other than the satisfaction of instincts. In some schools she is helped in this task by a program that involves inspirational assemblies, community service projects, and even classes in mental hygiene and in ethics. Service projects have, of course, been tremendously in vogue since the war, which has provided numerous opportunities for children to do things for others or for a cause.

Even when aided by other programs, the classroom teacher carries the chief responsibility within the school of helping children find the values that make living worthwhile. If she is skillful, she does this by seizing the numerous occasions presented within a curriculum, as well as within situations that occur in the classroom. She teaches children to probe into the "why" of the historical, biological, sociological, or literary happening under discussion. She can do this without encroaching on the religious province of the home or church. But if she has before her a group of children already bolstered by some religious training, her job may be that much easier.

III. THE RELIGIOUS LEADER

One of this country's most eminent phychiatrists has outlined four essentials to the development of a rich and stable personality in children. They are purposeful work; creative play; something to love; something

to believe in. "Religion" is a shorter term for "something to believe in," but the phychiatrist may have avoided its use because of its associations with theological controversies. Religion is, after all, not something in a building or a book, but something in the heart of a man which makes him see the essential worth of his fellowmen even while witnessing the horrors and indignities they can heap on one another.

In spite of all the differences of opinion as to how this thing was planted in man's heart, the churches and synagogues of this country have been a tremendous force in keeping it alive and helping parents to nurture it in their children. It is an understatement to say that their spiritual leadership has been a deterrent to juvenile delinquency, for surely their contribution is more positive. Yet time and again studies of young offenders have shown that the majority of those who have committed serious offenses have had no religious training.

Granted a place for church leaders in the child's life other than in offering various forms of secular services, the question remains: Are they doing enough for all children? The International Council of Religious Education, and organization of various Protestant denominations, has estimated that one half the children in the United States have no religious affiliation of any kind. Among the unaffiliated undoubtedly are some who receive religious nourishment in their homes. Nevertheless, we know that countless children are left to grope their own way to spiritual values in surroundings life with adult prejudices and materialistic concepts.

IV. THE GROUP LEADER

Almost all older children and adolescents find some sort of leisure time leadership outside the home. This will be wholesome or destructive, depending on whether the strongest minded child in the gang uses his ingenuity in a constructive way; whether the child lives in a neighborhood where adults are available with the time, skill, and interest to help children and young people in the pursuit of leisure time interests. Groups of children and young people are carry-on discussions and creative and cultural activities in neighborhood houses, churches, schools, and recreation centers. They are having their charcters built through service projects and instructive pursuits in Scout troops, Camp Fire groups, and the various forms of Y clubs.

Most group work programs, ambitious or simple, call for a meeting place and a leader. Innumerable children and young people all over the country have neither available to them. They live in neglected areas of cities and towns, on the outskirts of cities, in overcrowded trailer camps or out in the country far from any town. Attempts made to reach them have been far from sufficient.

"Hinges of true friendship never grow rusty."

IN FULL MEASURE

By Ruth E. Perrin, in Sunshine Magazine

The jewelry store window was blinding with lights and jewels. Its sparkling brilliance could not fail to command the interest and excitement of any passerby.

"Look, Dad!" exclaimed the boy.

The father paused unwillingly, and gazed in at the dazzling window. "What is it, Dan?" he said, a bit impatiently, as fathers are prone to be with their sons with their natural desire to want.

"That silver watch there! Isn't it a beauty?"

The father smiled indulgently as he looked into the eager, upturned blue eyes.

"Will you buy me that for my birthday, Dad?" the boy asked appealingly.

"You're too little for that," his father said. "Wait until you're a little older."

"I'm twelve years old—almost thirteen," replied the boy, hopefully.

Thirteen! The man was startled. How quickly time had passed. His baby boy was approaching manhood. He searched the young face. Yes, the eyes were losing their roundness; the nose was straighter, no longer a little button; the sensitive mouth was stronger; and the chin was beginning to thrust itself forward from the round contours of childhood. The boy smiled, and the man saw himself mirrored in his son's face.

"Will you buy it for me, Dad?"

His father hesitated, just as he was about to agree. It would be easy enough to go in and purchase the watch, and satisfy the boy's desire. But it was no longer a question of giving in to a childish whim.

He shook his head. "No, Dan. If you want that watch you can buy it yourself. I want you to get yourself a good job, and when you have earned enough money to buy that watch, we will talk about it some more." With that, he started down the street homeward. Tears blinded the boy as he saw his father leaving him. Then he stomped his foot, childishly. The man did not turn around, although he yearned to fulfill the wish of his son. Finally he heard the boy's shuffling footsteps, dragging along behind him. He reached the gate, and stood there waiting. The boy sauntered along, pretending not to see his father. When he reached the gate, his father held it open until he passed, then closed it, and the two walked silently up the steps.

They did not speak again about the incident until that evening. The boy waited patiently until his father finished the evening paper, then reached for it so that he could look over the "funnies." The father put a restraining hand on his arm. He smiled companionably.

"Dan, have you made up your mind how you're going to earn the money for your watch?"

The boy's eyes sparkled, but he let his lashes drop. "Aw, Dad, you didn't really mean that," he said. "You always buy me whatever I want."

The father's voice was stern, a little sterner than he intended, perhaps. "There are a number of jobs a boy

of your age can do to earn money. You can do errands, sweep out Mr. Brown's store, perhaps. You can even clean out cellars for people."

The boy was incredulous, his eyes round and big with hurt. "You really mean I have to work?" he gulped back the tears.

"No." His father spoke slowly, thoughtfully. "You don't have to work; you will be allowed to work, if you want that pocket watch enough."

The boy slouched onto the arm of his father's chair, and mulled over his father's decision. Suddenly he bounced up with the unlimited enthusiasm of youth. "Gee, that's swell, Dad! he exclaimed. "I'll start right now and see if I can do anything for Mother."

His father stopped him. "No, son. Work that you do around home is or should be, an expression of love and gratitude. You can't accept money for that."

Dan's face fell. "Well, gee, Dad! Anyone else would want me to work a lot harder than Mother would expect me to."

"It won't hurt you any," his father said, pleasantly.

The boy started to make further protest, but his father picked up a magazine and, opening it, gave a gentle dismissal of the subject.

The first few weeks of the new regime seemed quite a hardship for the boy accustomed to obtaining what he wanted by merely voicing his desire. But as the earnings started dropping into the little tin bank, and his various employers rewarded him in addition with voluble expressions of praise, his work became a labor of love, and seemed to be not work at all.

One evening his mother spoke to her husband about the matter. "Don't you think, John, we could buy that watch for Danny's birthday? He has been wonderful about helping around the house, even with all the other work he's doing outside."

There was sympathy and understanding in the father's eyes. "We just can't do it now, Mary," he answered gently. "Danny has a lesson he must learn. Please believe me." And he lifted his head as a joyful shouting came from above, and suddenly the clatter of heavy boyish feet came running down the stairs.

"Dad!" the boy was calling excitedly. He paused before his father, his hair rumpled, and in his grimy hands a sizable pile of coins and bills. "Look, just look! I have enough for the watch!"

The father smiled. "That's fine, Dan. Do you want me to go downtown with you tomorrow and help you pick it out?"

The son's face sobered quickly. He gazed down at his feet, then looked up to meet his father's eyes. "I'd rather not, Dad," he said quietly. "There's something else I'd rather do with my money."

His father placed a gentle hand on the boy's shoulder. "That's quite all right, son. What is it you want to do with your money?"

A glad smile overspread the child's face. "If I save a little more money, I'll have enough to buy a bicycle. Mr. Brown has mentioned several times that he wished he had someone to deliver his groceries. If I had a bicycle, I could do that for him."

The father looked over the boy's head into the mother's eyes. She turned her head quickly to hide the

happy tears.

"Put your money on the table, son," he said, "so we can count it with you."

The boy opened his hands and showered the coins onto the table as his father walked over to his desk in the corner of the room. Dan looked after him, wonderingly, and saw his father open a drawer and pick out something shiny. Then he came back slowly, picked up his son's hand, and carefully placed in it a finely engraved silver watch. "This is my father's watch, and his father's before that," he said, with a strange softness. "It is a very fine watch, many times better than the one you saw in the window, Dan. You know the value of money now, and have learned to take good care of what you have earned. You have earned this watch by your loyalty and obedience, Dan, and your willingness to do things freely for those you love."

The father hesitated, as if to say more but could not. Instead he bent over and kissed Dan's forehead.

The boy was speechless for a moment. Then, with the utter unpredictability of youth, he ran and threw himself into his mother's arms. He looked up into her smiling face and exclaimed, "Isn't Dad the most wonderful man in the world?"

The father looked puzzled, for the boy was sobbing. But the mother seemed to understand, for she was smoothing the boy's hair and gazing fondly into the father's eyes. Then she looked at her own son, and said, "Yes, darling, he is the most wonderful man I know!"

And this time it was the father who had to turn his head away. For he had given his son, not merely a family heirloom, but a greater gift than any material thing. He had given his son the understanding of the value of work and of self-reliance, and of life.

And the father had received more than he had given, for he had received a full measure, full and running over, of the love and admiration of his son.

A PRAYER

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord; that, as there is but one Body, and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart, and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and love, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen—Liturgy of St. James, 4th Century.

A LEGEND ABOUT GOLD

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Once upon a time, so an ancient Indian legend goes, there was a mighty war waged between two kings. So equally matched were they that neither was able to gain any advantage. One day a noble and his retainer were sent out scouting and were captured by the enemy.

In those days all prisoners except those of the highest rank were unceremoniously slaughtered. The retainer was prepared for this fate; it was the only thing that he knew to expect. But the enemy king sent servants to him, dressed him in the finest robes, and set the finest foods before him. His former master was sent to wait upon him. The poor serf was bewildered, at a loss to understand. But he did not remain long in ignorance, for the king soon sent for him and said, "Return to your master, the king, my despised enemy, and tell him that you and your lord have been successful in your scouting trip, that you have found me feasting with my nobles, with my camp unguarded, and that your master has remained to keep watch on my movements. You are now tasting what your reward shall be. Instead of serving, you shall be served; instead of rags, you shall have silks, instead of an earthen cup, you shall have none but those of gold. Beautiful maidens will constantly attend you and you shall rule over a large province." The poor serf replied, "Sir, all the things that you promise are but ashes in my mouth, the food you have given me is bitter to my lips, the robes upon my body are like sackcloth. The things that you promise would be but a reproach and condemnation to me all the days of my life. Without honor there can be no peace of mind." In a terrible rage the king seized his sword and threatened the man. "Do you know the alternative?" he thundered. "One can die but once, sir, by your sword, but one can die daily from the tortures of his mind," was the reply. "To the dungeon with him, his fate we will decide later," thundered the irate king.

Then he turned to the noble who had witnessed all this. "Sir," said the king, "I cannot offer you fine robes, nor lands, nor servants; all these you have in abundance. Your lord will ransom you quickly when he learns of your fate. But there is one thing that I can offer you. If you will carry the message to your king which I gave to your servant, then I will give you all the gold that you can carry."

The noble hesitated for a few moments and then agreed to do as the king suggested. He led his trusting master and his army into the trap that the enemy had set for them, and great was the slaughter, but the victory was far from decisive. The treacherous noble had fled to the enemy at the opening of the battle. Frequently in the following days he asked for his reward, but the king bade him wait.

Eventually the two kings made peace and at the banquet which cele-

brated their renewed friendship the king announced that he would reward those who had served him. He called the noble from his luxurious tent and the serf from his cell. "Here, your majesty," he said to the king, "are your two subjects. I have promised to reward each for what they have done for me, and you shall be a witness. To the noble I promised all the gold that he can carry, and he shall have it."

At these words two retainers entered carrying a charcoal brazier on which rested a pot filled with molten gold. The treacherous noble was given all the gold that he could carry, but he was forced to hold forth his hands while it was poured into them. Then he was sent back to his estate where he lived in disgrace, hated and reviled by all the inhabitants of his country. His retainer was rewarded by both kings, for they said that any man who was faithful even in the sight of death was worthy of trust and honor.

This same legend has appeared in many languages in many forms. Innumerable are the stories of men who have betrayed their country for gold and found that it turned to ashes in their hands; who foreswore honor in their own lands to serve the enemy only to find that there was no honor for a traitor.

Yet nothing material in all the world is of greater value or greater blessing than gold properly used. It relieves the sick and the poor; it brings light and comfort to us in a manner that would be impossible without it. Trade, commerce, would be impossible without gold. It is the foundation of our modern civilization. Yet gold of itself is of very little value. Inherently it is not nearly as useful as iron or copper. All we need of it for decoration is only a few ounces at most. It has no utilitarian value to the average man. Even if it were equally plentiful with iron we would still use iron for our buildings and our bridges, our hammers and our wires. Inherently it is almost useless. Its value lies only in what it represents, in what it can buy. And there are so many things it cannot buy!

It cannot buy the respect of our fellowmen. We may have all the gold in the world and yet be cordially hated. It cannot buy love, it cannot buy morality, it cannot purchase character. The most valuable things of life are far beyond the reach of gold. We can only obtain these worth-while things of life through the proper utilization of the wealth that may be ours.

There is no case on record where the man who was false to his trust, no matter how great or how small that trust might have been, who won and held the respect of his fellowmen. Are we faithful in the small things that are ours? Blessed are they who are faithful unto a few things, for they shall be master over many things.

I haven't got to make over the universe; I've only got to do my own small job, and to look up often at the trees and the hills and the sky, and be friends with all men.—David Grayson.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at our regular afternoon service last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the fifth chapter of Matthew. In his message to the boys he called special attention to the 38th and 39th verses, in which Jesus taught his desciples to return good for evil.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Moore pointed out that to demand "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"; to love only our friends and hate our enemies, is the way the world does things. That's the way dogs do, he added, and so long as we do that, we are no better than dogs.

To illustrate the value of returning good for evil, the speaker told the boys the following story: The leading character in this story is an American woman who was a missionary to Japan, and a Japanese naval officer.

This woman had a fine record of having served fifty years as a missionary to Japan. Quite some time was required in learning the language of the country before she was able to go out among the natives and tell the wonderful story of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

One day, in the city of Nagasaki, she was speaking to a crowd of Japanese people who had assembled in a park. Suddenly, a small boy reached down, picked up a rock and threw it at her.

No one knows what prompted the boy to do such a thing. He might have been angry at the woman for teaching things contrary to the religious beliefs taught in his native country. On the other hand, it might have been just a mischievous boyish impulse.

The rock thrown by the Japanese lad struck the good woman in the eye, injuring her so seriously that from that very day she was blind in one eye. Seeing what he had done, the boy became frightened and ran away. Some of the people thought the lad should be punished for his act of violence, but the lady did not want it done. She interceded for him, saying that she wanted the boy to know that she had forgiven him and would pray for him.

As soon as she was physically able, this fine Christian woman again took up the task of telling the Jananese people the story of Jesus.

The years went by. In the same city of Nagasaki, with its beautiful harbor, there was observed a great holiday. A huge Japanese battleship entered the harbor. Great throngs of people assembled to welcome the commander of the vessel and all the members of the crew.

After the welcoming shouts had died down, the commander, an admiral, stood up and addressed the people. He said that he was glad to be in the city of Nagasaki, and gratefully acknowledged the thrilling welcome the people had given him.

The admiral then told how, as a small boy in that same city, many years before, he had thrown a rock at an American missionary who was speaking to a crowd in a park. He

added that when he saw he had injured the lady severely, he became frightened and ran away to the mountains, where he stayed in hiding for quite some time.

A little later, the good woman's message reached him. He said that when he learned she had said she had forgiven him and would pray for him, he began to think seriously about the Gospel she was preaching. The more he thought the more he was impressed, and he finally became a Christian.

The admiral said that the greatest reason for being so happy to be back in the city was due to the fact that he was returning to the place which had marked the turning point in his life—where he had accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior.

The missionary, the lady of the story, now grown old in Christian service, was in the crowd which gathered to welcome the Japanese naval officer. She heard his statements concerning his early life. It was then she realized that, after all the years, her prayers, which she sometimes thought had been unanswered, had reached the Heavenly Father. Her joy was great when she learned that God had answered her prayers.

Rev. Mr. Moore then told the boys briefly the story of a man who once lived on earth. This man healed the sick, cured the blind, and loved children dearly. At all times he had the best interests of mankind in his heart. Wicked men nailed that man, Jesus of Nazareth, to a cross, where he died a most cruel death. Yet, in his dying moments, that man raised his eyes to heaven, and said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that the great lessons in the stories just told show us why we should pray for our enemies. To "get even" is the way man tells us to treat those who wrong us. To forgive is God's way of doing things. If God tried to "get even" with us for all of our misdoings, there would be nothing left of any of us. We should always strive to forgive, which is God's way, and never give a thought to the world's way of getting even.

———:———

If we apsire to and would be worthy of the true fellowship, we must so live, labor and give that we may touch the stars, and bring down gifts of great truth for mankind.

—Springfield Scottish Rite Magazine.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Life is a long lesson in humility.
—James M. Barrie.

—:—

Paradise is open to all kind hearts.
—Beranger.

—:—

Without labor nothing prospers.
—Sophocles.

—:—

Beware of him who hates the laughter of a child.—Lavater.

—:—

A man's task is always light if his heart is light.—Lew Wallace.

—:—

Going to law is losing a cow for the sake of a cat.—Chinese Proverb.

—:—

When you stop trying to improve a good work it ceases to be good.
—Martin Vanbee.

—:—

There is only one rule for being a good talker—learn how to listen.
—Christopher Morley.

—:—

If you lose your temper it is a sign that you have wrong on your side.
—Chinese Proverb.

—:—

There is more power in the open hand than in the clenched fist.
—H. N. Casson.

—:—

It is easy to find fault; appreciation requires intelligence and character.
—Selected.

—:—

Well arranged time is the surest mark of a well arranged mind.
—Pitman.

—:—

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart, but God will never.
—Cowper.

Kings should imitate God; their mercy should be above all their works.
—William Penn.

—:—

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.
—Colton.

—:—

Success is getting what you want. Happiness is wanting what you get.
—Square & Compass.

—:—

I have no use for liars, national, international or those found in private life.—Theodore Roosevelt.

—:—

In this theater of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers-on.—Pythagoras.

—:—

Be sure you are right, then go ahead; and be sure you are wrong before you quit.—Martin Vanbee.

—:—

Borrow trouble for yourself, if that is your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbors.—Rudyard Kipling.

—:—

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

—:—

It is not the ship so much as the skillful handling that assures a prosperous voyage.—George W. Curtis.

—:—

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.—James A. Garfield.

—:—

Wars and sieges pass away and great intellectual efforts cease to stir our hearts, but the man who sacrifices himself for others lives forever.
—Thomas B. Reed.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars wind slowly o'er the lea;
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way,
And leaves this world quite unexpectedly.

—:—

Said one angry skunk to another: "So do you!"

—:—

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

—:—

If you must be "blue," make it a bright blue.

—:—

Most love triangles turn into wreck-tangles.

—:—

The men who manufacture woolen underwear irritate a lot of people.

—:—

Diplomacy has been defined as the art of letting someone else have your way.

—:—

About all some women know about cooking is how to bring some man to a boil.

—:—

One advantage some people have is that old age can't do anything to their looks.

—:—

Refinement has been described as the ability to yawn without opening the mouth.

—:—

Common sense is becoming so scarce that it should be classed as uncommon.

—:—

The proudest champion that ever lived was no match for the old man with the scythe.

A small man is sometimes like a small dog—more ferocious when behind a big fence.

—:—

All marriages are happy. It's the living together afterwards that is the cause of all the trouble.

—:—

One reason why some men don't get far is that they side-step opportunity and shake hands with temptation.

—:—

If every human crank were attached to something, most of the world's wheels would go the wrong way.

—:—

A really tactful person is one who can make his company feel at home even though he wishes they were.

—:—

A local poultryman says that one of his hens has had chills ever since she tried to hatch a couple of snowballs.

—:—

Poor but respectable people are common enough. What we need now is a few more who are rich and respectable.

—:—

An ad in a small town paper read thus: "Lost—one portable garage. I tied my dog to it last night, and a cat came by."

—:—

There are two great political parties in this country, not because there are two sides to every question, but because there are two sides to every office—outside and inside.

—:—

Talk about torture! Did you ever sit in a barber's chair with your mouth full of lather and watch the boy try to give your new hat to another customer?

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 15, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Cecil Burleson
Roger Ivey
William Kassell
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
Charles Smith
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Fairley McGee
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Ray Burns
Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Judd Lane
William McVicker
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
Kenneth Halcomb
Jack Jarvis
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Thomas Staley
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright
James Christy

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
William Hinson
Charles Pinkston
Robert Wilkins
Howell Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Lloyd Bruce
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Frank Spivey
J. D. Ashley
William Hamilton

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields
Jack Griffin
Robert Hinson
Lester Ingle
Carl Jenkins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
R. L. Crawford
Kenneth King
Hoyt Mathis
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Herbert Stewart

COTTAGE No. 11

Cecil Clark
Roy Eddings
Miley Gunter
Conley Haney
Robert King
Kenneth McLean
Jimmy Reynolds
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Herbert Brooks
Leroy Cowan
William Carswell
Earl Grant

COTTAGE No. 14

Sam Finney
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
James Shook
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Evan Myers
Carl Propst
Charles Rhodes
Charles Robertson
Willie Stamey
Robert Wicker

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Carlyle Brown
Garman Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Sammie Lynn
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt
William Hunter

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements

Week of June 29, 1947

Week Ending June 22, 1947

June 30—Donald Glenn Davis, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
July 1—Eddie Medlin, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
July 1—Paul Allen, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
July 2—Judson Finch, Cottage No. 4, 17th birthday.
July 2—Talmadge Duncan, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
July 3—William Hyatt, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
July 3—Clyde Wright, Cottage No. 3, 15th birthday.
July 5—Walter Sampson, Cottage No. 17, 12th birthday.
July 5—Judd Lane, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.
July 5—Ben Wilson, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 5, 1947 No. 27

OUR OWN FREE LAND

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth.
Oh! let us ever with fondest devotion,
The freedom our fathers bequeathed us, watch o'er
Till the angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean,
And shout mid earth's ruins, that time is no more.

—A. B. Street.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
CHILDREN SHOULD LEARN RESPECT FOR ELDERS	By G. C. Myers, Ph.D.	10
WHAT SHOULD WE EXPECT FROM EDUCATION	(Friends of the Public School)	11
OLD TOM	By Robert H. Scanlon	14
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?	(The Organ Mason)	17
THE PEANUT VENDER	By Marian L. Grant	18
YOU CAN NEVER TELL	(Sunshine Magazine)	20
IDEALS ARE THE ARCHITECTS OF CHARACTER	By William R. Franklin	21
THE SEEDS OF REFORMATION	By Frank G. Richard	22
THE ART OF GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS	By M. L. Norment	23
FACES	(Selected)	24
AMBITION	(Selected)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MY COUNTRY

America! When first I heard
The music of that matchless word,
My youthful heart with rapture stirred.
My Country!

As oft I knelt at mother's knee
At twilight's hour in infancy,
She taught me how to pray for thee,
My Country!

Land where my mother lived and taught
Land where my sire for freedom fought,
Land that our martyred blood hath bought,
My Country!

All we've fought for in the past,
Let us maintain while time shall last,
With truth and duty holding fast.
My Country!

Blest burden of my prayer and song,
To thee my life, my strength belong;
I love thee; may thy right be strong—
My Country!

—Julia W. Galloway.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

The anniversary of the birthday of the United States has arrived once again, and we celebrate this, the greatest anniversary in our history reverently and with our hearts full of all the sentiments of patriotism. Every patriotic American rejoices in the opportu-

nity that comes to him from time to time to pay honor and tribute to the pioneers who, one hundred seventy-one years ago, courageously declared themselves to be free and independent. As good Americans, we shall all, as far as we are able, lavish our honor upon them for their magnificent courage and vision, and we shall extend to them our heartiest eulogies for the faith which they exhibited in the yesteryears, which gave to us this American republic.

The founding fathers who proclaimed the declaration of independence from the mother country faced many perplexities and many difficulties. No doubt, they, in their hearts, yearned for peace and good will, and yet at the same time they longed for liberty and freedom. They sensed a deep feeling that they were being deprived of inalienable rights and were suffering from oppression that was unduly brutal and harsh. No doubt, they reckoned carefully as to their scant resources and to their impotent military strength. They had entered their pleas for justice and they had resorted to various plans of appeasement, but they reached the inevitable conclusion that war, with all its horrors and suffering, was the only way out of their dilemma. This was a bitter decision for them to make, but with the blood of patriots trickling through their veins they stood up courageously in the presence of all the oncoming suffering and hardships and declared themselves to be free and independent.

The Revolutionary War, which extended from 1776 to 1781, was a horrible struggle. There were periods when the strength of the colonists was at low ebb, and when the hopes of victory grew dim and when the ranks of the patriots were thin and their weapons were feeble. Those were times that tested the manhood of heroes, and today we owe them a debt of gratitude because they stayed in the conflict and because they had staked their lives, their property, and their sacred honor on the cause of liberty and freedom.

In the end, the American patriots were victorious. With their meager armies and with grim determination, they fought to the bitter end and emerged as victors. Since that time, the flag of the American republic has never tasted defeat. In the beginning, the young nation was a weak and tottering force in the world, with its resources sapped and with its manpower dangerously exhaust-

ed; yet this new nation had within it all the sinews necessary for the foundation of a mighty nation. Since that time, it has grown stronger and stronger with each conflict and with each critical period of its history.

Since 1776 America has led the age-old, never-ending and never-despairing fight for human liberty. Dictators and tyrants have hated this nation ever since, and they have continued again and again to plot against us, but all of the nations that have hungered for freedom have turned to us for guidance, inspiration and assistance. Sometimes this nation has faltered and has hesitated, but it can be proudly proclaimed that we have never in the end failed those who trusted our nation as the "last best hope of earth."

The United States is generally recognized as the capital of democratic government in the world. While there have been numerous instances in which our government has functioned imperfectly, yet it can be cheerfully and boastfully asserted that we have here the purest brand of democratic government in the world. We have here a kind of democracy which has functioned well throughout the years, and yet we have not attempted to impose this government by force upon the other nations of the world. While it is true that our form of government has been good enough to be extended universally, we have rather sought to cultivate and promote it for ourselves as an example to other nations.

Today we find ourselves in the midst of one of the most trying ordeals that the nation has ever faced. We live at a time when there is obviously more of hate and confusion in the world than there is of brotherhood and good will.

Almost two years have elapsed since the American armies were victorious in Europe and in the Orient, and yet no possible treaties with the enemy have been formulated. As it is now, there is no banner of peace that flies over all the nations of the world, and, consequently, there is still much to be accomplished in the name of democracy and in the name of freedom and liberty.

Wherever there is oppression or wherever the rights of human beings heve been abridged, there is a challenge and a call to America to lead on to that glorious era when we shall have universal peace and brotherhood. As we celebrate the fourth of July this time, it

should be the earnest hope and prayer of every true American that the banner of peace may yet fly over all other flags or emblems, and in the name of those who have died on the battlefields we should dedicate ourselves more fully than ever to the cause of peace.

* * * * * * * *

MR. CLYDE SMALL CONTRIBUTES GIFT FOR TENNIS COURT AT NUMBER TEN COTTAGE

Last week Mr. Clyde Small, who is the successful operator of a thriving flower shop business in Morganton, sent a gift of $100 to Mr. Liske to be used in the lighting and general improvement of the tennis courts at Number Ten Cottage. This gift was a generous one, and is sincerely appreciated, not only by the occupants of Cottage Ten but by all the boys and staff members of the entire school. This contribution will enable us to light up the tennis court so that it can be used much longer in the afternoon, and, therefore, the boys will have better opportunity to enjoy the benefits of this sport.

Back of this generous contribution there is another story that is full of personal interest. Mr. Small spent some time here as a boy, and he lived with Mr. and Mrs. Liske. Here at the school he had an opportunity to learn some of the better ways of living and to enjoy some of the privileges which he previously had not known. He looked forward to the day when he would have a chance to make his way in the world as an honorable and upright citizen, and along with this that he would have a chance to extend some benefits to other boys who were situated somewhat as he was. In reality, this gift came to the cottage and to the school as a token of appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Liske for the guidance and the help to this fine boy when he needed it most.

We are delighted to pay tribute to Mr. Small as well as to thank him for the lovely gift which he has made to the school. It will be used throughout the coming years for the development of good sportsmanship and good health.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Baseball

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Saturday, June 21st, the boys enjoyed another game of baseball here at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. All the cottage teams are working hard to help their cottage to win the championship.

Winners in the games last Saturday are as follows: Cottage No. 15 defeated Cottage No. 5 by a score of 24-0; Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 3 by a score of 7-6; Cottage No. 13 defeated Cottage No. 1 by a score of 12-11; Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 14 by a score of 7-3; and Cottage No 2. defeated Cottage No. 11 by a score of 21-0. Chester Lee of Cottage No. 2 pitched a no-hit game against Cottage No. 11 with only one boy reaching first base.

All the boys enjoy playing ball and long for Saturday to come.

Far Western States

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

On Monday morning all the grades enjoyed a very good picture. This picture was about the geography of the Far Western States of the United States. The states that it told about are as follows: Washington, Oregon, California, and Nevada.

All the boys learned what each state produces. Washington produces apples, fish, and lumber. Oregon produces apricots, apples, and other fruits, and it also produces a good bit of the lumber that is used all over the United States. California is very rich in minerals. It produces gold, potash, silica, copper, zinc and lead. It is the second leading state in producing petroleum. It also produces large crops of dates, apricots, oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits. Nevada is very rich in minerals, too. It has large quantities of gold, silver, copper, zinc, and lead. Another interesting fact about Nevada is that it has the thinnest population of any state of the forty-eight states. We all enjoyed this picture very much. We wish to express our thanks to Miss Smart for ordering this picture and for inviting all the grades to see it.

The Life of a Plant

By Miley Gunter, 10th Grade

The picture show on Friday June 27th was arranged by the Extension Division of the University of Georgia. The film, which was Italian was obtained by Miss Smart. It showed a plant from the time it was put into the ground until it was a full-grown plant ready for reproduction.

First the seed were dropped into the ground. Rain and warmth began to make the seed swell Inside the seed the embryo was growing. Soon a tiny root pushed its way out into the ground making the primary root. A microscopic drawing of the end of the root showed that it had a cap on it which made it easy to push through the ground. From this main root we saw many fine roots appear. About

this time the top of the seed opened, and two leaves appeared which pushed out of the earth to the sunlight, where chlorophyll could manufacture food. Between the root and leaves a stem connected them. After growing a while in the sun, buds appeared. Out side the bud of the clyx opened first. The sepals of the clyx look very much like the stem and are often very pretty. The corolla, the main colored part of the flower which attracts insects, opened last. The petals of the corolla vary in shape size, and color, and form the center of reproduction for plants.

The entire film was shown in movement, thus making the whole story more interesting.

An Interesting Game

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

On Tuesday afternoon, J. T. S. lost a baseball game to the "Little Weavers" of Concord. The score was 8-3. These boys were 15 and 16 years old. The game was close and hard-fought all the way through. The batteries for J. T. S. were Chester Lee and Gerald Johnson.

It is planned to have two or three games each week with the different teams from the Playground Leagues of Concord.

Things You Didn't Eat

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Thursday afternoon we saw a show entitled "Things You Didn't Eat". This show told how many men had died because they had not eaten the right kinds of food. Many people get sick because they eat the wrong kinds of food, and this picture gave us a picture of the daily diet that we should have. Everyone enjoyed the picture very much.

8th Grade Scrapbook

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

In connection with our 8th grade work in Social Science, the 8th grade boys have been working on a scrapbook. It is about the United States. It shows the wheat fields, the cattle ranches, the steel mills, the apple orchards, and other interesting places in our country. It shows the products of our country. One of the most interesting features about the scrapbook is a series of pictures of the state flowers of the United States.

We all are happy when the day comes for us to work on our scrapbook. That is usually Saturday.

First Grade Radio Program

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

On June 24, 1947, the first grade boys gave the radio program for the week. Mrs. Hawfield had helped them prepare the program. The first thing on the program was two songs, "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine" and "Froggie Went Courting." The entire group sang them. The songs were followed by a poem, "In June," by Elmer Sutherland. Then there were three songs, "The June Bug" by the group, "The Roads Are Very Dusty" by Sam Finney, and "The Polliwog" by the group. These were followed by a talk, "Why I Like the Summer" by Nathan McCarson and a poem, "Barefoot Days," by James Wilson. The group next

sang two songs, "Our Garden" and "The Fairyland." A poem, "Bed in Summer," was given next by Thelbert Suggs. The closing number was a song, "Down in the Garden," by the group.

Our Stay At Camp

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

On June 15, Scout Troop No.61 went to camp Dick Henning for a week.

While in camp, the boys had to get up at seven o'clock. After cleaning up around their tents, the scouts fell in for reveille, after which breakfast was served. They then had to police up the areas and then go to different classes at nine oclock. These classes included swimming and all first and second class requirements,. Lunch was served at 12:15, after which there was a rest period until 2:30. At that time, afternoon classes began. At 4:15 there was a general swim. At 5:15 they assembled for retreat. At 5:30 they had supper. After supper the boys played softball. The Training School came out champions of the camp. A camp fire was held from eight till nine o'clock. At ten o'clock taps were blown, and all boys were supposed to be in bed. We came back Saturday morning before 12:00.

Our Civics Class

By Charles Smith, 8th Grade

Mr. Hines let us use our new Civics workbooks last week, and we appreciated that very much. We have been studying about crime, poverty, and other topics. One unit that we studied was "Reducing Poverty", and another was "Preventing Crime." We are getting a lot out of our study of civics. We hope to make continued progress in the civics class. We hope all the other units will be as interesting as the ones we have studied.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week oF July 6, 1947

July 6—Bobby Poplin, Cottage No. 17, 16th birthday.
July 9—Jack Paschall, Cottage No. 7, 16th birthday.

CHILDREN SHOULD LEARN RESPECT FOR ELDERS

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.

Year by year more of our population are over fifty and fewer are under fifteen.

The average baby born today will live to the age of seventy. The average person twenty years of age now has as many years of life remaining as the newborn child had in 1920. Only three out of four of the babies born in 1920 have lived to the age of 25 years. Three out of four babies born now will reach the age of 47.

In 1900, only 17 per cent of the people of the United States were 45 or older. In 1940, 26.5 per cent were over 45. From 1930 to 1940 there was an increase of 35 per cent in the old age group as against 7.2 per cent in the total population.

It is estimated that in 1980 every two persons out of five, in the United States will be over 45 years of age. And a lot of these older people won't have anything to do.

All this means that your grandchildren will probably have more old people living in the same house with them or nearby than you had when you were very young. Even within the last ten years the average baby and tot has lived with more and more people over fifty years of age, not only because of housing shortage but also because there are more of these older people around.

It would seem that with the increasing number of older people in the midst of children, the children would be given more restraint, be disciplined more strictly year by year—yet the reverse has happened, as a rule.

Will an older and older population tend to demand that youngsters have more respect for the rights of others including the right of older persons? Or will more older persons only mean more pamperers of young children and more antagonizers of adolescents? Don't older people tend to be too lenient toward the baby and tot and then to rant about the older child they have helped to spoil? It may be that with more older persons there will be more spoiled babies and toddlers resulting in more juvenile delinquency. On the other hand, many of these older persons will be warning young parents of the need of adequate early controls. Who knows?

For public education of children the future does not look so bright. With more and more older people among our voters, won't more and more of the public funds be voted for social security and old age pensions? Members of boards of education will be older and less liberal, perhaps, with money for schools. There will be more cars to make more dangers to children at play.

It is certain that with the number of older children increasing so rapidly, all adults need to have a growing understanding of children and appreciation of them.

WHAT SHOULD WE EXPECT FROM EDUCATION

(Friends of the Public Schools of America)

American education is different from the types of Europe—especially education in our public schools, that have been operated for 158 years highly satisfactorily.

A few people question the object of education. For America that was laid down by our first great American, George Washington.

"Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened."

This "enlightened" citizenry has been and still constitutes the first aim. The second aim is the pursuit of happiness or contentment in life, and the third, the economic status which is unquestionably conditioned by education or the lack of it.

Through the years public school education has aimed at teaching the basic elements with which an individual may acquire an education and the ambition to achieve without which no schooling is valuable. Besides these three, there should be a thorough study of America's struggles and accomplishments through a perusal of history—this to give the patriotic fervor that is necessary for contentment.

To those we should add a cultural foundation through literature with art and music in sufficient quantity to give satisfaction and a speaking acquaintance with those cultural developments which are necessary to give one a feeling of being an average citizen.

These cultural subjects should be pursued along with science and mathematis through high school. Much argument and many millions of dollars are being spent on a scheme to separate the students culturally; in other words, to divide them into classes or castes at a very early age. That is not in keeping with our American concept of equality. It is true we have had many great men who rose from very little education, but they had that quality or inspiration, or "divine spark" to succeed and which we must not expect in the average student.

The theory behind putting pupils into vocational training at an early age is that they are not bright enough to take on higher education and they must be started on this road to keep them in school. This is theory alone.

Even though many would turn out to be plumbers and motormen, carpenters and other craftsmen, grocers and farmers, or join other of the bulk of jobs, below professional standing, is no reason they should not have the feeling of being a part of the cultural life of the country.

No matter how great an effort is made, there are bound to be many who, for various other reasons, have failed to acquire a balanced and solid education.

In an article in the Ladies Home Journal of May a great deal is said on the subject, and in a supposed

sampling of a number of high school students in the last year; the preference in occupations was first to take up a profession—lawyer or doctor. In the lists of professions, aside from jobs, were ditch diggers, hod-carriers or janitors. These were presumably desired by children in high school.

It could be that those high school students were spoofing the surveyors since the occupations of both ditch digger and hod-carrier have long ago been taken over by machines.

Just to show that such occupations as machinists, riveters and the like are not incompatible with education, we have only to remember the great masses of reasonably educated women who were not degraded by doing this work during the war. To make out that all of the occupations, except the professions, are degrading, is not a fact.

Suppose a pupil goes into the lowliest of occupations, possibly on the advice of vocational councillors,—if he has the ability and that ambition that is not acquired from books, he may become an executive,—possibly of his union. And even then a cultural education will be needed and will be acquired some way or other if he goes very far,—whether he does it by midnight oil or otherwise. We have plenty examples of that. In fact the labor union leaders, with their millions of men, are very much in favor of an education for the people who will some day take their places. It has been this universal education that has given America the freedom that she has enjoyed; that has given America the classless society where one man in America is as good as another and free as another no matter what profession or calling he follows.

Putting the child into vocational training early is going to breed an inferiority complex that he would not have if he had followed the regular courses of study in high school, including science, mathematics, and literature. Do we want to breed that sort of caste in this country?

It would be following the German idea and one that has prevailed to a certain extent in England,—building up class schools. In Germany, the children were given practically the same fundamentals up to the age of ten when they were put into their own class schools. Those who were to be the leaders were given an academic training that was intended to carry them on to college.

90 per cent of the children remained in these part-time vocational schools. Although these schools gave a fair type of education to this great mass, it was not only compulsory, but the great discipline of the German autocracy compelled all children to be in school. It did breed that feeling of inferiority and docility in the great masses of German people that induced them to follow blindly those who went on,—those who were selected to be the leaders. These leaders became the arrogant top class Germans who were followed unhesitatingly. This disciplined people made for efficiency, but it became the instrument that destroyed the nation. Those classes or castes were fostered and built up through education. While there is a great outcry now for vocational schools in this country, and they have been in existence for some time, this feeling of inferiority which

cultural high school training is either it breeds will have more to do with making a servile class in free America than would the academic system of high schools that has prevailed before.

The vocational schools, of course, were an outgrowth of the stoppage of apprenticeships in the industries. Industrial leaders have declared that vocational schools do not fit a child to take a job in an industry or a craft while vocational enthusiasts deny that necessary or desirable.

A certain amount of craft and use of tools could be given in any high school course as a matter of satisfaction for the cultivation of skills for the normal child. But to have some uninterested councillor put a child early in life into a class is not a wise thing.

We believe it is the American child's heritage to have a cultural high school education.

———:———

Bernard M. Baruch, one of the great Elder Statesmen of America, recently gave his countrymen some wise advise.

The world, he said, "can get going only if men work," and "if we accept the challenge to preserve civilization, it means greater effort than that exerted during the war." He pointed to the pressing need for maximum production, with no strikes and no layoffs, in the future. And then he said: "Unless we work, we shall see a vast inflation. Unless we work, we shall not be able to maintain our claim to power. That would be the greatest blow we could receive, for it would strip us of our strength to preserve our way of life."

We have sough for an easy way to do things—and we have found that so such way exists. We have wanted every luxury, but we have not wanted labor to earn it. Our whole philosophy of late has been the suicidal one of asking more and giving less. Capital, labor, agriculture, the consumer—this indictment fits large segments of them all.

No country has ever undergone a great inflation and kept its institution free. No country has ever turned to government to solve every real or imagined domestic difficulty and escaped from degrading itself into some kind of a totalitarian state. Freedom is not imperishable. It must be earned, and it must be constantly defended.

Mr. Baruch pointed to a choice that cannot long be postponed. We will work and we will assume the clear duties of a free people or we will lose our freedoms in a terrible economic and political upheaval.—Selected.

OLD TOM

By Robert H. Scanlon, in Sunshine Magazine

A queer little dried-up old man with a bushy head of snow-white hair appeared suddenly in the open door of Frank White's office. White was the personnel manager, reputed to be a genius in judging people, and claiming the ability to pick the ten best workers of and fifty applicants. A notice calling for a new telegraph boy had been posted only an hour previous.

White looked up in surprise. "What can I do for you, Grandpa?" he asked.

"My name is Tom; you can give me a job," answered the little old man, slipping into a nearby chair.

"A job! Doing what—opening telegrams?"

"Nope," came back the quick answer; "delivering them, just like it says on your sign out front."

White decided to ease the little old man out gently. "How old are you, Grandpa?" he asked diplomatically.

"Just eighty—that's all."

"Now look, Tom, this is pretty strenuous work, even for a healthy youngster. It's no job for a retired man. You've done your share of this world's work, and you deserve to enjoy the fruits of it—leisure, quiet, comfort."

This was the expert's first slip. The little old man hopped off his chair like a cat after a mouse. "Young man," he exclaimed, "that's a lot of no-good hooey you're talking. I tried taking it easy—tried for two years. You know what happened?" White didn't know.

"Well, I turned into one of them hyperkondriaks, or somethin'. In six months I had more aches and pains than a fidgety old woman—rheumatism, ague, gallstones, arthritis—why, I had'm all. But do you know what happened?"

White was ready to throw a paperweight, but the old man was too wound up to notice it.

"I'll tell you what happened. I was standing on the corner of Randolph and Sherman waitin' for a street car last week—Friday it was— and I was feelin' low. Well, sir, I happened to be lookin' around and my eye caught a big sign in a window. It was one of them doctor ads tellin' how the fellow inside could cure this and that with a special treatment of his. The list on that sign, young man, was as long as your arm. Well, I says, if that fellow's as good as all that, he's the man for me. And so in I went. He gave me a perscription and told me to come back in a week. Well, sir, I got to lookin' over the perscription with all them fancy Latin names and queer signs on it, and I got scared. Yessir, scared! I says to myself, 'Tom, you're lettin' yerself decay. And what's decayin' you? Layin' around loafin'. What you need is work—lots of hard work!' And, young man, that's why I'm here."

White was gasping. He reached for a slip of paper and told the old man to go down for a check-up. Then he called the examiner and said, "I'm sending down a walking cadaver.

Break the news to him gently."

An hour later Old Tom again appeared in Frank White's doorway with a slip of paper from the examiner, which read, "There's not a thing wrong with the little old gentleman."

Old Tom spoke first. "Well, when do I begin work?"

"All right, all right," exclaimed the irritated White, "but I can't be responsible for anything that happens to you. You can start in at Whitman."

Whitman building was the "mansoleum" over by the river. It had a lot of little shops where fat old fellows looking like Buddhas did everything from rolling cigars to patching holes in clothes. Being a messenger boy in that place was like being a night-watchman in a bank.

Old Tom got down to work early the next morning. He looked spry and interesting in his clean uniform, although his bushy white hair was a little out of character. He tipped his cap to the girls, and made himself the show of the day. Reports of the old man's adaptability and popularity came to White early and often, and he was quick in assuming the credit. "Personnel management," he boasted, "is the lubricant of modern business. Know your man, discover his capabilities, then fit him in the proper place. Presto, everybody's happy!"

But when White walked into his office one morning, his pride took a painful tumble. There, sitting on the edge of a chair, was Old Tom.

"Young man," he began before White could collect himself, "I came here to work—not to sit around. There ain't half a dozen telegrams a day out of that Whitman place."

"I can't help that," replied White.

"All right, young man," Old Tom protested, "give me a busier job, and I'll take care of Whitman, too!"

White stiffened. He wasn't accustomed to his theories being pushed around. He walked over to his desk, tore off an order slip, and almost shouted, "Okay, Grandpa, here's your new order. You won't do any sitting around there!"

Old Tom grabbed his hand, exclaimed with emotion, "Thank you, young man." And as he trotted out of the door, White called after him, "You'll be back in a day or two begging to go back to Whitman."

The next day the people on the street were attracted by a white-haired delivery "boy," neatly uniformed, tearing up and down the avenue. Some laughed at the bushy-haired spectacle, but that did not concern Old Tom in the least. He was in the thick of things, and liked it! Rain or shine, a hundred above or ten below made no difference with him. He would sail into the office, have a witty retort for every attack, and grab another stack of telegrams.

But one day, after many months, Old Tom did come back to White's office. White's muscles tensed when he saw the bushy white hair in the doorway, for fear something had gone wrong with the old man.

"Hello, Tom," White said cordially. "Got enough?"

The little old man sat down in the nearest chair. "Mr. White," he began, "I've been working eight hours a

day."

"Yes, yes," said White, "it't too much for a man as old as you. You want a shorter day—that's sensible. I don't see how you've managed to keep up this long."

"I've got to have my day shortened, Mr. White. I got me a power bike, so I can carry as many telegrams in six hours as I could in eight before. You see," continued Old Tom before the astounded White, "you see it's on account of the farm."

"Farm! What farm?" asked the excited Mr. White.

"The little half-acre I bought with the money I made this winter. Tain't much, but I can't work eight hours here and tend to the chores and garden, too."

White sat staring at the wall and mumbling over and over again to himself, "The little guy's not human—according to actuaries he should be dead!"

Old Tom endured the "demented" man's ravings for a time, then darted out of the office. A few minutes later there was a cloud of bushy white hair dashing down the avenue with a pack of telegrams on a power bike.

FATHER'S VOICE

Years an' years ago, when I was jest a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work around the farm with Dad;
An' as the sun was settin' low when eventide was come,
Then I'd get kinder anxious-like about the journey home.
An' Dad, he used to lead the way, an' once a while turn 'round an' say,
So cheerin' like, so tender: "Come, come, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some, and so I followed Father home.

I'm old an' gray an' feeble now, an' tremble at the knee,
But life seems jest the same today as then it seemed to me.
For I am still so wearied out, when eventide is come,
An' still get kinder anxious-like about the journey home.
An' still me Father leads the way, an' once a while I hear him say,
So cheerin' like, so tender: "Come, come, my son, you're nearly home!"
An', same as then, that helps me some, an' so I'm followin' Father home.

—Author Unknown.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

(The Organ Mason)

One of the most touching and most beautiful scenes in the New Testament, a worthy challenge to the skill of a great artist, is that of a death-room where lay the body of a woman named Dorcas. Surrounding the body where a number of poor people, and they were displaying to one another garments which the loving hands of Dorcas had made for them. Tears streamed down the faces of these humble ones as they talked of the good woman to whom death had come. That was a much finer tribute than sometimes appears in eulogistic panegyrics pronounced in the midst of stately funerals. Dorcas was a woman who quietly and effectively did a lot of good.

There are many way in which men may do good. A very common way is that of giving. How much, and in what spirit, do we give! Do we give cheerfully and with a sense of partnership with God? Do we give proportionately, and according as we have prospered? Are we satisfied with our record of giving? Are we willing to submit the figures in the very presence of the Great Architect of the Universe?

It is wonderful how much even a dollar will accomplish when it is given gladly and reverently in behalf of the welfare and happiness of others.

How much good have we done by what we have said? Perhaps we have spoken words which we wish had never been uttered; ungenerous words, biting sarcastic words, cruelly critical words, perchance slanderous or unclean words. May we be forgiven and may we experience that genuine repentance which leads to a new habit of utterance.

There is one thing that many need in large measure and that is encouragement, and a few pessimistic words may give anyone an aggravated case of the blues. Nasty words are bound to put sadness and dejection into a person's heart. But with some come cheerful sunshine and new life to those who are ready to give up.

There is marked difference in individuals in this respect. There are those who give us gloomy views of the universe whenever we have to listen to them. There are others whose words seem to light up the world. There are joy killers and joy creators.

Clean, active, and generous living accomplishes untold good. Who can estimate the force of personal example? Just to live decently and honestly in your community is a truly great thing. To live so that the poisonous tongue of the slanderer cannot hurt you, to live on a plane that the whole world recognizes as above reproach, is to radiate goodness and is to let the Light and Truth shine into other lives.

By the grace of God we can develop efficiency in doing good.

THE PEANUT VENDER

By Marian E. Grant, in Good Business

Say, the old peanut man's back again!" cried little Carl, and there was a world of joy in the tone of his voice as he ran towards the house as fast as his feet could fly.

It was on a busy highway near a large city. When the old peanut vender first parked himself by the roadside near the King home, the elders in the family were displeased. Why, they argued, should this old nuisance choose to install his peanut stand right under their nose? However, they said nothing, and it wasn't very long before they were under the old man's spell, just like the youngsters. The man had a pleasant smile and twinkling eyes, but what surprised them greatly was the way those bags of peanuts disappeared from his table. He would load up his supply completely, and ten minutes later there would be none left.

Just a few rods away other peanut venders were stationed, but the old man sold more than all the others combined. Wishing to know the secret of the man's charm, the resident approached the peanut vender.

"How's business today?" asked the resident.

"Fine, thank you; my business is always good," he smilingly replied.

"But how is it," the resident pressed further, "that you sell so many more peanuts than your competitors?"

"Competitors?" said the man, as if surprised. "These, who also sell peanuts? Why, they are my friends; they help me sell, help to create a desire for good peanuts." The old man paused a moment, and reflected. "You see," he continued, "once I owned a good deal of property around here, but I was worried and unhappy. Finally I lost all the property. It seemed quite a come-down at first to get out and sell peanuts, but I soon discovered I could do more good selling peanuts than owning all the property up to the horizon."

"Very interesting," said the resident, "but isn't it a little beneath your diginity to sell peanuts?"

The old man straightened up, and there was a determined expression in his face.

"I don't understand you, my friend!" he exclaimed vehemently. "Is it undignified to sell an honest sack of peanuts to whoever come to buy? There isn't a bad peanut in the lot, and—"

"Don't misunderstand me," interrupted the man. "I mean you might be doing more important work."

"I wonder!" soliloquized the old man. "The scores of little folks—the joy in their faces when you hand them a sack of peanuts as they scamper into the park!"

That was the only word the old vender uttered about the peanuts he daily gave away to poor kiddies. But it was the thing that spoke loudest of the genuineness of the man, and the secret of his success. Here he was, poor in material possessions, yet giving of his meager store to bring joy to others.

He sighed a little, then laughed. "It sure is great," he exclaimed, "to

see the look on a child's face when I hand him a bag of peanuts! That is more joy to me than all the property I could possess. And I sell so many peanuts I can't keep up my supply!"

Now the resident understood why little children held out their tiny arms to the vender when their parents stopped to buy peanuts. For every customer he had a merry "Hullo," and no child or adult left without hearing his ringing "Good-bye, come again," with a smile that could not be imitated.

———:———

WILSON'S CHOICE

Woodrow Wilson did many unusual things. Perhaps the most remarkable was to establish what must be a record for the number of college presidencies tendered. In the single year 1901, according to his latest biographer, Prof. Arthur S. Link, he rejected opportunities to head Alabama, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Virginia, Washington and Lee, and Williams. The Virginia post he refused three times. Then after these seven unaccepted offers, he took the eighth, that of his alma mater, Princeton.

His fairy god-mother must have guided his steps. Even when firmly established in educational paths, Wilson dreamed of a political career. This came when his Princeton presidency led him to the governorship of New Jersey and the White House. New Jersey provided a particularly good political opportunity. It was a doubtful state, badly governed. The other seven states to which Wilson could have gone were steadfastly Republican or steadfastly Democratic, therefore not apt to furnish presidential candidates. Of the possible exceptions Massachusetts was well-governed, so that Wilson would have had little reforming to do and therefore little chance to capture the imagination of his party. As for Nebraska, it would have been hard for any other Democrat to become a national figure in the state in which William Jennings Bryan lived.

Wilson could hardly have foreseen all this. He must have been lucky, or predestined or intuitive in his choice.—Reidsville Review.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Sunshine Magazine)

Here is an incident that would be well to remember in any matter approaching a business transaction. It involved three salesmen for an automobile company handling only high-grade cars. Because their product was high in the price scale, they felt that they had to deal with a certain type of customer, and they had grown disdainful of anyone who did not seem to be in their class.

"There you are, Johnny. You've been bewailing the fact that there doesn't seem to be such a thing as a prospect, and here a live one walks right into the place. Go on out and sell him."

"Thanks a lot, Jimmy, but I'm quite sure you were to draw the next live one that came in. This must be "it," so do your stuff."

"Well, maybe it is my turn, but I'm feeling so big-hearted today that I've decided to let Joe have this one." Jimmy replied with the air of one who was making a big sacrifice.

These bantering remarks were occasioned by the entrance into the display room of a man who bore little resemblance to a buyer of a high-priced motor car. He was plainly dressed, unshaven, and gave the impression that the cheapest kind of a flivver would be considerably beyond his means. The young salesmen had seen him from the glass-enclosed office just off the show floor, but, as indicated from their talk, none of them wanted to waste time on such a hopeless-looking prospect.

The man stood for a few moments just inside the door, evidently expecting someone to give him some attention. When he received none, he walked over to one of the models and began to look it over. He examined the upholstery and fittings, lifted the hood and looked at the moter, then knelt on the floor and looked underneath.

By that time the situation was becoming enbarrassing, even to the indifferent salesmen, and finally Joe strolled out of the office and approached the visitor. "Is there something we can do for you?" he asked coldly.

The stranger gave him a long stare before he replied. Finally he said, "No, there's not," and walked complacently out of the room.

The two salesmen behind the glass partition snikered at Joe. But their levity took a more serious form when they saw that the stranger went right across the street into the place of another dealer selling an equally high-priced car. But when they learned the next day from the competitor's salesman that the neglected prospect had bought and paid cash for one of his finest models, the three foolish salesmen agreed among themselves that "you never can tell."

IDEALS ARE THE ARCHITECTS OF CHARACTER

By William Riley Franklin, in The New Age

"Ideals are the architects of character, the cornerstones of achievement. They are the higher motives that enable us to accomplish great things in business, in science, in affairs of state, and in every branch of human endeavor.

"Ideals offer us rational reasons for meeting and solving the problems of life and living, since trouble and obstacles encountered as we press on toward our goal are overcome, as means to an end. Without these visionary incentives to trial and struggles we are rarely rewarded and life's efforts become colorless and commonplace.

"Ideals are the most important things of life because they enable us to vision and feel security in an expectancy of success. They enable us to enjoy an inner freedom—a richer philosophy. It may be truthfully said that a man attains no more than the time set by his ideals for they are the measure of his success.

"As long as he views only the barreness of the mesa, he will never see the grandeur of the hills. Just as soon as that same man plans his course by a perception of some finished work, which inspires him to do still greater things, he will suddenly be lifted in mind and spirit from his lowly position and be gloriously carried to heights of loftier achievements.

"Who has not cursed the day of small talk?'

"Low aims and shallow thoughts are the real tragedies of life. To rise above the environment of birth should be the natural ambition of everyone, yet, unless the spiritual and cultural items are born and nurtured in the light of Christianity, one is not apt to do so.

"If you would accomplish anything in life worth-while and have a measure of happiness, then choose an ideal, be loyal to it, fight for it with an abiding faith and, in time, the realization is apt to come. Though it may never come, it matters not.

"Perhaps it is best that you never fully attain all your ideals, however, you will be a better person because of those ideals, because of the struggle you have made, and, perhaps, somewhere along the way you will have found mansions more beautiful, more satisfying than anything you might have earlier dreamed of or hoped for, even in your wildest imaginings.

"Yes, ideals are the architects of character, the blue prints of your very soul."

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within reach, is the great art of life.—Johnson.

THE SEEDS OF REFORMATION

By Frank G. Richard

All growth comes within. This is true of all living things. Only inanimate things grow through additions from without, and even they by no power within themselves.

The house grows by addition only because the carpenter adds bit by bit. The house has no life within itself. Not so the tree or the plant.

With all vegetable life, and animal life, growth is from within. At the heart there are seeds of life. This living principle pushes upward and outward with tremendous force. A small vine can finally lift a cement slab, or split a rock into. The mustard seed, one of the smallest of all seeds, as the Master once remarked, becomes a large plant strong enough for the birds to roost in.

Not only is there the physical growth, so far as man is concerned, there is also mental growth, and the spirtual growth. The mind of the child has within it the possibilities of the intellectual man. Given the proper guidance, environment, and incentive the mind will unfold or grow into great strength and power. But the growth is from within. It is the mind that grows as it reaches out in the acquisition of knowledge.

So it is with the moral and ethical life. Seeds of moral and ethical appreciation lodged within the heart of the child, given wholesome conditions of growth will develop into strength of character, dependability and social consciousness. Whatever happens within this world to make a better world, peaceful, humanitarian and constructive, will be due to the growth of the human spirit along the lines of good will, human helpfulness, confidence and trust.

What is true of the peoples of the earth in their relationship is also true of the individual. Any transformation of life must come from within. The seeds of reformation are within. Before the outward conduct changes the inward spirtual forces must move in the right direction. It is these "seeds of redemption" which are the hope of the world today. One of the great prophets of the Old Testament times, Isaiah, came to the heart of the matter when he wrote of his own nation;

"And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations—all that see them shall acknowledge them that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed."

He who merely knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.—Confucius.

THE ART OF GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS

By M. L. Norment

Everyone relishes the idea of making a success in life; most of us are consciously striving toward that aim as best we can. In fact, we Americans are making a sort of god out of of the idea of success; it is becoming a mania with us. Some people imagine they have attained it when they can get along independently of others; some speak of success in terms of power, popularity, or push.

But a person can hardly be said to have made a success of life if he has not learned how to get along with other people. We must know how to mix socially, to work harmoniously, and to converse genially with our fellow-men. The ability to get along with folks deserves to be called an art, an art very hard to acquire, indeed, but one that is essential to the making-up of a successful life. And especially must the Christian know how to get along with other people. Alas how much we lack of practicing that art in our churches!

How discouraging it is to find out that we just can't get along with some people in our church. To make such a discovery it is not to find out the other person's weakness, but our own. To have to acknowledge that we cannot "get along" with certain other people is to confess to real failure on our part; we face defeat right there.

The church of our Lord ought to be the greatest school in the world for training in this art of getting along with other. One of its highest functions is to educate its members in charitableness, forgiveness, love, long-suffering; to show us how to find the beam in our own eye and to ignore the mote in our brother's. Jesus was a real master in the art of getting along with others; so was Paul. Every true Christian is a student in this are. To acquire a Christian education we must take this course. And it is not one of the electives. It is a required subject. Ah! how true it is that the church is a sort of University of Hard Knocks. He is proficient as a student in this institution who knows how to take buffetings gracefully, and turn them to his own account.

If the Church should ever give out diplomas for degrees earned within its walls, I hope it will be a "Master of Arts," the art of Getting Along with Others. Brother, sister, we are, the most of us, I fear, yet in the freshman class. Let us not quit before graduation. Let us keep on striving, and we'll be seniors bye and bye.

———:———

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—Disraeli.

FACES

(Selected)

What is it that we see in a face that makes us say of a person "He has a good face," "I like his smile," "I'll bet he is easy to get along with," or "I wouldn't trust him around the corner, "He looks sneaky," "He looks mean," and so on.

It is not in the features. It is in that rather intangible something we call "expression" which interperts the character of the man who wears the face. At any rate, we certainly agree with Mr. Arthur C. Archibald when he says:

"As a matter of course, the human face universally carries a great message. If our humanity is normal and the essential thing has not been squeezed out of it by selfish living, it transcends any peculiar physical markings and speaks of sympathy and brotherhood the world around."

He then goes on to mention three simple maxims which he suggested might well be followed in the building "of a really human face." We outline them briefly, as follows:

First, do not live life away from other people. We must take pains to enter other people's lives—cultivate friends at whose feet we can sit and learn thing that we never would possess apart from contacts with the mind and heart of friends.

Second, do something for somebody. The easiest way of growing to like a person is to begin by doing him a kindness. The man we wrong we are likely to hate; the man we do a good turn we generally think well of. The story is told of Benjamin Franklin who, desiring the good will of an influential man, went to him and asked the loan of a certain book. Franklin did not want the book, but he felt that if he could get the man to do him a favor the influence of the deed on the man's mind might open to Franklin an avenue of approach.

Third, is the suggestion that when you do a service for a man do not regard it in the light of a favor but rather as a debt. The patronizing spirit is death to all sympathy.

The spirit of brotherly regard makes the face truly human.

There is no place in the world for the "I am better than you" sort of feeling. The substitution of "My duties, your rights" for "My rights, your duties" furnishes the basis for a philosophy of human conduct that will improve the looks on men's faces and make our sojourn here together through the years a happier adventure.

———:———

Unless a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.

—W. Matthews.

AMBITION

(Selected)

"What's the future in this job?" is a question every employer has been asked by ambitious applicants, eager to get ahead. You may have asked it yourself, more than once. It happens to be a question that no employer can definitely answer. That is one that the youthful applicant, if he is worth his salt, should not concern himself about at all.

The future of the man holding any job depends entirely upon the man himself. The errand boy hired today may be the president of the company twenty years hence. On the other hand, the job he takes is more likely to prove merely a stepping-stone to a better one, more to his liking, one for which he is better fitted, in an entirely different line of work.

Grandpa's idea of starting in at the bottom and growing up with the business, has become outmoded in the evolution of industry and commerce, and has little to commend it to a truly ambitious youngster whose capacity, powers and peculiar talents, if any, are yet to be tested. The best job for any young person is the best he can get in any respectable occupation which he can fill with satisfaction to his employer and to himself. Any job, no matter how menial, is educational—good training for any better one that may (and probably will) present itself.

An article in "American Business" wherein are charted the careers of fifty presidents of great American business institution, reveals facts which surprisingly confirm what has been said above.

Out of the fifty, only eight are president of the company with which they began their working careers—as office boys, clerks or salesmen. The other forty-two tackled various jobs with other concerns before they finally reached the top round with famous corporations. For example: The president of the Eastman Kodak Company was a chemist and draftsman for other unrelated industries. The president of the Hershey Chocolate Company was a telegraph operator and train dispatcher. The president of the Elgin Watch Company formerly sold Quaker Oats. The president of Proctor and Gamble Company was a street railway clerk. The president of Libby-Owens Ford Glass Company was an advertising man.

Probably none of these men worried much about the future of any of the various jobs they tackled. They were building their own future. From each job they learned something useful and helpful on their way up. They were bigger than any job they held, and bided their time in useful, honorable and congenial employment until the supremely 'big" opportunity came along. When it did, they were prepared and ready for it.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, conducted the regular afternoon service at Jackson Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 32nd chapter of Numbers. As a text for his message to the boys he selected part of the 23rd verse: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The speaker began by explaining the meaning of this quotation thus: "A person who has been guilty of evil acts may not tell of his guilt, and he may not write about it, but somehow, it will show up in his facial expression or in his everyday behavior.

Our misdeeds may be compared to driving a nail into a board, continued the speaker. We may pull out the nail, but a hole remains in the board. In much the same manner, evil acts leave ugly scars on a person's character.

Rev. Mr. Harbison then told the boys that he was going to tell them of some ideas he had gotten from such simple things as useless automobile tires, as follows:

(1) The Under-Inflated Tire. Such a tire, running on one-half the pressure which should be in it, will soon become rim-cut and useless.

Many people are going through life under-inflated. We often see boys in school who are listless. Put one of them in a game of baseball and he is too lazy to be of any service to the team. He would just as soon die on first base as to make the effort to score a run for his team. Just like a tire with not enough air in it, there is not enough life in such a fellow, and unless he improves, he will never get anywhere in life.

(2) The Stone-Bruised Tire. Quite frequently a careless driver will run over a sharp rock. This will break the inside texture of the tire. Sooner or later, because of the weakened spot, it will collapse. This trouble was due to the fact that the driver did not look where he was going.

Many people go through life in much the same manner. They just don't look where they are going. Such persons are constantly stumbling into hardships. Quite often their friends will try to advise them, but they do not seem to appreciate the joy of having good friends.

(3) The Tire Out of Alignment. We often see four new tires on an automobile, but one will be considerably worn, while the other three show scarcely any wear. Such a condition is caused by the wheels being out of alignment.

People are sometimes like that. They think there is no danger in telling a few lies; they feel that it is not too bad to say or do something that will hurt someone. Life for such folks is troublesome. Before they can stop this "wabbling" condition in their lives, they must straighten up. Success can never be theirs until they run true at all times.

(4) The Unused Tire. Take a sun-cracked tire that has never been used. By having been carried a long time as a "spare," and exposed to the sun, it has become very dry. Of course, it looks very good, but one could not

guarantee that it would run ten miles.

There are such things as unused qualities in some people's lives. They may make a good appearance, but they have never been known to do anything worthwhile. Many opportunities to do good come to them, but they don't use them to advantage. The only way to stand straight before God and man; to be pure, honest and good; is to always use our time to the best advantage.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Harbison told the boys to remember the truth of the statement, "Be sure your sin will find you out." There is no way to hide our sins. The time will certainly come when they will leave ugly scars on our lives. By keeping our lives clean, we shall not have to worry about appearances. A good life leaves certain marks that anyone may easily recognize. Lives are very much like trees—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

———:———

MY TASK

A few small garden seeds, each one
A hidden miracle of beauty.
These I plant, and cultivate—
God gave me this task, this duty.

A few small talents, or, perhaps,
Just one, entrusted to my care,
To use, develop, beautify;
This is the task God lets me share.

Mine is the seed, the talent great
Or small. At setting of the sun
God comes to look upon and bless
Whatever good with them I've done.

—Tabitha Marie Ritzmann.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Justice without wisdom is impossible.—Froude.

—:—

People generally quarrel because they cannot agree.—Chesterton.

—:—

Think wrongly, if you please; but in all cases think for yourself.
—Lessing.

—:—

I can make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman.
—James I of England.

—:—

A whole bushel of notions will not weigh as much as one little stubborn fact.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

The spirit of liberty is not a jealousy of our own rights, but a respect for the rights of others.—Channing.

—:—

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the union.—Choate.

—:—

Most persons would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

—:—

Speaking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deeds..
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

—:—

This is the final test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.
—Phelps.

—:—

Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any departure from it, under any circumstance, lies under the suspicion of being no justice at all.—Burke.

This is the liar's lot: he is accounted a pest and a nuisance, a person marked out for infamy and scorn.
—South.

—:—

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his faults.
—Exchange.

—:—

After long experience in the world, I affirm, before God, that I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.
—Junius.

—:—

Accurate knowledge is the basis of correct opinions; the want of it makes the opinions of most people of little value.—C. Simmons.

—:—

The language denotes the man; a coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.—Bouvee.

—:—

If you are idle you are on the way to ruin, and there are few stopping-places upon it. It is rather a precipice than a road.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

The lives and happiness of our children, as far ahead as the mind can reach, depend upon us today. If we succeed, posterity, looking back, will record that this was indeed man's finest hour.—Carl A. Berendsen.

—:—

If one goes about thinking that the world is filled with crooks and schemers, the world is filled with crooks and schemers. But if one believes that the world is filled with fine, neighborly, helpful, kindly folks, one finds people of that class in the great majority.—Scottish Rite News.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

We are all pore folks when it comes to perspiration.

—:—

Quite often the jaw-bone is the bone of contention.

—:—

If you brood over your troubles you'll have a perfect hatch.

—:—

Tempting fate means wearing a derby hat in snowball season.

—:—

He who waits for fortune to smile on him is never sure of a meal.

—:—

There is more cheerfulness in the tiniest smile than in a dozen frowns.

—:—

It seems that this year the unusual weather has been more unusual than usual.

—:—

Too many married couples are like a team of horses — separated by a tongue.

—:—

All men are born free and equal. But then they grow up, get married, and pay taxes.

—:—

The most disappointed people in the world are those who get what is coming to them.

—:—

I wonder how many legs one would have to pull off a centipede in order to make him limp.

—:—

A slacker is the fellow who always carries out the tea-kettle when the stove is being moved.

—:—

People who claim they are neutral, and sit on the fence, are in a precarious position. It gives both sides a chance to throw rocks at them.

Many a poor boob merely gargles instead of drinking deeply of the fountain of knowledge.

—:—

The builders of colonial mansions knew their business. They put knockers outside the door.

—:—

A man with a lot of money may be a bad egg, but folks seldom take offense until he is broke.

—:—

If some people get to heaven, the first thing they will look for will be the complaint department.

—:—

Two Scotchmen made a bet as to which one could stay under water the longest. Both were drowned.

—:—

The modern girl doesn't care so much about being looked up to as she does about being looked around at.

—:—

If you don't believe in Providence, just watch some automobile drivers and try to figure out what saves them.

—:—

Noah would have saved a lot of trouble if he had swatted those two mosquitos as they went aboard the ark.

—:—

There was once a time when church collection plates got most of the money the filling-stations now get on Sundays.

—:—

We know a fellow who has such a swelled head that he would have to pin back his ears to get through the Grand Canyon.

—:—

If this country's automobile slaughter continues much longer, we won't have a great deal of need for old age pension laws.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 29, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
Alfred Pery
Gerald Petty
Ralph Morgan
Ray Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ray Burns
Julian Commander
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsay Elder
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Clyde Wright
James Christy

COTTAGE No. 4

Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Robert Melton
King Watkins
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Aaron McCarson
Glenn Rice
Howell Willis
Robert Wilkins
Howell Williamson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Earl Holloman
Clyde Hill
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edd Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Clyde Leonard
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Franklin Stover
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Robert Williamson
David Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Wyatt
Marion Ross
Glenn Singletary
Ralph Cranford
Robert Hinson
Jimmy Wiles

COTTAGE No. 10

Edwin Peterson
Jackie Melvin
Kenneth Wells
Wayne Eldrige
R. L. Crawford

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Earl Brigman
James Cartrette
Cecil Clark
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Charles Angel
Sam Finny
Jack Griffin
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Clifford Millian
John Moretz
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
James Shook
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Avery Hogue
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Willie Stamey
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Carlyle Brown
Robert Canady
Donnie Grantham
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Sammie Lynn
Charles McDaniel
Robert Poplin
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt
William Hunter

———:———

Fame is what you have taken, character is what you give. When to this truth you awaken, then you begin to live.—Bayard Taylor.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
JUL 14 '47

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 12, 1947 No. 28

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE GOLDEN RULE

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing and doing,
As we would be done by, is all.

—Alice Carey.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-9
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		10
THE NAVY COULDN'T USE HIM, HE IS NOW A FAMOUS ADMIRAL	By Dale Carnegie	13
THEY WENT TO JAIL—IT ADDED TO THEIR GREATNESS	(Our Paper)	15
AMBITION	By Harris P. Blanchard	17
UNNECESSARY FEARS	(Hill-Top News)	19
LUKEWARMNESS	(The Baptist Messenger)	20
THE OVERCOMING CHURCHES	The Alabama Baptist)	21
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	(The Alabama Baptist)	22
WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD	By W. Lewis Johnson	23
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE COMMON ROAD

I want to travel the common road
With the great crowd surging by,
Where's there's many a laugh and many a load,
And many a smile and sigh.
I want to be on the common way
With its endless tramping feet,
In the summer bright and winter gray,
In the noonday sun and heat.
In the cool of evening with shadows nigh,
At dawn, when the sun breaks clear,
I want the great crowd passing by,
To ken what they see and hear.
I want to be one of the common herd,
Not live in a sheltered way,
Want to be thrilled, want to be stirred
By the great crowd day by day;
To glimpse the restful valleys deep,
To toil up the rugged hill,
To see the brooks which shyly creep,
To have the torrents thrill.
I want to laugh with the common man
Wherever he chance to be,
I want to aid him when I can
Whenever there's need of me.
I want to lend a helping hand
Over the rough and steep
To a child too young to understand—
To comfort those who weep.
I want to live and work and plan
With the great crowd surging by,
To mingle with the common man,
No better or worse than I.

—**Silas H. Perkins.**

THE NEW BOARD APPOINTED BY GOVERNOR CHERRY

Last week Governor Cherry announced the personnel of the new Board of Correction and Training, which has jurisdiction of this School along with the other correctional institutions of the state.

The former members who were reappointed to the Board are as follows: Mr. C. A. Dillon, Raleigh; Dr. W. H. Stansbury, Gastonia; W. N. Harrell, Wilson; Thomas Haywood, Rockingham; Mrs. Howard G. Etheridge, Asheville. Mr. Dillon, Dr. Stansbury, and Mr. Harrell were named for six year terms ending July 1, 1953; Mr. Haywood and Mrs. Etheridge were named for four year terms ending July 1, 1951.

Four new members were appointed to the Board, as follows: Dr. C. F. Strosnider, Goldsboro; Dr. Sankey L. Blanton, Wake Forest; Diana Dyer, Winston-Salem; and W. Jasper Smith, Bethel. Dr. Strosnider, is was announced, was named to a four year term ending July 1, 1951; the remaining three were named to a two year term ending July 1, 1949.

Dr. Ellen B. Winston, State Commissioner of Public Welfare, is ex-officio member of the Board. In all, there are ten members, including Dr. Winston, who is a member by virtue of her office.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate all the members of this Board on the wonderful opportunities which they will have to serve a sizeable group of the youth of the state. It will be their opportunity to aid in offering to delinquent boys and girls a fuller and richer opportunity to live upright and wholesome lives in a proper environment. It will be their opportunity to help the institutions of the state to improve in their program of service to these boys and girls.

We wish particularly to extend to every member of the Board a cordial invitation to visit the Jackson Training School as often as possible, and to acquaint themselves with the work that is being done here. In addition to this, we wish also to solicit the help of all the members and to assure them that we will be delighted to have any suggestions from them regarding the program and its improvement.

During the last biennium, and throughout the entire history of this institution, there have been a group of men and women who

have served as members of the Board of Trustees or as members of the Board of Correction and Training, and many of them have given an abundance of thought and consideration to the institution, and we wish to gratefully acknowledge all their fine contributions and to assure them that they will be remembered throughout the years for their devoted services.

* * * * * * * *

WILLIAM M. SHERRILL

On Friday night, July 4th, Concord and Cabarrus County, in the death of Mr. William M. Sherrill, lost an outstanding citizen and a distinguished newspaper writer. For the last thirteen years Mr. Sherrill had been the editor and the manager of the Concord Tribune, the local daily paper with which he had been identified since the days of his boyhood. Through all the years of his life he had been intimately associated with newspaper work and, no doubt, his work as a writer and publisher had great fascination for him, and, no doubt, the greatest joys that came to him were found in his day by day experiences as a newspaperman.

Mr. Sherrill had many strong and devoted friends here at the Jackson Training School. Through all the years he had been a staunch supporter of the school, and in many ways he had promoted and boosted the school. Many friends here share with those who so grievously mourn the untimely loss of their friend and fellow citizen. The boys of this institution owe him a debt of gratitude for the fact that he gave his valuable support to the institution and through the columns of his newspaper helped to expand and to enrich the program of the institution.

An editorial in the Concord Tribune of July 6th, in part, gave the following tribute:

"The writer had the privilege of working closely with Editor Sherrill for almost 20 years. He was truly a good friend—kind, considerate, wholesome, sympathetic, thoughtful and appreciative. He will be sorely missed at his desk in the days ahead but his fine record will long linger in the public mind.

"It would not be right to stop short here without telling of Editor Sherrill's love of family and friends. And, too, of his fondness for

dogs and horses. Until illness forced him to give it up, he went horseback riding almost every afternoon after work hours, and it was while on such rides that he found much material for 'Kaleidoscopics' and learned to appreciate the beauties of the great out-of-doors.

"Concord and Cabarrus county are finer and better places in which to live because of the life and work of William Montgomery Sherrill."

The Charlotte Observer of July 6th, in part, expressed the following tribute:

"The younger Sherrill was a fine citizen and a newspaperman of high integrity and ideals, ever loyal to his community and state and devoted to what in his good judgment he regarded as their best interests.

" 'Bill' Sherrill, as his friends called him, will be sorely missed in his community and among the men and women of the newspaper craft in the state."

* * * * * * * *

DIRECTOR JAMES SHAW VISITS THE SCHOOL

On Saturday, July 5, Mr. James Shaw, who is Director of the Juvenile Court of Mount Airy, visited the school. He came to the school to enter a new boy and also to observe the work here and become more familiar with the school's program.

We were particularly delighted to have Mr. Shaw because of the fact that he is keenly interested in the delinquent youth of his town and of his state, and also because he is an ardent booster of the institution. He made many complimentary comments concerning the institution, and stated that he was greatly pleased with the recent program of improvement, particularly as can be noted in the school department. He stated, too, that he has no hesitancy in sending a boy here since he approves so heartily of the work that is being done here.

During his visit Mr. Shaw went to see Wildwood Cottage, which is the new recreation center for the boys here. He stated that he heartily approved of the idea of having such a project and that he was delighted that he had lived to see the day when the people in

the state were becoming interested in constructing buildings of this type instead of building more and more jails. He expressed conviction that the more buildings the state has for constructive recreation for the youth, the fewer the demands for courts and jail houses.

* * * * * * * *

TWENTY-SIX OTHER SCOUTS GO TO CAMP DICK HENNING

This week there are twenty-six boys from the Jackson Training School who are enjoying a one-week camping trip at Camp Dick Henning near Ellerbe. These boys are members of Scout troop 60, and Mr. John D. Corliss is the Scoutmaster. They will spend the entire week at the camp and return to the school next Saturday afternoon. During their stay they will have the opportunity to go swimming and boat riding, take nature study hikes, play softball and other games, and to study various phases of the entire Scout program.

We are delighted that these boys are having this unusual opportunity. We are sure they will profit greatly by their experiences and also that they will form some friendships with boys from other cities and towns in the council.

We are looking forward to their return when they can give a report of their happy experiences.

The list of Scouts going is as follows: Charles Angel, Hugh Ball, Floyd Canady, William Clemmons, Leroy Cowan, Paul Denton, Talmadge Duncan, Emmet Fields, Jack Griffin, Jack Hensley, Bobby Holland, Herman Kirby, Aaron McCarson, Kenneth McLean, Eugene Martin, Calvin Matheson, Woodrow Norton, Billy Ray, Jerry Rippy, Richard Sandlin, Travis Shumate, Herbert Stewart, Fred Whitley, Bobby Wicker, Leroy Wilkins, and Robert Wilkins.

* * * * * * * *

ADDITIONAL GIFTS FOR WILDWOOD COTTAGE

Last week three new gifts came to the school to be used in the construction of Wildwood Cottage. We herewith gratefully acknowledge to the donors the receipt of these gifts. We desire to

express to them our sincere thanks for their donations. The donation were as follows: West Brother Builders Supply Co., Greensboro thirty-five bags of cement; R. K. Stewart and Son Construction Co., High Point, twenty-five bags of cement; and Mrs. Ruth Fox, Greensboro, an upholstered chair.

All of these gifts came to the school because of the interest and efforts of Mr. W. Bruce Thorburn, Juvenile Probation Officer, for Guilford County. Therefore, we not only express thanks to those who made the donations, but we also thank Mr. Thorburn for his valuable assistance.

* * * * * * * *

THE LOST COLONY PAGEANT PLAYING AGAIN

The entire state of North Carolina has been greatly delighted that the Lost Colony pageant has reopened and that it is being played before large audiences which assemble on Roanoke Island from all over the state.

This marks the seventh season for this remarkable drama, and it is hoped that it will be possible for it to be repeated through many years to come. It offers the most vivid and impressive opportunity to inform the people of the state—men, and women and children—concerning the important event when the colonists, sponsored by Sir Walter Raleigh, attempted to settle on the eastern shore of the state. Not only is the play full of historical significance, but it offers one of the most valuable educational and recreational outings ever given to the people of the state. Every person in the state should avail himself or herself of the opportunity of seeing this pageant sometime or other, because it is utterly impossible to present by pictures or words the full meaning that is portrayed in the pageant itself.

Former Governor, Honorable J. C. B. Ehringhaus and Paul Green, author of the play, spoke at the opening ceremonies on Tuesday, July 1st. Former Governor Ehringhaus spoke in part as follows:

"When a people lose their patriotism, when they are unwilling to dwell upon the sacrifices of these, our predecessors, they have lost contact with the most precious thing in their heritage and have given every evidence of a decadent future. You will find yourself

here in finding your past and in so doing you will find your future. The story enacted here tonight has no parallel in human history."

Following Former Governor Ehringhaus' speech, it was reported that the lights gradually dimmed, the voices of the chorus and the notes of the organ filled the theater, and the stirring words of the prologue were spoken. The show was on, and the two hundred members of the cast played their roles as they had been skillfully instructed under the direction of Paul Green himself. In his final instructions to the players, Mr. Green reminded them as follows:

"Remember each time you play it, it's a new creation. Only in that way can you keep it forever fresh and new. I know you'll play it that way."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 13, 1947

July 15—Kenneth King, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
July 15—R. L. Crawford, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

More Boys Released

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 5th Grade

Recently, some more boys were released to go to their homes. They were permitted to go to their homes during the last week in June. The boys who went home were: Reuben Vester, 2nd grade; Wade Cook, 3rd grade; James Smith, 2nd grade; Calvin Owens, 6th grade; Charles Rhodes, 3rd grade; Ray Burns, 6th grade; and Evan Myers, 2nd grade.

We hope these boys will make a good record at home.

Picking Blackberries

By Ollie Daw, 2nd Grade

For the past few weeks, some other boys and I have been picking blackberries for some of the matrons. We have enjoyed picking these berries. We have also picked some plums. We have a good time picking these things and hope we can continue to be of help.

Chapel Program

By Gray Brown, 11th Grade

Last Thursday, July 3, Miss Smart, the new fifth grade teacher, gave a program about the Fourth of July. This was a patriotic program. The first thing on the program was a Scripture theme, "Light,'" after which different boy quoted verses of Scripture. The next thing on the program was a song, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," by all. Then every one gave the Pledge to the Flag. Then a group of the fifth grade boys gave a choral reading entitled "A Child's America." Next, Woodrow Norton, a fifth grade boy, gave a reading, "The Declaration of Independence." Max Ray Herring then sang a solo entitled "Our America." The last thing on the program was a picture show entitled "Signing of the Declaration of Independence.'

Boys of Two Cottages Receive Nice Gifts

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

On the Fourth of July we had no school, and we did not work. It was good to have a day off from our daily work.

In the morning, we played some and had a good time. Then in the afternoon we had our ball games. After the ball games, the boys of Cottage No. 14 and Cottage No. 16 were invited to the Yates Curb Market on the Kannapolis Road over in Concord. We ate 14 watermelons and five bushels of bananas. We all had an enjoyable time, and we wish to express our thanks to Mr. A. B. Yates, owner of the Yates Curb Market. We also wish to thank Mr. Hooker, Cottage officer at No. 14 Cottage.. They were the ones who made it possible for us to go.

What We Did July 4th

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

We had a very good time July 4th.

We played ball in front of our cottage and played other games.

We had a very good dinner consisting of grapefruit juice, weiners, chicken dressing, corn, beans, milk, and cake.

After dinner we went back outside and played until time to play baseball and softball. All the cottages like to play baseball and softball and look forward to playing each game.

After the game, we went in swimming and had a good time.

I like July 4th not because of the good time I have but because it is when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

The Declaration of Independence

By Raymond Cloninger and Roy Gaskins, 10th Grade

Thursday afternoon we saw a picture entitled "The Declaration of Independence." This picture was brought to us through the courtesy of Miss Smart, our fifth grade teacher, in connection with a chapel program. This picture showed us how a few men like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson worked to get our independence. On June 7, 1776 men representing all the colonies of the United States met at Independence Hall in Philadelpha to discuss independence. Thomas Jefferson was assigned to write the document, with Benjamin Franklin and John Adams as his advisors.

They thought their article was completed and they had done a good job. John Hancock declared that they would meet again on July 4, 1776, about a month later, at which time this declaration would be read and put to a vote. In order to pass this declaration, the votes would have to be unanimous. When the voting had begun, they found that they lacked one vote of being unanimous. Ceasar Rodney from Delaware, who was on urgent business, rode eighty miles to cast his vote for freedom. The picture closed with the United States flag flying proudly in the breeze.

We thank Mr. Hines, Miss Smart, and others who made is possible for us to see this picture.

Northwestern States

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Tuesday we saw a picture entitled "The Northwestern States." The Northwestern States are: North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, and Utah. It told about the white pine that Idaho produces, the cattle that Wyoming and Montana raise, the winter wheat that Kansas raises, and also the spring wheat that the two Dakotas produce. The gold and copper that some of the Northwestern states produce is famous.

Miss Smart, the fifth grade teacher, was responsible for our seeing this picture, and we wish to express our thanks also to Mr. Hines for showing it.

Southwestern States

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday, the boys saw another weekly educational film. It was "The Southwestern States." The four Southwestern States are: Arizona,

New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma.

The picture told of the mineral resources such as oil, mining, etc. In Texas, the people raise much cotton and livestock. In Arizona is the great Grand Canyon. It also said that Texas is the largest state in the United States.

All the boys appreciate this picture very much.

Flowers At Our Cottage

By J. W. Sorrell, 10th Grade

(NOTE: I would like to give credit to my cottage officer and to the book, "Garden Flowers in Color," for aid in writing this article.)

From early spring we have had many flowers in bloom in our flower yard. First, we had the little upturned faces of the pansies in their many colors, followed by the jonquils, narcissus, and tulips, and then the bearded iris surrounded our cottage in its shades of blue, white, purple, lavender, and yellow. During this period some of our flowering shrubs were also blooming. Among these were spirea, yellow-bells, Deutzia lilacs and mock orange, and they surrounded the cottage with fragrance and beauty. Since that time we have had a succession of blossoms, among them being the exquisite Japanese iris, which resembles an orchid more than any other plant in the garden, snapdragon in many shades, some early blooming dahlias, brown betts, hardy phlox, zinnias, larkspur, hollyhock, peonies, verbena and veronica. At the present the prettiest flowers in our garden are gladiolas and hardy phlox, although we have had many other plants in bloom.

The flowers grown in this garden have been used for numerous purposes. First, we enjoyed giving plants, cuttings, bulbs and dahlia roots away. We have kept cut flowers in our cottage, and numerous bouquets have been shared with our neighbors, sent to the hospital, and even some were sent as far away as Asheville, Raleigh, Sanford and Whiteville, to brighten homes there. It is a pleasure for us to share our things of beauty with others.

Under favorable weather conditions, our flower garden holds promise of many future blooms, as we have planted gladiolas in succession, and have put out about twenty new varieties of dahlias, which have not yet bloomed. We are also looking forward to having more zinnias, marigolds, asters, Nerine lilacs, daisies, chrysanthemums, scarlet sage, obedient flower, and numerous others.

The mimosa trees are in bloom, and just to walk under them and smell their fragrance or pass the gardenia bush as its clinging perfume lingers in the early evening air, makes one realize that the time spent with flowers is not wasted.

Never reason from what you do not know. If you do, you will soon believe what is utterly against reason.—Ramsay.

THE NAVY COULDN'T USE HIM BUT HE IS NOW OUR MOST FAMOUS ADMIRAL

By Dale Carnegie, in Our Paper

In 1900, a little boy down in Winchester, Virginia, was keeping a diary. He had been inspired by the stories of Admiral Peary's heroic struggles to reach the North Pole; so in the autumn of 1900, the little twelve-year-old boy wrote in his diary, "I have decided to be the first man to reach the North Pole." And he immediately began preparing himself for that Spartan adventure. He detested cold weather, so he started to toughen himself by wearing light underwear and no overcoat.

Many years later, the boy who wrote the decision in his diary actually did reach the pole. In fact, he was the first man ever to fly over the North Pole, and he was also the first man ever to fly over the South Pole. His name, of course, is Richard Evelyn Byrd.

Commander Byrd declared that the mighty ice fields in South Polar regions are slowly receding and he believes that, some day, millions of acres of land, now smothered beneath slow, grinding glaciers, may prove to be extremely valuable; and so he is determined to plant the Stars and Stripes on that land and claim it forever in the name of the government of the United States. Commander Byrd is probably right. I have found coal desposits myself within 600 miles of the North Pole; and most geologists believe that fabulously wealthy coal deposits, and perhaps oil fields, exist near the South Pole.

Byrd's life is an inspiring illustration of a boy who had an undying ambition to do big things and who did them in spite of innumerable obstacles.

First, he wanted to travel and see strange lands. And by the time he was fourteen years of age, he had traveled all the way around the world —and he had done it all by himself. He came back home, and went to college; and in college, he devoted a lot of time to boxing, wrestling and football. In doing so, he broke a bone in his foot, crushed his ankle and made himself lame so that the Government retired him from the Navy at twenty-eight years of age as physically unfit for service. Imagine yourself retired for physical incapacity before you were thirty. Some men would have thrown up their hands and admitted defeat.

But Dick Byrd didn't. He said a man didn't have to stand up to fly a plane; he could do that sitting down. He could do that even if he did have a lame foot and a broken ankle. So he started out to become an avaitor and he succeeded, in spite of the fact that, while he was learning, he crashed twice and once he hit another plane head-on.

Thirsting for aerial adventure, he longed to fly over the frozen wastes

of the North Pole where men had never flown before; but at every turn, he was refused and rebuffed. For example:

First, he planned to fly north in the huge dirigible, the Shenandoah; but the Shenandoah went up for a test flight and crashed. Then he pleaded with the government to allow him to make testflights, in order to fit a plane for crossing the Atlantic; but the Government wouldn't let him command the test flights because of his bad foot.

Next, he begged the Government to allow him to pilot one of the planes in which Amundsen planned to fly across the Arctic ice; and again he was refused, this time because he was married. And then, on top of all these bitter disappointments, he was retired from the navy a second time —retired again because he had a bad foot.

Of course, he may have been wrong, but Dick Byrd had the funny idea that initiative and courage and brains were more important than good feet. So he went out and got private parties to finance his expedition, and then he set about doing things that startled the world. He flew across the Atlantic Ocean. He dropped one American Flag on the North Pole; then he turned around and dropped another American Flag on the South Pole; and when he returned to his native land, two million excited people gave him an ovation such as Rome never paid to Julius Caesar even when his chariots returned in triumph over Pompey's blood.

And finally, the United States Government conferred the title of Admiral on this young man who, fourteen years previously, it had retired.

LIFE'S OVERTONES

Man is a pilgrim on a twilight road, ever journeying toward the dawn where he shall build the city of his dream. Sometimes he wanders sunsets paths that fade into the night, and again he runs down dawnstreaked lanes that merge with the sunrise of a new day. Strange indeed are the ways of this pilgrimage, yet high is the mission of each traveler's life.

Aimless though our steps appear, and futile as our days may seem, still each has a worth for the other without which life would have no meaning. Those who make this pilgrimage with unquestioning hearts, need never ask the plaintive, "Wherefore are we here?" They know that our mortal mission here is to put back into life more than we have taken from it; to rekindle extinguished lamps of hope; to redeem forgotten lives from loneliness; to lead a fellow pilgrim by the hand until the fog lifts and the vision clears; to enrich the poor spirit with the gold of understanding.

So to journey is to hear a chorus of triumphant voices assuring us that we are not mere children of a day, but citizens of eternity.

—Author Unknown.

THEY WENT TO JAIL—AND IT ADDED TO THEIR GREATNESS

By Dale Carnegie, in Our Paper

Who do you suppose was the most famous short story writer who ever lived? You have read his stories. More than six million copies of his books have been sold; and they have been translated into almost every language on earth including the Japanese, Esperanto, Czecho-Slovakian, Danish, Norwegian, French, German, Swedish and Russian. His pen name was O. Henry, and he was born about seventy years ago.

O. Henry's life is a striking illustration of a man who battled against tremendous odds and succeeded, in spite of terrible handicaps.

First, he had the handicap of very little education. He didn't even attend high school; and he never saw the inside of a college; yet today his stories are studied as models of good writing in half the universities of the land.

Second, he was handicapped by the ravages of diseases. The doctors feared that he was going to die of consumption; so they took him away from his home in North Carolina, sent him down to Texas, and he got a job herding sheep on a ranch there.

Today, automobile tourists drive hundreds of miles out of their way to see that ranch; and as they approach it they halt their cars and walk reverently over the ground where O. Henry once tended his flocks.

Third, he had the apparent misfortune of being thrown into prison. It happened in this way:

After he regained his health, O. Henry got a job as a cashier in a bank in Austin, Texas. The cowboys and sheep men in that section had the habit of walking into the bank when the clerks were busy and helping themselves to as much cash as they wanted, signing a receipt for it, and then going on about their business.

Suddenly, one day, a state bank examiner came in, inspected the bank's cash—and found money missing. O. Henry, the cashier, was arrested. He was hauled into court; and although he probably had never taken a dishonest dollar himself, nevertheless he was sent to prison for five years.

That prison sentence seemed like a calamity at the time; but, in a way, it was most fortunate; for O. Henry began writing, in prison, the brilliant stories that were destined to make his name honored and loved wherever the English language is spoken. It is quite probable that he would never have written at all if he hadn't been sent to prison.

I was talking to Warden Lawes, of Sing Sing, recently; and he told me that almost every man in Sing Sing wants to write the story of his life. In fact, so many of the prisoners in Sing Sing want to write, that the prison school gives them a free course in short story writing. Naturally, very few of them succeed, but nevertheless, it is a fact that many well-known men have written in jail.

For example, Sir Walter Raleigh,

the famous dandy, who wore diamonds in his shoes and pearls in his ears; Sir Walter, the gallant courtier who tossed his cloak into a mud puddle for Queen Elizabeth to step on—even he wrote in jail. He was kept behind prison bars for fourteen terrible years because of political jealousy.

His cell was damp and narrow, and the walls oozed muddy water. He suffered terribly from the cold. His left arm became stiff with rheumatism. His hand was gnarled and drawn with pain. But in spite of his misery and heartbreak, he wrote a history of the world while in prison —a history that is being studied in our schools and colleges even today—three hundred years after it was written.

For twelve years John Bunyan was locked up in a jail—locked up because of his religious teachings. While in prison, he made lace to buy bread for his wife and four hungry children. But while his hands were busy making lace, his mind was busy with great thoughts; and there, in his cold, dark, damp dungeon, he wrote a book that almost every student in America has read. It is called Pilgrim's Progress, and it has been translated into more languages than any other book that ever existed, with the exception of the Bible.

Cervantes wrote Don Quixote, one of the great books of all time, in jail. Voltaire wrote in jail. Oscar Wilde wrote in jail. Eugene V. Debs wrote in jail. More than a million copies of Adolf Hitler's biography have been sold; and Hitler wrote part of the book in jail. In fact, I have just about come to the conclusion that if you want to write a book, it might be a good idea to smash a window and get yourself locked up.

When Richard Lovelace was thrown into an English prison, two hundred and fifty years ago, he glorfied his dungeon by writing one of the well known poems of the English language, it is a love poem that he wrote to his sweetheart. It is entitled: "To Althea from Prison."

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
The spotless mind, and innocent,
Calls that a hermitage,
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that are above,
Enjoy such liberty.

———:———

WORK DILIGENTY

Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a postive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—Abraham Lincoln.

AMBITION

By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper

A father called his 18-year-old son to him and said, "Today is your birthday. I am going to present you with this watch which has a lesson to teach you. I hope you will discover what the lesson is and benefit from it." A little later the son came back to him and said, "Dad this watch won't run, there is no main-spring in it." The father replied, "That is the lesson. I have been watching you grow up, and you don't suit me; I don't believe you suit yourself either. This watch reminds me if you—it has a gold case, and you have a good body—it has the proper number of jewels to make it run right, and you have had opportunities which are the jewels in your life—there is good workmanship in the making of the watch, and you have had good leadership at home, at school and at church. Yet the watch is useless as a timepiece because it has no mainspring, and at 18 you show no signs of progress because you lack ambition; without ambition any man's life is useless; just as useless as your watch without its mainspring."

"Ambition in a man is exactly like a mainspring to a watch. It is ambition that has made possible all our great inventions and discoveries. It is ambition that is the forerunner of every worthwhile success of which you have ever heard. Take away ambition and you stop the wheels of industry. Ambition is what sends a man to do the seemingly impossible. It is the creator of masters who overcome conditions or circumstances that for thousands of years people said could not be done.

"When there is no ambition in a man to make his way through life, when it is perfectly obvious that he has no desires in himself, he has to be content with the value of a cipher. The best he can do is to stand on the sidelines and look on. He is not active enough to use the talents he has slumbering in his life.

While he lives, he can never realize the joy and thrill of having done something really worthwhile.

"There is the story of a young woman who saw a butterfly about to emerge from a cocoon. It was struggling to break through the threads, so she took a pair of scissors and tried to help the butterfly by snipping away some of the strands holding it. As a result, it was released prematurely and was too weak to care for itself and it died. It needed that struggle to get out of the cocoon to give it strength to survive.

"Isn't it true that there are a lot of people in the world who crave ease? They love to be on the easy road, they like to be sheltered in some calm harbor of life. They expect to be helped by dame fortune and they expect her to hand them success on a golden platter, with no effort on their part. They are the men who find this world very hard, and who experience little or no joy, day in and day out. They are out of sorts with themselves and with their fellowmen because they are unwilling to pass through some struggle that

seems to them to be too severe for them to tackle.

"With ambition lost, every thing is lost, whereas the man who keeps his ambition alive will find that ambition will push him through. Every man knows that since the beginning of time, things have been won only through the ambition of the man. Every man who is alert, wideawake and thoughtful knows that lady fortune will never hand him a fortune without his own efforts, and he knows that dame fortune will help him in proportion to what he does himself.

"Many years ago in the Arctic icefield, a ship was caught and was held fast, in the bitter cold every member of the crew perished. When the ship did not return in a few years, a rescue ship was sent north. This search party sighted the small ship and they shouted with joy because they thought the crew was still alive. They could see, through their glasses, the captain at a table writing the log, a man up in the rigging another at the helm, and one in the lookout. But as the searching party drew nearer the scene changed, they saw that all the men were dead, in their frozen state they remained as if they were alive. Although they were dead they carried the appearances of being alive.

"A lot of people we meet every day have the appearance of being alive, alert, active and awake, but we are deceived. Ambition is dead in them and they are dead to ambition, with the appearance of being alive. Inwardly they are dead and are counted as good as dead because they are dead to their own usefulness and to their fellowmen and to God.

"I leave you this morning the watch without a mainspring, for the mainspring is to a watch as ambition is to you and me and everybody else. Keep your ambition working, let it push you. Keep it alive, be ambitious to make tomorrow a bigger and better day than today. Be wideawake and active, let ambition carry you on and upward to victory."

A GOOD MAN'S INFLUENCE

The influence of one good man is far beyond estimation. One may build a mansion, may spend uncounted sums in rearing its walls or marble, and storing it with every element of beauty within, and yet, passing from this mortal realm, may have accomplished but little; while another, perhaps, never built anything save a mansion of character. The invisible stones are laid around his own character. He left little save influence, but that influence, exerted day by day, falls into sensible souls, and shapes, moulds, and directs the course of life, and reveals the truth to countless others.

—Square and Compass.

UNNECESSARY FEARS

(Hill-Top News)

We Americans—supreme as never before—in resources, productive capacity, and technological know-how —are currently afflicted by one of the strangest cases of "jitters," in our history. We seem to fear that a depression is inevitable—although there never was a greater need and desire for merchandise, combined with tremendous purchasing ability to pay for them. We are obsessed by fears of war and aggression, although we are the "sole" possessor of the most devastating weapon—ever devised by man.

This, of course, is unnecessary behavior for a great nation like ours. It is equivalent to "Joe Louis" worrying himself into a "gastric ulcer" after having knocked out "Billy Conn" in the second round.

Meanwhile, the golden opportunity of a prosperity greater than any American has ever visualized—is being endangered. If some insidious master plan were working to undermine confidence in our economic system, the effeat created by this case of "jitters", would be most comparable.

Before you fall victim to this type of psychosis—consider strongly, the facts of our present economic situation. They offer slight encouragement to the "fear mongers." There are four million more people at work today—than there were last year at this time. Our total national production is more than fifty-per-cent greater then in the year 1939. Presumably, Americans will spend over $140,000,000,000.00 this year for consumers' goods.

Continued, confident production, is the logical answer to all our fears and troubles. By directing our thoughts in this manner—we shall gain economic strength, national security, and eventually—wide relief from our troubled fears. The late Henry Ford often remarked, "The only cure for worry—is work." Mr. Ford's profound words should be accepted by all America, today, because with this definite thought in mind—"One, cannot help, but to succeed in life's work."

When that "bugle" was blown, on December 7, 1941, America—as a whole, was totaly unprepared. However, soon after, plants throughout the entire country had stripped themselves of peace-time machinery, and began to gird for an all-out war against our agressors. After heartbreaking set-back, full production in our war plants was finally achieved —which resulted in a complete victory for the Sons and Daughters of America. Today, while we are in the process of reconverting our factories to to peace-time production and a basic return to normalcy, we must employ our thoughts exactly in the same manner as we did—when in 1941, we stored our "civvies" and donned that "uniform", which matched the "color" of our "eyes."

LUKEWARMNESS

(The Baptist Messenger)

"Yes, Lela, just put the castor oil in some coffee, and William won't taste the oil," so said a gracious (?) neighbor woman to mother a few years ago when I was sick. I objected but to no avail. I was too sick to fight and too weak to run, so I surrendered to the new deal which turned out to be an ordeal.

Lukewarm coffee with nasty castor oil floating on top—Phew, was a dose. I finally took it—and immediately returned it—my stomach used good judgment. I have always been "agin" taking it in any shape—especially in lukewarm coffee.

There is just one thing that makes me more nauseated than this—lukewarm church members.

They give me about the same feeling spiritually that the lukewarm coffee give me physically. That is what is meant when the Lord was speaking to the church over at Laodicea in Rev. 3:14-19. The Lord said: "I know thy works, thou art neither cold nor hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my mouth." The lukewarm crowd is neither for nor against—They are neither fully for God, nor fully against the devil.

They are the "fence straddlers." If they are following at all, it is at a distance. This group favors Home Missions when you're taking Foreign Mission offering. The truth is they are missionary in name, but "Hard-shell" in practice.

They don't come to the business meetings, but criticize what was done. They respond to a warm message about like a wooden Indian. Their expression never changes until the preacher says something about money or missions, and then, they look and act like they had swallowed a dill pickle.

We may rebuke them, but we'll not remarke them. Even God gave them up and said: "I will spue them out of my mouth." They are the headache of the church; the heartache of heaven; the problem of the pastor and of Christendom.

———:———

Any man can spoil himself for himself. He can allow himself to grow so sensitive that he lives in constant pain. He can nurse his grudges until they are an intolerable burden. He can think himself insulted until he is apt to be. He can believe the world's against him until it is. He can imagine troubles until they are real. He can hold so many under suspicion that no one believes in him. He can insult his friends until they are no longer friends. He can think himself so important that no one else does. He can have such a good opinion of himself that no one else enjoys his friendship. He can become so wrapped up in himself that he becomes very small. —Anon.

THE OVERCOMING CHURCHES

(The Alabama Baptist)

In our troubled time we look back to the first century and see with new eyes an astonishing fact of history. Little bands of Christians united in the one faith and fellowship overcame a huge empire organized and dominated by brute force and cruely.

We are the children of these overcoming churches. We have the same living Lord, the same faith, the same hope. We can conquer the same enemy by the methods used by our fathers in the faith. The Bible states them plainly.

First, by uniting our lives in faith with our crucified and redeeming Lord. What meaning this gives to every preaching service, every prayer meeting, every Sunday school, every dollar given to missions or any good cause!

Next, by every Christian openly witnessing to the power of Christ and winning others to him. This is vital, this personal work or individuals bringing other individuals, for we know that no kind of fellowship can hold together merely as a mutual admiration society.

The mission of the churches is to change the world. To proclaim God to men and bring men to God. The religion of Christ is outgoing as well as ingrowing; aggressive and not only receptive; saving and not merely being saved.

Finally, by counting nothing too dear to offer in his service—even, if need be, one's life. Did Jesus hold anything back? Our Lord had it in him to be the world's supreme thinker, supreme healer, supreme teacher, supreme statesman. He was all this. But all this would not have made the world's Saviour. He could have retired with all his marvelous qualities into safety and seclusion. His good friends wanted him to. But no, he offered his supreme quality to the utmost degree. He held nothing back, not even his life.

Our way is to give ourselves to the people we like, and to withhold ourselves from those we dislike. Or to sacrifice here, but not there, or then but not now. God's way is—all, or it is nothing. And so of the overcoming churches. If any local church hoards its powers within its own walls instead of releasing them it may have a name to live but it will do nothing to overcome the world.

Ypymi iau-oi siooix

He that hath energy enough to root out a vice, should go further, and try to plant a virtue in its place; otherwise he will have his labor to renew. A strong soil that has produced weeds may be made to produce wheat.—Colton.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

(The Alabama Baptist)

We grow weary with the loose talk about the brotherhood of man. There are those who write and speak of the brotherhood of man as though it is something men of themselves make and join as they would some kind of a club or of which they may become allied as in a political party.

If the brotherhood of man were that kind of thing it would break into pieces as easily as do clubs, human cooperatives of various kinds, political parties and ideologies. Therefore, no brotherhood of man based upon such a concept needs ever to be formed in the first place. Indeed, no real brotherhood can ever be based upon a carnal consideration.

God is the Father in the sense that he is the creator of all things—man included. But he is a spiritual Father only of those who have been born again into his spiritual kingdom. And there simply can be no spiritual brotherhood except between those who are thus born and who have become God's spiritual children.

Thus all talk about the brotherhood of man which leave s out the new birth, whereby men actually become brothers, is the utmost futility and folly. No conception of merely a carnal brotherhood is found anywhere in the New Testament. But a brotherhood of the redeemed is recognized and such were those who were members of the New Testament churches. The very Greek word for "church" means those who were called out of the world into a new spiritual environment and fellowship.

Much of the preachment of the brotherhood of man is by worldlings who mistakenly try to apply a spiritual concept to a world the most of which is anything but spiritual. That simply cannot be done.

We think there already exists a brotherhood of the redeemed which overlaps all creeds, all sectarianism, all races and colors. But the common denominator in that brotherhood is that God has become their spiritual Father and they are His children by reason of a new birth in God and into His kingdom.

ecrdloot frh fdwh ydwlr pykw wdylf

Those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He, therefore, who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all in his power toward the happiness of others, answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honor to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.—Addison.

WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD

W. Lewis Johnson, Nebraska

I believe in God, not because my parents did, but because I am deeply persuaded that neither human life with its marvelous coordination of brain and muscle, nor the inorganic life of nature with its tremendous universal laws and energies could possibly have been brought into being without a larger Intelligence and Power having created them and sustained them through the untold ages of time.

I cannot conceive of a house being constructed without architect and builder, contractor and workmen cooperating together in the construction of the dwelling. There must be an architect who visualizes the plan of the house and draws it according to specifications. And there must be a contractor who with the complete plans, assembles his men and materials and erects the house. The house thus could not have fallen into place and taken its structural form by chance. It is the reasoned results of intelligence, of foresight, of skill, and of work cooperating according to a definite plan and purpose.

In the same manner I see the wonders of the human mind with its capacity to think and to reason in a sound and dependable way. I see the intricate mechanism of the body with artery and vein, muscles and sinew, heart and lungs and stomach constructed and cooperating together according to the divine purpose of sustaining and renewing life.

I see the stars in their cources revolving accurately in their orbits around their suns, even as our earth and its sister planets are moving in their orbits without even the slightest fluctuation or interruption in their mighty operations. And I see these tremendous bodies and systems working under laws so accurate and unfailing that an eclipse of the sun can be predicted years in advance and estimated correctly to the fraction of a second.

Thus I can no more think that this law-abiding universe and this delicately-moulded human organism had come into being without a Supreme Mind, Power to direct and sustain them than I can believe that my house took shape and form without the mind of an architect to plan and direct its construction.

It may be difficult for sceptics to believe in the presence of God in life. But is is even more difficult to understand something of a formation and development of human life and the tremendous operations of this universe without believing in an Intelligence and Power equal to these mighty tasks.

Not believe in God? Impossible. His presence is everywhere manifest. Without His love and unfailing response to all your needs—there would be no life, no earth, no spirit, no happy laughter of children. There would be no You!

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Raymond Byrd, who was formerly a house boy at the infirmary here. Raymond has been in the United States Navy for quite some time. His letter, written at sea, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that I'm still thinking of you and the fellows at the school. Please remember me to Mrs. Hawfield, Mr. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Liske, Mr. Hines and Mrs. Baucom.

"I haven't received The Uplift in quite a while, due to the fact that I have been transferred around so much in the last three months. Hope to be getting them again real soon.

"I am now on a heavy cruiser. It is a much larger ship than the AKA I was on before. Even better duty than on the other ship.

"We aren't scheduled to go back overseas until next March, but I am not sure that I will make that cruise, as I expect to be discharged in March. I may sign up for four more years, but am not sure about that just now.

"Please excuse this writing as we are under way from San Pedro, California to San Francisco, and the ship is rolling quite a bit.

"Please answer real soon and let me know how the sports are coming along at the school. Yours truly, Raymond Byrd."

—:—

Lee Lockerby, a former member of the Cottage No. 11 group, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Thought I would write and let you know how everything turned out. I am very glad you gave me the chance to go and stay with Mr. Crabtree. Don't believe you could have found a better place for me to stay. I am at home now, but I wouldn't have come if it hadn't been for my mother. She doesn't have anyone to help her except my smaller sister, and she can't do much.

"The best thing anyone did for me was to send me to the Jackson Training School. When I first went there, I thought it was awful, but now I don't regret one minute of my stay there. I used to ramble around and cause my mother a lot of trouble. Now that I have been to the Training School and at Mr. Crabtree's I am a lot of help to her.

"Remember me to all the officers and boys. Yours truly, Lee Lockerby.

—:—

Roy Lee Jones, a former student here, wrote Superintendent Hawfield a short time ago. Roy is now in the United States Navy. His letter, written at Pearl Harbor, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Just a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you or your wonderful school.

"I don't believe you have forgotten me, for I wasn't exactly an angel while there. But the school certainly did me a lot of good, and I'm glad that I spent some time there.

'Give my regards to all the boys and officers. Tell Mr. Godown that I would appreciate a copy of the school paper once in a while.

"Best wishes to you and Mrs. Hawfield. Hope to hear from you soon. Your friend, Roy Lee Jones.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Fred K. Owen, of Cambridge, Mass., made a brief visit to the Training School recently. Fred, one of our former students, came to this institution, March 15, 1939, and was conditionally released, January 1, 1941. During his stay with us he was a member of the group at Cottage No. 11.

Soon after returning to his home, Fred enlisted in the United States Navy. He participated in various engagements in the South Pacific. He was discharged from the Navy in December, 1945.

About four years ago, Fred married a young lady from Cambridge, Mass., whom he met while in the service. They have two children, Norma, aged two and one-half years, and David, eight months old. Their children were with them on their visit here. They made the trip from Massachusetts by automobile.

Fred told us that for the past two years he had been employed by a large rubber company in Cambridge. He stated that he liked his work very much, and was getting along nicely. Fred is now twenty-three years old.

—:—

Charles Crotts, aged twenty-six years, formerly of Cottage No. 9, called at The Uplift office recently. He entered the school, May 16, 1933, and was permitted to return to his home near Hickory, June 30, 1936. For the next several years he was employed in a hosiery mill in that city.

On December 8, 1943, Charles enlisted in the United States Navy. He was honorably discharged from futher service, April 22, 1946.

Since leaving the service, Charles has been employed in a hosiery mill in Hickory, where he is doing very nicely. He has been married five months, and he and his wife live near Conover. Mrs. Crotts accompanied her husband on his visit to the school.

—:—

Claude L. Moose, a former member of the group at Cottage No. 15, was a visitor at the school on July 4th. This young man, who is now twenty-two years old, entered this institution, June 1, 1938, and was conditionally released, July 11, 1941. His work experience at the school consisted of employment on the dairy force.

Upon returning to his home, he worked at various jobs until September 26, 1942, when he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He served a little more than two years overseas. At present he is a member of the Fourth Marine Corps, and is stationed at Camp Lejune.

Claude seemed glad to get back to the school and renew acquaintances among the staff members. He stated that his present period of enlistment would expire next October, and he added that at the present time he was not quite sure whether he would re-enlist or not.

———:———

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—Luther.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. John H. Carper, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, preached to the boys at the school on last Sunday afternoon. For a Scripture lesson Mr. Carper read the first twelve verses of the first chapter of II Thessalonians.

Mr. Carper used as a theme for his discussion the following:

"Three Great Steps in Christian Growth." These three steps were described as Desire, Decision, and Devotion. The minister began his discussion by warning the boys not to forget the great things of life which may be out in the future by giving all their attention and consideration to the things that are near at hand. The boys were told that too many people permit the things that are immediately about them to blind them and consume all their thinking so that they do not observe the great things of life in their proper proportion. The boys were told that they would be wise if they would understand that the principles of life are generally fairly simple and that it is not too difficult or too complex to understand the finest principles of Christian living.

Mr Carper emphasized particularly the point that no person ever accomplishes great things until he has an ardent desire or wish to do so. It is only when a person has zealously worked to achieve the best gifts of life that his life becomes purposeful and dynamic. The word desire was defined as a word of action, representing an earnest hope or wish so that one actually covets the best things of life, instead of the low and trivial things. The hope of the world to be what it should depends on the power of desire as it is found in the lives of people. An illustration of how this principle works is always found in the lives of boxers and other athletes. The person who is a successful boxer always goes into the ring with the full determination that he will be alert and that he will "fling a punch" when the opportunity presents itself. The same principle applies in his life—that people who succeed must be ready to overcome obstacles and difficulties and that they are ready to strive to become stronger by crusading ardently for the highest and finest principles of Christian living.

Decision was defined as another important step in Christian living. For a person to be able to make decisions, it was explained that he must be willing sometimes to make a complete change in his way of living, and with God helping him he will attempt to choose the right pathway. Sometimes people tend to become anti-Christ in their thinking and in their doing, and this always leads towards difficulties. The people of Israel rebelled against Moses when he was leading them out of Egypt into canaan. In such a time Moses told them that they themselves would have to choose whom they would follow. So it is in the life of any person—the only way to grow and develop is to be able to make choices and to decide the Christian principles of life. In the New Testament, the rich young ruler who was told he would have to go and sell all he had if he would be

a true follower of Jesus, unfortunately decided that he could not take that step. Many others make the same fatal mistake.

The third point emphasized in the message was the need for ardent devotion to the Christian life. For instance, it was pointed out that the Psalmist once proclaimed that he would trust in the Lord with his whole heart. It was explained that ardent devotion requires that one dedicate himself wholeheartedly to God in the spirit of love and devotion. It was explained that people do not ever achieve great things in life who undertake whatever they are doing in an indifferent and half-hearted spirit. It is only those who really do their best that really succeed.

———:———

I WONDER

I watch my neighbor day by day,
And never see him kneel to pray,
And sometimes from his lips is heard,
The mutter of blasphemous words.
Now as I see his light so dim,
I wonder what to think of him.
But he looks back across the road,
And sees me stumble with my load,
He sees my weakness on display,
As I stumble on my chosen way.
He, too, has eyes with which to see,
I wonder what he thinks of me?
And when I think of Him above,
Who rules on earth by matchless love,
Who sees the errors of us all,
But still will help us when we fall.
Who hears each petty quarrel and fuss,
I wonder what He thinks of us?

—Cedric Louks.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.—Bancroft.

—:—

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.—Robert Collyer.

—:—

Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote.—Exchange.

—:—

Better to be poisoned in one's blood than to be poisoned in one's principles.
—Confucius.

—:—

Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.
—Emerson.

—:—

Prosperity is only an instrument to be used, not a deity to be worshipped.
—Calvin Coolidge.

—:—

There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes.—Hare.

—:—

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landor.

—:—

Liberty cannot be established without morality, nor morality without faith.—Horace Greeley.

—:—

Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast; there is a hand above that will help thee on.—Bailey.

—:—

Laws act after crimes have been committed; prevention goes before them both.—Zimmerman.

—:—

Slang is just sport-model language stripped down to get more speed with less horse-power.
—Buffalo Evening News.

A man's mind is wont to tell him more than seven watchmen sitting in a tower.—Rudyard Kipling.

—:—

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but affections are not to be fixed but by those that are real.
—DeMoy.

The longer I live, the more faith I have in Providence, and the less faith in my interpretation of Providence.
—J. Day.

—:—

Take all the experience and judgment of men over fifty out of the world and there won't be enough left to run it.—Henry Ford.

—:—

It is good to be a part of life. Just as a sun-dial counts only the sunny hours, so does life know only that it is living.—H. G. Wells.

—:—

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.—Colton.

—:—

You can't run a government solely on a business basis. Government should be human. It should have a heart.—Herbert H. Lehman.

—:—

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands, in unskillful hands, the most mischievous.
—Pope.

—:—

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character despises it.—Washington.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Dentists are men who bore you to tears.

—:—

Something every woman wants to know—more.

—:—

A man's temper improves the more he doesn't use it.

—:—

You can push a pen, but a pencil has to be lead.

—:—

You can't travel the road to fame on a pass.

—:—

The less a man knows the more he wants to tell it.

—:—

The game of love is never called on account of darkness.

—:—

Experience is a fine teacher but the tuition is high.

—:—

The man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

—:—

If you want to see a short summer, borrow some money, due in the fall.

—:—

The best way to eat spinach is to fatten a chicken with it and then eat the chicken.

—:—

The fellow who cheats the weighing machine, like the Arab, silently steals a weigh.

—:—

The price of hogs has been steadily advancing, but the road hogs are as cheap as even.

—:—

The worst thing about winter nights is, if your feet finally get warm, you've overslept.

Patience and perseverance will enable you to carry water in a sieve—if you wait for it to freeze.

—:—

If your face can't get your picture in the papers, write a patent medicine testimonial, maybe your kidneys will.

While this country has turned out some great men, there are quite a few others not so great that it should turn out.

—:—

Pity the poor American Indian. The white man stole his land; the co-ed his war paint, and the college boy his war cry.

—:—

When a man is foolish enough to make his own troubles, he should at least have enough sense not to kick about them.

—:—

Many people who spout so profusely about capital and labor never had any capital and never did any labor when they could get out of it.

The little cakes we tried to eat at a party the other night were as hard as iron. Maybe that's the reason the hostess said, "Take your pick," when she served them.

—:—

A mechanics professor told one of the students to describe the mechanism of a steam-shovel. The boy replied, "Don't try to kid me. You can't carry steam on a shovel."

—:—

In recommending a certain hair restorer, a local barber told us that he knew a man who removed the cork from the bottle with his teeth, and within twenty-four hours he had a moustache.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 6, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Kenneth Holcomb
Robert Jarvis
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Olin Sealey
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Ernest Kitchin
Robert Melton
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Cain
Kenneth King
Aaron McCarson
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Harold Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
Clyde Hill
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Arthur Lawson
Clyde Leonard
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Raymond Cloninger
Ralph Cranford
Emmet Fields
Jack Griffin
Robert Hinson
Carl Jenkins
David Johnson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Jimmy Wiles
Eugene Wyatt

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Charles Angel
Charles Autry

Odell Cain
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Robert Gordon
Hoyt Mathis
Jackie Melvin
James Moore
Howard Riley
Ray Roberts
Herbert Stewart
Kenneth Wells
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Miley Gunter
Kenneth McLean

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Carswell
Earl Grant
William Hyatt

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Joseph Cain
Sam Finney
Ray Lunsford
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Jerry Rippy
Carl Rice
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Herbert Landreth
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Willie Stamey
James Shepherd
Robert Wicker
Eugene Williams
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Charles McDaniel
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Harvey Hunneycutt
William Hunter

Our Blessing: Let us be grateful for the day. Let us rejoice in the sunshine—and when it is hidden from us, let us remember that in the upper air, above our clouded sphere, it still fills the heavens. Many good things continue to come to us; Nature is continually providing us with bounties—while we wake, while we sleep. So let us go to our appointed tasks with cheerful odedience and joyful expectation. If trial and trouble await us, or if, in the stress of the day the burdens seem too great, we may still be comforted in the thought that above all, there is a Supreme Being in whom the world from the beginning has placed its trust.

—George Batchelor.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 19, 1947 No. 29

HORSE SENSE

A horse can't pull while kicking,
This fact I merely mention.
And he can't kick while pulling,
Which is my chief contention.

Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life that's fitting;
Just pull an honest load, and then
There'll be no time for kicking.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.
SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.
CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
NEGLECT IS CRIMINAL	By Father E. J. Flanigan	10
IDEALS	By William Riley Franklin	13
THE STRANGE IDEA	By Evelyn Seymour	14
TEMPEST	(Selected)	16
IS YOUR JOB FUN, IF NOT, LEAVE IT	(Morganton News-Herald)	17
WORDS OF THE WISE	(Selected)	18
OUR CONSTITUTION GREW OUT OF PRAYER	(Harding College Monthly Letter)	19
THE ROAD TO SLAVERY	(Dare County Times)	21
AMERICA'S STRENGTH	(Baptist New Mexican)	22
MOST PEOPLE WISH TO BE NICE	(Alabama Baptist)	23
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WHERE THE RHODODENDRON BLOOMS

There's a little highland blossom that is dearer, far to me,
Than the Shamrock, or the Thistle, or the Rose,
For its home is in the mountains and my heart will ever be,
Where the Laurel and the Rhododendron grows;
You may sing of distant nations that our fathers loved so well,
You may glorify the flowers across the sea,
But give me the sunny highlands and a little shady dell,
Where the lovely Rhododendron blooms for me.

CHORUS:

Oh! It's lovely on the prairies where the stars are far away,
And there's glory where the sunset meets the sea,
But give me the bonnie highlands, where the sky is near each day,
And the Rhododendron blooms for you and me.

There's a fragrance in the pinewoods and it lingers on the breeze,
In the summer when the twilight stays so long,
And the warbling of the songbirds safely nesting in the trees,
Fills the woodlands with a melody of song;
You may crave the open prairies where the stars are far away,
You may love the rolling billows of the sea,
But I love the Dixie highlands where all nature seems so gay,
And the Rhododendron blooms for you and me.

—C. A. Snodgrass.

This beautiful mountain ballad (Copyright 1941) is being used by special permission of the author.

MEN OF ACTION

Among the heroes of World War II the name of General George S. Patton will always stand out as one of the greatest of that dreadful struggle. Among other things he was regarded among his colleagues as being a dashing and daring leader, whose plan of action

was to catch the enemy unaware, and whose armies always advanced beyond the expectations of his adversaries. He had, somewhere in life, acquired the great dynamic principle of life—that he who would be victorious, whether in war or elsewhere, must plan for extraordinary action; that is, he must be willing to do things whole-heartedly and with a passion. There was never any record of any time when General Patton's forces were pursued in flight by the enemy, but rather that they were always on the march, forcing the fight. Thus his name will always be memorialized among the great military leaders of history

Recently, at Warm Springs, Georgia, what has come to be known as the Little White House, one of the homes of Franklin D. Roosevelt, was appropriately dedicated as a national shrine in memory of that great leader who served his country during the time when there were many critical moments. Franklin D. Roosevelt was first elected President of the United States in November, 1932. He captivated the good will of many millions of the American people, primarily because he demonstrated that he was a man of action He came into the responsibilities of the presidency at a time when the country was in the depths of a depression, and when there was despair abroad in the land, and with the help of other leaders he sought to remedy the situation and to alleviate the distress of those who were in hunger and in economic need. At the time, some criticized his plan of action, and, no doubt, some will continue to criticize for all time, but it can be claimed to his everlasting credit that he sought to do something about the distresses of the hour. At the time, he could have taken the easy way and followed the course of least resistance, meeting only the emergencies calling for drastic action, but instead he chose the more herioc course and made his recommendations that something be done. He, too, was a man of action.

In the early history of this country, when universities were scarce and when the opportunities of trade training meager, about the only way in which a person could learn a trade for life was to become an apprentice. As an apprentice, he of course associated with a skilled worker in some worthy trade. In the shops he worked with an older person who had learned the skills of the trade,

and who was willing to soil his own hands as he sought to serve the public and furnish the goods of his shop to those who came to purchase. As an apprentice he had to be willing to accept the meager rewards of his profession and had to be willing to look to a later date for the more abundant rewards which could come only to those who were sure of their skills. In many instances this apprenticeship was for a period of four years, and the only remuneration the young man received for his labors were his room, board and a few articles of clothing. As his days of apprenticeship came to an end, he usually received about $100.00 in cash, a suit of clothes and a kit of tools, as he started out into the world to follow the trade thus learned. In the work shop the apprentice was always in the presence of a man of action who was generally doing something. Probably the greatest lesson that was ever learned by an apprentice was that work is honorable and that it tends toward the nobility of character.

Thus it is that those who, in all the history of man, have made the finest contribution toward the enrichment of civilization and the enlightenment of the world, have been men of action. They have been men who have had a passion for doing things and who have been willing to pay the price of sacrifice, and who have been willing to meet the issues when they involved great efforts. They have been young men who were willing to get down to the basic things of life, when it was divested of all the superficialities. They have been men who, along the way, have learned the lesson that shirkers and men of idleness, men who are half-hearted workers, have never contributed in any abundance to the progress of civilization. They have been men whose names will be forever immortalized in history among the heroes, because they were ceaseless and unrelenting in their zeal, and did not recoil in the bitterest struggles.

In this day and generation, one of the greatest needs of the hour is that people should learn again that the greatest satisfaction and the greatest contentment to be found is in honorable work. People rejoice in their hearts when they have fulfilled their obligations, and out of the achievements of life the greatest satisfactions are fashioned. Too many people have seemingly become imbued with the idea that it is the smart and clever thing to do to get by with

little effort. When they do this, they do not realize the curse that they are in danger of bringing to themselves.

In the Scriptures of old, there is an abundance of evidence that God was able to use only those who were dependable workers in some one realm of life or another. The great Apostle Paul was skilled as a tentmaker; David was a shepherd and a skilled musician; Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter; the Apostle Luke was a physician. These and many others were used in the Christian program because they were workers who were not wasting their lives away in idleness. Because they were men of action, they had the very virtues that could be of greatest help in Christian service.

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan;
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off" until
His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time,
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works twenty hours a day.
He'll find a moment sure, somewhere,
That has no other use,
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

—Selected.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Water—Friend or Enemy

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

The picture we saw last Tuesday was entitled "Water—Friend or Enemy." This picture pointed out why water can be either your friend or enemy. It showed how the water can be impure and cause sickness and death. It also showed how boiling and sterilizing it can be one way of making it a friend.

We liked this picture very much and would like to express our thanks to Miss Smart, our fifth grade teacher, for making this picture possible. She ordered it for her 5th grade, but she invited all the other grades to see it. Mr. Hines, our principal, showed the picture twice, because it was such an educational picture.

Our Fourth of July

By Ralph Cranford, 3rd Grade

Friday morning, July 4th, we slept late. After breakfast we went outside and played. At lunch time we had three hotdogs and drinks. That afternoon we had a ball game. After the ball game, we went swimming. It was a fine holiday for all of us.

What I Did on July 4th

By Bobby Porter, 4th Grade

On July 4th I had a good breakfast. Then I shined the floors and went out to play. We played ball a long time. After we had played ball a long time, the best came! Picnic dinner! Hotdogs! Drinks! Other good things to eat!

Then we played ball and went swimming. We played and swam until supper was ready.

Our supper was just as good as our dinner. We had played hard and were hungry. The Fourth of July was a good day for us! We had no work! We had no school! When we went upstairs and said our prayers, we were happy.

July 4th—A Good Day

By John Gainey, 3rd Grade

We slept late on the morning of the 4th. When we got up, we had a good breakfast. After that, we went outdoors and played a little while. Then we went to the ball ground where some of us played ball and others picked blackberries. We all had a good time, eating blackberries until we had plenty.

When we went back to our cottage, we ate a good dinner. After dinner, we played a while longer near our cottage.

In the afternoon we went to the ball ground and played softball. Our cottage lost, but we did not get angry. We went on and didn't fuss about losing. Then we went swimming.All the boys had a good time, playing in the water.

We went back to our cottage again and had a good supper. We had beans, tomatoes, juice, cake, etc. They were all good.

We had a good holiday that we will long remember.

The Story of Coal

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

One of the pictures we saw last week was entitled "The Story of Coal." It told us much about coal. It showed how coal was formed, how it is mined, and where it is produced. The United States produces much coal. Our own state, North Carolina, produces some coal. The men who mine the coal face a big danger, because the mines could cave in on them. Coal is a very useful friend.

We thank those who were responsible for our seeing this picture. It was a very good one, and we are looking forward to seeing more like it.

Junior American Legion Team to Organize

By Eugene Grice and Sammie Lynn, 8th Grade

Tuesday some of the boys of the Jackson Training School went over to Webb Field in Concord to try out for different positions on the Junior American Legion Team. The boys who went were the following:

Eugene Grice, pitcher; Sammie Lynn, 1st base; Herman Hughes, 1st base; Chester Lee, pitcher; James Myers, pitcher; Gerald Johnson, catcher; Leon Poston, catcher; Harvey Arnette, 3rd base; and Edwin Peterson, outfield.

At the end of this week, the team will be selected. There will be two taken for the team for the All-Star game Monday night. This will be a real opportunity for the boys to make a mark in baseball.

Vacation Time

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

It is the time of year when the workers at the Training School are taking their vacation. We hate to see them leave for their vacation of two weeks, and we are happy to see them return.

Mr. and Mrs. Liske, officer and matron of Cottage No. 10, and Mr. and Mrs. Cruse, officer and matron of Cottage No. 9, are the ones who are away on vacation now. They left June 27th. While they are away from the school the boys of Cottage No. 9 and Cotage No. 10 are staying in the various cottages. The boys will be glad when they get back to the school, for they have missed them very much.

To Cil (Water Grass)

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Thursday, July 10th, we saw a picture entitled "To Cil" meaning water grass. It told about the Navajo Indian. It told that the United States had reserved them a strip of land so that they could build their homes on it. It told how they had worked hard on the land and in doing so built a hospital, workshops, and recreational center where they could play games. To my surprise, I saw that even the Navajos play football. They have a nice place for their stock and other things they need, also.

Miss Smart, the fifth grade teacher,

was responsible for our seeing this picture, and we want to thank her and also Mr. Hines for showing it.

Try-Outs for American Legion Junior Teams

By Eugene Grice, 8th Grade

On July 9th, there were teams picked to try out for American Legion Baseball. There were four that played each other. The boys are prospective players from Concord and the surrounding territory. We will continue to play try-outs on Friday. All the boys are very glad to get a chance to play American Legion Junior Baseball.

Radio Program

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Tuesday, July 8th, eight boys of Cottage No. 2 sang two songs for the radio program, and Superintendent Hawfield gave a talk on "Discipline." The name of the songs they sang were "The Banner of the Cross" and "Others." They were directed by Mr. Godown and assisted at the piano by Mrs. Frank Tomkinson.

The names of the boys who sang were: Jimmy Scott, Ray Naylor, Van Robinson, Gerald Johnson Julian Commander, Billy McVicker, Judd Lane, and Jimmy Tomkinson. We appreciated hearing this program, and we are looking for another like it.

———:———

LIFE

No man can define Life. The poets and mystics of old were too wise to attempt a definition. The mystery of life baffles the wisest mind but it can be defined to the developing mind as a fairy story depicts to a child the unseen realities living behind the mask of apppearances.

This is the main function of prophet or poet—to make by tale and poems the unseen real to man.

All the great mysteries are symbols of realities. In their observance man touches for a moment the great realities of the unseen world.

Now in this world of the realities is heard the Inner Voice speaking to the man's inner self. In listening to his voice the soul can distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the transient. What is important for the moment in earth life may, seen in the light of future lives, be but a speck of dust on the garment of the soul. This is the need for listening in by the man to the true note of being. —Selected.

NEGLECT IS CRIMINAL

By Father E. J. Flanagan, Founder and Director Boys Town, Nebraska

A few years ago more than one hundred people lost their lives and hundreds more were left homeless and destitute by the worst flood in Nebraska history. There had been sufficient warning. Again and again jangling telephones had told people to get out.

But some ignored the warning. They had lived in the valley all their lives. They had seen floods come and go, some of them pretty bad floods, too. Not until the swollen river and its dirty, boiling waters swept down upon them did they realize their mistake.

We today are witnessing another kind of flood—a flood of juvenile crime. We, too, were given sufficient warning; but fathers and mothers working on swing shifts and making warplant wages were too busy to listen.

The tragedy of it all is not the crime bill, although this runs into ten figures, but what is happening to these precious children whose lives are being wrecked even before they have learned the meaning of life.

Who is to blame? The answer, of course, is that we are all to blame.

We talk about juvenile delinquency, but actually it is we who are delinquent the fathers and mothers and society. We have not done our job. The present postwar upheaval is proof that the seeds of neglect bring forth bitter fruit.

In the background of every unfortunate boy and girl you will find a story of shocking neglect. The worst cases of juvenile crime are those involving youngsters who have been unloved and unwanted. They come from the streets, from homes broken by death and divorce, from every kind of environment. They come from homes of fashionable respectability as well as from slums. And in each instance there is the same tragic story of—neglect.

Johnny Angelo was a neglected boy. But people of Clinton said he was a bad boy. He began life with one of the greatest handicaps any boy can have when his mother died when he was an infant. Lacking in training for discipline and responsibility, Johnny was sent to the reform school, but the judge who sentenced him said that the waywardness of the youth, which had landed him in juvenile court several times in four years, could be traced to lack of proper parental care.

In another instance, a fourteen-year-old youth sentenced to the reform school on a charge of incorrigibility declared, "I would rather go to Eldora than return home." The charge was brought by the father who apparently considered himself absolved of any personal responsibility.

Nevertheless, responsiblity of parents for the conduct of their children is gaining more and more recognition. A school for parents of unfortunate children—believed to be the first of its kind in Illinois—has been opened at Joliet. It's purpose is to teach fathers and mothers they must be good parents if they

want good children. Every parent of a child haled in court is ordered to attend.

It is neither just nor effective to punish the youth who gets into trouble because parents have been deliquent or because society has not done its job. Our present criminal code and laws of evidence need to be revised. Responsibility should be put where it belongs—upon those responsible for the neglect which results in juvenile crime.

Our present sytem of dealing with the juvenile offender is stupid and reflects our lack of understanding of the problem. Officials at the reform school hold their jobs not because of any training in sociology, psychology, psychiatry and social work but because of political pull. They are more interested in the next election than in the next generation.

When we ignore the part neglect plays as a cause of juvenile crime, and when we look upon our unfortunate children as criminals or as bad children and turn them over to officials wholly unqualified by training and disposition to rehabilitate them, is it any wonder that three out of four who land behind prison bars return to crime after release?

The youthful offender is not a criminal; he is a mentally and spiritually sick individual; he needs to be understood and helped, not condemned and punished. There is nothing wrong with our teen-age boys and girls that love and proper care and training can't cure.

No boy wants to be bad. Boys sometimes do make mistakes, serious mistakes; but their mistakes are mistakes of the head, not of the heart. If they fail to do better it is because they have never learned to know better, because somewhere along the line someone responsible for their training has been guilty of gross neglect.

A few years ago a seven-year-old boy shocked an entire state with his daring. Eddie's parents were terribly poor. Both the father and mother worked away from home. Eddie who should have been in school, was allowed to run the streets. It was not long before he was a leader of a gang of boys, some of whom were twice his own age.

One day Eddie walked into a bank, slipped more than $200 in bills into his pocket, and walked out without being seen. The seven-year-old Eddie was now a "big shot" in the eyes of his gang. His next move was to hold up a filling station with a gun he had made of wood. His crime career ended abruptly soon after, however, when he walked into a candy store,pulled out a real gun and said, "?This is a stickup!" The kindly lady refused to take him seriously and the boy broke down in tears.

Eddie certainly has been a neglected boy. He had no home training. He had never been to church. He knew nothing about prayer. He had never gone to school. He was on his way to the reform school and possibly a life of crime when my attention was called to his case.

Of the more than five thousand homeless, abandoned and neglected boys who have gone out from Boys Town since I began it thirty years ago, Eddie proved to be one of the most difficult boys I have ever

worked with, so great had been his neglect. Time and patience and a tremendous amount of understanding were necessary to undo what had been done to this little boy who had known nothing from life but abuse and indifference. But never did love and attention pay better dividends.

Eddie showed qualities of leadership. He responded splendidly as soon as he was convinced we were on his side. He was graduated from our high school with good marks before be joined the armed forces where he made an excellent record.

A year ago the superintendent and several guards at a state training school for boys in a Mid-Western state were indicted for murder and conspiracy following the death of a boy inmate and a riot by his companions. One red-headed youth with a weak heart told of being beaten with an ax handle by a burly guard. When the boy dropped unconscious to the ground he was dragged to a nearby pump and revived, after which he was sent back to a coal pile to finish his work.

Three major changes have since been made at this training school. There has been a change in philosophy from one of punishing bad behavior to one of emphasizing good behavior. Staff employees have been injected with a feeling that they make up a team, that each job on the team is equally important in rehabilitating wayward youth. Employees are given to understand that the school exists, as all such schools should exist to retrain these boys so that they may become useful citizens.

Society as well as its public servants are responsible for the fact that more such changes are not being made in our state training schools. The indifference with which many people view the rising tide of juvenile crime reflects the neglect which is responsible for this condition. Putting all the blame on the teen-ager while ignoring the conditions which distort and twist his social outlook will get us nowhere.

Every child has a right to become a useful citizen. Many are being denied this right because of neglect and delinquency on the part of their elders whose responsibility it is to train and prepare them for service to God and country.

We raise our eyebrows at the rising of juvenile crime. It is time that we also opened our eyes to the realization that neglect is criminal.

———:———

Knowledge is not a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a sort of commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit and sale; but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—Bacon.

IDEALS

By William Riley Franklin, in The New Zealand Craftsman.

Ideals are the architects of character, the cornerstones of achievement. They are the higher motives that enable us to accomplish great things in business, in science, in affairs of state, and in every branch of human endeavour.

Ideals offer us rational reasons for meeting and solving the problems of life and living, since trouble and obstacles encountered as we press on toward our goal are overcome, as means to an end. Without these visionary incentives to trial and struggle, we are rarely rewarded and life's efforts become colourless and commonplace.

Ideals are the most important things of life, because they enable us to vision and feel security in an expectancy of success. They enable us to enjoy an inner freedom—a richer philosophy. It may be truthfully said that a man attains no more than the aims set by his ideals, for they are the measure of his success. As long as he views only the barrenness of the mesa, he will never see the grandeur of the hills. Just as soon as that same man plans his course by a perception of some finished work, which inspires him to do some greater things, he will suddenly be lifted in mind and spirit from his lowly position and be gloriously carried to heights of loftier achievements.

"Who has not cursed the day of small talk?"

Low aims and shallow thoughts are the real tragedies of life. To rise above the environment of birth should be the natural ambition of everyone, yet, unless the spiritual and cultural items are born and nurtured in the light of Christianity, one is not apt to do so.

If you would accomplish anything in life worth while, and have a measure of happiness, then choose an ideal, be loyal to it, fight for it with an abiding faith, and, in time, the realization is apt to come. Though it may never come, it matters not. Perhaps it is best that you never fully attain all your ideals, however, you will be a better person because of those ideals, because of the struggle you have made, and, perhaps somewhere along the way you will have found mansions more beautiful, more satisfying, than anything you might have earlier dreamed of or hoped for, even in your wildest imaginings.

Yes, ideals are the architects of character, the blueprints of your very soul.

———:———

The principle of liberty and equality, if coupled with mere selfishness, will make men only devils, each trying to be independent that he may fight only for his own interest. And here is the need of religion and its power, to bring in the principle of benevolence and love to men.—John Randolph.

THE STRANGE IDEA

By Evelyn Seymour, in Sunshine Magazine

Up in Muskoka one golden summer day, Barbara Randall said the strangest, most unforgettable thing. A bevy of girls were knitting together on the veranda of a summer cottage, fanned by a tenuous lake breeze which wafted the scent of pine and cedar clear across the big channel between the islands where a lone white sailboat drifted in mid-afternoon languor.

Barbara's mother came over from the next-door cottage and joined the group. She seated herself in the hammock just long enough to glance over the day's newspaper, then excused herself and returned by the woods path, gathering dry twigs as she went. Soon, wisps of wood smoke curled from the chimney of the Randall cottage.

"Look;" declared Beth to Barbara, "looks as if your mother is getting supper. Do you eat early tonight?"

"No—but I can guess," replied Barbara; "she's gone home to make Roy a lemon pie.

"Yummy! Do you hear that, girls?" exclaimed Beth. "Do you think we could scare up a lemon pie?"

With all the wisdom of her fifteen years, Barbara continued, "My mother has the strangest ideas! She thinks nothing is too much trouble if it gives someone happiness. Last week she baked a chocolate cake because Tom's pal was coming for the week-end, and the only kind he ever gets is the restaurant variety. And she simply spoils Dad!"

"How-come, this lemon pie, Barbara?" the girls chimed almost in unison.

That's because Roy nearly balked at getting his hayfever serum. It isn't funny, getting the needle in your arm—not for a little kid like Roy. Besides, he's allergic to chocolate, and had to pass up the chocolate cake. Then this morning he began to buck his cereal. Mother said: "Eat it all up, Roy, and I'll have a treat for you tonight—something you like!" And now she'll make that lemon pie or melt in the attempt."

Beth pondered on the "strange idea" of Barbara's mother. She began to reflect on her next door neighbors. A happier family she had never known. The youngsters were brimful of fun and zest, a zest tempered with loyalty to each other and unrestrained courtesy. Was it because of small sacrifices on the part of the parents that these young folks had become sharers in family work as well as play? The day before, Mr. Randall had foregone his evening trolling with the outboard in order to drive Tom to the station to meet his school friend. Everybody in the family had piled into the car, eager to extend welcome to their guest. Even Mother didn't stay home to get supper ready. And when they got back, the cottage rang with merriment.

Beth had shuddered at the idea of company meals, in this heat. What indeed was a cottage for if not for rest? No electricity, a tiny ice-box, the nearest grocer four miles away—

no thanks! And when Beth was invited to join the Randall picnic campfire, she winced at the thought of making sandwiches for such a crowd—all with Muskoka-whetted appetities! But when she had caught the flash of eagerness, and discovered what fun there was to be had, her concern vanished.

Wasn't it all tremendously worth while, Beth concluded—anything that would give others happiness; anything that would cause families to have fun together, to have shared experiences which would tie them up as a unit for all future time? Barbara's words had engraved themselves across Beth's memory like an unfolding scroll: "My mother has the strangest ideas. She thinks nothing is too much trouble if it gives someone happiness"

———:———

They say if you want to enjoy the future you should heed the past. It's another way of pointing out that experience is the best teacher.

We have just received some appalling statistics on street and highway accidents in 1946 from The Travelers Insurance companies. If experience is the best teacher, these grim facts out of the immediate past are a precious lesson for all of us:

Two out of every three automobile accidents in the United States last year involved mistakes by drivers. Exceeding the speed limit took the heaviest toll—9,460 killed and 230,760 injured.

10,070 pedestrains were killed and 171,910 injured in 1946. Crossing between intersections was the most frequent cause of death and injury, accounting for more than 25 per cent of the casualties.

870 children were killed and 21,660 injured last year while they were playing in the street.

The vast majority of accidents last year—and any year—were caused by more or less experienced motorists who have had at least one year of driving experience.

Will you heed the past? Or will you be a statistic next year?

—Selected.

TEMPER

(Selected)

Great and difficult questions are around us, and are likely to increase in proportion as we realize what words mean and what things are with which we have to deal. These, then, are days when we have all of us to watch against the insidious influences of temper, which often come in a noble guise, as generous indignation, plain-speaking, the courage of our opinions. None of us are likely to find the actual state of facts round us quite what we should like. There are limits, for instance, to our knowledge of what it is most important for us to know; and we fret against these limits. Why should not questions have been answered which a word might have settled? Why should we not be certain, when we must act as if we were certain? Nothing is so trying to the temper as untying knots; and men are sometimes led to declare that we have not the knowledge which we may have, because we cannot have the knowledge which we desire.

The study of social questions, with its necessary technical apparatus and language, with its hard outlines, with the audacities, the pettinesses, the refinements, the extravagances, which have as necessarily accompanied social development among creatures like ourselves, not only repels some minds, but is a subject so uncongenial to the taste of the day that it disturbs their equanimity and their good sense. We see in our judgments about social and economic conditions the unmistakable stamp of temper.
temper.

It is very trying to many minds to find the facts of our social order so hard to deal with, to find the reality of life so unlike the ideal. It has been and is a sore trial to many to find that social and political institutions are not as saintly or as consistent, or as free, or as improving as they could wish. It is equally a trial to others that society will go on in customs which cannot be defended in arguments; that people will stick to conclusions when the old reasons for them seem gone; that they will not open their eyes to truths which to the improvers seem self-evident. Men engaged in such discussions have reason to be on their guard against the gradual growth and the constant unfelt presence of temper, all the more in proportion as they feel deeply, and are interested and sincere. It may easily come to govern them—that is, to cloud their judgment, and disable their capacity for fairness and truth.

———:———

To be vain of one's rank or place, is to show that one is below it.
—Stanislaus.

IS YOUR JOB FUN, IF NOT, LEAVE IT

(Morganton News Herald)

"If your job is work, not fun, you will probably be wise to get out of it," counsels William J. Reilly, career consultant, in The Reader's Digest for July. "Work is something you don't enjoy doing. Your life is too short and too valuable to fritter away on a job that bores you, forces you to be with people you don't like, or calls for a knack you haven't got."

Dr. Reilly's article, condensed from The American Magazine, holds that a majority of Americans are dissatisfied with their jobs. Accountants want to be teachers; salesmen want to be cabinet makers; men who are dealing with things want to be dealing with people, and vice versa. Health and happiness for such misplaced persons depends on a change of career. The usual excuses: "I don't have the money"—"I don't have the time"—"My family won't let me"—"should never be allowed to prevent a shift of jobs.

Conceding that it is often difficult to make an abrupt change of work, the author urges "testing your desire by studying and experimenting in another field during spare hours. If the new field looks promising, draw up a plan whereby you can shift from one career to the other over a period of time." Sticking to the plan is important—"when you start making excuses for postponing action, you are doomed to stay where you are."

Reilly gives three factors as paramount in estimating your chances of success in any job: your ability to do the job, your capacity for getting along well with your associates on it, and your actual desire to do it. The last is held "overwhelmingly the most important.

While industry "almost universally ignores the desire factor in hiring men," those corporations which have studied individual desires and placed employees in congenial work have found job turnover much reduced.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 20, 1947

July 16—Richard Cook, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
July 17—Charles Hudson, Cottage No. 6, 9th birthday.
July 20—Leonard Allen, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
July 20—James Shook, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
July 22—Ray Wooten, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
July 23—Curtis Helms, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.

WORDS OF THE WISE

(Selected)

One section of the Old Testament consists of what is know as "Wisdom Literature." The main book of this section is known as Proverbs, from which the above lines are taken.

The word, proverb, means a common saying—a short, familiar saying, expressing some well known truth or common fact of experience.

Not only are many of these proverbs interesting reading, they also contain facts of such vital importance which become very powerful moral incentives, because they speak the voice of experience.

Many of the sayings in Proverbs are written in contrastone the antithesis of the other. Let us note a few of these.

A sensible son is a joy to his father, but a senseless son is a grief to his mother.

Ill-gotten gains are never a profit; 'tis honesty that secures life for man.

He who reaps in summer is a man of sense: he who sleeps through harvest does a shameful thing.

The talk of good men is a life-giving fountain: the talk of bad men overflows with harm.

A good man's earnings lead to life: a bad man's gain is the undoing of him.

Good men's talk is like rare silver: a bad man's views are little worth.

Reverence for the Eternal is the prolonging of life, but the years of evil men are shortened.

The speech of good men is a breath of pleasure, but bad men talking breathe out malice.

For lack of statesmanship, a nation sinks: the saving of it is a wealth of counsellors.

One gives away, and still he grows the richer: another keeps what he should give, and is the poorer.

He who holds corn up, the people curse him: they bless the man who sells it.

Life thrives like a tree on generosity, but grasping greed is death to men.

Worry weights a man down: a kind word cheers him up.

There is much value in reading carefully these and other sayings from this book. Not all the sayings are of equal value, but none is without the verdict of experience.

———:———

There is one art of which every man should be a master—the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?—Coleridge.

OUR CONSTITUTION GREW OUT OF PRAYER

(Harding College Monthly Letter.)

Speaking of the Constitution of the United States, William E. Gladstone, the great English statesman, called it "the greatest piece of work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." But reading again Benjamin Franklin's famous motion in the Constitutional Convention will make any believer fear to give man's brain and purpose too much credit.

By the middle of June, 1787, the Constitutional Convention had almost bogged down in its own deliberations. Representatives of the thirteen original states had haggled for a month and made small progress. Suspicion had been sown among them. Personal dislikes and sectional jealousies had grown threadbare. And on the morning of June 16, Ben Franklin addressed George Washington in these words:

Mr. President—the small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attention and continual reasoning with each other is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of human undertaking.

"In this situation of this assembly, as it were in the dark to find political truth and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understanding?

"I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.'

"I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword, down to future ages.

"And what is worse, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war, conquest. I therefore beg leave to move: That hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

Mr. Franklin's motion carried. The Constitutional Convention prayed, and made progress beyond one of the darkest hours in the career of human liberty. The dark hour which just precedes the dawn is frequently an hour of prayer, and many a devout soul in America, knows that another such hour has come. Mutual trust and understanding was

never more needed than it is now.

There remains on earth only one big country with individual freedom in its scheme of government; that's the United States. Whole nations plunging toward ruin are looking to us for rescue. It is time for prayer, by assembled worshipers and by contrite souls in their closets, that America may be allowed to keep her God-given freedom and granted power to bear the responsibilities that already are bearing down.

THE CRITIC

I am a Critic, a vendor of opinion;
No human talent but bends to my dominion.
Vitriol, caustics—to these compare my writing;
Concert and theatre and novel know how biting.
    Never have I erred,
    Never judgment blurred.
I am a Critic, who markets his opinion.

I am the filter; I interpret, examine,
Classify, relegate, praise or find the sham in
Music and drama and literary striving—
Simple to me as to mock a woman's driving.
    Look at me with awe,
    All I say is law.
I am a Critic, chief cause of authors' famine.

Burner of books with the fire of my scorning;
None may be great lest his name have my adorning.
Truth is my province and none may storm its portals
Save by my grace—it is I who make immortals.
    Men who seek renown
    Must not earn my frown.
I am a Critic, I close a play by yawning.

Syndicates, magazines, publish all my theory;
Embryo artists deluge me with this query:
"What is your secret—how came you to this station?"
Answer them thus: there are those in every nation
    Much too dull to write,
    Much too sad to sing,
    Much too weak to fight;
    Poisoned barbs they fiing,
    Perish in the night
    Like some lonely thing.
These are the Critics, who make a nation dreary.

—Stuart J. Barnes.

THE ROAD TO SLAVERY

(The Dare County Time)

Abroad, the subjugation of peoples to ruthless and dictatorial government continues at an accelerating pace. The communists and their satellites are turning the clock of history back, and establishing a new serfdom which is basically no different than that of the middle ages.

In Finland, which has come squarely within the communist orbit, the government is now engaged in expropriating land, paying only a ridiculous fraction of its value to its owners. The goal is the old one of liquidation of the larger landholders. In the process all farmers will become improverished.

Hungary has now become, to all intents and purposes, a part of the Soviet Union. A government which was approved in a supervised, secret election has been driven out at gun point, and the commissars are squarely in the saddle. The secret police can be trusted to take care of all dissidents—with the rope, the pistol, and the concentration camp.

This chronicle of despair could be almost indefinitely extended. The pattern of oppression is always the same. First, representative government—which simply means government chosen by the people — is destroyed. Secondly, free economic enterprise is banished, and the state seizes or controls all industry, commerce and agriculture. Thirdly, the free press and free speech are outlawed, and a government bureau of propaganda tells everyone what they must think, say and believe. Finally, examples are made of dissenters so that all the people will know what is in store for them if they resist regimentation.

The greater lesson to be learned is that the destruction of liberty is usually accomplished on a piecemeal basis. When one liberty is lost, the hoter inevitably follows. A free people can maintain their freedom only if every right and liberty is rigorously defended—free speech, the free press, free economic enterprise, democratic government. Those who temporize with the forces of oppression are lost without knowing it—and the only road open to them leads to slavery.

———:———

Then take this honey from the bitterest cup,
There is no failure save in giving up;
No real fall so long as one still tries,
For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.
There is no defeat in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

—Selected.

AMERICA'S STRENGTH

(Baptist New Mexican.)

In the first landing of American troops on North Africa shores during the recent war, a boat filled with our soldiers was moving slowly through the narrow channel into an African port.

Suddenly there appeared on a rocky promontory the figure of a woman clad in scarlet. At once all eyes on the vessel were focused upon her.

When the boat had reached the point nearest to this spectacular figure, the woman who was later revealed to be the prima donna of the country, lifted a great megaphone and sang,

"God Bless America"

It is a prayer that has been in every heart. And now that the statesmen of the world are seeking the paths to peace it should be in the heart of every Christian American just as earnestly as it was in days of peace.

What is the strength of America? What are the secrets of our nation's power? Wherein lie the resources which guarantee the perpetuity of the American way of life?

The agriculturalist might have you believe that America's strength lies in its soil. The merchant mayhap would say that a nation's power rests in its commerce.

The manufacturer might falsely assert that it is in technology, in machinery, and in the skilled labor to operate plants to produce manufactured products.

The politican might falsely assume that a nation's strength is in statecraft, in astuteness and acumen respecting national policies.

The educator might insist that knowledge is power and that our country's greatness is in its learning, its science, the products of the laboratory.

The militarist most likely would insist that a nation is great according to its weapons.

But America's real strength is in the character of her people, in the moral and spirtiual fiber or ties which root in the home.

The hand that rocks the cradle is still greater than the one that wields the scepter.

A nation's strength depends upon the quality of its home life.

———:———

It is not until time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow.

MOST PEOPLE WISH TO BE NICE

(The Alabama Baptist.)

We have headed what is said here, "Most People Wish to be Nice." By that we mean that in this land of freedom of opinion, of the press and of religion people wish to be considerate, charitable and tolerant of the views, opinion and faiths which they themselves do not personally hold.

The historic Baptist struggle for freedom was and is not only freedom for themselves but for the freedom of religious people of all faiths. Certainly the Baptists wish to be nice to all people regardless of the faith others may hold.

But it is hard to maintain a charitable and tolerant attitude in the face of what appears to be the Roman Catholic purpose to invalidate the first article of the Bill of Rights. No right thinking person would do aught to oppose the Cathilics in their missionary attempts or in propagating their faith in any way so long as they do not temper with fundamental law of the land under which all citizens and religious groups are guaranteed their rights.

A case in point as to what the Catholic Church proposes to do with its parochial schools is found in North College Hill, Ohio. This is a municipality of about 7,500 people and is a suburb of Cincinnati. The school board of that town consisted of five—three Catholics and two Protestants. With this majority of one on the board the Mary-Margaret parochial school was incorporated into the public school system of the township. Then $6000 annually in public tax money was paid for rent on the Catholic parochial school and $100 per month salary was paid to eight nuns all out of public funds. The superintendent of the school, Dr. William Cook, a Protestant, was fired by the Catholic majority on the school board. This caused twenty-nine of the thirty-three teachers to resign and precipitated a school strike which ran for weeks.

The reason Dr. Cook was fired was because he did not employ enough Roman Catholic teachers in the school system to please the Catholics. When the facts became known in the community the storm broke, and a storm it was. The whole town was divided. Soon Protestants began to move away and property values went down. The Protestants opened schools for their children in the Protestant churches and so it went until North College Hill was rent asunder.

The Christian Century reports that: "The fundamental reasons for the state of affairs in North College Hill is sectarian exploitation of the public treasure for the benefit of a church. After studying the situation on the spot," said the reporter, "I am convinced that the Most Rev. John T. Nicholas, Roman Catholic archbishop of Cincinnati, is using this town as a guinea-pig community to determine how deeply he can dip into public funds and how far he can go by using these and other funds to capture control of a community in which members of his church are still in a minority. Beyond that, the distribution of Catholic population in the adjacent suburbs (of Cincinnati) indicates that

his over-all intention is to ring Cincinnati with communal enclaves until he can take over the whole metropolitan area. Nothing less than some strategic conception of this kind explains what is happening in and to North College Hill."

It is evident that the Catholics are bent on getting public money for the support of their schools and wherever it is done it is certain to bring about a similar condition as exists in the unhappy town of North College Hill, Ohio. People ought to be nice to those who differ with them in their faith, but it is going to be very difficult to maintain friendship with those who would purposely turn public funds to the support of parochial schools.—

———:———

MOVIES SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

Many local parents took their children to see "Song of the South" when it was shown here recently, for the very good reason that it was a movie that is suitable for children to see. Every child who has ever read the "Uncle Remus" stories could enjoy it all the more. The movie producers send out this type of picture all too seldom, thereby neglecting the entertainment needs of children. Taking note of the lack, one editorial writer was moved to observe that what this country needs about as urgently as adequate housing is an increase in the number of screen attractions that are suitable for children. We need more movies in which child actors take part in activities related to youth. Children are interested in the performances of those of their own age. Youngsters are also fond of animal pictures.

True, there are the colored comics but these are often interspersed with screen performances that are not for the eyes and ears of children. The flashing of guns and knives is not the right thing for children to see.

Let's have more pictures appropriate for youngsters. Parents would appreciate them, too, through seeing their children enjoy them. —The News-Herald.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Durmont Burkhead, who was a member of our printing class more than fifteen years ago, was a visitor at the Training School on Sunday, July 13th.

This young man, who is now thirty years old, entered this institution, August 16, 1930, and was permitted to return to his home in Lexington, January 4, 1933. During his stay here he was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group.

For two years after going back home, he attended Lexington High School, where, according to reports coming to us from time to time, he made very good progress in his studies.

Shortly after school closed in the summer of 1935, Durmont became an enrolee in a CCC camp, located near Lexington, and he was later transferred to a camp near Franklin, where he stayed a short time. His next move took him to a camp at Blatchly, Oregon, where he was employed for about two years. At the latter location his work experience consisted of training in landscape gardening, and in his spare time he helped with the publication of a mimeographed camp paper.

In the early summer of 1939, Durmont returned to Lexington, and in July of that year he enlisted in the United States Navy. During the recent war, he served more than three and one-half years overseas, and attained the rating of Chief Storekeeper. For nearly three years of that time he was stationed at a supply base at Auckland, New Zealand.

A little more than four and one-half years ago, Durmont married Miss Betty Jean Scarborough, of Auckland. They have three children—Janis Dianne, aged three years; Judith Carroll, aged two years; and Roland Willis, three months old.

On this visit to the School, Durmont was accompanied by his wife and their two lovely little girls. We were delighted to meet Mrs. Burkhead. In addition to possessing a most pleasing personality, she has the ability to describe the customs and the interesting places in her native land in a most engaging manner.

Durmont is now stationed at the Navy Recruiting Office in Raleigh. He tells us that when his period of enlistment expires in January, 1948, he plans to go to New Zealand and engage in the landscape gardening business.

We were very glad to see Durmont again, and to meet his family. His many friends here at the School have been proud of the excellent record he has made since leaving us, and their best wishes for continued success will go with him wherever he goes.

———:———

When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at first; but, if the strife continue long, both commonly become guilty.
—Fuller.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 17th and 18th verses of the eighth chapter of I Kings. The subject of his message to the boys was "Success in the Sight of God."

In the verses of Scripture just read, said Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt, we note four interesting things: The statement of a fact; the result of living up to the ideals of that statement; the test such a life requires; and the encouragement one gets from so living.

The speaker pointed out that as we study this portion of the Bible we learn that David had one thing in his heart—to build a temple for the worship of God. He died before the temple was erected. He must be called successful, however, because he had it in his heart to do this great thing.

The same is true in life today, continued the speaker. The world judges by what a man has in his hand, but God judges by what he has in his heart. There are many people living now who will be greatly disappointed when they are called upon to face the hereafter. Many of them who are now considered first in the eyes of the public, will be last in the Kingdom of God.

The truth of this statement was further illustrated by the story of two men, as follows: One man came of humble parentage. He worked hard and studied hard in preparing himself to be a teacher. He was a good teacher for many years. At the time of his death he had not accumulated any money, and there was a mortgage of $500.00 upon his home. His neighbors said, "That old man was a failure in life. He had nothing. What a pity!"

Another man, starting out in life at the same time, became employed in a large factory. He finally became head of the concern. At the time of his death he owned one of the grandest homes in the country, and was worth several million dollars. The people said, "What a great man. His life was really a success."

It was later found that the public's opinion of these two men was wrong. The people knew only of outward appearances. The old teacher, while he was poor, had given his pupils something of inestimable value. He had instilled into their hearts the traits of fine Christian character. Many of those boys and girls developed into fine men and women. On the other hand, the wealthy manufacturer had done nothnig but accumulate wealth for himself. He had contributed nothing to the good of mankind.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then asked the question as to how to test the sincerity of a person's heart. Said he, "We often hear people say, 'Oh, if I were rich, I would do so much good with my wealth.'" While this is truly a splendid sentiment, one cannot receive much credit for simply expressing a desire. The real test is how much good one does with the

small amount of money in his possession. The real test of our sincerity is what we are doing with the talents we have. No man has so little that he cannot do some good with it.

The speaker then pointed out that there is much encouragement to be derived from doing something with what we have—contributing our part, no matter how small, toward the betterment of mankind. If we strive at all times to do our very best with what we have, God will most certainly not fail to give us due credit for our effort.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys they should never become discouraged because they had not been able to do some outstanding good or great thing. He urged them to simply try to do their best, and assured them that by so doing, they would receive credit for trying.

GOES TWICE THE WAY

The cynics say that every rose
Is guarded by a thorn which grows
To spoil our posies;
But I no pleasure therefore lack;
I keep my hands behind my back
When smelling roses.

Though outwardly a gloomy shroud
The inner half of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn the clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

My modus operandi this—
To take no heed of what's amiss;
And not a bad one:
Because, as Shakespeare used to say,
A merry heart goes twice the way
That tires a sad one. —Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Conceit is God's gift to little men.
—Bruce Barton.

—:—

Will is character in action.
—William McDougall.

—:—

Lying is a certain mark of cowardice.—Southern.

—:—

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.
—Lavater.

—:—

Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes.
—Lewis E. Lawes.

—:—

We must interpret a bad temper as the sign of an inferiority complex.
—Dr. Alfred Adler.

—:—

A letter shows the man it is written to as well as the man it is written by.—Chesterffeld.

—:—

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.—Rousseau.

—:—

I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.—Lord Nelson.

—:—

A pessimist is man who thinks everybody as nasty as himself, and hates them for it.—G. B. Shaw.

—:—

Facts that are not frankly faced have a habit of stabbing us in the back.—Sir Harold Bowden.

—:—

The higher the character or rank, the less the pretense, because there is less to pretend to.—Bulwer.

Wise men never sit and wail because of their losses, but cheerily seek how to redress their harms.—Shakespeare.

—:—

You may be deceived if you trust too much, but you will live in torment if you do not trust enough.
—Dr. Frank Crane.

—:—

A light and trifling mind never takes in great ideas, and never accomplishes anything great or good.
—Sprague.

—:—

Every man's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.
—Marcus Antonius.

—:—

Fortune is a prize to be won. Adventure is the road to it. Chance is what may lurk in the shadows along the roadside.—O. Henry.

—:—

A dose of poison can do its work only once, but a bad book can go on poisoning people's minds for any length of time.—John Murray.

—:—

He who is not liberal with what he has, does but deceive himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more.—W. S. Plumer.

—:—

Half of the secular unrest and dismal, profane sadness of modern society comes from the vain idea that every man is bound to be a critic.
—Henry Van Dyke.

—:—

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Jay-walking can give you that run-down feeling.

—:—

My shoes are a little tight, but they will do in a pinch.

—:—

One doesn't have to be crazy to take wild chances, but it does help.

—:—

Some people are like rivers. Whatever is in them come out at the mouth.

—:—

The heighth of something or other is a dumb girl turning a deaf ear to a blind date.

—:—

We know that a fool and his money are soon parted, but how did they ever get together?

—:—

Never tell all you know. Some dope in the audience may wake up and demand an encore.

—:—

Just about the time you think you can make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends.

—:—

Take it easy, fellow. Remember that the whale gets into trouble only when he starts to "blow."

—:—

It may be true that ants are the hardest workers known, but they seem to have plenty of time to attend all the picnics.

—:—

We recently read that a candidate for political office is a person who tries to trade the bunk for a bed of roses.

—:—

Don't be in such a hurry to purchase that new refrigerator. A noted geologist tells us the Ice Age is on its way back—soon.

A newspaper has been described as a portable screen behind which a man hides from the woman who is standing up in a street car.

—:—

Scientists tell us that all the people along the line of the equator are thin. That must be the reducing belt we've been hearing so much about.

—:—

A girl may have a lot more respect for the man who doesn't try to kiss her, but she always invites someone else to go with her to a picnic.

—:—

With the increase in airplane travel, we wonder how long it will be until somebody figures out a way to stick billboards on the clouds.

—:—

If a man were not a tough and resourceful animal, he would never be able to survive in a world dominated by that cruel and dangerous animal —man.

—:—

A Scotchman at a downtown bootblack stand fainted. He paid for having his shoes shined, and then happened to think that he had his brother's shoes on.

—:—

Elsewhere it might be a dish of pretzels, a plate of salad, a bird's nest, or a coal scuttle, but if you see it sitting on top of a woman's head, it is undoubtedly a hat.

—:—

Judge Michael O'Flaherty: "Haven't you been in this court before?"

James Patrick O'Hara: "No, your honor. I never saw but one face that looked like yours, and that was a picture of an Irish king."

Judge O'Flaherty: "Dismissed! Call the next case."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 13, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Cecil Burleson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Robert Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Richard Johnson
James Jones
Dickie Leonard
Fairley McGee
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Judd Lane
James Scott
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Paul Denton
Joseph Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Lindsey Elder
Kenneth Holcombe
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Purdue
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Bynum Ammens
Charles Cain
Robert King
Glenn Rice
Harold Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Eugene McLean
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Philip Kirk
Clyde Leonard
Jerry Peavey
Frank Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

William Hyatt
Eugene Newton

COTTAGE No. 10

Wayne Eldridge
Roy Gaskins
Ray Roberts
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Conley Haney
Kenneth McLean
William Ray
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
Larry Johnson
Edwin Parker

COTTAGE No. 14

Joe Cain
Sam Finney
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Jerry Rippy
Carl Rice
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Wilford Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
William Stamey
Roy Watkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Eden Chavis
Bernie Hauser
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Samuel Lynn
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
William Hunter
King Watkins

A DANGEROUS HABIT

The fault-finding habit is a bad one. It is easily acquired and not readily broken. We live in an imperfect world. Everything is flawed and defective. Institutions all blunder and fall short of the ideal. Persons are all erring creatures and their faults give us offense, but one should not pay to much attention to the faults of others, or to the defects of the world in which he lives. He may become a chronic fault-finder, and in that case he will become a grumbler. If he is not careful, he will degenerate into a growler. If he growls long enough he will become a synic. When a man has become a cynic he has reached the bottom. There is nothing lower than synicism. A cynic of no account, either to himself or to anyone else. He is a nuisance and a stumbling-block. He did not intend at the start to become a cynic. He began by finding fault, and the habit grew on him until his mind became twisted and his heart sour.—The Educator.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

JUL 2

VOL. XXXV CONCORD 26, 1947 No. 30

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LIFE'S GREATEST JOY

Have you ever helped another?
Ever earned a grateful smile?
Ever asked a weary brother
In to ride with you a mile?
Have you ever given freely
Of your riches and your worth?
If you haven't then you've really
Missed the greatest joy on earth.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Bancom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS—Horace Collins, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, William Jenkins, Emory King, Clifford Martin, John McKinney, Ray Roberts, Clyde Wright.

SPORTS WRITERS—Miley Gunter, Thomas Hutchins.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

CLASS IN PRINTING—Charles Angel, Treva Coleman, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Silas Orr, Eugene Martin, Richard Sandlin, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY	(The Keystone Butler)	12
IT MIGHT BE	(Selected)	13
BLUEPRINTS OF LIBERTY	By Tully Nettleton	14
THE LOST COLONY—KEEPERS OF A DREAM	By David W. Charlton	16
TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN INDIANS	By Earle Leroy F. Wilber	18
RELIGION ESSENTIAL	(Selected)	19
FRIENDSHIP	By Charles W. Van Buren	20
TODAY OR NEVER	(The Spokesman)	22
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S BOY

Across the drive—ten feet at best—
He nightly broke my needed rest
Throughout his babyhood, the pest,
My next-door neighbor's boy.

And then through all his boyhood days,
A fight to pick, a fuss to raise,
It seemed that he could find more ways
Than any boy I knew.

And 'teenhood years brought no respite,
For "puppy love" was at it's height,
He'd hum and croon 'til late at night,
And moan and bill and coo.

So, when the Axis' fiendish horde
Began to march with fire and sword,
I thrilled that our Selective Board
Reached out and tagged the pest;

For when he crossed the briny foam
To march the streets of conquered Rome,
A stillness gripped my neighbor's home—
At last I got some rest.

I pictured not the shot and shell
That step by step around him fell;
His day and night a living hell
As ever on he pressed.

I bought some bonds, the world to free,
I used less sugar in my tea;
No sacrifice too great for me—
Just so I got my rest.

And then one day a message came
That made my cold heart burst aflame
And bowed my selfish head in shame,
And stole my restful joy.

For, yonder far across the sea,
While I was sleeping peacefully,
A hero young had died for me—
My next-door neighbor's boy.

—Tom Q. Ellis.

(Copyright 1947. Used by special permission of the author.)

WHAT IT MEANS TO HELP A BOY

Whether it is always understood or not, it is universally true that every boy in his childhood and in his youth presents a multitude of problems. True it is that some boys apparently become so abnormal in their behavior that they become exceptional problems, to the end that they represent those who are maladjusted and who are anti-social in their natures. Nevertheless, it is true that even those who are generally classed as normal boys also represent problems of one sort or another, for no child is either wise enough or strong enough in his own character to be able always to determine the best and the wisest courses of action from day to day.

It has always been true that children need the supervision and guidance of parents and other adults, and also that they must acquire a certain part of their understanding of life's problems through their own personal experiences.

In the hearts of most adults there is an inherent desire to do something to help boys who have become ill-adjusted and have fallen into the various categories of misfits and anti-social groups. The difficulty often is that many parents and other well-meaning persons do not understand how to be of greatest benefit to boys. It is not an unusual thing for some person to say, "I would like to help that boy if I only knew how."

Cicero, a noted Roman philosopher, once uttered these words: "In nothing do men more nearly approach the gods than in giving health to men." This unusual statement might be expanded to include all types of guidance and assistance to boys, to the end that it might be said that in nothing do men more nearly approach the gods than in giving the proper guidance in the ways of successful living to the youth who come after them.

It should be remembered, however, that in the treatment of the physical ailments of people, before any treatment is ever attemped there is a diagnosis for the purpose of determining what the particular ailment is. It is always understood that there can never be any type of medicinal treatment which can be applied universally to all cases of sickness. Each individual case presents its own peculiar problems, and the most effective treatment occurs when the diagnosis reveals what the real individual ailments are. What is

true in the physical realm is equally as true in the emotional and the mental realms of life.

There is on record a case in which it was stated that a certain boy who has a rather inflated opinion of himself tends to be rather egotistical, so that he will do things at least provoking and annoying to his mother. There was no day that would pass but that the mother would remind the boy of the fact that he was trifling and sorry and just like his father, who happened to be a man with a court record. No doubt, the mother thought the way to help the boy was to nag at him constantly and try to humiliate him. However, instead of being helped, he became more bitter and less responsive to her influences, with each day's passing. In this particular case, she probably lost what would have been a golden opportunity to encourage the boy and get him to believe in himself, to the end that he might have built self-pride and confidence.

There is on record another case in which a boy's heart became imbued with the idea that the proper thing in life is to create as much disturbance and cause as much annoyance to others as possible. The boy seems to have developed the idea that he should always be on the alert to do the improper things undercover and on the sly, just for the thrill of it, and, apparently, to see if he can get by without getting caught. The idea of obedience and cooperation seems to have disappeared entirely. This is a case of a rather small boy, but one who for several years has roamed the streets unsupervised, and has undergone a prolonged period of improper adjustment to living in a well-ordered society. His misdeeds include such things as running away from home, stealing, and being truant from school. Apparently, he had become so deeply imbued with tendencies for being an annoyance and a pest that the process of reformation and retraining has become very difficult and will have to extend over a prolonged period of time. Even then, chances of permanent improvement seem to have become greatly diminished.

There is on record another case in which a boy defies his own mother and abuses her with words and physical force. Apparently, he is extremely temperamental and full of ego-eccentricities. He resents and rebels against any and all efforts towards helping him

to find the best way to live, even with the people of his own home. Apparently, he has no inward desire to be helpful towards others and to be a source of pleasure and assistance to those who have made life possible for him. He is in a state of open rebellion against all that is generally classed as the proper social relationships of life.

Concerning these and other cases, there is definite need for the assistance of adults who may steer the children in the proper channels of life. The main question, however, is what is the proper and the wise thing to do to inspire and encourage the child to do what he should. After all, the most effective work is done by the adults who induce a boy who has become maladjusted to want to do the proper thing and be willing to help with his own efforts. For instance, he needs to learn to be obedient and to cooperate; he needs to learn to respect the rights of other people; he needs to learn to take advantage of and improve the opportunities that come to him for self-improvement from day to day; he needs to learn to be truthful and honest and straightforward in all his relationships.

Day by day, in his adventures he has varied experiences out in the world with other boys of his own age and station in life. Day by day, he experiences various emotional tensions. He plays games and does some work. He eats and sleeps, dresses and undresses himself, and all of these are full of possibilities, and they come day by day. Some children become dependable and willing to accept responsibilities, while others become irresponsible and incorrigible.

Sometimes parents and others seem to have an idea that the way to correct improper tendencies is for them to constantly nag and scold and make use of harsh words that are even sometimes interspersed with profanity. Naturally, the person who takes this view of the problem and offers only this type of help, has worse than nothing to offer. This policy only tends to aggravate a bad situation. It never tends to influence a boy to make efforts on his own behalf towards self-improvement. Sometimes an ill-advised person may boast of the fact that he or she forced a boy to be good and do the right and proper things by the use of physical force, when in the end there was no inward improvement for high ideals. There is no stimulation towards doing the right because it is the right

thing to do. After all, no adult person ever helps any child or any boy to a higher plane of living than he himself enjoys at a given time. No one can give to the youth that which he does not possess himself. Furthermore, there is a type of parent, and other adult, who in his desire to help the child tends to be entirely too indulgent, to the end that the child is spoiled by being allowed to have his own way, This becomes harmful.

Likewise, there are some adults who attempt to bribe children by coaxing them into obedience and good behavior by offering them rewards and prizes. This policy leads to the fact that the child learns to demand his reward before he does the thing which he should do out of loyalty and devotion and desire for proper behavior. The parent or the adult who seeks to use these methods is simply being a "sucker" and sooner or later he will see the futility of his efforts.

Then we ask the question, "When can the greatest amount of help be given to the maladjusted child?" The answers may be stated briefly, thus: There must be patience; there must be understanding and sympathy and a willingness to offer encouragement for good behavior, as well as correction for wrong behavior. No doubt, many children fail because they have not had proper encouragement. There must also be firmness and the proper example.

There is no one trick or magic formula that will help the boy who needs it, but the improvement can come only when the boy has numerous opportunities for helpful, wholesome experiences himself. It is his own participation is his learning by doing that which offers the real source of help.

The following verses by Edgar A. Guest express similar thoughts in poetic form, emphasizing particularly the point that proper examples are essential in a boy's development:

WISE PARENTS

His parents thought they ought to teach
Their boy the best of English speech;
To train him in life's good and bad
'Til knowledge of them both he had.

They feared to turn him on the street
To learn from strangers he might meet.
They taught him right from wrong to choose,
What pleasures claim and what refuse.

They told how boys in life succeed.
They knew that body strength he'd need.
And, when a rival challenged him,
He met him, stout of heart and limb.

They planted faith within his mind
So that to hurt he'd be resigned.
And, when their boy to manhood grew,
How best to cope with life he knew.

* * * * * * * *

OUR BOYS ENJOY "HOLIDAY ON ICE" IN CHARLOTTE

The boys at the Jackson Training School had the rare privilege last week of attending the performances of the spectacular pageant, "Holiday On Ice, presented in the Memorial Stadium in Charlotte.

Mr. Bob Allen, one of the principal promoters of the pageant, called by telephone and invited our boys to be the guests of the management.

About one hundred of the boys went over on Friday night of last week, and the others made the trip on Saturday night.

In seeing this beautiful and colorful pageant, the boys had one of the rare opportunities of a lifetime. They saw some of the best skaters of the nation performing many difficult and unbelievable figures on the ice. The performances were all interspersed with humor and also with historical meanings. One of the most colorful numbers was the portrayal of a Chinese imperial palace scene.

In making the trip on Saturday night. some of the boys were transported in a large truck which was donated by Mr. J. W. Propst. Jr., of Concord. This made it possible to take all the boys in two trips.

All of us wish to express to Mr. Bob Allen our grateful appreciation for his courtesy extended to the boys. It should be stated that he extended this courtesy without any solicitation whatsoever. We all wish to thank Mr. Propst, also, for making it possible for all the boys to make the trip.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

All Boys at J. T. S. See Ice Show

By Roy Eddings, 7th Grade

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, our superintendent, arranged for all the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School to see an ice show in Charlotte. Last Friday night, the boys of Cottages Nos. 3, 9, 10, 15 and Hospital boys went, and on Saturday night the boys of the following cottages went: Cottages Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 13, 14, 16, and 17. We surely thank Mr. Hawfield and all the rest of the folks at the School who made it possible for us to go.

The American Legion Junior Team

By Eugene Grice, 8th Grade

The American Legion Junior Team continued its activities Friday. Two teams were picked for the All-Star Game Monday night. They are using six pitchers, four catchers, and two substitutes. The boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School enjoyed the practice last week. Three boys of the school were able to make the team. They were the following: Gerald Johnson, catcher; Edwin Peterson, center field; and Eugene Grice, picher. These boys are to do their best.

Junior Miss

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Thursday night, we saw a show entitled "Junior Miss." A little girl, named Judy, was having a hard time keeping her things off the floor. Her skates and other things were always in the way. It showed how the father almost lost his job, because his brother-in-law who was an ex-convict (but who was then trying to settle down and live an honest life) married his boss' daughter. However, after he got matters straightened out again, he received full employment. The show had a good ending, showing that everybody was happy again.

The name of the comedy was "Ants in Your Pantry."

More Officers Go on Vacations

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Friday, July 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Kiser, officer and matron of Cottage No. 4, and Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson, officer and matron of Cottage No. 2, went on their vacations. While they are away, the boys of those two cottages are staying in the various cottages.

We hope they are having a good time while they are on vacation, but we will be glad when they return to the school. We miss them.

"Give Me Liberty"

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The educational film for Wednesday of last week was entitled "Give Me Liberty," telling about the life of Patrick Henry. It showed how he made his famous speeches. His most dar-

ing speech was when he said, and meant it, "Give me liberty or give me death!" He was a famous orator.

Miss Smart, our fifth grade teacher, was responsible for our seeing this picture, and we want to thank her and also Mr. Hines for showing it.

New Boys

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Several more new boys have entered the school department. Their names and grades are as follows:

Albert Cox, fifth grade; Paul Hendron, eighth grade; Charles Stanley, fourth grade; and Vernon Allen, fifth grade. We hope all these boys will make fine records here at the school.

J. T. S. Scout Honored in Concord

(Concord Daily Tribune)

On Friday of last week, a number of scouts and scouters of the Central North Carolina Council were taken into the Order of the Arrow. Initiation into this order is one of the highest honors that a boy or man, interested in scout work, can attain.

The list of those called into the order is as follows, according to an announcement by Gerald Ashwill, scout executive; From troop 51, Endy, C. J. Speight; troop 14, Marshville, Charles Stegall and Billy Griffin; troop 60, Jackson Training School, Concord, Robert Wilkins; troop 16, Waxhaw, Thomas Simpson; troop 111, Star, W. C. Johnson, Bobby Trogden and Thurston Lassiter; troop 74, Rockingham, Richard Dobbins; and troop 150, Hamlet, Gene Gunther and Joe Lukas.

Special Song

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Last Sunday, there was a special song sung by a group of boys. This song was sung during the church hour. The song was "The Touch of His Hand on Mine."

These boys were under the direction of Mrs. Frank Liske. We wish to thank her for making this song possible, and we hope she will have other groups to sing.

Rev. Mr. Summers brought the boys a message from God's Word. We were glad to have him with us, and we will be glad when he comes back again.

Fun at the Cabin

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Last Sunday, the boys of Cottage No. 3 and the Receiving Cottage went to the cabin and played games, waded in the creek, had pillow fights, and ate supper. We learned a new game, called "spinning," and enjoyed playing it very much. We played other games such as the following; snap and double tap, red rover, leap-frog, and several others.

Mr. Adams, who has done so very much work at the cabin, let the boys see the inside of the building. We are proud that there is such a nice place as "Wildwood Cottage." The cabin has a large living room, a large bedroom for the boys, a bedroom for the officer, and a kitchen. The cabin looks nice on the inside, as well as on the outside.

After we were tired from playing so much, we ate our supper, consisting of cake, sandwiches, milk, pickles

and a generous serving of watermelon for each boy.

All the boys who went want to thank Mr. Adams and Mr. Hines for making it possible for them to go. We enjoyed riding over there in the trucks, for that was different from our usual way of traveling when we go off on picnics. We usually hike and enjoy that quite a lot. However, when we go off on picnic suppers, we do not go as far away as the cabin. We are looking forward to going back to the cabin soon. It is really a fine place for a picnic.

"Good-Bye Mr. Germ"

By Donald Ross, 8th Grade

We saw a picture on Monday of last week which taught a good lesson. It was a health picture, entitled "Good-bye, Mr. Germ." It showed a woman who had tuberculosis and did not know it. She was tasting the baby's food, and then letting the baby eat out of the same spoon, thereby spreading the disease germs. The baby, of course, caught tuberculisis. losis.

When the child grew to be a man, he showed symptoms of having the disease. He lost his appetite and felt weak and sluggish. One day he coughed up some blood. That scared him. He went to the doctor, and the doctor was able to help him because of starting in time.

The picture showed how the tuberculosis germs can do great harm to the lungs.

Paper Making

By King Watkins, 8th Grade

We were delighted to see two pictures on Monday of last week. One of them was "Paper." It told how to make paper, showing cutting the trees in the forests, sawing them into logs, hauling them over the ice and snow in sleds, and floating them down the stream to the pulp mills. There they would skin the bark from the logs and cut them into chips, sift the chips, send them to a boiler to be mixed with chemicals, and drenched to clean them. The pulp would be run to the paper machine. There it would be dried, pressed, rolled and cut into the size needed before being packed. It would then be shipped to all parts of the world.

———:———

Learn to laugh; it is better than medicine. Learn to attend to your own business; few men can handle their own. Learn to say kind words; nobody ever resents them. Learn to avoid nasty remarks; they give neither the hearer nor the speaker any satisfaction. Learn to stop grumbling if you can't see any good in the world; keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide aches with a smile; nobody is interested anyway. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself; nobody wants them.—Billy Smith.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

(The Keystone Butler.)

Patriotism isn't marching behind a band and puffing out your chest. Patriotism isn't a flash of fireworks one day of the year, and then submerging one's emotions the rest of the year. Patriotism isn't found in the whooping of the crowd or maudlin flag-waving.

Patriotism is the sum of the three cardinal virtues: Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith in the principles of our government; Hope in the future of our country; Charity toward all and malice toward none.

Patriotism is that spirit that makes us help our neighbors when they are in distress, and extend sympathy when they are stricken.

Patriotism is the tugging at our heart-strings, and a sincere kinship with those who toil in field or shop or marketplace.

Patriotism is the emotion that makes a lump rise in the throat when some intrepid spirit strives to achieve something that no human being ever before achieved.

Patriotism is to be unashamed at the moisture that comes welling up in our tear-ducts with the passing of some great and noble soul, who unselfishly devoted his life to the cause of mankind.

Patriotism is loving one's country, respecting its traditions, and honoring its people, high or low, rich or poor.

Patriotism is standing firm and unselfish for the right, for the common good, for the peace and well-being of all; sacrificing self, if need be, and unafraid against all opposition.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements

Week of July 27, 1947

July 28—King Watkins, Cottage No. 4, 16th birthday.
July 29—France Dean Ray, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
July 30—Bernard Webster, Cottage No. 3, 12th birthday.
July 31—Harold Wilkinson, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
July 31—Robert Driggers, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.

IT MIGHT BE!

(Selected)

Among the church folks in a certain state a story is making the round of an ardent young church-goer calling on an old lady on Monday morning. "Good morning," he said; "and how are you today?"

"Quite well, sir," she said.

"You were at church yesterday, no doubt?"

"O yes. I was—morning and evening."

"Unfortunately, I was unavoidably prevented from going," confessed the young man. "What did the minister preach about in the morning?"

"Lad, I can't remember," admitted the old lady.

"Well, what was his text?"

"I remember, it was a very good sermon, but I can't just remember what it was about."

"Well, can you tell me what the sermon was about at the evening service?" queried the young man.

"Well—no, I can't say that I can. It seems to have slipped my mind."

The young man smiled. "That's queer," he said; "what's the use of going to church if you can't bring a word home with you?"

The old lady looked at the young man severely. "Lad," she said, her voice quivering, "will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," replied the young man, eagerly.

"Will you take this old clothes-basket to the well and bring it back full of water?"

"Come, come," said the young man, "I'm not quite such a simpleton as that. You knew there wouldn't be a drop of water in the basket when I got back."

It was now the old lady's turn to smile. "Perhaps you are right," she said; "I dare say there wouldn't be; but the basket might be a little cleaner."

———:———

The great over-ruling laws of the universe are actually few in number. The Creator saw to that, but dependent upon these laws are many subsidiary ones that fall in naturally with the greater primary laws. Most governments are unwieldy because they are not simplified. Too many departments, too many overlapping duties, too many people with nothing important to do, who get in the way of those who have much to do that is important. It has been well said that the best government is the one that governs the least. After all, in a democracy, the people rule—or should—and so the simpler the governmental set-up, the more efficient it can be, and the easier understood by all the people.

—George Matthew Adams.

BLUEPRINTS OF LIBERTY INSPIRE U. S.

By Tully Nettleton, in Christian Science Monitor

A man may have a deed to a house. He may have the blue-prints by which it was built, the receipted bills for the labor and materials that went into it, and a snapshot of how it looked when it was finished or when his eldest daughter went off to school.

But none of these things is the house itself. Something else has warmed the hearthstone and filled and surrounded the house with love. As Edgar Guest wrote, "It takes a o' livin' in a house to make it home."

So it is with the documents of a nation whose founders and members endeavored to make it a house for freedom—for democracy and individualism.

None of these historic papers is the essence of liberty; yet they are treasured mementos of the struggle for it, they are blueprints of legal rights that safeguard it, and they are inspirations to maintain it as an example for the world.

Liberty as it is known in the United States is not solely a product of America; it is, in part, a heritage from Great Britain, France, and many other sources. It is natural, then, that Americans should wish to pass it on.

The material and intellectual progress of the United States may be attributed in part to its natural resources, yet the fact that these resources have been developed cannot but stem in part also from the American system of political freedom and individual initiative.

What are some of the major elements of that system?

As embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Bill of Rights, the Emancipation Proclamation, the Fourteenth Amendment, in other codes and in national custom, these include:

Freedom of the person, as from arbitrary arrest and from slavery.

Freedom of expression, to petition, to criticize, to publish, and to vote.

Freedom of worship in accord with conscience and through no established church.

Freedom of enterprise, implicit in rights of private ownership of property.

To these have been added, by social legislation in recent decades and by the outcome of World War II, the concepts of freedom from want and freedom from fear of aggression.

It is granted on all sides that the United States needs further to improve its system, to achieve better racial relations, to support honesty in government, and so far as possible to equalize economic opportunity. Many organizations are at work toward these goals, as well as to defend democracy and encourage appreciation of the free-enterprise system.

As Americans look back over the documents which symbolize their liberty, it is interesting to see that the sequels of these charters themselves emphasize not only "freedom from" something but also "freedom with" others.

The Declaration of Independence originally symbolized the separation of the American colonies from Britain but the dominant fact of 20th-century international affairs has been their co-operation. In the spheres of world trade there has been talk of a "declaration of interdependence."

The Constitution supplied a cohesion that was found imperative once it was learned that 13 states could not all go their own ways and at the same time be a nation.

Emphasis on the freedoms in the Bill of Rights, vital as they are, has caused some to urge the need also for citizens to recognize also a "bill of responsibilities."

Abolition of slavery has served in more than half a century to impress the need for integrating the Negro race into the national life.

Throughout America's documents of freedom there is a strain of "togetherness" through a mutual recognition of rights.

Not long ago a pronouncement rang through world councils that "Peace is one." Possibly it will be found also in time that "Freedom is one."

There's a Long, Long Trail: On a wind-swept ridge of Vermont's Green Mountains, close by the Canadian border, a path is marked clearly by little metal tabs tacked to the trunks of the spruce trees. The markers bear the letter "A.T." More than a thousand miles to the south, the same markers are found on pine trees in the sunny Appalachian Mountains of Georgia. If a camper had the time and the energy, he could start following those Vermont markers southward, and in time he would reach Georgia without even following a highway or passing through a town.

Few persons have ever covered the entire stretch of the Appalachian Trail, which follows the ridge of the chain of mountains that runs down through the eastern part of the United Sates. But those who have covered portions of the trail have found marvels of scenery and freaks of nature. The southern end of the trail traverses rougher country and fewer cross roads, but in the section of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, the country and the sweeping views are beyond description. —Sunshine Magazine.

THE LOST COLONY—KEEPERS OF A DREAM

By David W. Charlton

Over 300,000 people have come to Roanoke Island, on the east coast of North Carolina, during the six seasons of the showing of Paul Green's famous symphonic drama of The Lost Colony. They have come from destant places in America and from lands across the seas to witness the spiritual birthplace and beginnings of a nation.

Here, at least 120 brave men, women and children made their home in the New World, in 1587. After long days of voyaging over treacherous seas, and months of struggle and hardship in trying to tame the wilderness, they were swallowed up in the vast unknown. But the vision and the brave endeavor of these pioneers marked the beginning of a new nation.

When the colonists landed on Roanoke Island, among the first events was an act of worship. Then, Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents in the New World, was baptized here. So, these men of dreams, believing in some high and hopeful destiny for the new land, asked the witness of Almighty God "upon this sacred spot."

Men of dreams are always in the vanguard of civilization. When the Roman Empire was crumbling in the fifth century, A.D., St. Augustine caught a vision, which he described in a book, The City of God, a volume that had much to with holding the world together for a thousand years, even during the Middle Ages. Then, with the elapse of ten centuries, came a new dawn for civilization, the Renaissance. The early colonists were caught up in the impulse of that awakening, or longing to discover the vast unknown, whether in new lands or in new knowledge.

Hence the early colonists did more than merely dream. They set sail into the vast open spaces, and were soon standing at the frontiers of limitless unexplored lands.

"Ah, great it is to believe the dream
As we stand in youth by a starry stream;
But greater thing is to fight life through,
And say at the end, 'The dream is true'."

The dream demanded a search and sacrifice. Leaving friends and fireside behind; venturing over stormy seas; waging an unequal conflict against the wilderness, far from the kindly shores of civilized lands, that was the price they were willing to pay for a new of life.

"All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneer! O Pioneers!" (Whitman).

A recent cartoon shows a man lounging in his lust cushion chair in the living room, while the radio purrs out some soft strains of music. In the background another picture appears—the vision of the hardy pioneers, breasting the sharp winds and looking to the distant horizons. Resolutely they tramp toward the setting of the sun. The question in the mind of the man of tne new day was: "Have we lost the spirit of those tough men and women who were the builders of a nation?"

Now the colonists were confronted with a new problem on Roanoke Island—that of making peace with the Indians. Perhaps that was the beginning of racial tension in America. They sought friendly relations with the redskins. Manteo and his tribe responded with a like attitude, though Wanchese continued hostile because one white man violated the friendly code and slew the medicine man.

Our problem to day is one of friendly human relationship. Roosevelt in his last address, which he did not live to deliver, wrote: "We are faced with the pre-eminent fact that if civilazation is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all kinds of people to live together and work together in the same world, at peace."

The first colonists on Roanoke Island kept their dreams. With thinning ranks due to hunger, disease, and deadly assault of hostile Indians, they never lost their hope. When promised aid failed to come because England had gone to war with Spain and could not spare the ships, John Borden said to Eleanor Dare: "And we'll keep that dream— keep it to the end! And by that great spirit that guards this world and holds our little lives in the hollow of his hands, I sware we will fight on and on here until the wilderness is won."

With the curtain falling on the drama of The Lost Colony, the historian reads: "And in the cold hours before dawn the colonists began their march into the unknown wilderness—out of sight forever. But from our memory they have not passed!

"And down the hollow trackless
years that swallowed them
but not their song,
We send response—
Hear us—O hear!
The dream still lives,
It lives, it lives
And shall not die!"

———:———

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to support it, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation.—Addison.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN INDIANS

By Earle Leroy F. Wilber, Jr., in Our Paper

During the past few years I have written various articles on the subject of the Indians and their ways of doing things. I have striven to give a birds-eye view of their old background and touched, slightly, upon their modern progress.

Our history books have shown us that after the Indians had been compelled to live upon reservations built by the government, only once have they gone on the war-path.

From that date onward to the present day, little indeed, has the American Indian been in the news.

All has been peaceful on the 48 Indian Reservations from their last and fatal uprising in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

In 1916, when America declared war on Germany, 48 chieftains asked Uncle Sam for permission to have a meeting. Uucle Sam granted this request, and after the council meeting was over, a Chieftain's War Bonnet was sent to our great War President, Woodrow Wilson, with the declaration that—"Our braves will go on the war-path for Uncle Sam until the war is all over—over there." From that quotation came the song we all know today, named "Over There," composed by the late George M. Cohan. Tearful squaws told their braves goodby—some never to see their praves again. Braves who would never see their papooses—yet unborn.

Many moons indeed, passed before peace came and those braves whom God was good to, came back to tell of the wonders of the other world beyond the seas.

Many schools had been erected on the reservations to educate the Indian children during the great war.

A great many graduated from these schools and left the reservations to attend the various colleges throughout the nation.

Gradually the teepees (tents) disappeared and houses, mostly cabins, were raised on the vast civilized reservations. Most of the old traditions were done away with—and the white people's ways were adopted. Small industries grew where before only gaint trees stood.

Churches were built and Sunday school classes were held each Sunday night. Shoes came into existence, moccasins were discarded. Brightly colored feathered head-dresses were put away in exchange for the derby and felt hat. Tractors appeared daily as if by magic. Where in 1800 only a vast prairie stood, in 1947 large fields of tobacco, cotton, alfalfa, and vegetable gardens are to be seen.

Gone is the war-bonnet and tomahawk. Gone is the hate of the paleface who has shown his redskinned brother that his God is the same as theirs.

Some of these Indian children who in the middle and late 1800's went to school for the first time in Indian history have become today, bankers, attorneys, industrialists, managers of various companies, officers at West Point, and great singers and musicians. One of whom, I am sure, we are all proud is the famous Chief Rainbow of the Cherokee tribe, the originator of the famous paratrooper yell, "Geronimo."

RELIGION ESSENTIAL

(Selected)

Religion is essential to our educational system if we are to have good citizens. Why does the state educate its citizens? Franklin said it is "to supply men to serve the public"; Washington said "to enlighten public opinion"; Adams, "to give knowledge useful in the practice of the moral duties of a citizen"; Madison, "to prepare a people to be their own governors"; Jefferson, "to enable the people to understand what is going on in the world and to keep their part going right"; Plato, "the harmonious development of all the faculties."

Those just quoted were statesmen, and they looked on education largely as a means of defending the States against its evil citizens. But if education is to be efficient in producing good citizens, there must be religion in that education. "Education without religion," said Wellington, "will surround us with clever devils. There could be no more dangerous creature abroad in the land than a highly educated person who had no character.

The purpose of education is not merely to produce harmless citizens, or even efficient citizens; we want our citizens to be good, not in the negative sense, but positively and aggressively good—"good men, full of the Holy Spirit." It is not that we want a nation of reformers, but a nation that is already reformed—men whose passive influence is a benediction, and whose active influence is a benefaction. Over the entrance of Harvard University is this invitation: "Enter to grow in wisdom," and over the exit this admonition, "Depart to serve thy country and thy kind." Let us write such inscriptions over our whole educational systen, but let us put into that word "wisdom" the blessing of knowing Him in whom are hid the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. This in itself will assure that our children, our young men and women, shall "depart to serve better their country and their kind."

———:———

Labor is one of the great elements of society—the great substantial interest on which we all stand. Not feudal service, or predial toil, or the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind subjected on account of their color, to another; but labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State—that is American labor; and all my sympathies are with it, and my voice, till I am dumb, will be for it.—Daniel Webster.

FRIENDSHIP

By Charles W. Van Buren

The tape of time has a way of insulating the pangs of grief brought about by the loss of one of life's greatest and most golden treasures—a true and loyal friend. Time insulates and softens, yes, but in the innermost recesses of the human heart it does not blot out a memory; it does not, it cannot, fill the space left vacant when a friend has crossed the bar.

Time, with all its ravages, cannot erase the ever present vision on a screen of memory when it is indelibly graven there. The soft sound of padded feet as they follow in your footsteps; the worship from a pair of eyes which shone only for you cannot be forgotten by the passing years. Yes, time has a miraculous way of healing wounds and sores; it softens with mellow humor the stark and cruel things of existence but it never causes one to forget a friend; a friend like Skippy—my faithful dog.

The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. Those whom he has gone out of his way to befriend may prove ungrateful. Those with whom we stake our honor and good name may prove traitors to our faith. The wealth a man has he may lose; it flies away from him at a time when he needs it most. Those who are prone to fall on their knees and do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to cast the stone of malice when failure settles its mantle over our heads. Yet, amid all this, there is one faithful, unselfish friend upon whom yoc can always depend—that friend is your dog.

A man's dog will sleep on the cold ground where wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if he can but be by his master's side. And whether it be a mansion, a home, a hut or a tent, the faithful dog asks for no higher privilege than to lay at its entrance, on guard while his master sleeps and to fight against his enemies should any appear during the silent hours of the night.

On the blood-soaked sands which constituted the far flung battle grounds of the last war the faithful dog played a major part. He knew what it meant to hear the roar of planes, the boom of guns and bursting shells. He knew what it meant to be hungry, thirsty and tired. He knew the burning sensation of lead or steel as it tore through flesh to leave pools of blood on the shell-scarred soil. He ran the guantlet of death which continually lurked; he stood over his fallen master and fought to the death, not because he knew the reason for which we fought, not because he understood democracy, but because he was a loyal freind.

He displayed extraordinary bravery in scouting and routing out the enemy who lurked beyond the range of the human eye; he showed no fear when the jaws of death clamped down and out there on those self-same sands where men died to make home safe for the loved ones behind, the faith-

ful dog shed his blood and it blended with that of his master. Faithful and true—even to death.

Where a molten sun poured terrific heat from a brassy sky the dog, alone with his master, faced the death dealing plunges of Rommel's Panzer Divison. With tongue hanging out and his inside tortured by thirst, he clung to his master's side. He fought with a viciousness no man can ununderstand and yet, after the storm of battle had passed, he became the same tender, obedient and faithful servant which has served man since the first, dim dawn of time and with a wag of his weary tail, he would lick the hand that had no food to offer and crawl away to remain on guard. When the battle turned and his master and his legions were thrown back, the faithful dog followed in their wake—to fight—to give them a chance to escape—as faithful in defeat as in victory.

Treason, sabotage or underhanded dealings are alien in the Canine Kingdom and unknown to their kind. And a dog will be just as faithful to a pauper as he would be to a prince. He is ever loyal and his fidelity does not weaken with the passing of the years.

When the last scene of all comes and the master's body is returned to the sod, it doesn't matter if all other friends pursue their way, because there, by the grave-side, will the noble dog be found. His head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness. Faithful and true, even to one who is resting in the land beyond the grave.

So, in memory of faithful old Skippy, this article is written and lovingly dedicated. And if there is such a thing as man and animal meeting beyond this vale, I sincerely hope our pathways cross out there beyond the great divide. Because, through sunshine and rain, happiness and despair, he and I have covered the miles leading beyond far horizons—together. He has stood by when all else in the world proved unfaithful; he was my friend, not only in name but in actuality. So to him in this final tribute may I say:

Amego y companero, adios. Y que viya usted con dios. Hasta luego. "Friends and companion, goodbye. And may God be with you until we meet again."

While walking with her father, one evening, a four year old girl asked him to carry her home. "I'm too tired to walk home," she said. The father told her he too was tired, but she began to cry. Without a word the father took out his knife and cut a small limb from a tree. Handing it to his daughter, he said, "Here's a fine horse for you to ride." The little girl hopped astride the stick and off she galloped, beating her father home by a block.

That's the way you will find life. Sometimes you will be so tired mentally or physically that you'll think you can't go on. Then you'll find a stick horse—in the form of a friend, a song, a poem, a flower, a baby's smile, and over the tired spot you'll travel.

—Selected.

TODAY OR NEVER

(The Spokesman)

Today is life, tomorrow a hope, yesterday only a dream. It is today, whether inside prison walls or out there where streams of traffic flow, that we live. It is today we make our plans for the future. It is today's acts and deeds which insure our well-being during our harvest years. There are no tomorrows. The sun rises and sets, but always in the morning and afternoon of today. Therefore, anything we are to do cannot be postponed until tomorrow nor can the bridges of time be spanned back across the highroads of the years to a never-to-be-forgotten yesterday for us to finish a job we have left undone. We must do it today or never.

In the halcyon days of youth we ever dream of tomorrow and the castles we will build with the years. We are filled with the zest of a newly launched machine; our systems function with the careless ease of adolesence. But, even then, it is today, not tomorrow, that we sow the seeds upon the field of the present; the seeds, which will yield a crop of prosperity and gladness, or a harvest of heartache and pain.

Through the world today there are countless men and women in whose hearts there is a profound sorrow; a sorrow brought about by the knowledge that tomorrow's plans are, more often than not, mere images cast for a fleeting moment on the screen of their minds phantasmagorias or mirages which will never be. It is a true axiom that in back of all great things stands the dreamer. But his, or her dreams, never materialize tomorrow, they always come true today or remain forever in the embryo state—just a dream.

This article is being written from within prison walls, by an inmate who has dreamed and built countless air-castles. His dream bubbles have exploded and faded into the mists of yesterday; his air-castles have tumbled around his ears like snowflakes falling on an endless field. But at last, at long last, the dreamer has awakened. He, like a million others who make up this legion of social outcasts, has begun to live today.

Nature bestowed upon mankind a wonderful mechanism when equipping us with a subconscious mind. Because in that storeroom of memory is catalogued our every act and deed from the cradle to the grave. It makes it possible for us to relive those golden moments of yore; to scrutinize at our will the treasures stored in the archives of yesterday; to waft ourselves across the endless miles to a loved one somewhere out there. It also enables us to concentrate on the present. It teaches us, from its tablets of experience, that today is life; the only opportunity we will ever have to right the wrongs of a decaying yesterday which lives only in memory.

There are many, yes, thousands, who have awoke to the fact that the present today is the paramount factor of their existence. They are groping about in darkness reaching for the ray of light they believe to be there;

the ray of light they know, if once captured, will brighten their pathway for the remainder of their years. It is a difficult proposition, however, to locate something in an inky void. Difficult, indeed, unless there is a charted course to follow or someone who is willing to make a hole where the light from without can penetrate the walls into the cellar of darkness. There are many inside prison walls who have awakened. They are awake yes, but they cannot find a light which those outside are determined to keep turned off for them and their kind because they sowed the wrong kind of seed in their youth and have reaped a harvest of ivy and thorns. They do not want to be pampered or petted simply because their reputation and wordly station is low. What they must have, before they can rise to the standards set by society is a helping hand. Don't pity, don't scorn, but act as a beacon to those who have, from the rugged school of experience, learned that today is life; tomorrow a hope; yesterday only a dream.

EVERYDAY BEAUTY

Perhaps no single individual has done more to make the attractions of Hawaii known to thousands of mainlanders than Don Blanding, poet and artist. His books have given pleasure to thousands unable to listen to his tantalizing talks.

Once a woman was watching him draw numerous delicate petals in an intricate design he was developing for pottery. She sighed and said, "'It must be wonderful to create beauty. How you must enjoy it!"

"It is fun," replied Blanding; "don't you enjoy the beauty you create?"

The woman was puzzled. "Oh, I'm not an artist."

"Oh, yes you are," replied the artist quickly; "a very great artist. You create beauty by the graciousness of your living. It may not be as tangible as porcelain, carved wood, or paintings, but by your friendliness, by the generosity of your hospitality in your home, the thousands of thoughtful things that you do for people, you are creating beauty that is just as valuable as any masterpiece of the great artists."—Sunshine Magazine.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Leonard Dawn, one of our former students, called at The Uplift office a short time ago. Leonard entered the School, February 1, 1939, and was conditionally released, August 2, 1941. He was re-admitted, October 1, 1943, and was again released, July 10, 1944. He is now nineteen years old.

During his stay at the school, he was a member of several different cottage groups. His work experiences consisted mostly of employment in the carpenter shop, and as house boy in Cottage No. 5.

Leonard stated that since leaving this institution the last time, he had worked for about two and one-half years in a textile mill in Mt. Holly. He also stated that he served five and one-half months in the United States Navy before receiving an honorable discharge. At the time of his recent visit, he said that he had been working in a garage a little more than a week and was getting along nicely with his new employers.

—:—

We recently received from Mr. C. B. Barber, Concord, a letter written to him by Loy Stines, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who has been in the United States Navy for about three and one-half years.

Mr. Barber was budget officer at the Training School for many years. He left here in the fall of 1945 to take up employment with the United States Department of Internal Revenue. He is still very much interested in the work of this institution, and quite frequently sends us interesting items concerning former students.

Loy Stines, who is now twenty-two years old, was admitted to the Training School, August 17, 1937, and was conditionally released, July 14, 1941, at which time he returned to his home in Marshall, N. C. His letter, written aboard the "U. S. S. Mindero," and dated May 21, 1947, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: Just a few lines today to let you know that I am getting along just fine. How are all the officers and boys at the school doing these days?

"I have been in the Navy forty months, and like it very much. I am working in the laundry aboard this ship, and it certainly is a good job. You know I did the same kind of work while at the school.

"I was supposed to be discharged in March, 1946, but I re-enlisted for four more years. Have met several of the boys I knew at the school since joining the Navy, and am always glad to see them.

"When I get a leave again, I'll try to drop around to see you and the rest of the folks at the school. Am supposed to get a leave about the first of July.

"Guess I had better sign off for today. Hope to hear from you soon. Yours truly, Loy Stines."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield recently received another letter from Roy Lee Jones, a former student, who is now in the United States Navy. His last letter, written at San Francisco, California and dated July 14th, reads as follows:

"Dear Friend: I received The Up-

lift which you sent, and thought it was swell. It sure does something to a fellow to read about the old school. A boy doesn't seem to know what a break he is getting by spending some time there until after he leaves. Then he starts thinking of his stay there and how much he misses it. The Training School certainly gave me a new outlook on life. I shall never be able to express my appreciation for some wonderful talks from you and others members of the school staff.

"The ship I am now on is one of the largest tankers in the world, in fact, it is known as one of the 'Big Four,' and I am very proud to serve on it. I guess we help to keep a lot of people warm up in Greenland and Iceland, and all over Europe. We are in San Francisco now, taking on a cargo of high octane gasoline, which we will take to Guam, Shanghai and Persia. The trip will take seven months, and I'm looking forward to having a nice time.

"Give all the boys and officers my regards, especially Mr. Godown. I want to thank him for the copy of The Uplift. Many thanks to all. Good Luck. Your friend, Roy Lee Jones."

WAGES OF WISDOM

Hold it, everybody. Stop the presses. Call off your man, sir, and take care of that rip in the dog's trousers. It's news. "Workers Refuse a Wage Boost"—there's a headline to grip a Greeley.

It has happened, really happened, in the State of Washington. Carpenters in unions of the American Federation of Labor are the heroes of the piece. But they are not indulging in any heroics. It's just common sense, they say. When cost of building materials is so high that building activities are falling off—well, that's no time to add the cost of a wage rise to the camel's back. So the carpenters will not take advantage of an escalator clause in their contracts providing for a 13-cent per hour increase at this time.

That's hitting the high-price nail on the head. That's putting a beam under the business floor before it sags too far. That's planing a smooth surface for level prosperity. Now, if the butcher, the baker, and the modern equivalent of the candlestick-maker will dovetail their policies with the carpenters, maybe the rest of us will be able to refuse the next raise the boss offers us. —Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read Exodus 32: 25-26, and the subject of his inspiring and helpful message to the boys was "Who Is On The Lord's Side?"

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Summers explained that the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" was Moses' challenge to the people of Israel. They had taken up idol-worship and other evil habits during the temporary absence of Moses. Upon his return, this great leader issued the challenge. It was a "show-down" to the people of that day.

Deep down in the hearts of the people of the world today, continued the speaker, come the words of that same challenge. Each of us meets that challenge every time we sin. There is both good and evil in every person's nature. This challenge comes from God in an effort to have men turn from their evil ways and cling to that which is right.

Rev. Mr. Summers then gave a number of explanations as to what is meant by being on the Lord's side, as follows:

(1) We must first forsake the things that are evil. There can be no mixture of good and evil if we desire our lives to be happy.

(2) We must be actively favorable toward God and His calling. It is not enough to simply say that we believe in God. It is a Christian's duty to be actively engaged in His work.

(3) It is necessary to make public our enlistment in the great company of people who are doing God's work. We must show those with whom we come in contact that we are being true to God.

(4) There must be the military disposition to obey our new Commander—God. During evil days, people follow Satan; after becoming Christians, they must be willing to follow God.

(5) The service in God's great army must be strictly voluntary. He will not compel anyone to join forces with Him.

(6) In order to be a Christian, one must fully consecrate his powers to Jesus Christ. There is no half-way mark in our service to God. Either we are Christians or we are not. Many people make the mistake of simply becoming enrolled as church members, and then fail to take any active part in Christian work.

(7) We must realize at all times it is and honor and an advantage to be on the Lord's isde.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that being on God's side does not mean to be on the side of a great tyrant or dictator. God is not opposed to joy and happiness. By being Christians, we are on the side of a God of love and spiritual freedom. Being on God's side assures us of a place among those who are opposed to that which is evil. On the side of sin, we we must suffer that remorse which comes only from doing shameful things. To be on God's side is to be on the side of joy, bliss and happiness, which cannot be found elsewhere.

Another thing about being on God's side, continued the speaker, is that when we join forces with Him, we are definitely on the strongest side. Evil may seem strong and powerful for the moment, but eventually, God will win over sin, and the Christian's reward shall be the greatest gift ever known to man

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers asked each boy within the sound of his voice to decide to be on God's side —the side of right living, clean thinking, which will lead to enternal joy. A person who lives such a life, he added, will fulfil the purpose in life for which God has placed him in the world.

———:———

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us all in th' struggle and sputter
Our daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, our keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An' a heart to feel for all that suffers;
Give us, too, a bit of a song
An' a tale, an' a book to help us along.
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove how grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise an' free,
Our goodly best for ourselves an' others,
Till all men learn to live as brothers.

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

A fool always finds some greater fool to admire him.—Boileau.

—:—

The greatest of fault is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

—:—

The heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious.—Luther.

—:—

Tale bearers are just as bad as tale makers.—Sheridan.

—:—

There is a noble forgetfulness—that which does not remember injuries.
—C. Simmons.

—:—

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.
—D. G. Mitchell.

—:—

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect who is the most dangerous.
—Rojas.

—:—

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.—South.

—:—

The little done vanishes from the sight of him who looks forward to what is still to do.—Goethe.

—:—

Experience takes dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.—Carlyle.

Conscience is the root of all true courage; if a man would be brave let him obey his conscience.
—J. F. Clarke.

—:—

It will be generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.
—Dickens.

Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees.—Steele.

—:—

When I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich.—Pope.

Mere knowledge is comparatively worthless unless digested into practiced wisdom and common sense as applied to the affairs of life.
—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

If you would stand well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of yourself; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable impression of himself.
—Coleridge.

—:—

Genuine good taste consists in saying much in few words, in choosing among our thoughts, in having order in what we say, and in speaking with composure.—Fenelon.

—:—

Any one entrusted with power will abuse it if not also animated with the love of truth and virtue, no matter whether he be a prince, or one of the people.—Lafontaine.

—:—

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—Carlyle.

—:—

The conservative man may clamor against reform, but he might as well clamor against centrifugal force. He sighs for "the good old times." He might as well wish the oak back in the acorn.—E. H. Chapin.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

"I'd rather have pneumonia,
I'd rather have a tumor,
I'd rather have most anything—
Than not have a sense of humor."

—:—

It is easier to raise a laugh than a loan.

—:—

Knocking is caused by two things —carbon and envy.

—:—

Blessed are the deaf, for they miss much small talk.

—:—

Proverty is no disgrace—but that's all it has in its favor.

—:—

The best way to save face is to keep the lower end of it shut.

—:—

The man who puts up a bluff is likely to stumble over it.

—:—

A coward is one who in a moment of stress thinks with his legs.

—:—

It is always hard to find a job for the fellow who doesn't want one.

—:—

Some one recently described a waffle as a pancake with a non-skid tread.

—:—

Said the raindrop to the particle of dust: "This settles you; your name is mud."

—:—

Every time I see the sign "Shoes Shined Inside," I wonder how they do it.

—:—

Gossip peddlers and sieves can always be depended upon to empty themselves.

—:—

Wonder why they put so many holes in Swiss cheese when it's Limburger that really needs ventilation.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

—:—

Sometimes you feel so sure that a fellow is a crook that you count your fingers after shaking hands with him.

—:—

Many people stand up when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played—and fall down when they try to sing it.

—:—

Life is a continuous struggle. The moment you rest upon your past laurels, you discover they are poison ivy.

—:—

Things are about equal after all. The thin man has more to laugh about, but the fat man has more to laugh with.

—:—

A Los Angeles girl married the motorcycle officer who arrested her for speeding. This shows to what lengths some women will go to get even with men.

—:—

The story comes from a boarding house that the butter was so strong that it walked over to the coffee and said, "How do you do?" and the coffee was too weak to answer.

—:—

Night Watchman, (during a blackout): "Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"

Young Man: "Why, no. I-I-was—"

Night Watchman: "Here then, hold this lantern."

—:—

The husband was reading the evening paper. The wife, poring over a crossword puzzle, suddenly called out: "Henry, what is a female sheep?" "Ewe," curtly replied her hubby, and that's how the row started.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Weed Ending July 13, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Roger Ivey
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Charles Smith
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Robert Clemmons
Robert Ellers
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Robert Rice
William Smith
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Thomas Shepherd
Eddie Medlin
James Wilson
Julian Commander
William McVicker
Van Robinson
Russell Seagle
Woodrow Mace
Robert Blake
James Scott

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
Glenn Evans
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
Clifton Rhodes
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Herman Hughes
Robert Melton
Judson Finch
Ernest Kitchin
James Myers
James Wilson
Glenn Bumgardner

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Carl Howell
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Robert Wilkins
Harold Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Edd Guinn
James Knight
Arthur Lawson
Clyde Leonard
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Ralph Cranford
Raymond Cloninger
Emmet Fields
Jack Griffin
Paul Hendron
Lester Ingle
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Charles Angel
Charles Autry
R. L. Crawford
Roy Gaskin
Kenneth King
George Mann
J. C. Mickeal
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker
Eugene Grice
Russell Murphy

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Earl Brigman
Cecil Clark
Roy Eddings
Kenneth McLean
Edwin Morgan
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
William Smith
J. C. Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Ralph Drye
David Hill
William Hyatt
William Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Judd Lane
Ray Lunsford
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
John Moretz
Jerry Rippy
Carl Rice
James Shook
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

William Best
Donald Bass
Arey Hogue
Robert Holland
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Frank Sargent
Willie Stamey
Carl Propst
Vernon Allen

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Bernie Hauser
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Sammie Lynn
Travis Shumate

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
William Hunter
Harvey Huneycutt

If you have ten hours a day to spend as you please, you may perhaps afford to waste and hour of it—perhaps; but if you have only half an hour each day at your own disposal, that half hour becomes a sacred opportunity of life, the chance to change the quality of your existence, to multiply the capital on which you are doing business in the vocation of living.—**Edward Howard Griggs.**

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 2, 1947 No. 31

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TELL HIM SO

If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with sunshine
If you only tell him so.

If a deed, however humble,
Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
Seek him out and tell him so.

If your heart is touched and tender
Toward a sinner, lost and low,
It might help him to do better
If you'd only tell him so.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
EDUCATION FOR LIVING	(Catawba News-Enterprise)	12
TRAGEDY OF EUROPE'S YOUTH	(Watchman-Examiner)	13
LEGEND OF VIRGINIA DARE	(Sunshine Magazine)	14
TEACHING IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	By J. S Morgan	15
I AM PREJUDICED	By Frank Mayne	16
LIFE'S WORK	(The Baptist Courier)	18
LOTTERY BUSINESS STILL SMELLS	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	19
A DAY FOR MEMORIES	(Selected)	20
INTERDEPENDENCE	By Henry Nietsche	21
ON THE OREGON TRAIL	(The Religious Herald)	23
SETTLEMENT OF UTAH	(Kannapolis Independent)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

DROP A PEBBLE IN THE WATER

Drop a pebble in the water; just a splash, and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Spreading, spreading from the center, flowing on out to the sea,
And there is no way of telling where the end is going to be.

Drop a pebble in the water; in a minute you forget,
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet,
And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown;
You've disturbed a mighty river just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless: in a minute it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading, from the center as they go,
And there is no way to stop them, once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless: in a minute you forget;
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet,
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,
And disturbed a life that was happy ere you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: just a flash and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave
Till you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: in a minute you forget;
But there's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a-circling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water just by dropping one kind word.

—James W. Foley.

COTTAGE SEVEN-A TEAM WINS SOFTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

On Saturday, July 26th, the teams from Cottages Nos. 10 and 7-A competed in the championship game, and the boys from Cottage No. 7 were the winners by the score of 14 to 9.

The boys from Cottage No. 7 were on an average smaller than

the boys from Cottage No. 10, but they were a plucky group of youngsters who refused to be frightened or rattled, and they played heads-up ball from the beginning of the season until the end.

The boys from Cottage No. 10 had made a strong bid for the championship all the way through, and they deserve special commendation for their good sportsmanship and their good team spirit.

The lead in the championship game changed hands several times. The game proved to be one of the very best softball games played at the school this season. The fine showing made by these two teams is an excellent illustration of the quality of playing and the keenness of competition that can be developed when the cottage officers themselves show the proper interest and give the boys the encouragement which they need.

Frank Spivey, of Cottage No. 7, led his mates at bat with two hits out of three trials, while Keith Yandle, of Cottage No. 10, had the same percentage.

The team standings for the season in softball were as follows:

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
7-A	9	0	1.000
10	8	2	.800
11	7	2	.778
5	8	3	.727
14	7	3	.700
15	7	3	.700
3	6	5	.545
6-A	4	4	.500

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
7-B	3	5	.385
17	3	6	.333
2	2	8	.250
13	2	8	.250
1	2	9	.182
9	0	4	.000
6-B	0	5	.000

* * * * * * * *

COTTAGE No. 2 TEAM WINS BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

On July 26th, the regular baseball season representing competition between the teams of the various cottages came to a close. The championship game was played between the teams of Cottages Nos. 2 and 4. After a very close and hard-fought game, the boys from Cottage No. 2 were the winners of the contest. This championship game is one of the highlights of the summer sports program.

On the previous Saturday, the teams from Cottages Nos. 4 and 10

participated in the semi-finals, with the result that the Cottage No. 4 team was the winner by the score of 9 to 2. Thus, the boys from Cottage No. 4 had, after a very successful season and after their victory in the semi-finals contest, entered the finals, and from the outset it was evident that there would be a very close game between the teams of Cottages Nos. 2 and 4. The team from Cottage No. 4 had probably shown more improvement and development than any other team on the campus, because at the beginning of the season some of the boys were very crude and inexperienced, and it was only after an uphill fight that these boys had such a successful season.

The final score of the game last Saturday was 8 to 7 in favor of Cottage No. 2. It was a seven inning affair, by mutual agreement, and the winning run was scored in the last inning, after the score had been tied several times.

The boys representing Cottage No. 4 are to be commended for their good sportsmanship because they lost the game without any griping and bickering. Unfortunately, both teams could not win.

The boys from Cottage No. 2 deserve an abundance of praise for their determination and their fighting spirit. They went into the last inning two runs behind, and yet because of their determination to fight until the last out, they eventually became victorious.

Melvin Radford, of Cottage No. 2, with two walks and one hit, led his team at bat, while Coy McElven and Herman Hughes were the best batters for Cottage No. 4, with two for four.

Mr. Tomkinson, of Cottage No. 2, and Mr. Kiser, of Cottage No. 4, both deserve commendation for taking special interest in their boys and staying with them in their games throughout the season.

The final standings at the close of the regular season were as follows: ,

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.	Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
4	11	1	.917	1	6	7	.462
2	10	3	.769	3	5	7	.417
10	9	3	.750	9	4	6	.400
17	7	5	.583	13	3	10	.231
11	6	6	.500	14	3	10	.231
15	6	6	.500	5	2	9	.181

THE GRANDEUR OF SINCERITY

In most individuals there is a rare quality of soul or a spirit of being sincere and natural which is generally highly esteemed among people. The person who dares to be sincere and natural generally possesses an unusual charm and magnetism of personality which is a valuable treasure beyond price.

Recently, Martha E. Truman, the mother of the President of the United States, died at her home in a small town in Missouri. Not much has been written or will probably ever be written concerning any great literary attainments on her part, or the possession of any rare social charm by her. Of her it will not be proclaimed that she presided at great social gatherings with rare charm and grace, but already there have been beautiful eulogies to her as one who dared to be natural and one who succeeded in keeping her feet on the ground even in her moments of great achievements as the mother of the president of the land. She possessed a spirit of humility characteristic of the people in the simple and commonplace stations of life in the Midwest, which delighted and fascinated the general public of the nation.

Of her a recent editorial in the Charlotte Observer comments as follows:

> "To do that requires a finely balanced and socially adjusted personality, and we can credit these qualities to Martha E. Truman, who never allowed the projection of her son into the world's most responsible position to go to her own head.
>
> "All can remember how her devoted son wanted her to share his fame and how, with her sound common sense and her folksy ways, she charmed a Capital that had seen too much of sham and affectation. Even those blase circles recognized her as genuine by the way she said, "Fiddlesticks!" when some would have pampered her too much as the President's mother.
>
> "After that one short visit to Washington, she took herself again into the background and minded her home duties without trying to gain anything by reflection of her son's eminence.
>
> "On one of her son's visits home at a farm demonstration, the President took the plow handles, and, after the test, his mother remarked casually that he could still plow a straight furrow. And that was merely her way of informing the neighbors that Harry had not forgotten his raising."

In the simple manners of Mother Truman, there are certain obvious lessons which, if learned by all Americans, would be of utmost value in their lives. There is always a need for all people to be natural and to be sincere. It is always highly desirable that people generally possess a straightforward and an unfeigned manner in their everyday dealings with their fellowmen. It is always a rare virtue when one possesses a sincerity that is free from dissimulation.

In contrast to this spirit of sincerity, some seem to possess a superficiality which causes others to be unhappy and uncomfortable in their presence. Unfortunately, some have cultivated the notion that it is a clever thing to do to impress other people with a sense of importance, which is sometimes all out of proportion to the real worth of the person. This leads to an air of bluffing and faking which eventually tends to destroy the beauty and poise of a lovely personality.

It should be understood, however, that for one to be natural or sincere does not in the least imply that he or she must be crude or backward or that he should not possess culture and refinement and social charm. In essence, it means that one must not try to be something that he is not. Generally, if one possesses rare talents, if he has the social characteristics of aristocracy, if he is endowed with a superior type of genius, these things will be discovered by others. They will be found by one's associates and companions in everyday relationship and in the natural courses of events.

It is an old saying that self-praise is half scandal, and generally the public accepts this as a true maxim which will remain and endure for all time.

Recently, Elsie Robinson, in one of her daily articles, wrote as follows:

> "Yet always, those who were really great drew others to them not because of money or power or education, but because they dared to be natural—they dared to be themselves.
>
> "Of all human qualities I believe naturalness is the greatest. For naturalness cannot exist with fear. And it is in our timid human nature to follow the strong even though they weave a tangled trail.

"There's no percentage in copying. There's no percentage in trying to be or act or think like someone else. The only thing you can register in your brief and battered years is the one immortal essential—dare to be yourself."

* * * * * * * *

OTHER GIFTS FOR WILDWOOD COTTAGE

Recently an announcement was made that Mr. W. Bruce Thorburn, the efficient Juvenile Probation Officer for Guilford County, secured some generous contributions towards the construction of our Wildwood Cottage. We are happy to announce now that Mr. Thorburn has graciously secured some additional gifts which will be used in the cottage and will add much to the equipment for the cottage.

In his message to us Mr. Thorburn stated as follows:

"I have collected the following items: 4 chairs, 1 radio, 1 lamp, 1 bed, 1 table, 1 chest of drawers, and several drawer-type chests."

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Thorburn for his valuable assistance. It is indeed an inspiration to us that other people are willing to help so much with our school cottage.

We wish also to thank, through Mr. Thorburn, those who so generously contributed the equipment. We do not have their names, but, nevertheless, we are just as grateful to them.

We are delighted to announce that the cottage is nearly enough completed that it can now be used, and is being used on weekends. Our greatest need at the present time is to have the electric current extended to the cabin. The Duke Power Company of Salisbury has assured us that it will attend to this just as soon as it can. When we get electricity this will enable us to use the radio and to have adequate lighting so that groups can remain at the cottage even after dark, and can even arrange to spend nights there.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Man Without a Country

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

On Thursday, July 24th, the boys saw a picture entitled "The Man without a Country." First of all Mr. Hines gave us an introduction to the story, so that we could understand the picture better. It certainly did help, too.

We learned from this picture the story of how Philip Nolan was court-martialed by the army of the United States for cursing his country and of how he was banished from the country and put on a ship never to see or hear of his native land again.

This was a very nice picture, and I am sure it was enjoyable and educational for all the boys. It helped all the boys to appreciate their country. Mr. Hines, in his talk, stressed the fact that all the boys should be loyal to their state and nation.

Mrs. Baucom was called upon to give an impromptu talk about a recent article, concerning the state flower—the dogwood. She made a very good talk, mentioning the adoption of a state flower, the legend of the dogwood, where the dogwood grows, and how the dogwood got its name.

We wish to thank Miss Smart, who ordered the film for her 5th grade and who permitted all of us to see it, and Mr. Hines who showed the picture. We are glad that they made this picture possible.

More Boys Released

By James Dunn, 8th Grade

The school has recently released some more boys. Their names, grades, and where they went to live are as follows: Ray Burns, 6th grade, Greensboro; David Johnson, 7th grade, High Point; Miley Gunter, 10th grade, Gastonia; Bobby Holland, 4th grade, High Point; Lindsay Elder, 4th grade, Ronda; Robert Wicker, 10th grade, Southern Pines; Glenn Rice, 4th grade, High Point; Willie Stamey, 6th grade, Morganton; Ralph Cranford, 3rd grade, Wadesboro; and Arthur Lawson, 6th grade, King.

We all hope that these boys will make good.

Officers and Matrons Return

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Friday, July 25, Mr. Kiser and Mr. Tomkinson returned from their vacation.

We are all glad to see them back and hope they had a wonderful time on their vacation.

Mr. Tomkinson returned last Saturday to see his boys play baseball, and he saw them win.

Radio Program

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

The first thing on the program was the introduction by Mr. Hawfield. Then the next thing was a song led

by three boys, Ray Roberts, John McKinney, and Bobby Duncan. Other boys joined them in singing the song, "Help Somebody Today." The entire group of boys sang another song entitled "The Touch of His Hand on Mine." Mr. Hawfield made a talk. It was "What It Means to Help a Boy." This concluded our program.

Mr. Caldwell's Vacation

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Mr. Caldwell, our seventh grade teacher, has recently gone on his vacation.

We are glad to see him go on his vacation, and then too we hate to see him go, because we know we will miss him. We hope that he will return soon.

Birthday Party

By Bobby Ellers, 8th Grade

Last Tuesday afternoon the boys of Jackson Training School who had birthdays in the months of May or June had their annual birthday party.

We went to the gymnasium and went in swimming. After that, we had a delicious watermelon feast.

The boys who were at the birthday party were the following: James Wilson, Jr., Ollie Daw, Franklin Stover, Robert Long, J. W. Smith, Richard Johnson, Billy Brown, Glenn Evans, Roy Watkins, Eugene Williams, Carl Church, Henry Shepherd, Robert Melton, Marion Ross, Ralph Seagle, Conley Haney, Garland Leonard, Buddy Marshall, Howell Willis, Edward Stone, Donald Baker, Ray Naylor, Floyd Canady, J. C. Woodell, Glenn Matheson, Robert Canady, Woodrow Mace, James Wilson, Billy Jenkins, Robert Ellers, John McKinney, Roy Eddings, James Martin, J. D. Ashley, Van Robinson, Emmett Fields, Eugene Wyatt, Lester Owens, Eugene King, Bobby Billings, William Hunter, W. L. Steele, Philip Kirk, James Arrowood, Herman Galyan, Dannie M. Hayes, Earl Hensley, Bobby Blake, and Glenn Davis.

The boys certainly did have a good time at the birthday party, and they wish to express their thanks to those who made it possible.

Yellowstone National Park

By Thomas Davis, 5th Grade

The show last Monday was "Yellowstone National Park." Yellowstone National Park is in Wyoming. It is in the northwestern corner of the state near Idaho and Montana. It is the oldest and largest park in the U. S. A. There are many interesting things to see. You may travel through Yellowstone National Park in a car, for there are smooth highways there.

Among the interesting thing to be seen in Yellowstone National Park, are the grizzly bears on the roadside and also at the feeding places. There are many geysers shooting up in the air. You may see Old Faithful. You may see moose or goats, antelopes or herds of buffalo, and many other animals. There are many hot springs that are boiling hot. Fish cannot live in this hot water. Many beautiful waterfalls can be seen. The water flows fast, and the streams leave different colors. There are stores on

the highway where you may buy supplies.

Thursday Night's Show

By Samuel Lynn, 8th Grade

The name of our show last Thursday night was "No Time for Comedy." The main characters were Rosaline Russell and James Stewart.

The comedy was "The Trial of Mr. Wolf." I am sure that all of the people enjoyed it.

The Man Who Had No Breakfast

By Thomas Davis, 5th Grade

The picture, "The Man Who Had No Breakfast," told about a boy and a girl. They were at the breakfast table, and their fater came in and said that their uncle would not be there for breakfast. Penny said that he would not get a star on the chart which was on the blackboard, because he had missed his breakfast. The boy and girl put the stars on the chart and worked very faithfully to keep the chart complete. However, Uncle Bill arrived in time for supper. The boy and girl did not know that he was a producer. Their father turned on the radio while they were eating supper, and the announcer said that Uncle Bill would make a speech. He told about how healthy soldiers had to be to fight. He told many interesting things about the food we should eat. When the radio was turned off, the children were surely surprised to know that their Uncle Bill had a producer's job. The boy said that he still would not get any star, because he had missed his breakfast. Uncle Bill said, "I will get a star tomorrow."

School Team Plays Kannapolis in Baseball

By Eugene Grice, 8th Grade and Harvey Arnette, 6th Grade

Some boys from the Playground Baseball League of Kannapolis came over to the Training School yesterday and played baseball with our school team. Even though the game was one-sided and Kannapolis won by the score of 16-0, we want to express our appreciation to Mr. Earl Walters, the physical education director of the school, for arranging this game for us.

The boys of the Training School who played were the following: Gerald Johnson, catcher; Eugene Grice, pitcher; Herman Hughes, first base; Coy McElvin, second base; Ray Naylor, third base; James Myers, short stop; Edwin Peterson, center field; Jimmy Reynolds, right field; and Odell Cain, left field.

It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given to man is eternal vigilance; which condition, if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.—John Philpot Curran.

EDUCATION FOR LIVING

(The Catawba News Enterprise)

Much has been said recently about the dignity of labor and the need of technical training for the youth of the land who must man the production lines of the future. A large proportion of the high school population of today should prepare for skilled labor, and by so doing can be happier and achieve a better economic status than that which can be attained by striving for clerical or executive positions.

But it must not be assumed that those who operate the machines of the nation need not receive cultural education. In fact, some of our greatest engineering schools have revised their curricula to include such subjects as history, government, and sociology.

There is no doubt that education increases the earning power of the individual, but the gain to the state is far greater than can be measured by individual gain. The educated man is in a position to assume a greater responsibility for good government and social and political justice in our country has been achieved in direct ratio to the progress of public education.

It is well for young people to elect industrial arts as a career, but it is not well for the authorities to assume that they do not need the influence of the humanities. It is just as important for the citizens of tomorrow to understand the great fundamentals of religion, art, political science, and literature, as it is to understand the operation of his machine. By these things he becomes a responsible member of the society in which he lives, and achieves an immeasurable gain in his capacity for fuller living.

———:———

A salesman was rattling along a country road in Tennessee, when he came to a ford. A Negro was standing by the little stream where some ducks were swimming. The salesman said: "Can I get through the creek with this car all right?"

"Yes, suh, drive right through," was the reply.

The salesman, thus encouraged, drove into the stream, only to find that the water was so deep that it flooded his engine. He and his companion had to get out into the stream with the cold water up to their arm-pits and push the car to the bank.

The enraged salesman turned to the Negro and said: "What do you mean by telling me that I could drive through that creek?"

The darkey replied: "Well, boss, I never knowed dat water was so deep. It only comes half-way up on my ducks."—Exchange.

TRAGEDY OF EUROPE'S YOUTH

(The Watchman-Examiner.)

Adressing the representatives of the World Council of Churches at Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, April, Dr. J. Hutchinson Cockburn brought a dismal picture of the state of youth in Europe today. He challenged the churches to be "as eager in their youth program as the communists." He further stated: "If Christ is to be enthroned over the lives of men in Europe, it will be only by the reviving of the church by the grace of God and the work of the Holy Spirit. Of this revival, the churches are the appointed instrument." Dr. Cockburn asserted that antichristian forces were so strong in Europe that the Christian tradition no longer dominated. Well, what could we expect after the recent seven years of tragedy? Children have grown to manhood and womanhood in about the worst conditions possible. Underground movements in Europe taught young people to kill, lie, steal, and carry on all ofrms of deception in order to combat the tyranny imposed by the dictators. How can young people raise in that atmosphere through their adolescence meet life today with the sterling qualities of Christian character? What chance have they had to learn anything about those qualities? Truly, the greater opportunity facing the Christian church in history is now before us. We owe an unspeakable debt of gratitude to young people who were willing to sacrifice their all that freedom might live. But the best way that the churches can serve this generation of youth is to preach to them the glorious Gospel of Christ and bring them into the blessings of Christian regeneration. The time is short. The Watchman-Examiner suggests that churchmen do less talking about the situation and get down to the work of winning this lost generation to Christ.

WHAT'S YOUR POINT OF VIEW?

If we were whales and someone asked us of what the world was made we would probably say "water," or if we were camels and were asked the same question we would probably say "sand." The fact that we are forced to judge everything from our own limited background crowds us into the most amazing contradictory positions. As a consumer we believe strongly in low prices, but as a laborer, we believe even more strongly in higher wages, which of course means higher prices. Our position as consumer is in direct conflict with our position as a worker. The same inconsistency will be found in the points of view of a railroader, an apple grower, a Californian, and a New Englander.—Selected.

THE LEGEND OF VIRGINIA DARE

(Sunshine Magazine)

For years the gentle creature was seen wandering through the forests of Croatan, swimming the shallow sounds, roaming over the island, and climbing the great dunes on Nags Head, from whose summits she gazed wistfully out across the Atlantic in the unconscious patience of her young mother, Eleanor, who made of these hills a conning tower from whence she waited for the white sails of her father, John White.

Many a hunter, so the legend goes, chased the white doe, but she led a charmed life. No Indian brave was fleet enough to draw near her, no arrow true nor swift enough to reach her heart. But one day, so the legend goes, Okisko and Chico saw the white doe dart toward the water over the site of the old ruined fort. Poising for a moment, she was a fair mark for the hunters' arrows, which sped to her heart at the same instant.

She fell to the earth, and a white mist arose over the spot where she fell. And when it had melted away, there lay the form of the lovely Virginia Dare.

History wraps the dark mantle of silence over the disappearance of Virginia Dare, the first white child to be born in America. That she was adopted by the Indians is an historical record, but her fate remains to this day a closed book. The inhabitants of Virginia, in the coastal area of Roanoke Island, still tell the story of Virginia Dare at their firesides, and speculate on the mystery of her fate. And once a year, in the month of August, the anniversary of her birth, there is held an elaborate observance to the memory of Virginia Dare.

Between Jockey's Ridge and Engagement Hill on the historic Virginia coast, lies a level grassy plain on which numerous cattle and banker ponies graze. A lovely vista of Roanoke Sound is seen between the two tall dunes, and also a glimpse of the tragical island of Roanoke, around whose shores are woven the romantic legends of Virginia Dare, the "White Doe," and the Lost Colony.

According to the legend, the Colony left on the island when John White, its governor, returned to England in 1587 to secure supplies for the people, was attacked by Indians led by Wanchese, in revenge for the treatment accorded them by the men of Ralph Lane's colony. A massacre ensued in which only a few of the whites were left alive, among them Eleanor Dare and her husband Ananias, with little Virginia, their infant daughter.

Manteo, the friendly Weronance of the Croatans, hearing of the massacre, came to the terror-stricken survivors and offered them a home at Wokoken in Croatan.

Eleanor and Ananias died soon after, according to the story, and little Virginia was adopted by the Indians, who changed her name to Winona. She grew to young womanhood in their wigwams. Okisko, a young brave, and Chico, the magician of the tribe, both fell deeply in love with her. Fearing that Okisko would be successful in his wooing, Chico, by magic rites, changed the lovely English maiden into a white doe.

TEACHING IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

By James S. Morgan, in N. C. Christian Advocate

It seems that many church school superintendents have difficulty in securing teachers. This should not be the case. The two most used excuses seem to be, "I am not worthy" and "Someone else is more capable." Perhaps some people are sincere when they use those excuses. Anyone who has tried to teach in the Sunday school knows that it is a difficult task, requiring much study, research, etc.

Any teacher worthy of the name, is continually putting forth an effort to become a better teacher. This requires much time and work. Sometimes it seems that our efforts are not appreciated as they should be, but we should not become discouraged too easily. We should feel that it is an honor as well as a great privilege to be deemed worthy of a place as teacher in the Sunday school. We have an opportunity to help develop Christian character and win others for Christ. After all, that is the chief aim and purpose of the Sunday school.

Teaching gives one an excellent chance to study human nature. It is one of the best occupations one may have. We never know when a chance remark may change the course of a human life. Another advantage is that the experience of teaching enriches the spiritual life of the teacher. No doubt many of us who try to teach would neglect to read our Bible and study our Sunday school lesson as we should, if we were not teachers.

The writer has had several years experience as Sunday school teacher, mostly with adult classes, and feels that he has been benefited much personally by that experience. If you are asked to teach a class, do not refuse, but at least make an effort. You may have an undeveloped talent for this work, and, in spite of all the difficulties involved, it is a glorious work. Just a word to the pupils: Give your teacher a word of encouragement occasionally, he is only human and is pleased to know that his efforts are appreciated.

———:———

A quiet home; vines of your own planting; a few books full of inspiring genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring us no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give you all the joy that it has.

—Elbert Hubbard.

I AM PREJUDICED

By Frank Mayne, in The Keystone

I recently had an argument with another man, in which we both lost—emotionally. If lung power is a yardstick he was over me like a tent when he hit C above high C and screamed his clincher: "You jerk," he yelled, "you're just prejudiced!"

Yeah, brother! Now that I have thought it over, I am prejudiced. In more ways than two. In fact my prejudices load me down as a ballast.

I have a prejudice against people who, like will-o'-the wisps, move hither and yon, following movements and causes like a college professor who joins every front or a lady of fashion who joins everything that has the right names on the committee.

There are the type who profess to be tolerant of my shortcomings. But theirs is a tolerance which can only believe in me after my battle is won. And that is no tolerance at all. Theirs is a mercy which can extend no forgiveness until mercy is no longer needed.

I refer to those who willy-nilly take on sympathies as a cheat takes on an alias. With such the change of sympathy is a fake, devised to create impressions which in themselves are fakes.

If you cannot believe in a man when he is still shackled to his past, your belief isn't worth a tinker's dam.

I have a prejudice against these turncoats whose fidelity is determined by the ebb and flow of party fortune, who grow conservative as the polls indicate or adopt a middle road without deciding what is the middle of what.

One of my major prejudices is against the candidate for public office who says one thing in public and another in private and who calls that practical politics. Actually, he is a liar and it is difficult to see that a lie can be justified by practicality. If public officials have to adopt the morals of the liar to gain their ambitions, then our democratic system has failed, for that means that only the lie is practical under our system. It is best to expose these liars, to ignore what they say in public and to publish what they say off-the-record.

I have an upper case prejudice against the intolerance of the self-annointed "protectors of the people" in the guise of professional radio narrators. All their dramatics are tuned to arousing sensations. They try to make an entertainment out of the miserable misfortune of their fellow-man, bellowing, blowing, breathlessly fulminating, wheezing and cooing.

They hold absolute rule in this respect, confusing the people by their twisted statistics and their queer assumptions and their insistance that all who disagree with them are a kind of gangsterism in American life. They smear. They libel and slander with impunity because gentlemen follow the adage that it is not cricket to enter into a competition with a skunk. However, wisdom lies

in an altogether different approach. The thing to do is to stand up to them, to call, their bluff and even to plant a swift kick on the seat of their pants when their impudence goes beyond the bounds of decency. They are not American in thought or personal habits and every social group evacuates an alien protean body.

I am prejudiced against men of apparent good will and conscience taking the side of rascals merely because they will not examine their mistakes and give intelligent consideration to the realities. Men, who pay tribute to the charater of pietistical church-going tyrants, when they should understand that such men are not representative of a common good but bosses, irresponsible to their subjects and ruthless in their brutality to the faceless man.

In the presence of notorious and dangerous conditions someone should accept the duty to admonish, instead of which we find too many people trying to justify oppression by their friends merely because they go to church.

I have a prejudice against the person who attributes his every failure and shortcoming to somebody else's religious and racial prejudices. I do not deny that religious and racial prejudices exist. nothing can be more normal than a group prejudice against sharply differentiated groups. None of these need to be tolerated from anyone by anyone.

Prejudices need not be rational; they are a matter of taste.

The grand poo-bah of all my prejudices is against the dishonest use of language, against the slanting of news, voting against one's conscience, the one-sided trials of defendants in the daily press, and all the paraphernalia of twisting public ouinion.

As a partisan, biased person, devoted to a moral criterion for public issues, I resent the devices used by the agencies of government and of numerous societies, associations, leagues and committees to make me appear black when I am possibly only an off-color grey.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead—" You know how it goes, brother. Me: I am prejudiced!

A very important and delicate operation was about to be performed in a great hospital, and all budding young medicos were requested to attend, look and learn.

The observers' gallery was packed like the balcony in a popular theatre. An awsome stillness descended upon the place as the deft hands of the famous surgeon began the unusual incision. The students watched breathlessly until he at last indicated that the work was done. Then to show their appreciation of his amazing dexterity, the entire house burst into tumultuous applause. The surgeon raised his hand for silence, bowed, and as an encore removed the patient's appendix.—Exchange.

LIFE'S WORK

(The Baptist Courier)

There are few more important or more difficult problems in life than youth's problem of the choice of life's work. Satisfaction, happiness, usefulness and success depend on the wisdom of that choice.

One good way to test the wisdom of that choice is by one's own feeling about it, his appreciation and valuation of it. It must be a work into which he can put himself wholeheartedly: (a) There must be a dignity or worthiness in it that appeals to and satisfies his sense of the dignity of his own person. No worthy individual can take pleasure in dishonorable or shameful or unworthy work. His life's work must meet the demands of his conscience and of his ideals of the meaning and value of life. (b) His work, if he is to be happy in it, must engage his interest and arouse his enthusiasm, otherwise life will be dull drudgery. The work will be hard and depressing. If it is at all possible, choose for your life's work the thing you would most like to do regardless of financial rewards or social recognition. Almost certainly that is the work you are best fitted for by nature and which will yield the richest rewards of satisfaction. (c) There should be the will to do that particular thing as thoroughly and as perfectly as it can possibly be done. You can put every capacity and power of your being into it. Energy does what is done in this world, and the most important source of energy is the human will. If there is the will to do it well the work will be well done.

There can be little doubt about the wisdom or the success of his choice if youth has been moved to his choice by these three attitudes toward his chosen work.

Another point of view will have something to do in making your choice of the work or profession to which you would devote your life: what rewards for your work are you seeking? Are the rewards measured in terms of money and what money can buy? Are they the satisfaction of ambition for a place and a name among men? Or are they the satisfactions in good workmanship and in self-expression and in useful service to men and to God? Your answer to these questions will depend on what life means to you, on what to you is the purpose and end of life.

The only way to arrive at the right answer to all these questions and to reach the wise solution of the problems of life's work is to understand our life's work in the same way in which the apostle understood his life's work. He said: "We are workers together with God." And so we all are whether we work with our hands or our heads, mechanics, farmers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers. We are all working with the material God has given us, under the laws he has prescribed and for the ends he has ordained.

LOTTERY BUSINESS STILL SMELLS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

A slight error in the disposition of a much advertised lottery automobile has made a certain North Carolina civic club one of the most talked-about organizations in the country. The club is to be commended upon having rectified an inexcusable blunder, but there yet remains an unsavory aroma about the whole business. The most encouraging outline of the affair from the point of view of this church paper is not the assurance that Harvey Jones will get an expensive automobile he has done nothing to earn, but the statement that Dr. Charles Armstrong, recently elected president of Kiwanis International, has placed that influential organization on record as officially frowning on "all games of chance, lotteries, and other questionable means of raising money."

If gambling is wrong and against the public interest, as human experience, existing legislation, and the opinions of many of the wisest moralists of every age agree, it does not make sense to have the police raiding little dice games in back alleys while smiling upon the lotteries that flourish at exclusive public gatherings.

The unregenerate desire to get something for nothing is probably more dangerous to American character and life than the propaganda of any foreign "ism." The false gospel of pay without work, of profit without service, of something for nothing, is just as subversive as it is deceitful. It is the utter denial of honesty, integrity, justice, and true benevolence. The laws which protect the public from those who profit by pandering to this human weakness have the support of all right-thinking people. Why do these laws not apply to lotteries for charity? In some respects those who promote gambling enterprises for the support of good causes are more reprehensible than the professional racketeers. When a civic organization or a charitable institution lends dignity and status and moral sanction to the idea of getting something for nothing and thus uses the influence of trusted leadership to undermine character and ideals, the damage is greater than ordinary grafters and crooks can do.

It is good to know that North Carolinians do not wish to be caught dealing unjustly across their sacred racial barriers, but it is disquieting to observe that the use of the lottery itself has aroused no storm of protest either at home or abroad. Only Dr. Armstrong seems to have realized where the trouble really started.

———:———

The way to learn to do things is to do things. The way to learn a trade is to work at it. Success teaches how to succeed. Begin with the determination to succeed, and the work is half done already.—J. N. Fadenburg.

A DAY FOR MEMORIES

(Selected)

"The inheritance of any people," a wise old statesman said many years ago, "is just the sum of what they have to remember."

This does not mean so much the events which are remembered (though they stand out in history books) but the qualities in a people which events, through the test of a crisis, make plain. The rememberance of those qualities moves us to the very depths of our emotions. It is a little wonder that so great a part of the treasure in art and poetry and building centers around the plain people of all nations, the heroes of war and peace whose lives make the world a more important and a grander place in which to live.

To be sure, in this hustling era of noise and excitement there seems to be little time and energy left over for remembering. Our penchant for busyness brings about a natural out-of-sight-out-of-mind attitude. And this in turn often makes us feel poor and shallow and insignificant. At such moments it is a good spiritual restorative to give ourselves over to memory, so that we may re-discover the rich inheritance which is ours.

In that inheritance there is the sheer grit of those first settlers, hacking a firm foothold out of a hostile wilderness. There are the half-clad soldiers of Washington's army dying in the snow for the ideal of independence; there are the pioneers breaking the trail to the West; there are the mothers bearing children on winter prairies. There is the majesty of Lincoln, ever faithful to his belief that a riven nation could be united, and there is the bravery of those who fought on his side and of those of the opposing forces.

Yes, and we may recall, too, the known and unknown heroes of the peace which followed—the devotion of doctors in epidemics, the struggles of artists living out their hopes, the courage of scientists and social workers and statesmen, the unsung sacrifices of parents for their children—the frequency of admirable acts among people generally, caring for other people and giving their best against all odds.

The tradition they have built belongs to all of us. When we remember them, we share with them in their accomplishments, immeasurably strengthening the spiritual fibre of our land.

No man is ever cheated out of an honorable career unless he cheats himself. Believe in yourself. Do your work the best you know how and you will not be cheated—your effort will bless all who come in touch with you.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

INTERDEPENDENCE

By Henry Nitzsche, in The London Prison Farmer

It ought to be self-evident that the is no real independence in the universe; that is, nothing operates quite independently of any other things; no force is unrelated to other forces; so that one is prompted to reason that all things work together for either harmony or discord.

We talk a lot about being "independent" of this and that. Of course, we do this quite unconsciously and not from a sense of the reality. We seem to be independent, and yet, it is plain that we rely greatly on others, both to achieve success and to advance intellectually. We like to imagine that we "stand on our own feet," yet nothing is clearer than the fact that we, as social beings, must of necessity depend a lot on our fellowmen for many things. Indeed, we cannot really succeed in any undertaking unless we have the support of those with whom we habitually associate, and that points to interdependence, don't you think?

Take any of the so-called sciences. Not one of them would amount to anything if it were not for the tedious hours, day, weeks, months and even years devoted by many to careful research, to the gathering of data, to the systematic study of all the phases which go into the making of any particular science, be that philosophical or of a craftsmanship nature.

The architect depends on those under his jurisdiction for the successful construction which he and his associates together have planned. The excavator, the stone mason, the bricklayer all must cooperate in the work that is at hand. Then there are many other workmen who. by their skill, complete what others have skeletonized; that is, they finish the job. In all this procedure we can discern the operation of intelligent cooperation for a given objective.

In the case of a complex and delicate machine all the parts must work together, else the machine stalls and becomes useless until the cause of the trouble is removed. The machine does not do this of itself. It has no reasoning power. The maker of the machine is the directive force behind the material assemblage of multitudinous parts.

But if there were not at hand the materials for building the machine then, naturally, it could not be manufactured, in spite of all the intellectual genius concentrated upon it. I speak here of things commonly termed, "material." And this does not refer to the thought realm.

The student of astronomy understands that all the suns which compose our vast universe obey certain rules which prevent, ordinarily a cataclysmic debacle. The immense bodies are removed from each other by great distances because of the fact that one body attracts another in direct accordance to its mass; so that, if the distances were not correct, their bodies would interfere with each other instead of cooperating for an understandable purpose. Yet all

the vast galaxy of suns and stars fulfill that which is required of them in the establishing of a well-ordered universe such as we are accquainted with.

Interdependence of the parts working cooperatively makes for a perfect cosmos. This includes all that pertains to a purely material organization and is naturally outside the range of spiritual factors which operate on an entirely different plane.

Everything depends on cooperation; there is no such thing as absolute independence, humanly considered. A man can do certain things of his own volition. But his independence, in this, is limited, and is not real independence at all. His thoughts, his speech, his actions are reflected in the general re-action of his fellowmen. Like the ripple of waves caused by dropping a pebble in a pool of water, so all affects all. What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other.

———:———

A THOUGHT FOR EACH DAY

Is anybody happier because you passed his way? Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today? This day is almost over, and its toiling time is through. Is there anyone to utter a kindly word of you? Did you give a friendly greeting to the friend who came along, or a churlish sort of 'howdy" and then vanish in the throng? Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way, or is someone mighty grateful for a deed you did today? Can you say tonight in parting with the day that's slipping fast, that you helped a single brother of the many that you passed? Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said? Does a man whose hopes are fading now with courage look ahead? Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent? Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent? As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say, you have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?

—The Black Fez.

ON THE OREGON TRAIL

(The Religious Herald)

"What is that bright star up there," asked Bob one evening, as he and Uncle Will were out walking.

"Why, that's the north star," said Uncle Will. "That's the star we used to point the wagon tongue at, when I was a cowboy on the plains."

"You used to point the wagon tongue at, repeated Bob in suprise. "What do you mean?"

"Well, way back in the seventies," pegan Uncle Will, when we used to drive cattle from Texas up the trail to the Northern markets, as soon as the stars came out in the evening we would point the tongue of the mess wagon at the north star, so that in the morning we would not have lost our sense of direction on the level prairies. We knew then in just what direction we had to go."

"Tell me some more about it," said Bob eagerly.

"In those days," began Uucle Will, "there were no railroads, and the cattle were not shipped to market in cattle cars as they are today. They were driven in huge herbs, about twenty-five hundred cattle to a herd, from the cattle country around Texas to the market up North. It sometimes took months to make the trip. With each such herd there were usually twelve cowboys, seventy-two horses, a few men to take care of the horses and a cook. The mess wagon was used to carry our food. Each cowboy had six horses, which he used half a day at a time. This insured the horses always being in good condition."

"How did the cattle travel, in single file, or one big bunch. Did they ever run away?" asked Bob.

"No, they didn't usually run. We tried to keep them as quiet as possible, but in a stampede they used to get away from us," said Uncle Will.

"The herd usually traveled in quiet orderly fashion. One old animal generally led and the others followed six or eight abreast. There were cowboys one on each side near the front and another every hundred yards. These kept the herd going in the proper direction. At night we would lie down to rest. We would then have to take turns being on guard. The one who was on guard kept riding around the herd and singing."

"Why did he sing?" asked Bob.

"Well, often the howl of a wolf or the call of a buffalo would startle the animals and cause them to stampede. If the cowboy kept singing the sudden night noises would not disturb them."

"Did you ever have a stampede, Uncle Will?"

"Yes, we had one that first drive I was on. We had in that herd a rather nervous steer, that bawled all the first night. One night he started a stampede. The cattle broke and ran as though they were possessed. The cowboys followed them, and by riding round in front of them turned the herd in upon itself. In an hour instead of running in one direction they were milling about round and round. Afterward they became tired and stopped. In the morning fifty animals were found trampled to death.

"Say, Uncle, tell me about the most thrilling experience you ever had."

"Well, that's pretty hard to do, I've had so many. I've had fights with Indians and once I got a bullet through my hat. Another time a Comanche shot my horse under me. But the most thrilling of all, I think, was an experience I had with a buffalo.

"I was trail boss and we were driving three thousand cattle to Colorado. We crossed the Red River into Indian Territory. From there the trail ran three hundred miles due north to Dodge City, Kan., and then due west a hundred and fifty miles into Colorado. After we crossed the Red River we held a conference and concluded that if we traveled straight in a northwesterly direction we should save more than a hundred miles. Nobody, so far as we knew, had ever driven a herd of cattle over this unexplored country. But we thought it could be done; so we struck out into the tall grass.

"We had driven this way about three days when we met two hunters. They took dinner with us, and when they found we were headed for Colorado they said we had better keep to the cattle trail or we would lose our entire outfit. But I thought the hunters were just popping of. The country in every direction as far the eye could see was as level as a floor.

"That very afternoon, about an hour before sunset, I had gone ahead with the wagon to select a camping place for the night, when I saw in the distance a heavy cloud on the northwestern horizon. Everywhere else the sky was clear. We watched it for a while, then I realized that it must be an immense oncoming herd of buffalo.

"We hurriedly brought up the cattle, and, as evening was coming on, bedded them down near the wagon. I put the wagon tongue on a forked stick and ran ropes all around the wagon, hobbled our horses and tied them to this rope, heads toward the wagon, saving out our best saddle horses for the night's business. By this time it was getting dark and the buffalo were close upon us. Five of the men stayed with the herd and seven of us rode out to meet the buffalo.

"We met them less than a quarter of a mile from camp. I formed the center and we began to shoot right into the middle of the herd. As they divided, the three men on each side of me began to press them out toward the left and toward the right. After they passed below the camp they came together again and there we were, a parcel of men, horses and cattle entirely surrounded by a great lumbering mass of buffaloes. There were thousands upon thousands of them and they were all night passing.

"The dust was stifling and the noise like a great storm. For the first few hours they seemed to be a solid mass, but after midnight they began to thin out and pass in more orderly fashion, and at daybreak they were straggling by in small droves.

"That was a very trying night. Every man stuck to his saddle and not a buffalo got closer than two hundred yards of the camp. The boys who worked on the sides had to ride right into the mass and shoot in order to press the animals out from the camp, while those who stayed with our cattle had their hands full, talking and singing to the horses and cattle, keeping them quieted.

"When we broke camp the next

morning we turned back to the old Chisholm Trail. One experience with buffalo was enough."

"I should say so," retorted Bob. "But I'd like to have been with you."

SETTLEMENT OF UTAH

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

The one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Utah occurred on July 24th. The settlers were Brigham Young and between 140 and 150 of his followers of the Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormons). Young was the successor of Joseph Smith as head of the church.

In 1830 Smith had incorporated the church in New York state. Several years before, he had announced that by angelic visitation he had been led to discover and translate the Book of Mormon. Mormonwas explained as the prophet of a Jewish group led by Divine guidance to North America long before the birth of Christ.

This Jewish group had been converted to Christianity. One branch had prospered; the other had degenerated, and accounted for the American Indians. The new religion proclaimed by Smith was called an advance on accepted Christian creeds rather than a substitute for them.

The Mormons soon established their headquarters in Ohio and Missouri. In both states they met with persecution, and they moved into Illinois. There for a time they had no trouble, until in 1847 Smith announced a revolution upholding the right of plural marriages.

The announcement led to internal difficulties, then outsiders attacked the Mormons. Smith was arrested and placed in jail; a mob broke in, seized him, shot him to death. The main body of the Mormons then removed to Iowa, preparatory to settling beyond the Rockies.

After Young's party had settled in 1847 around the Great Salt Lake in what was then Mexican territory, it was followed by the rest of the Mormons, in expeditions of which many met with extreme hardships en route. The Mormons called their new abode Deseret. It became the Federal territory of Utah in 1850, was admitted to statehood in 1896, after the Mormon Church had officially abandoned plural marriages in 1890. It built a great state.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.—Caleb C. Colton.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the regular afternoon preaching service at the Training School last Sunday was Rev. A. D. Wilcox, pastor of Rocky River Presbyterian Church, historic house of worship, located just a few miles from the school. For the Scripture Lesson he read Isaiah 53:1-10. The title of his message to the boys was "The Substitute," and the text for same was part of the fifth verse of the lesson just read: "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."

Rev. Mr. Wilcox first explained that the Book of Isaiah was written some 700 years before Jesus lived, yet it gave a perfect description of the Master. He further stated that hundreds of years later, according to the story recorded in the New Testament, when Philip went to the Ethiopian ruler, he was reading this same Old Testament chapter. Philip asked if he understood what he was reading, and he replied, "How can I understand unless someone explain it to me?"

The speaker then spoke briefly to the boys on the meaning of the word "substitute," and how it is generally applied in the world of sports. But the greatest substitute of all time, he added, was when Jesus of Nazareth suffered death upon the cross for the sins of the world. He was wounded, bruised, and submitted to the most shameful treatment because of the sins of men.

It is generally agreed, said Rev. Mr. Wilcox, that all people have sinned, or as we read in the Bible, "All we like sheep have gone astray." We are also told that "the wages of sin is death." This does not mean just bodily death, but a spiritual death.

When we break God's law, continued the speaker, there is something that should be done about it. If we are not willing to live according to the laws of God, we certainly must pay the penalty.

In order that sinners might not have to pay the penalty for their misdeeds, there was a great substitute offered them. The Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, made the great sacrifice for mankind. He substituted himself for the sinners of the world, that they, through him, might reap the joys of eternal life. The death that Jesus died upon the cross was for our sins. He was our substitute .

This same Jesus Christ, said the speaker, stands ready today to act for us. He wants us to let him take over our lives. He came into the world that men might more clearly understand the right way of living. The only way a true Christian can hope to gain entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom, is by conducting his life according to the teachings of the Master. There is no other way.

God is speaking to us daily, continued Rev. Mr. Wilcox. He gives us our choice as to how we shall live. He will not say "must," but constantly tells us, "If you are willing for Jesus, the Great Substitute, to take over for you, all will be well."

Rev. Mr. Wilcox concluded his helpful and interesting message to

the boys by quoting the following poem, written by Rev. John Tabb:

UNDER AN EASTERN SKY

Uuder an Eastern sky
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die
For me.

Thorns crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His weary tread,
Cross-laden He was led
For me.

Thus wast Thou made all mine,
Lord, make me wholly Thine,
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do, O lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee.

———:———

SAVING FACE

A few months ago I was in a cafeteria talking with its manager. A customer walking by, accidentally dropped a cup of coffee. The cup broke and the customer felt humiliated. However, the manager promptly stepped in, ordered an attendant to get him another cup of coffee and took pains to point out to me in a loud voice that the base of that cup didn't fit the saucer.

The customer said nothing but looked very grateful and, I have no doubt, came back to that cafeteria time and time again. Had the manager been coldly aloof in that situation, the customer would have had a tendency to keep away from the place.

The art of giving the other fellow an out is one which the Oriental has learned better than the Occidental. Face saving permits him to retain his self-esteem when he is in a difficult spot or is in the wrong. Read a book of Chinese proverbs, if you would learn how important the wisdom of this ancient race considers the art of face saving. —Eugene J. Benge.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—Goethe.

—:—

Fields are won by those who believe in winning.—T. W. Higginson.

—:—

The literature of an age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies.
—Nation.

—:—

He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.
—J. Stuart Mill.

—:—

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors, than from his virtues.
—Longfellow.

—:—

Those who would gain enjoyment must find it in the purpose they pursue.—Mrs. Hale.

—:—

The lie indirect is often as bad, and always meaner and more cowardly than the lie direct.—William Penn.

—:—

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing.—Hare.

—:—

A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.—Bovee.

—:—

The way of attaining happiness is by a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.—Bulwer.

—:—

Honor is not a matter of any man's calling merely, but rather of his own actions in that calling.—Dwight.

—:—

The most terrible of lies is not that which is uttered but that which is lived.—W. G. Clarke.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

—:—

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is worth a month's study of books.
—Chinese Proverb.

—:—

To judge of the real importance of an individual, we should think of the effect his death would produce.
—Levis.

—:—

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.
—Rochester.

—:—

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatsoever.—Burke.

—:—

One's vocation is never some far-off possibility. It is always the simple round of duties which the passing hour brings.—J. W. Dulles.

—:—

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more one has to do the more he is able to accomplish.—Buxton.

—:—

The devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience.—J. R. Lowell.

—:—

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.
—Tillotson.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

One good turn gets most of the blanket.

—:—

No, my good friends, a blooming idiot is not a flower.

—:—

The weaker the argument the stronger the words.

—:—

The best way to get rid of a hothead is to give him the cold shoulder.

—:—

Some men never give good advice until they are too old to set a bad example.

—:—

Some people are in debt because they spend what their friends think they make.

—:—

A diplomat is a man who can make his wife believe she would look too fat in a fur coat.

—:—

Whether life grinds a man down or polishes him up depends upon what he is made of.

—:—

He told the girl that he was knee-deep in love with her, and she said, "All right, I'll put you on my wading list."

—:—

Here's another of life's mysteries: How does a mud puddle and a truck driver know you have on a pair of white shoes.

—:—

A sign in a laundry window reads thus: "We Do Not Tear Your Clothes With Machinery. We Do It Carefully By Hand."

—:—

A small boy tells us that his uncle is so hard of hearing that he conducted family prayer while kneeling on the cat.

Of all the automobile accidents occurring on Sunday, one seldom hears of a smash-up being due to people hurrying to church.

When asked what he was doing up on the roof, a bright student replied that the English teacher told him to write a composition on a house.

—:—

The old method of keeping the stomach fit was to fill it with pork and turnip greens, then place it between a couple of plow handles.

—:—

A woman out in Iowa gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own spring plowing.

—:—

Little Nellie attended Sunday school, and was asked to explain the difference between the quick and the dead. Her reply was, "The quick are those who get out of the way of cars in time; the dead are those who don't."

—:—

Troubles come double. A man injured in an automobile accident was placed in a patch of poison ivy to await the ambulance. By the time he reached the hospital, where he did not ache, he itched.

—:—

When asked why he got up and gave his seat to a lady in the street car, the man replied, "Because, ever since my childhood days I have always had a lot of respect for a woman with a strap in her hand."

—:—

A prominent statistician recently stated that there were 1,030 "career" women in the United States who have taken up law. We might also inform the brother there are several other million women in this country who lay it down.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 27, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Albert Cox
Roger Ivey
Johnnie Myers
Gerald Petty

COTTAGE No. 1

Alfred Davis
Richard Johnston
James Jones
William Smith
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Ransom Edwards
William Holder
Judd Lane
Gerald Johnson
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Dunn
Kenneth Holcomb
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Odin Chapman
Herman Galyan
Robert Melton
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Carl Howell
Lester Owens
Robert Wilkins
Robert Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Richard Messick
Dorman Porter
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Edd Guinn
William Jenkins
James Knight
Philip Kirk
Clyde Leonard
Edward McCall
Jack Paschall
W. L. Steele
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Emmett Fields
Jack Griffin
Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Jimmy Wiles

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Charles Autry
Roy Gaskins
George Marr
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker
Eugene Martin
Clifford Martin
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billings
Kenneth McLean
Benny Riggins
J. C. Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Baynes
Ralph Drye
David Hill
Jack Hensley
Larry Johnson
William Lunsford
Charles Sherian

COTTAGE No. 14

Elbert Gentry
Donald Hendricks
Leonard Allen
Joseph Cain
James Walters

C
J
Lec

C

Donal
Williar
Willard
Charles
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Ki
Herbert Lan
Carl Propst
Charles Robert
Frank Sargent

INDIAN COTT

Eden Chavis
Bernie Houser
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear
Sammie Lynn
Charles McDaniel
Robert Poplin
Travis Shumate
Ralph Morgan

INFIRMARY

Nathan Ashwell
Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt
William Hunter

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 3, 1947

August 3—Robert Wilkins, Cottage No. 5, 16th birthday.
August 7—Jack Griffin, Cottage No. 9, 14th birthday.
August 9—Herman Kirby, Cottage No. 15, 16th birthday.
August 9—Harvey Huneycutt, Infirmary, 14th birthday.

C 364

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1947 No. 32

MASTERPIECES

We all paint our canvas of life
In different or various ways,
Some show the sunrise at morn,
Some, the sunset's rays.

Some show the sorrow of waiting,
The joy when the ship comes in.
Others the blackness of hatred,
And the deep infliction of sin.

Though some of our masterpieces
Do differ from some of the rest,
God will accept them gladly
If the painter has done his best.

—Author Unknown.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3 - 7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
HOW TO HAVE A PERSONALITY OF YOUR OWN	(The Campus Crier)	11
BROAD MINDS vs. SMALL MINDS	(Selected)	12
ESSAY ON MEN	(The Moccasin)	13
SELF-APPOINTED CRITICS	By B. B. Hitchcock	14
THE LORD'S PRAYER	(Exchange)	15
JUST WHAT IS A WORKING CHRISTIANITY?	By Dr. Clarence Poe	17
HOME — A SECURE HAVEN	By Helen M. Stephens	20
NATURE STUDY	(Selected)	21
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		22
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		25
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE BRIDGE YOU'LL NEVER CROSS

It's what you think that makes the world
Seem dull or bright to you;
Your mind may color all things gray
Or make them radiant hue.
Be glad today, be true and wise,
Seek gold amid the dross;
Waste neither time nor thought about
The bridge you'll never cross.

There'e useful work for you to do
With hand and brain and heart;
There's urgent human service, too,
In which to take your part.
Make every opportunity
A gain and not a loss;
The best is yours, so do not fear
The bridge you'll never cross.

—Grenville Kleiser.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL OPERATES LARGEST FARM IN CABARRUS COUNTY

On Monday, August 4th, the Charlotte News published an article concerning the farm at the Jackson Training School. In order to give other people of the state an opportunity to read this article, we are publishing it herewith:

With approximately 1,000 acres of cultivated land and pastures, the Jackson Training School just outside of Concord operates what is probably the largest single farm in Cabarrus county. The proceeds which are derived from the farm go into the general fund for the operation of the training school.

The major purpose of the farm is to produce annually as much food and feed crops as possible. Some of the feed crops

are used to feed the cattle and hogs belonging to the school, and these, in turn, serve to meet the food needs of the boys in training at the school and members of the staff. The feed crops support the dairy herd, the beef herd, and the hogs.

All of the milk produced on the farm is consumed at the school for the promotion of the general health of the trainees. The beef production is ample to meet the needs of the school, too. In a few instances some cattle and hogs are sold on outside markets, but the proceeds from the sales are usually used to purchase more cattle for the farm.

In the overall farm program there are two predominating principles which affect the entire program. One of these is to farm on a diversified basis, and the other is to conserve and improve the soil.

The school's most important items of farm produce are grains, hay crops, and garden truck crops. During 1946 the school harvested approximately 10,000 bushels of grain, about 8,000 of which were oats. Because of an unfavorable season this year, the production of grain was below average, just as it has been on neighboring farms.

The school farm produces many different kinds of vegetables, all of which are used at the school either as fresh vegetables or as canned vegetables. The most important vegetables grown on the farm are snap beans, lima beans, beets, corn, cabbage, okra, onions, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, peas, turnips, cucumbers, and peanuts. During the summer of 1946 approximately 17,000 cans of fruits and vegetables were canned at the school. Each year several acres are planted in watermelons and canteloupes, which are used for the enjoyment of the trainees.

The school has an excellent orchard in which there are approximately 2,000 trees—apple, peach, and plum. Each year the trees are carefully pruned and sprayed, and with favorable seasons, the production is adequate to meet the needs of the school. There is also an excellent vineyard which produces many hundreds of bushels of grapes each year.

The school has about 300 acres of pasture lands, which are fertilized each year with lime, phosphates, and potash. One of the following is resown each year: rye grass, blue grass, Dallas grass, orchard grass, or red top and white Dutch clover. This contributes to the soil conservation program, and each year the school qualifies for the largest soil conservation check received by any farm in the County.

The training school has a dairy herd of Holstein cattle in

which there are approximately 120 animals. About 55 cows are milked each day, and the milk is consumed at the school as whole milk, butter, ice cream, or in bakery products. The dairy is equipped with automatic milking machinery of the most modern make. Just recently a pasteurizing plant has been installed and is now is operation.

The school owns two Farmall tractors and two Crawler tractors, a stationary thresher, and a combine. There are also eighteen horses and mules which are used in various farm operations, chiefly because it has been found that the boys take great delight in driving the teams.

There are two granaries, a horse barn, a lounging barn and milk house for the dairy cattle, a barn for beef cattle, two storage sheds for straw and hay, and two sheds for storing and protecting the farm tools and machinery. The school also has a machine shop where all the farm equipment is kept in first-class condition.

It may be seen from this description of the facilities of the Jackson Training School that the school operates one of the most diversified farms in all Cabarrus.

* * * * * * * *

BEING LOYAL TO THE SOLDIERS' IDEALS

At the present time, not only in America but through all the world, there is a grave danger that the world leaders and the so-called statesmen are woefully failing in their efforts to formulate adequate peace plans to meet the needs of the world. We are in the midst of a time when it seems impossible for world leaders to make any sort of agreements between countries or to demonstrate to the world that they are in earnest in their efforts towards world unity and good will. We face the situation where it seems that the world is determined to make the soldier lads of the recent war the "goats" in a world that is in turmoil and confusion. It is indeed most unfortunate that the makers of peace do not have the ability or the willingness to match the splendid efforts of the soldiers on the fighting fronts.

During the horrors of World War II, every soldier was expected to be loyal to the flag of his country. There was never any time when the loyal soldier was expected to waver in his fidelity nor was it expected that he would desert the flag of his nation. Yet, the

world beholds the spectacle of statesmen, through their disagreements and bickerings, constantly deserting the flag of peace. There are solemn predictions that the world is facing another war—that it is facing another conflict in which the soldiers will be expected to face the enemy and, if need be, to sacrifice their own lives in the cause of freedom and liberty. In warfare, naturally, every soldier has a sacred and solemn obligation to fulfill the orders of his superiors, and, if he remains faithful to his duty, to face the enemy as long as he lives or until his order has been countermanded by a superior officer. Of course, this is because there is in battle an overall plan of action through which all the battle activities are channeled. Sometimes it occurs that a single regiment or some other segment of the army finds itself in a very precarious position, but the soldier in the ranks has no authority to countermand orders or to order a march of retreat. If he does, he is labeled immediately as a deserter and as a disloyal soldier. In the counsels of world leaders, the predominant sentiment should be that each and every one of them would be as loyal to the cause of peace and equality among men, for which the soldier died, as the soldier was loyal to his obligations. The sacrifices of the soldier boys were in flesh and blood and call for the highest consecration and deepest devotion of those who negotiate in the abstract terms of plans for world peace.

The tragedy seems to be now that in a very brief span of a little more than two years too many people have lost sight of the sacrifices of the soldiers who participated in the conflict and whose idealisms were stirred by the very leaders who are today so forgetful of the glorious deeds of heroism which predominated in the recent war. It seems that even in this brief span of time the world has not only forgotten the sacrifices of the soldiers, but it is recklessly unappreciative of what the soldiers did to insure peace and tranquility among nations.

True it is that the road to world peace is a hard and treacherous pathway. True it is that persecuted peoples and suffering humanity cry out for relief and assistance far beyond what they apparently deserve, but it is also true that unless the leaders of the world have an unselfish and enlightened viewpoint that will enable them to transcend all the petty hatreds and jealousies which show their

ugly faces day by day, then there is no hope for a lasting peace. It is indeed most tragic that there are abroad in the world today under the flags of other countries very strong tendencies to thrust upon the world the same oppression and tyranny that was engendered by such leaders as Hitler and Mussolini. It is a shameful disgrace that the leaders of the world affairs today failed to learn the folly of the high-handed injustices of the Nazi leaders.

There is need now for a new vision among the leaders of the world, and there is a need for a reconsecration of their efforts toward the achievement of a way of peace, built upon Christian principles.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift, we plan to announce each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 10, 1947

August 11—Purnell Deese, Cottage No. 17, 16th birthday.
August 13—Donald Hendrix, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
August 15—Joe Harvey Ennis, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
August 15—Odell Cain, Cottage No. 10, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Patriotism Is Taught at J. T. S.

By Thomas Davis, 5th Grade

We have had several pictures recently, and almost all of them have been pictures that taught patriotism. We learned in one of the pictures, "Servant of the People," that after the Revolutionary War the people did not want to obey the laws under the Articles of Confederation. This picture had its setting in Philadelphia just after the Revolutionary War. The men were coming home, and their clothes were dirty and torn. Still they were happy to get back to their homes. They were singing "Yankee Doodle." They stopped to rest, and when they got up to start on their way home, two men rode up on horseback and asked them if they were glad to get home. They were rejoicing over winning liberty, but they were saddened to learn that some of the states were fighting each other. Too, money of one state was not any account in other states.

George Washington said, "Something must be done." Something was done, for they had a meeting of the Constitutional Convention, consisting of delegates from all the thirteen colonies. Benjamin Franklin was the oldest delegate. He was eighty-one years old. George Washington was the one who presided at the convention. Speeches were made about certain provisions of the new constitution, and some compromises were made. The meeting lasted for a long time ,but finally they decided to let a committee draw up a constitution. It was all written in one night, and the next day it was read by one of the men at the convention.

Benjamin Franklin got up and went up to George Washington's chair. He had been noticing the sun painted on the back of the chair. He said, "I have often wondered if that is a rising sun or a setting sun. Now I am sure it is a rising sun."

We learned patriotism from this picture. It teaches us that all of us are to obey the laws of the land and that the constitution is the supreme law of the land. It shows us that Americans worked hard to draw up such a good constitution, how there was opposition to it, and how settlements, compromises, and adjustments had to be made. It taught us to appreciate men who have done much for our land, particularly Washington, Franklin, Madison, Randolph, and others. Now we want to learn the Preamble to the Constitution. We want to know what it means.

We want to thank Mr. Hines for showing the picture. We also want to thank Miss Smart, the fifth grade teacher, who was responsible for our seeing this picture. She ordered the film for us.

Watermelons

By Clifford Martin, 8th Grade

Lately the boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School have been

having watermelons. There were seven given to each cottage last Sunday. I am sure that all of the boys enjoyed them very much. We want to thank all who made it possible for us to have them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker's Vacation

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Friday, July 25th, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker left for their vacation. They will be gone from the Training School for two weeks, and while they are away the boys of their cottage, Cottage No. 14, will stay in the various cottages. We will miss Mr. and Mrs. Hooker while they are away. We will be glad when they return.

Costumes Given to the School

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Since there has been a constant need for costumes for the various programs which are given from time to time in our school, Mrs. Baucom has started a collection by giving a first donation. Of course, some of the programs and plays are given for the entertainment of the boys, and the proper costumes add to these performances. We thank Mrs. Baucom for donating the clothing to be used in the plays. We appreciate her interest in the boys.

Dentist Is at the School Now

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Dr. Dudley, the dentist who came to the Training School in May and who worked here during May and June, has returned to do some more work. He did not get to all the boys during his last visit. He is going to finish this month.

All the boys appreciate the things he is doing, but they do dread having the dentist work on their teeth.

We know that Dr. Dudley will get along just fine with the boys while he is here.

Recent Visitors

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

At different times recently, we have had visitors to come to the school. Some of them visit at the schoolhouse, and in that way they can see what good work we are doing. Among those who have recently visited here are the following: Mr. Williams from Shelby, Mr. Smith from High Point, and Mr. Holbrook from Charlotte. All of these men used to be boys here at the school. We are glad to know that they have left our school and made a success in life. It is an encouragement to all of us boys who are in the school.

Library Changes

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

Recently there have been some changes in the library. The boys who did work in the library have gone home, and they have been replaced by two other boys. The boys who went home are Miley Gunter and Bobby Wicker, and the ones who have replaced them are W. L. Steele and Glenn Davis.

We also have a substitute librarian now. She is taking Mrs. Baucom's place temporarily. Her name is Miss

Morgan, and she is Mrs. Baucom's sister. She is also teaching Mrs. Baucom's 10th grade English course now.

Boys See Interesting Game

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

Last Friday night, some of the boys of the school went to a baseball game at Concord. The cottages groups that went were the following: Cottages Nos. 5, 11, 13, and 15. The game they saw was one between the High Point-Thomasville team and the Concord Weavers. The score of the game was 3-0 in favor of the Concord Weavers. Manager Davis of the Weavers hit two home runs, and when he hit the second one he brought a man on base in home.

Radio Program

By Bobby Duncan, 5th Grade

The boys who went to the radio station last Tuesday were the following: John McKinney, Max Ray Herring, Eugene Martin, James Swinson, Leonard Allen, Ray Roberts, Billy Jenkins, and Bobby Duncan.

The first thing on our program was a song, "Sweet and Low." Then Ray Roberts sang a solo. The last song was "Precious Memories." Then Mr. Hawfield gave a talk that took up the rest of the time. We enjoyed going.

New Boys

By Clyde Wright, 8th Grade

Recently there have been several new boys to enter the school department. Their names, grades, and where they are from are as follows: Carl Davis, from Fayetteville, 8th grade; Marshall Beaver, from Mocksville, 8th grade; Onie Kilpatrick, from Hendersonville, 4th grade; Jimmy Delvechio, from Hendersonville, 4th grade; Jimmy McCallom, from Asheville, 7th grade; Horace Jordan from Tabor City, 3rd grade; Herman Hudgins, from Asheville, 7th grade; Waitus Edge, Tabor City, 5th grade; Elijah Spivey, from Whiteville, 5th grade; Johnny Weaver, Gastonia, 8th grade; Avery Brown, from Winston-Salem, 6th grade; Billy Keene, from Selma, 3rd grade; and Eugene Peterson, Asheville, 3rd grade. We hope all these boys will make a fine record.

If I were called upon to define genius, I would call it the faculty of mental application. Some minds seem from a very early age to have a strong adhesiveness to whatever comes in contact with them. When a subject enters their thoughts, it is followed for hours, or perhaps days, with patient, laborious meditation. Everything else is excluded, and the mind is left to toil on in perfect abstraction. In this way they come to an astonishing maturity without much assistance from books.—Horace Bushnell.

HOW TO HAVE A PERSONALITY OF YOUR OWN

(The Campus Crier)

One of the many faults that people develope and the one that causes most people to fail to attain their goal in life is their wishing they were some one else or thinking that if they were in the other fellow's place things would be different. No one can be a success in life by trying to be the other fellow. It is well to have an ideal in some one but to try to be them instead of one's own self is not the way to be a success in life.

Most people who become maladjusted in life refuse to accept themselves as they really are. They resent their own limitations. They want to be some one else and keep thinking what they could do if they were the other person.

Most anyone has cause to dislike their own lot but mere wishing won't improve it. If we do not like our lot we are the only ones who can improve it. When we have recognized our own faults we are ready to move forward and to improve our status in life.

We must then set a goal. To attain that goal may involve many a struggle and many will be the times we will be side tracked. We must take hold of ourselves, set a goal and organize our purpose in life.

To set a goal takes imagination or a day dream. We must first draw a mental picture in our own mind of what we hope to be or hope to accomplish. When we first get a glimpse of that picture it will be crude and indistinct. As we inch along toward our goal and begin to see results the picture will become clearer. All great things, spiritual or physical, had their beginning in a dream or imaginative picture. If we picture ourselves as nothing we will be nothing and find ourselves drifting like a derelict.

Then, after we have formed that picture, we may encounter some obstacle along the way which may show us that we are not gaining any ground and may possibly be going the wrong way. We must use common sense to realize whether we are a square peg or a round peg and then try to fit ourselves into the right hole. This isn't always easy.

It will also take courage to continue along the course we have picked out but nothing that is worth while is ever accomplished without courage. It may take physical courage but may take mental, moral or spiritual courage as well. Along with courage it is going to take faith: faith in our goal and faith in ourselves.

Therefore, in order to have personality all our own and be ourself it takes imagination, common sense, courage and faith.

BROAD MINDS VERSUS SMALL MINDS

(Selected)

A striking contrast of the broad-minded person with the person of small mind appeared in the in the "Elizabethtown News," Elizabethtown, Kentucky, whose editor, H. A. Sommers, who has been for many years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, speaks out of large experience in the following thoughtful words:

Small-minded people are denunciatory and inflammatory in their speech. Broad-minded people are restrained and conservative.

Small-minded people see little good in those who disagree with them. Broad-minded people see some good in everybody.

Small-minded people are often very much concerned about other persons' business. Broad-minded people ignore it.

Small-minded people are envious of those who do well. Broad-minded people are mere ambitious to do well without being envious of those who achieve it.

Small-minded people exaggerate the little they know. Broad-minded people realize how little, relatively, anybody knows.

Small-minded people scoff at knowledge and culture. Broad-minded people realize the value of acquiring both.

Small-minded people are unduly suspicious of other persons' motives. Broad-minded people are inclined to give others the benefit of the doubt.

Small-minded people usually talk a great deal without thinking. Broad-minded people usually think a great deal without talking.

Small-minded people think filth, talk filth and read filth. Broad-minded people regard filth as filth, whether actual or figurative.

Small-minded people think they are always right. Broad-minded persons know how easy it is to be wrong.

Small-minded people are constantly sitting judgment upon others. Broad-minded people are content for others to sit in judgment upon them.

Small-minded people form an opinion from insufficient information. Broad-minded people weigh calmly all the facts before reaching a conclusion.

Small-minded people think they are more important than they are. Broad-minded people are more important than they think they are.

Which are you—small- minded or broad-minded?

"Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore, live every day as if it would be the last. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate."—Bishop Hall.

ESSAY-ON MEN

(The Moccasin)

Men are what women marry, they have two feet, two hands and sometimes Two women, but never more than one idea or one dollar at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material the only difference is that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors, widowers. A bachelor is an eligible man entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types, prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

If you flatter a man you frighten him to death. If you permit him to make love to you in the beginning he gets tired of you in the end, if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool, if you don't he thinks you are a cynic and don't trust him.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and startling hats he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown baret, and tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in a startling hat, rouge, and gay colors. If you join him in his gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears that you are driving him to the devil. If you don't, and urge him to give up his frivolities, he vows that you are snow and ice.

If you are the clinging type, he doubts whether you have a brain, if you are a modern advanced intelligent women, he doubts whether you have a heart, if you are silly, he longs for intellect, if you are intelligent and brilliant he longs for a playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for a while and then some chicken gets him.

———:———

The mistress of the house on the farm of Deacon Brewster in the Plymouth Colony was an invalid. She was confined to a stiff and hard chair, such as were common in those days. But one of the farm hands, a chap with a head, took pity on the poor lady and bethought him how her daily suffering might be alleviated.

With the principle of the cradle in mind, he selected two strips of wood, curved to the same degree, and fitted them into the vertical slots in the legs of Mrs. Brewster's chair.

Behold! It rocked! The man had become an inventor. To be sure, this new chair hadn't much of a swing, but none of its descendants have improved upon it in principle, and even now in the summer time, what is a veranda without a rocking chair.

—Clifton J. Noble.

SELF-APPOINTED CRITICS

Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper.

Often we hear someone criticize a book, magazine, or other publication for its elevating employment of words. "Why don't they publish something I can understand?" is an oft-repeated phrase. For these persons, it would be well for them to understand and to appreciate the English language. It is among the most expressive languages in the world. It has a distinct tonal quality which is always pleasing in its versatile association.

A tongue should never be degraded, rather each citizen should strive towards mastery of his language. Of the many languages throughout the world, the English language is probably the only language which does not suffer from the lack of a means of expression. For every emotion; for every tangible object; there is a distinct association of syllables. When a magazine article or a book is printed in syllables beyond the average comprehension, one can be sure that its contents are indeed expressive of this complicated world.

A stunted or limited vocabulary deprives many of the emotional pleasures derived from living a story with its author. To be sure, most persons have experienced the nautical thrills of life at sea, though their conquest of the ocean may never have been beyond the three-mile limit in a pair of trunks.

It is a positive fact that by adding a mere five words per day to one's vocabulary, within a year one will never lack for expression.

The trials and tribulations of life have caused many to cease their advanced education and though many have witnessed a few years of high school, they are yet at a loss for the reason of popularity by pedagogues for such literature as The Ancient Mariner; Tale of Tow Cities; Julius publications. The entertainment value of such literature in schools is secondary, its primary purpose is to point the way to fluency and construction. Poetry in schools is not an egotistical attempt to force one into a poetical world, rathe it is means to absorb the gift of expression.

While some live always for tomorrow, there are the few sagacious beings who pack a lifetime of happiness into a day of existence because they have experienced emotional happiness through the covers of a book. When one picks up a book, and finds its contents beyond comprehension, his opinion isn't final, he shouldn't rip the last page out, or pencil remarks here and there along the pages. Far better it would be if he realized the author's labors in compiling such literature, of the printer's toil in composing the matter, and finally of the moments of pleasure it will bring to others. Books are treasures, never to be destroyed.

———:———

Foolishness grows by itself; no need to sow it.—Czech Proverb.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

(Exchange)

Our Father, Who Art In Heaven

God is ever our Father. His presence is life itself and His Kingdom is our home. God our Father loves us, forgives us, heals us, leads us and enlarges our hearts to be brotherly to all men everywhere in His Name.

Hallowed Be Thy Name

We bless Thee, our Father, for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of life. We thank Thee for grace and for the hope of glory. We adore Thee because Thou callest us Thy children.

Thy Kingdom Come

God has made the world by His power and He shall be King and Ruler in all the earth. We pledge ourselves anew to work and pray and give for the spread of the Kingdom. We should help Him bear the cross and share His love for the souls of men. "Let the earth be full of Thy glory, as the waters cover the sea."

Thy Will Be Done on Earth as it is in Heaven

Let us affirm God's will to be glorious, to strive to know it, prefer it above our own and gladly do it. Do not think of God's will as being depressing or sad, but think of it as our guide, as something to keep our vision clear and help us master our weakness and overconfidence.

Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread

Sacred is the daily bread He gives us to sustain life. The word bread means everything essential to our physical comfort; work, food, clothing and shelter. Here we begin to pray for ourselves, but we should not be selfish. We should pray that the hungry might be fed and that all men might have work and have bread for their children.

Forgive Us Our Trespasses

Here we pray for the forgiveness for our easy-going moral lives with no love for God, for thinking ourselves righteous while despising others, for disobedience to Christ for not seeing, hearing and understanding, for cold hearts toward God and our neighbor, for gossip, slander, backbiting and making trouble, for insisting on our own way, for not being stewards, for rejoicing when others fall into sin.

As We Forgive Those Who Trespass Against Us

We forgive all who have ever done us wrong, the injuries done to our parents and friends, the harm wrought upon us in our childhood, all who have cheated or deceived us, all who have possessed themselves of things we should have inherited, all who misunderstand us and spread misunderstanding, all who have hurt those whom we love, all who have taken our rightful place, all who have accused us unjustly, all who dislike us and delight in our suffering, all who are haughty or cruel to us.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation

When the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, when we must make difficult decisions, and in the dark night of the soul and when our last hour on earth shall come, we need God's leadership. We need to be near God and pray that He will lead us.

But Deliver Us From Evil

God will deliver us from evil if we trust Him and work with Him. From all that would injure the body, blind Thy presence in life and harden the heart, Lord deliver us. From harsh judgments and ill-fellings, from idle talk and slander, from self-pity, from rude and unkind ways, from love of unkind gossip and from angry or sarcastic speech we should pray for God to deliver us. From extravagance which may lead into debt or dishonesty we pray for deliverance.

For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory

Let us glorify God for His perfection and majesty, yet He is our loving Father. Let us praise and thank Him, the King, for all creation, let us adore and thank Him that He provides for all His creatures and supplies the daily needs of us, his children. Let us magnify Him for the gift of his beloved and only Son that we might be saved. We should thank Him daily for sparing us from evil, seen and unseen, so that we will fear no evil. Let us love the Lord our God for His mercy endureth for ever.

CRIME

Silas H. Srawn, a former president of the American Bar Association, in speaking of the prevalence of crime, ascribed it to six causes which he named as follows:

(1) The increase and devolopment in the means of communication, hard roads and high-powered automobiles, making the "get-away" easy.

(2) The vastly increased wealth of our citizens and especially of the criminal classes, enabling them to purchase fast motors and expensive firearms.

(3) Organized crime, which enables the underworld to make liberal contributions to political campaigns and to exert a powerful influence in politics.

(4) Delay in the apprehansion and speedy punishment of criminals, due in part to the leniency and paltering of political judges.

(5) Apathy and indifference of our best citizens toward their duty as citizens.

(6) Unrestricted traffic in firearms.—Selected.

JUST WHAT IS A WORKING CHRISTIANITY?

By Dr. Clarence Poe, in The Progressive Farmer

On this page last month I wrote you that now as perhaps never before "The Whole World Needs a Working Christianity."

Such a working Christianity, I declared, must first of all accept the Christian philosophy of life which says:"You must find your own happiness in promoting the happiness of others—it is more blessed to give to others than to receive for ourselves—we save our lives by losing them in service to others." Of such a philosophy I also said:

It must express itself in unselfish service and lovingkindness, not only to our own friends and loved ones but also to all sorts and conditions of people—the poor, the hungry, the naked, the sick, the prisoner, and (possibly hardest of all) the stranger—whether a stranger-person or a stranger-race or a stranger-nation. I also concluded what I wrote last month by saying: "I may have more to say about this subject next month." This I shall now do, trying to answer more fully the question:

Just what is "a working Christianity"?

The best possible answer to this question, I believe, is found in the 31 Bible chapters I am recommending for reading, one chapter a night during August—or better still, by beginning right now and reading all the chapters in as few days and hours as you wish.

The Bible is of course big and bulky—and unfortunately the longer and less-important Old Testament is always printed first instead of the shorter and more-important New Testament; hence many people get scared off from reading the Bible at all. But certainly everybody can read—and should enjoy reading—the 31 chapters I am here suggesting. Anybody anywhere who wishes to be reasonably well informed, even if he says, "I have no concern about religion," should wish to read at least this much of the world's most influential book. And anybody who does so will find out what I mean by "a working Christianity."

What is the first great need of a working Christianity? It is that it shall be Christ-centered. The New Testament which clearly reveals Christ must stand out supremely above the Old Testament which only dimly forshadows Him. What Christ says must stand out supremely above what Moses, David, Solomon, Paul, or Peter says. If anybody anywhere in Old or New Testament seems to say anything that is in conflict with the noble teachings of Jesus, Christ's teaching alone must be accepted. Jesus Himself explicitly declared that He had come to make perfect the previously imperfect Old Testament revelation of God.

Not only must we say "Christianity is Christ." but we accept Christ as showing us what God is: "I and My Father are one." And how much easier it is to love God if we think of Him in terms of the gentle, all-loving

Jesus of the New Testament rather than in terms of the stern and often angry Jehovah presented in parts of the Old Testament! "God is love," said Jesus, adding that if we are to be like Him we must not only love Him and love our neighbors as ourselves but also love our enemies. And as a reason for loving our enemies Jesus said that our Heavenly Father sets an example of such all-embracing love when "He makes His rain to fall alike upon the just and unjust." Many Bible phrases are to be taken literally and others figuratively, and I cannot accept literally those passages anywhere with which literalists try to prove that God punishes his disobedient children with more indescribable cruelty than any human parent would employ. Such sadistic literalism, in my thinking, slanders God and repudiates Christ's own declarations as to the nature of God. On the whole, he pictures God as being infinitely kinder, not infinitely crueller, than human parents.

In every department of life we must have fixed standards of measurement —for distance, the yard; for grains, the bushel; for land, the acre, etc. Even so a working Christianity must not only accept Christ as our standard of life and conduct but must accept Christ as the standard by which to judge God as the dominant power of the universe—the power of Love.

Furthermore, Christ expressly taught that if you are governed by the spirit of love, then religion has no need for petty rules and regulations about pleasures that do not harm you or other people. He wishes people to be happy and wrought His first miracle just to add to the happiness of young people at a wedding party. I disagree with those too-exacting church members who have driven many young people away from religion by denouncing as "evil" many wholly innocent pleasures—for example, simple card games where no gambling is involved and which bring cheer to many a tired, worried, or ailing person every day. I also believe that too-exacting church leaders have driven many young people away from religion by calling for Sabbath observances of such unecessary severity as Jesus not only did not demand but rebuked the Pharisees for demanding. "If my children will only go to church on Sunday morning I am willing for them to enjoy any innocent pleasure Sunday afternoon," as one wise father has said.

On the other hand I disagree with those too free-and-easy folk outside the churches who say, "There's no need for going to church, for joining or supporting the church, no need for prayers or Bible reading." A working Christianity requires all these three, and without them I believe any individual life will be poorer, less satisfying, and less useful. But Bible reading should be made more vital by our giving to the books which reveal Christ Himself—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John—as much time as we give to all other books of the Bible combined. And no prayer is genuine, as someone has said, unless it is "a two-way action"—we must not merely ask God to help us but sincerely ask Him how we can help others and His causes—and we must mentally review our daily conduct in the light of His standards for us; I shudder to think how far I myself might have strayed

if I had not been checked and corrected by such experiences.

Nor do I believe that any man or woman can attend church year after year without being a better person for the experience. In my own case I seldom attend such a service without getting some impulse for good, or being reminded of something I might do to help somebody or some noble cause —things I should not be reminded of if I did not attend church. Furthermore, much better financial support of our churches by all of us is absolutely necessary if we are to have a working Christianity that will indeed save the world from war, greed, and moral disintegration.

So much then for the things that I think are necessary if we are to have "A Working Christianity." And in conclusion I should like to say once again, to both old and young, what I said in my concluding paragraph last month:

Our Christian churches are composed of imperfect human beings, and hence themselves are not yet perfect. But in the main members are persons struggling to become more like the Master they profess. Hence your own struggle for such a life, and for the happiness it brings, will be helped by joining with them.

Again I wish the greater satisfaction for you, and the greater usefulness for yourself and others, which a truly "working Christianity" can bring into your life.

THE PERFECT BUILDER

Sultan Ahmed was a great ruler. He sent Yakoob, his most skillful builder, with a large sum of money, to erect in the mountains the most splendid palace ever seen. Yakoob went to the place and found a great famine prevailing among the people. Instead of building the palace, he took the money, and gave it to buy bread for the starving people.

At length, the Sultan came to see his palace—and there was no palace. He sent for Yakoob, and learned his story; then grew very angry and cast the builder in chains. "Tomorrow thou shalt die," he said, "for thou hast robbed thy king." But that night the Sultan had a dream. There came to him one in shining garments, who said, "Follow me." Up they soared from earth, until they came to heaven's gates. They entered, and lo! there stood a palace of pure gold, more brilliant than the sun. "What palace is this?" asked the Sultan. His guide answered, "This is the palace of Merciful Deeds, built for thee by Yakoob the Wise. It's glory shall endure, when all earth's things shall have passed away."

Then the Sultan understood that Yakoob had done most wisely with his money.—Selected.

HOME-A SECURE HAVEN

By Helen McClure Stephens, in The Christian Index.

Someone has said, "As goes the home so goes the world." Then we can say of our beautiful America as go our homes so goes our nation. In the midst of present day confusion if we will acknowledge the home as our primal institution, and strengthen it, then we are building a strong defense around our national life.

"Home-loving hearts are the happiest." A moral, courteous, affectionate home plus Christianity, makes an ideal background for family growth. Possibly time is the main element needed, in our present mode of living, to strengthen and establish secure homes. Nothing worth while just happens. So, if Christian parents put time and love into each day's home life and plan for the home to be a haven to each loved one there, then that place is a bulwark of strength against the many evil influences to be found on the outside.

Recently, I was one of a party on a four-day motor trip combining business and pleasure. One of the group was a young lawyer from our state whom I had not known before. By listening, during these days, I came to see his home life as he engagingly talked of his family. There are four lovely daughters in that home who are guided and led by their Christian parents. I could see that the entire busy day of each member of the family was focused on the evening when they would all be together at home. In talking of recreation and amusement he said, "No, we do not go to the picture show often because we have such a good time in the home." The major social life of the entire family seemed to be created and enjoyed within the home. These children are sure of a listening ear and understanding heart. Here they are taught respect and reverence. I tell this because it is the kind of a pretty picture we like to see, and because here are evidently two young parents who are taking time to build a real home, which will give to thir children a feeling of security. And greater than that, into these fine girls are being instilled the Christian principles of living. Would that we could see this picture reproduced over and over! Surely there is no place better than a Christian home to give our youth a sense of security and to produce stamina to meet the temptations of life.

We are almost tired of that trite phrase—"juvenile delinquency." But, use whatever expression you like, it is a great proplem confronting our nation. Can we say, must we say, the broken home has given us this staggering situaation? If that be true, then to campaign and work to renew real homes, presided over by Christian parents, will help in correcting the evil and drive this phrase off the front pages of our papers.

God established the first home, thereby maknig it the place of first and greatest importance. What a challenge to the churches to spread the gospel to the uttermost parts of

the earth that this God-given institution may increase in influence, and give to youth Christian principles they may not have received at home.

NATURE STUDY

(Selected)

It is our duty to study nature, as we study the works of the great masters. God is to be served with all the mind as well as with all our heart and soul, and there are three great books of God which we must study if we are to love Him with our mind—namely, Nature, History and the Holy Scriptures—the works of God, the ways of God, and the Word of God. I don't mean to say that a man need profound in science, but to know God with the mind is to know something of His ways in nature. Every blade of grass is a passing mystery, a consummate divineness. Who are you that you should turn from that Volume and say, "I love God with my heart and not my mind." There is no excuse for you if you know nothing about nature. Such knowledge is not necessary to salvation, but it is necessary to large love. Take care, also, that your children are instructed out of the same book, so that the benefits named may be theirs also. Tell them of how God made the little bird and gave its little brain the divine mathematics by which it makes its wonderous nest, so secure and so strong against the wind. Let the child be taught to behold the dear God in these things instead of learning catechisms about damnation. Unfortunately, in Sunday schools and in families, little children are troubled with things that would have puzzled St. Augustine. Now I say distinctly that a very large part of the religion of a child should consist in the loving admiration and intelligent understanding of the works of God in nature. A child made to know the language of the flowers, filled with the passionate love of nature, acquainted with the cataract and with the shady forest, who knows the rising of the sun and the age of the noon—that child is armed, not against strong passions, perhaps, but certainly against the creeping things of life.

The practical man is the adventurer, the investigator, the believer in research, the asker of questions, the man who refuses to believe that perfection has been attaind. There is no thrill or joy in merely doing that which any one can do. It is always safe to assume, not that the old is wrong, but that there may be a better way.—Henry R. Harrower.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

John Ray Smith, a former student here, called at The Uplift office last week. John entered the school, February 2, 1944 and was conditionally released, April 19, 1945. During his stay here he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group, and his work experience consisted largely of driving a tractor on the school farm.

Upon leaving the institution, John Ray went to work on a farm near Winston-Salem. About one month later he went to High Point, where he secured employment in a furniture factory. He remained there until February 6, 1946, when he enlisted in the United States Army. On February 26, 1947, he was given an honorary medical discharge.

John Ray then returned to High Point, and for a little more than a month he worked in a hosiery mill. He stated that for the past four months he had been employed in one of High Point's large furniture factories, working in the upholstering and shipping department, and added that he liked his present place of employment, and was getting along nicely. He is now nineteen years old.

—:—

James R. Davis, formerly of Cottage No. 9, called on old friends at the school about a week ago. James came to us from Oxford Orphanage, March 15, 1935 and remained here until September 1, 1937. He was a member of several of the work forces, among them being regular field forces and the barn group. He then worked for a while in the library, shoe shop and sheet metal shop.

When he left the school he went to Charlotte, and for about eighteen months was employed in a radio repair shop. He then became a truck driver for the Pender Grocery Company, and followed that line of work for about six months.

James, next move took him to Thomasville, and for a little more than a year he worked with his brother who operated a photograph studio. He then went to Norfolk, Virginia, where he was employed by Consolvo and Cheshire, an outdoor advertising concern.

In October, 1942, James was inducted into the United States Army. During the war his overseas duties took him to Dutch New Guinea, British New Guinea, the Malucus and the Philippine Islands. Following the liberation of the Philippines, James returned to San Francisco, where he remained for a time before coming to Fort Bragg to be discharged in February, 1946.

After being discharged from the Army, James returned to Norfolk, and secured employment for the same company with which he was connected before becoming a member of the armed forces. He is still working for that firm, and his duties consist of painting and erecting roadside signs and billboards, and he informed us that he liked his work better every day. James is now nearly twenty-six years old.

James seemed to be delighted to meet old friends among the staff members at the school. He had his

movie camera with him, and had a good time going about the campus, talking with old acquaintances and making a number of "shots." In order that he might better keep in touch with the activities here, he subscribed to the Uplift for one year.

—:—

Ed Williams, who was a student here twenty years ago, called at The Uplift office recently. Ed entered the was in school, April 12, 1927 and was permitted to return to his home in Shelby, August 2, 1929. While here he was in Cottage No. 3.

When Ed went back went to Shelby he entered the public schools of that city, and graduated from Shelby High School in 1934.

In June, 1935, he went to work for the Coca-Cola Bottling in Shelby, at that time a branch of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, of Charlotte. He soon took up sign painting, and is still employed in that department, painting the huge signs advertising that product, on buildings and billboards.

With the exception of eleven months' service as a civilian employee of the United States Navy in the Mare Island Navy Yards, Ed has been employed by the Shelby bottling concern since going to work in 1935. He stated that he liked his work very much and that he hoped to continue in that same line of employment.

Ed informed us that he had been married ten years, and that he and his wife have three fine children, aged seven, four and one years.

He has developed into a nice looking young man of thirty-two years, and he seemed greatly pleased to meet a number of old friends among the "old-timers" on the Training School's staff of workers. We can assure him that they were just as glad to see him, and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving the school.

—:—

Thomas M. Whitten, aged thirty-five years, one of our old boys, visited the school a little less than two weeks ago. He entered this institution, November 19, 1926, and was allowed to leave the school, August 22, 1928.

Shortly after leaving the school he enlisted in the United States Army, and was honorably discharged about four years later. He was then employed for quite some time as truck driver, in various sections of Virginia.

During World War II, he again became a member of the Army, and was discharged in September, 1945.

Thomas stated that after leaving the military service, he returned to Danville, Virginia, and for a few months worked as truck driver. For the past two years he has been operating a taxicab in Danville, and he reports that he has had considerable success at that occupation.

—:—

We recently received a letter from H. Liston Grice, a former member of the printing class, who has been in the United States Army for more than a year. Liston came to the Training School from Goldsboro, March 15, 1944, and was conditionally released, August 21, 1945. During his stay with us he was a member of the groups at Cottages Nos. 1 and 9.

Liston became intensely interested in the linotype and soon developed into a very good operator. For

several months before being released, he was given part-time employment by the Concord Daily Tribune. Upon obtaining his release, he worked for the Tribune for a while, and then returned to his home in Goldsboro, where he was employed as linotype operator on a daily newspaper. He remained there until the time of his induction into the United States Army.

Liston has now attained the rank of first-class private in the 537th Engineers Base Survey Company, and at present is stationed on Manus, one of the Admirality Islands Group. His letter, dated July 19th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: How have you been feeling for the past year, and what have you been doing? I have been getting along just fine and have had a swell time all the way through.

"Guess you are still running the old print shop, and have to put up with a bunch of 'brats' like I was a couple of years ago.

"I certainly must admit that being in the Jackson Training School was the very best thing that ever happened to me. I regret only one thing, and that is the time I ran away, before I had sense enough to know just how good the place was for me.

"I have been in the Army fourteen months, and still have twenty-two months to go. I have really enjoyed Army life so far, and expect to enjoy the rest of it.

"It would really be a pleasure right now to see Jackson Training School, and to have a good long talk with some of the people there. I often think of you and the rest of my friends among the members of the school staff.

"I have grown a little since leaving the school, but there haven't been so many changes in me. Have seen a place or two since leaving the States. I've been through the channel between the Virgin Islands and the Cuban Islands; through the Panama Canal; visited the Philippine Islands and Guam; and am now on Manus, in the Admiralty Group. At each place I've seen many interesting things.

"Within the next few months, I'll be able to spend a furlough in Australia and, then when we go back to our home base in Hawaii, I'll probably see a few more places.

"Please send me a copy of The Uplift once in a while. I'd like to know what's going on around the old school.

"Give my best regards to Mr. Fisher, and keep in mind that I'd like to hear from you real soon. Your old friend, Liston."

---:---

If I can live in simple comfort, and owe no man, sharing intimately with loved ones life's varied experiences; if I can bring a touch of healing and a clearer outlook into the trials and problems of those with whom I mingle, then will my life yield in full measure the true wealth of contentment and happiness.—Alfred Osborn.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. B. A. Sisk, pastor of Westford Methodist Church, which is located near Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday.

After the boys had sung two of their favorite hymns, a group of eight boys sang a number entitled "Precious Memories." Ray Roberts then sang "In the Garden." Both of these numbers were well rendered.

Accompanying Rev. Mr. Sisk on this occasion were his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bauer, of Chicago. Mr. Bauer, who will be a ministerial student at Duke University next fall, is a professionally trained singer, who possesses a very fine tenor voice. Upon being requested to sing a number for the boys, he rendered "I Shall Not Pass Again This Way," in a most delightful manner. Mrs. Bauer played the piano accompaniment.

Rev. Mr. Sisk then told the boys that instead of preaching a sermon, he was going to tell them a story.

By way of introduction he explained that back in the early days of the Christian church, many of the members disagreed as to minor details of Christian living. A number of scholarly men of that day got together in a great meeting, in an effort to work out some formula for basic belief. They discussed various methods for several days, at the end of which time, they seemed to be as far as ever from solving their problems. Finally, an old man arose and asked if he might have permission to address the assembly. The request was granted, and he told the following story:

Once upon a time, a little child was born to a good man and his wife. He was named Dorman, but was generally known by the nickname of "Dorm."

When Dorm was but five or six years old, he was six feet tall; at the age of twelve, he measured twelve feet; and when he reached the age of twenty-one years, he had developed into a giant, standing fourteen feet in height and weighing between 500 and 600 pounds.

Dorm was very much devoted to his father, a man of ordinary stature. He thought his father was the most powerful man that ever lived, and he was obedient to even the least of his father's wishes. Dorm took great delight in this obedience. In fact, he fairly worshipped his father.

One day, this young gaint saw that his beloved father was dejected and in tears. He inquired as to the cause of his parent's despondency. The man replied, "Dorm, my boy, I am in great trouble." "What is it?" asked the boy. The father replied, "The king is troubling me greatly. He says that he is going to take all my property away from me."

"Do you mean to say that the king is a mightier man than you, father?" asked the youth. "Yes, my son," said the man. Then said Dorm, "I've always thought you were the greatest and most powerful man in the world. I am disappointed. I have always served you faithfully, but now I must serve the king."

Dorm gathered together his belong-

ings and left his home. A short distance down the road he met an old man, and asked him to show him the way to the king's palace. The old man gave him the necessary instructions.

The young gaint came to the palace gates, and knocked. He told the guards that he wanted to see the king. They told him to wait. Dorm did not want to wait, and, easily pushing the guards aside, he strode into the throne room.

The king asked Dorm what he wanted. Dorm replied that he had dedicated his life to the service of the mightiest man in the world, and that he was the man whom he considered proper to serve.

This statement was pleasing to the king. Noting the size of the young giant, he gladly accepted his offer, and assigned him to a place in his household.

A few days later, word came that a fleet of ships, containing a host of the king's enemies, was approaching. Dorm went down to the shore, armed with a huge club, waded out into the water. With a few powerful strokes of his club, he wrecked the ships, and thus the enemies of the king were prevented from making a landing.

Shortly thereafter, Dorm found the king in a very despondent mood. He inquired as to what was troubling the great ruler. The king replied, "Dorm, the devil is tempting me and I cannot resist him."

When the king admitted that the devil was more powerful than he, Dorm was disappointed, and he said, "Oh, king, since I have sworn to serve the mightiest man in the world, I must leave you. I am going to serve the devil."

Once more Dorm took to the road. Meeting another old man, he asked where he might find the devil. The man told him to go into the next town and enter the saloon, assuring him that he would surely find the one for whom he was looking.

Dorm did as he had been directed. He found the devil in the saloon, and told him that he wanted to serve him, because he considered him the mightiest man in the world.

The devil was glad to get such a big fellow on his side, and immediately put him to work. Going with Dorm, he would show the young giant various places which he wanted destroyed. Dorm, with a single blow of his powerful club, would wreck the places as they were pointed out by the devil.

They came to a church, with its spire pointed toward heaven. Dorm was about to knock it over when the devil stopped him, saying, "Don't bother that building. As much as I would like to see it destroyed, it cannot be done." "Why not?" asked Dorm. "Because, it belongs to the Lord," said his companion.

"Do you mean to say that you are afraid of the Lord?" asked Dorm. "Yes," replied the devil. "Well," said the giant, "I am again disappointed. First, I thought my father was more powerful than anyone else: then I thought it was the king; my next move was to serve you, thinking you were the mightiest man in the world. I was wrong. I shall have to leave you. Now I must go to serve the Lord."

Dorm started out in search of the

Lord. He met a little girl, who told him to go down to a popular crossing place at the river, stating that since so many people passed that way, he might find the Lord there some day.

The giant went to the river and took his stand. He made his home in an old deserted shack. Every day he watched for the Lord to come along.

Next came a man with a load of produce. He could not get his horses to step into the water. He appealed to Dorm for assistance. The huge man picked up both the horses and the loaded wagon and carried them across.

Dorm did this sort of thing for several weeks. He was constantly helping others. The weeks and months stretched into years, and still he did not see the Lord.

The giant grew to be a very old man, but he still lived in the shack by the river. He was always on the lookout for the appearance of the Lord, whom he wished to serve. Day after day people came along and he helped them.

Time passed, and Dorm became old and feeble. His huge body grew weaker; his eyes grew dim. Yet he assisted people as much as his waning strength would permit. He began to fear that he would not live to see the Lord.

One cold winter night, when the ice and snow covered the ground, a little girl knocked on the door of the shack. She had a hard time awakening the giant. When she finally aroused him, she told him that her grandmother, who lived on the opposite side of the river, was very ill. She begged him to help her across the stream.

Dorm struggled out of bed, and with difficulty he managed to put on his clothes and his boots. He put the little girl on his shoulder and painfully started the journey across the stream. The current was strong, the water was cold, but he managed to place the child safely on the other side.

His task completed, Dorm fell down, exhausted. He wept bitterly, thinking that he was rapidly approaching the end of his life, and he had not yet seen the Lord. Suddenly, a voice came to him out of the darkness. It said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it also unto me."

Dorm then realized that he had been serving the Lord throughout the many years he had lived by the river. A smile came over his face. He closed his eyes, and died, there upon the river bank where he had labored so faithfully for others. He had found the Lord.

He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace; and the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth.—Ruskin.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

—:—

As a cure for worrying, work is better than whiskey.—Thos. A Edison.

—:—

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.
—Lord Clarendon.

—:—

Both men and women belie their nature when they are not kind.
—Bailey.

—:—

Faith is the root of all good works. A root that produces nothing is dead.
—Bishop Wilson.

—:—

I shall never permit myself to stoop so low as to hate any man.
—Booker T. Washington.

—:—

If thou hast begun well, go on; it is the end that crowns us, not the fight.—Herrick.

—:—

Books are but waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.—Bulwer.

—:—

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a talking man having nothing to say.—Swift.

—:—

A conscience void of offense, before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity.—Daniel Webster.

—:—

Observation more than books, experience rather than persons, are the prime educators.—A. B. Alcott.

—:—

The more one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—Lavater.

There never was a great institution or a great man, that did not, sooner or later, receive the reverence of mankind.—Theodore Parker.

—:—

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy and death.—Heine.

A man must be both stupid and uncharitable who believes there is no virtue or truth but on his own side.
—Addison.

—:—

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.
—Wordsworth.

—:—

There are two freedoms, the false where one is free to do what he likes, and the true where he is free to do what he ought.—Chas. Kingsley.

—:—

Enthusiasm is the inspiration of everything great. Without it no man is to be feared, and with it none despised.—Bovee.

—:—

Kings and their subjects, masters and slaves, find a common level in two places—at the foot of the cross and in the grave.—Colton.

—:—

There is no such way to attain to greater measure of grace as for a man to live up to the little grace he has.—Brooks.

—:—

As freely as the firmament embraces the world, or the sun pours forth impartially his beams, so mercy must encircle both friend and foe.
—Schiller.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

It is easy to entertain egotists. All you have to do is just sit and listen.

—:—

Quite frequently a hot time in the old town makes full cells in the cooler.

—:—

The man who starts out to borrow trouble finds out that his credit is good.

—:—

Most bald-headed men will agree that one can come out on top and still be the loser.

—:—

The fastest runner in the world recently got married. It seems that it's no use, boys.

—:—

Too many people itch for what they want, but they are not willing to get out and scratch for it.

—:—

A lot of fellows who complain about the boss being dumb would be out of a job if he were smarter.

—:—

It may take a lot of crickets to make a summer, but one grasshopper can make a lot of springs.

Life is just one everlasting struggle to keep money coming in and teeth and hair from coming out.

—:—

As a rule, when you see a man who doesn't want more money, he's holding a lily in his hand.

—:—

Some folks get their noses tinted by sunburn, while others use moonshine for the same purpose.

—:—

A well-known columnist wrote the other day that ten years from now we will be laughing at the kind of hats women are wearing today. But how can we hold in that long?

Truth may be as clear as a bell, but it isn't always tolled.

—:—

The fellow who has the most time to kill usually wants to kill it with the fellow who hasn't.

—:—

Every community has at least one sucker who will do all the work if given a few chairmanships.

—:—

It is rapidly getting to the point where a person killed in an automobile accident died a natural death.

—:—

It has been said that clothes make the man. Do you think a midget in a ten-gallon hat could pass for a Texas Ranger?

—:—

The fellows who drive with one hand are usually headed for a church aisle. Some will walk down it, some will be carried.

—:—

The teacher asked, "What is raised in countries that have wet climates?" A small boy in the back of the room answered, "Umbrellas."

—:—

Dan Cupid's Latest Advice: "Pick 'em fat, boys. It's easier to live with 200 pounds of curves than with 100 pounds of nerves.

—:—

When the pretty co-ed was asked what could be worse than a man without a country, she replied, "A country without a man."

—:—

Said Sambo to the minister: "Why don't you put mo' hell in your sermons, Brudder Jones?" The dusky parson replied: "Well, when Ah gives 'em too much of it in a sermon, de congregation makes so much noise fannin', Ah has to order a recess."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 3, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Roger Ivey
Onie Kilpatrick
Gerald Petty
Elijah Spivey

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Richard Johnston
James Jones
Fairley McGee
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Robert Blake
Julian Commander
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Nathan McCarson
Ray Naylor
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Joseph Duncan
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Glenn Cunningham
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
James Wilson
Jimmy McCallum

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Robert Wilkins
Howell Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Jack Paschall
Frank Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Emmett Fields
Jack Griffin
Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Jimmy Wiles

Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Gtorge Marr
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Earl Brigman
Carlton Crawford
Conley Haney
Kenneth McLean
Bill Ray
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
William Baynes
Ralph Drye
William Hyatt
Larry Johnson
Percy Marshall
Jesse Peavey
Charles Shearin

COTTAGE No. 14

Donald Hendricks
James Shook
Leonard Allen
Joseph Cain
Treva Coleman
Harvey Ennis
Sam Finney
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Eugene Martin
Clifford Martin
Leon Poston
Fred Whitley
James Walters
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
William Best
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Aery Hogue
Carl Hall
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
James Shepherd
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Eden Chavis
Waitus Edge
Bennie Hauser
Harold Kernodle
Harvey Jacobs
Sammie Lynn

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Eugene Petersen

So long as a lamp in a room is placed on a low level, its light may be intercepted by the bodies of persons around it, and so prevented from reaching others who are in the remote corners. But let it be lifted to the ceiling, and it sheds its beams down upon all who are below. The Saviour, while on earth, was circumscribed by place and by earthly relationships; but now, since His ascension, His presence and influence are diffused abroad everywhere through the spiritual world, as the rays of the sun are through the natural.

—H. Goulburn.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 16, 1947 No. 33

OUR CAUTION

When our hopes are built on high,
And sorrow seems no more;
This is the time we should get set,
For Future's trouble that may enter our door.

We know our troubles are sure to come.
We knoweth not what they may be,
For that's the secret which trouble holds,
In Life's future, against you and me.

—J. B. Puckett.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER	(The Happy Harvester)	11
THE ROOSEVELT FAITH	(News and Observer)	12
A MESSAGE FROM NATURE	By Alice B. Williamson	13
HE LOVES TO BE CALLED BIGGEST LIAR IN THE WORLD	By Dale Carnegie	14
RECREATION PROGRAM ESSENTIAL TO RURAL CHILDREN	By Garry C. Myers, Ph. D.	17
BIBLICAL WHEAT	(Sunshine Magazine)	18
SELLING OUT	By Edna Rhodes	20
RESPONSIBILITIES OF POWER	(Exchange)	22
FRIENDLY MISTAKES	(Orphans' Friend)	23
A COMMUNITY SPIRIT	(Selected)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

LET ME LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

(Theme suggested by the poem, "The House by the Side of the Road.")

There are selfish souls who by themselves
Live ever themselves within.
There are those who stay in their pleasure haunts
From the best things of life shut in.
And there are souls who are slaves to gain
And paying the price of the loan,
But let me live in the hearts of men
And never without a home.

Let me live in the hearts of my fellowmen—
The shelter I cannot buy,
The home that is real and of priceless worth
And that God makes his ratings by.
My shelter may be within plainest walls
Or 'neath a glittering dome,
But let me live in the hearts of men,
The only home that's home.

Let me live in the hearts of my fellowmen
For I am as human as they,
And because I am proud to stand side by side
With them in the strenuous way.
It may be that my treasurers may take to wings
And naught left but myself that I own,
So let me live in the hearts of men.
And that makes the world a home.

Let me live in the hearts of my fellowmen,
Though the circle be ever so small.
It may be 'tis the littles that will make me great
With the few who may quite know it all.
'Tis a tonic to jostle with the crowd to and fro
Or trudge to the shut-in alone,
So let me live in the hearts of men
And always "at home" at home.

Let me live in the hearts of my fellowmen,
Elsewhere would be just "marking time."
The life that is real is the life with my own
And the plan that's forever Divine.

'Tis the true home instinct of "home, sweet home"
Earth's only protecting dome,
So let me live in the hearts of men,
At home on the journey home.

—By L. B. Mitchell, in The American Tyler-Keystone.

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR HEALTH PROGRAM

On October 2, 1946, the Jackson Training School was informed of the fact that Mrs. Kate Bitting Reynolds had bequeathed to this institution a gift of $50,000 to be used for general purposes of the hospital. This represented a very generous gift and, no doubt, it was intended to augment and to enrich the standard of the health program which has been and is supported by state revenue.

Recently, a request was made to the office of Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, Secretary of the State Board of Health, that he make suggestions as to the most expedient use of the funds to be derived from the Reynolds bequest.

A short time ago, Dr. R. E. Fox, who is the Director of the Division of Local Health Administration in the state, visited this institution in order to confer with local officials and to ascertain what is now being done with state funds and also to determine what might best be done with any additional funds.

Following Dr. Fox's visit to the institution and his conference with Dr. Reynolds, the following helpful suggestions were submitted:

1. That the Training School assume additional responsibility for the physical examination of boys admitted to the school for the purpose of discovering any physical defects which may be handicapping the citizens of our state which, if corrected, might result in their leading a useful life in the various communities from which they come. It is noted that the school depends at this time more or less on the examinations performed by someone in the home communities, either the county health officers or private physicians, where the rules and regulations require an examination of the boys before admission. It is not suggested that the rules and regulations be altered in this particu-

lar but that our recommendation augment this pre-admission examination.

2. In order to carry out the suggestion made, it is recommended that a qualified interne be added as a consultant to give these boys a complete physical examination as early as possible after admission to the institution, but certainly some time during their stay.

3. If any funds are available from other sources or remain from the income of this foundation over and above what it costs for these examinations, they should probably be applied toward the correction of defects found.

4. Perhaps our visitors overlooked this point, but it is noted that no X-ray facilities are available to aid an interne in determining all the physical defects that might be present. Neither did it appear that adequate laboratory facilities might be available for establishing a correct diagnosis. Consideration might be given to the addition of these facilities.

5. Further consideration might be given to rearranging the physical plan whereby an interne might have a private examination and consultation room separate and apart from the room used for the routine medical dispensary work. Possibly this might be set up in the portion of the space now used for isolated and quarantined patients. This would depend on how many cases of communicable disease might occur during the year, necessitating the utilization of this space for quarantining patients. Some quarters used by the staff members might be converted for such purposes, depending on the needs.

* * * * * * * *

SOME RECENT CHANGES IN COMMITMENT PROCEDURES

Under the new law pertaining to the operation of the Jackson Training School, boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen may now be committed to this institution. This is a new feature of the law regarding commitments, although it has been in operation at the Eastern Carolina Training School.

According to the law, however, those boys who come to this institution between the ages of sixteen and eighteen will be committed only from the courts higher than the juvenile courts. This means there will be in each case "a warrant, an arrest, a hearing, and a commitment." Thus, the boys who come to us under this provision of the law will be sent with a suspended sentence, and if

they fail to show the proper spirit of cooperation there is the possibility that they may be returned to the jurisdiction of the higher courts.

No doubt, this institution will receive very few applications for such comitments. Although the law has been in operation since the legislature adjourned in April, there have been no such commitments to date. For those who do come, the school pledges to do its utmost to meet the needs of such boys.

Recently, the Board of Correction and Training passed a motion rescinding previous orders regarding boys under twelve years of age—that is, the ten and eleven-year-old boys. Heretofore, it was necessary for the Superintendents of Welfare of each county to submit a request to the State Department of Public Welfare before these boys could be legally committed to this institution. Under the present arrangement, however, all applications for boys who are ten and eleven years old will be handled just as are the cases with boys who are over twelve years of age. The office of the State Board of Correction and Training will assist with any special cases about which there is some doubt or uncertainty.

* * * * * * * *

KENNEDY BARN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND BURNED

On Friday afternoon, August 8th, the school suffered a fire which caused the complete loss of the Kennedy barn which was constructed a little less than a year ago to house the beef herd and for storage of hay crops. The fire was ignited by a bolt of lightning which struck the barn about 6:15 p. m., and within a few minutes the entire building was enveloped in flames. Although the fire was discovered within a few minutes, the flames spread so quickly that there was absolutely nothing that could be done to save the building.

At the time of the fire the building contained several tons of straw, stover, and hay, valued at about $1,000.00.

Insurance on the building, along with the other property at the school, is carried through the office of the state insurance com-

missioner. At the time the barn was finished, it was requested that the building be insured at a value of $8,000.00.

As soon as the insurance money is available, the building will, no doubt, be reconstructed. There is a possibility that the new building can be finished before the most severe part of next winter, provided materials are found to be available.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 17, 1947

August 17—Earl Holleman, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
August 18—Clifton Kern, Cottage No. 9, 18th birthday.
August 18—Perry Leon Martin, Cottage No. 17, 14th birthday.
August 18—Sammy Lynn, Cottage No. 17, 14th birthday.
August 20—Russell Seagle, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
August 21—Donald Bass, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
August 22—Willard Brown, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
August 22—Floyd Bruce, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Boys Go to Tent Meeting

By Eugene Martin, 8th Grade

On the night of August 3rd, the boys of Cottage No. 10, along with some of the other boys of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, went to a service at the tent meeting that has been in progress near the school. The boys sang while they were at the service.

First of all, Ray Roberts sang a solo. The title of this song was "God Will Take Care of You." Then the group of boys sang "Precious Memories."

Mrs. Reifsnyder, a missionary from Peru, gave a talk, "The People on the Back Row." Pictures were shown, illustrating the different features of life in Peru. Doctor Lacey gave a talk, "The End of the World." Then we all stood while some of the ministers dedicated the ground and tent to the Lord.

We also had some refreshments, consisting of cake and ice-cold lemonade. The boys wish to thank everyone who made it possible for us to go.

Defense Against Invasion

By Thomas Davis, 5th Grade

At the school the other day the show was "Defense against Invasion." It was a Walt Disney Production. I think it was the best picture that Miss Smart has got for us.

When the picture started, some boys were in the doctor's office. There were three white boys and a colored boy. One of the boys went into the doctor's office and got into a large chair to be vaccinated. He said that he would not let the doctor stick him with that needle and that he was afraid of it. The doctor said to the nurse that they might as well show all the boys what vaccination means. He showed them pictures of the body, and he told them that it was like a city and that the body is always busy. He said that if one germ got into the food or the body it would become two and that there would become more and more germs until they overpowered the body and caused sickness and death. If we are careful, we can keep well-fortified from their invasion.

After the doctor had showed them the pictures and told them about being vaccinated, not one of the boys was afraid to be vaccinated. They all did take the vaccination and were glad of it.

We thank Mr. Hines for letting us see the picture twice.

Visitors at Chapel Exercises

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Some visitors from Peru came to visit the school last week. They were Mrs. Reifsnyder, Ruth, and Bobby. Their father is a missionary in Peru, and he is still there.

These visitors came with Dr. Lacey, who spoke at the chapel exercises, and Mr. Joyner, who brought them to the school. They showed pictures of

Peru. This gave us some idea of the work they do there with the Indians.

Bobby Reifsnyder visited at one of the cottages, Cottage No. 3. He said that he enjoyed his visit very much. In fact, he came back twice to visit the boys after that.

When asked what he does at home in Peru (what time he is not off in school in Quito, Ecuador), Bobby replied, "While I am home I usually get up early in the morning and make the fire so the family breakfast can be cooked. Then I go to the river to get water which I boil to purify it for drinking. After that, I go out with my father to the clearings and help him work. If I do not go with him, I play around the house, sometimes helping some of the children learn to read in the mission school."

We are very glad to have these visitors, and we would be happy if they could come back to our school again.

Third Grade Scrapbook

By Richard Cook, 3rd Grade

We have been putting things from the "Uplift" in our scrapbook about the 3rd grade. We got the material from the "Uplifts" for the past two years.

We put in the scrapbook the things we do in our room, such as the chapel programs, the radio programs, and special things.

Our Cub Scout Meeting

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

We went down to Mrs. Liske's cottage. She is our den mother. She took us on a treasure hunt. We found notes, grapes, and peanuts. It was a long hunt.

When we got back to the cottage, we had a weiner roast in the yard, where Mrs. Liske had new lights, tables, and chairs.

Then we went back home four happy boys—John Gainey, Richard Messick, Bobby Galyan, and Billy Brown.

Watermelon Feast

By Ben Wilson, 3rd Grade

Jimmy Wiles invited the third grade to a watermelon feast. We divided the melons so that every boy got one piece. One of the boys invited Paul Denton, who used to be in our grade and who is now in the 4th grade, to go with us. Jimmy invited Mrs. Liske, and we went behind Cottage No. 10 to eat the watermelons.

After we had eaten the melons, we had a football game. We went back to the school and played until supper.

Radio Program

By Bobby Duncan, 5th Grade

The boys who went to the radio station were all from the 5th grade. The first thing was a song, "School Days," by the entire group. Then George Marr gave a musical recitation, "A Mortifying Mistake." "The Menagerie" was given by the entire group. It was a popular song in eastern colleges around 1870. The next thing was a musical recitation by Bobby Joe Duncan. It was "I've Got the Mumps." Charles Franklin gave a musical number which was in negro dialect. Jack Paschall gave the

history of sea chants. The last number on our program was a song, "Blow the Man Down." Emmett Fields was the leader of this, and the other boys joined in on the chorus.

———:———

LOVING KINDNESS

What but the Spirit of God could have guided the men of King James' day to use this excellent compound word?

You won't find it in the French, German, Latin or Greek bible.

It is peculiarly an English treasure, and is found thirty times in the Old Testament, mostly in the Psalms.

Love is a virtue so high, deep, broad and long, that we sing "Love Divine" and repeat adoringly "God is Love."

And kindness is so near and dear, so human, so concerned with little as well as with big things. It is homely and cozy.

Joined together, Lovingkindness, they make a beautiful word for a wonderful mystery.

It is a word to begin the day with ."To tell of Thy lovingkindness early in the morning."

It is a word to carry with you. "Thy lovingkindness is ever before mine eyes."

It is a word of sharing. "I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness from the great congregation." Every preacher should be able to say that on Sunday night.

It is a word of triumph. "He crowneth thee with lovingkindness."

In a world where hatred, indifference, pride and disdain flourish, there is surely healing and peace in lovingkindness. "Thy lovingkindness is better than life itself!"

Who reverently ponder history and experience, "They shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."—Rev. Percy Foster Hall.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

(The Happy Harvester)

An evangelistic worker, J. M. Black, musican and poet, related: "I saw a little girl sitting on the doorstep of a dilapidated house. Her worn clothes and dejected appearance told the story of a drunken father and mother and a miserable home.

"I spoke to the little girl and asked if she would like to come to Sunday School. At the question, a wistful expression crept into the child's eyes and she softly answered, 'Yes. I would like to go but.'

"I understood what the little one meant, so I got together a surprise parcel containing a new dress, shoes and hat. Bessie was at Sunday School the next Sunday, and for many Sundays after.

"Then one Sunday when the roll call was made, no one answered to "Bessie." We called the name again, but there was no response.

"I found that the little girl was very ill. The thought came to me in a flash, "What if this little girl should die? What would her answer be when the final summons came?"

"Almost unconsciously I found myself saying the words, "When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more."

"No sooner had I written the rest of the words that evening than I went to the piano and struck off the music spontaneously. In a remarkably short time the hymn was finished and has been changed very little since that night."

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved on earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I"ll be there.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning
When the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of his resurrection share;
When the chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there.

THE ROOSEVELT FAITH

(The News and Observer.)

Many of us come here today out of affection for a man, but those of us who loved him most, I believe, come also in devotion to the things to which Franklin Roosevelt gave his life. It was his genius that he could speak clearly in warm-hearted leadership for us in an American period of difficulty never equalled in the history of our nation. It is our fortune that in leaving this shrine he also left us here a parable which will go on teaching long after the last of us have followed him to the end of living. What we say here will be soon forgotten. On this day we are only a little group of the millions who will come not merely for aid in the ills of the body but for help in the deeper sicknesses of the spirit. The parable here will persist across the ages.

We do not merely come to the place where one of the great American Presidents died. We come to came. How young and debonair, striding and strong he had been. I am glad I can remember not only that he was great but that he was beautiful as well. He came here a cripple to recruit his strength. It is sad but instructive to remember that he came in the early 20's when the world also, which had been so strong, so beautiful in its purpose for democracy and for peace, was crippled with the paralysis of bitterness at home and abroad.

It is fitting that we come here in a like hour today when there seems to be more hate and confusion than love and purpose in the world. In New World and Old World alike recent allies of courage and sacrifice are made in their victory to seem implacable enemies across an impermanent peace. There are men among us who would defend democracy by infringing its liberties. There are more who think that the democratic faith depends for defense upon military forces rather than the steady fulfilment of its promise for plenty and freedom together and everywhere. We live in a time when the last and greatest discoveries of our scientists seem only the basis for the most primitive fears. A great and beautiful nation, equipped as no other nation ever was for the leadership of mankind, is a cripple also and once again. And in a sick world we seem more concerned with contagion than energetic in cure.

It is not necessary for me to point the parable which these hills will hold to the end of time. It was on this ground that Franklin Roosevelt understood first—here he made the faith —and here also we may possess it.

We need not be the captives of our fears.

Only the already lost can think of our future as besieged.

We have more to give than to guard.

Our powers are not weapons but tools with which to build the promise of democracy into the purposes of mankind.

Sometimes that faith is hard to hold. Even to an old man, who has seen many years, these times seem dark. But this place is lit with courage. Indeed, it is illumined with

faith. At Warm Springs today our task is not to dedicate a shrine, but here and now to rededicate ourselves.

A MESSAGE FROM NATURE

By Alice Brehm Williamson, in Sunshine Magazine

I drove out to the country park one day. It was a beautiful day—sun shining, sky clear blue, trees whispering. I went out with a purely prosaic intention—I wanted to find golf balls. I had lost many of the elusive missiles on my last go-round of golf, and I knew the woods engulfed a great many of them.

I strolled the length of the golf course. The ground was damp, and I was afraid to walk in the deep woods alone, so I failed in my mission. But I found something else—something that I had forgotten.

I sat down on an old stump by the river, rippling and sparkling in the sunshine. The lilies were fluttering along the edges of the stream. Some of them resembled birds flapping their wings, ready to take off in flight. Myriads of minnows were lurking about, waiting for food which I could not find to feed to them. Across the river from me was forest so thick that one would have difficulty making his way through it. Birds were whistling, and a cat-bird was heard calling to its mate.

I had forgotten these things, and suddenly the overwhelming beauty and peace of it pressed down upon me. I thought of the history-making conferences being held through the world, and I wished that all the men attending them could sojourn here for a few minutes and receive the same inspiration that I had received. There is so much peace and beauty in nature; yet struggling mankind fails to drink deeply of it. Life could be simple, but we make it so complex. We fail to see the bigness of the universe and the perfect organizations of nature, even in the budding of trees and flowers. The colors of nature always blend; they do not clash; they work together for good.

I found here what no college course could ever teach me: that happiness and contentment cannot be found in the intricate complexities of a man-made world, but rather in the simplicity that nature has to offer.

I am the richer for having experienced a few minutes of perfect understanding.

Mankind has a great aversion to intellectual labor, but, even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be ignorant than would take even little trouble to acquire it.—Johnson.

HE LOVES TO BE CALLED THE BIGGEST LIAR IN THE WORLD

By Dale Carnegie, in Our Paper

Who do you suppose gets more mail than anyone else in the world? Clark Gable? No! Mae West? No! Ruby Vallee? No!

I know a man who always get at least a million letters a year; and in 1932, he got three million letters from all parts of the world. That means more than eight thousand letters a day or twenty-eight letters while you are reading this one sentence.

Many of his correspondents call him ten kinds of a blankety-blank liar. He has been branded as liar more often by more people than has anyone else who ever lived. And he loves it.

He has received letters without any name at all on the envelopes; they were merely addressed "To the Biggest Liar in the World," and, believe it or not, the Post Office delivered them to Robert L. Ripley!

Ripley makes a living by making people gasp. He made me gasp once when he showed me a message that a man had written him on a single human hair. I couldn't believe it until I put the hair under a microscope and when I read the message just as plainly as if it had been written on a piece of paper. It said, "The finest welcome in the world to Robert L. Ripley."

Ripley told me that he once got a letter written in the Runic Code—the language used by the old Vikings thousands of years ago. He received another letter written in the secret code used by the Confederate Spies during the Civil War.

One man from Ardara, Pennsylvania, wrote Ripley a message on a grain of rice. Think of it! Seven hundred and fifteen words, or two thousand, eight hundred and sixty letters on one grain of rice. Of course, you can't read these letters with the naked eye; but I read them very easily under a microscope.

He made me gasp again when he told me that the battle of Waterloo wasn't fought at Waterloo, that Pennsylvania was not named after William Penn and Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo.

He made me gasp when he said that if he killed me at midnight and every person who was told about it, told two other people within twelve minutes, everybody on earth would know it before morning.

One day Ripley said to me: "If you had fifteen guests at your house for dinner, how long would it take you to seat those fifteen guests in all possible ways?"

I did a bit of figuring, and I told him I thought I could arrange the seating in every possible way within a couple of hours.

He informed me that if I seated them differently ever minute, night and day, it would take almost two and a half million years to exhaust all the combinations. (And by that time, some of the guests would be too old to move.)

The story of Ripley's own life is almost as incredible as his cartoons.

His father was a carpenter and he warned Ripley that, if he became an artist, he would starve to death. The old man wanted his little boy to be a plumber or a bricklayer.

Ripley was fired from the first three newspepers on which he worked; yet he is making more money today than are men who own the newspapers that "fired" him.

Ripley never studied drawing; yet he is the most widely imitated cartoonist in the world.

Ripley has traveled all over the world to visit the tombs of great men from Norh to Napoleon; but, believe it or not, he has never visited Grant's tomb, which is only three miles away from his apartment.

He is always running off to some far-off place like Kurdistan or Tanganyike; yet, believe it or not, he has been to his own office in New York only three times during the last six years. Why? Because he detests business details. He lets other people take care of that; and he does his drawing in a studio.

You ough to see that studio. Papers and books and drawings and affidavits and curios piled about in wild, hopeless confusion. I couldn't work in such disorder for a day. It would drive me crazy. But he is an artist, and he loves it—and he works all day in his pajamas.

Bob Ripley has always been intensely interested in sports. He wrote a book on Handball, and another on Boxing, and he started out in life to be a professional baseball player. He was signed up by the New York Giants: but he broke his arm while pitching; so he gave up baseball and started drawing sport cartoons.

One cold, December day in 1918—exactly one week before Christmas—he sat in his office trying to think of an idea for a cartoon. An hour or two slipped by. He couldn't think of a thing. The deadline was approaching. He had to draw something; so, in desperation, he picked up a few astonishing facts about athletics and made a cartoon which he called "Chumps and Champs" He didn't like the title, so he crossed it out and wrote "Believe It or Not."

That was the turning point of his life. One little idea on a dull, dreary afternoon, and presto!—he was on his way to a sensational, world-wide success. But it didn't come immediately.

He drew a "Believe It or Not" cartoon once a week for ten years; and, believe it or not, it attracted comparatively little attention. For ten years, his feature tottered on the verge of failure. As Rip once said to me; "You work and slave for ten years and then become famous in ten minutes."

That is about what happened to him. For one day, in September, 1928, he drew a cartoon that starled a million readers.

He created a nation-wide furore when he said that Lindbergh was sixty -seventh man to make a non-stop flight across the Atlantic Ocean. People rose up in indignation and demanded that he retract his impudent and insulting lie. But Ripley pointed out that Brown and Alcock had flown across the Atlantic years before Lindbergh was ever heard of—and so did the English dirigible R—34 with thirty-one men aboard; and so

did the German dirigible ZR—3 with 33 men. So Lindbergh was really the sixty - seventh. William Randolph Hearst saw that cartoon, and was entranced. So he insisted that Ripley draw a "Believe It or Not" cartoon for every one of his papers every day. And Ripley started skyrocketing to fame.

The question that he is most often asked is how long he can keep his daily cartoon going without running out of material. He has enough material now to last him a lifetime. And at this minute, there are people all over the world writing him letters and sending him more amazing facts, Ripley told me he had a million people working for him.

Ripley probably knows more amazing facts than does anyone else in the world. Yet, believe it or not, he does not know the telephone number of his own office. I asked him for some information recently that necessitated his calling his office. He picked up the telephone and hemmed and hawed and hesitated and then had to call in his secretary in order to get his own telephone number.

———:———

Once upon a time there was a farmer who raised two chickens, took them to the city, sold them to a factory worker, and with the proceeds bought two shirts. So the farmer had two shirts and the city man had two chickens.

Observing the transaction, the 'cradle-to-grave' Security Planner, told the farmer he could get more money for his chickens by making them scarcer. If he didn't raise so many he would get more income for those he did raise.

The Planner also told the workingman in the city that he must work fewer hours and get more money for his labor. This would raise the prices on articles he made so he would have more money with which to buy.

So, the farmer brought one chicken to the city market. He got as much money for it as he had previously gotten for two chickens. He felt fine. This was the life. But when he went to buy some shirts, he found that the shirts had also doubled in price. So—he got one shirt.

Now the former has one shirt and the city man has one chicken, whereas if they had not listened to the silvery-tongued, pseudo-economist, they could each have had twice as much.

And this, my children, is called 'the more abundant life.'

A LOCAL RECREATION PROGRAM ESSENTIAL TO RURAL CHILDREN

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.

With the wide out-of-doors available to the youth on the farm, some rural adults suppose these youngsters need no local recreation program.

But rural youth can enjoy fun with other children quite as much as urban children can. What is more, they are going to have social fun. With nothing better in their neighborhood they may go to the tavern or roadhouse for social fun, or to the movie for mere passive recreation.

Here and there recreation centers have been built and operated well in rural areas. However, the mere building is not enough. Indeed, some community recreation buildings have been abandoned for want of a good program and trained leadership.

Throughout many strictly rural sections of the United States is the grange hall. The grange program, in addition to the special appeal of its program to the farmer, affords opportunities for recreation to its members, even to the entire community.

Having lived for some years in a strictly rural community, Mrs. Myers and I are members of a local grange. This organization and its hall serve a unique function in this community, as do similar chapters of the grange throughout other rural areas with which I am familiar. Many children join the grange as early as fourteen years of age. Often an entire family attend together both at the regular meeting and at the special recreation functions. There are numerous games played. Dancing centers chiefly around the spuare dance and persons of various ages participate. No liquor is allowed nor is there carousing or rowdyism.

Of course some conscientious church folks of the community try to discourage this recreation program. Yet I find that the children of some of these objectors frequent the taverns and roadhouses. It has always seemed to me far better for young people to dance under wholesome environment in a recreation center or in a home than for so many of them to dance in far less wholesome places.

In this particular chapter of the grange the leadership is by the youth. For some years the master has been one of the young men in the twenties.

Where a grange hall is not available for high-grade recreation programs for the young folks the gymnasium of the consolidated rural school should be used for such. Needless to say, all recreation programs for youth should be conducted on a lofty plane, else they soon will defeat their purpose.

———:———

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.—Cowper

BIBLICAL WHEAT

(Sunshine Magazine)

Six years ago Perry Hayden, a staunch believer of the Bible, set out to prove there was good common farming sense in the Scripture, and that religious faith works in business.

His experiment proved that one cubic inch of wheat planted on a plot of ground four by eight feet in 1940 had grown to cover 2,500 acres, with a yield of 60,000 bushels.

In that year Hayden heard a sermon in which the pastor quoted from John 12:24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Hayden thought over what he had heard, and several days later, on land supplied by Henry Ford, he began his experiments of "Biblical wheat."

Only 360 kernels were planted that first year—a very small amount, since it takes 2,150 cubic inches to make a bushel. When the "world's smallest field" was harvested, the yield was fifty cubic inches. Ten per cent was given to the church as a tithe, and the project became known as "Dynamic Kernels, Inc." The kernels reaped, except for the tithe, were planted on a plot 24 by 60 feet.

Year after year the experiment grew. In the third year one acre was needed for planting, and the yield was sixteen bushels. In the fourth, sixteen acres were needed for sowing, and the crop reached 380 bushels. After the fifth year, when 230 acres of land were utilized and 5,555 bushels were harvested, Henry Ford withdrew from the project. He could offer no more land, as the project had grown "too big for him."

In the sixth and final year, more than 250 farmers in Michigan contributed land to the project, which covered 2,500 acres. The 60,000 bushels of wheat harvested was valued at more than $100,000.

Hayden explained that Dynamic Kernels was abandoned after the sixth year because the group followed another Bible injunction in Leviticus 25:3-4, which says. "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard and gather in the fruit thereof, but the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord; thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard."

Had the experiment been continued, Hayden asserted that in the ninth year the wheat field would have covered West Virginia, in the tenth year all the United States, and in the thirteenth year the entire globe.

Every year the church received its tithe. Last year the church received $861.03. During the first five years Henry Ford, in addition to land, contributed machines and labor to Dynamic Kernels, a foundation incorporated "for charitable and benevolent purposes without regard to race, creed, or religion." All moneys accumulated by selling the harvest were sent to charitable institutions and welfare organizations.

DYNAMITE

(Selected)

An eminent musician recently startled a suburban community by trundling his baggage from the railroad station to his dwelling on a wheelbarrow. He had just returned from a successful concert tour and the long train ride made him feel that he wanted to stretch his legs. He left his bags with the station master, walked home, changed to working clothes, pushed the empty wheelbarrow to the station, loaded the four bags and wheeled them home.

To an observer who inquired the wherefore of the unusual proceeding, the artist briefly expounded his philosophy. He said that the world was burdened with entirely too much dignity. "Mankind blusters too hard," he said. "Men should exercise more and be more childish. Adults do not stir around enough and they go through life with an excess of dignity."

This is good doctrine. The tax that dignity imposes on our mind, spirit, behavior and pocketbook is oppressive. We dare not be seen carrying our bags from the taxicab to the train. We must not carry a bundle under our arms nor tote our golf clubs. A maid or secretary must answer the telephone.

In a business office, each little clerk insists that his dignity be protected. This one would be chagrined if he were asked to fill the inkwells; that one would quit if he were told to deliver a crate of lemons. This office insists that every one work in his coat, and one has a rule that all must rise when the chairman of the board of directors enters the room. Yet President Eliot, of Harvard, was often seen carrying a watermelon or a huge market basket.

RESOLUTIONS

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze.
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser in St. Andrew's Cross.

SELLING OUT

Edna Rhodes, in The Happy Harvester

Every now and then we hear of a public sale. The auctioneer is summoned; the merchandise is displayed. Crowds gather and examine the property being auctioned and then it goes to the highest bidder. In several hours in most cases the owner has sold out his possessions. Many an old farmer has lamented down through the years because he sold such fine stock and fertile land and was never able to find its equivalent even though he had realized a high price from his possessions.

A land sale is nothing compared to sales contracted with souls. Isaiah, that old prophet, once reminded the children of Israel: "For thus saith the Lord, Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." Isa. 52:3. He made it clear that God didn't do the selling, but man sold himself.

In the very beginning when God made Adam and Eve and put them in the beautiful garden of Eden they sold out; the devil bargained with them and they felt his price attractive. Although they didn't know how much they were actually paying they sold out and distilled in the human race a general selling out spirit. Along came their son Cain and in a fit of jealousy sold out to the devil. He slew his brother.

When people sell out to the devil they have to pay the difference. It is risky. No one ever makes a good trade with him; some even lose their soul for some trivial nothing that the devil made appear so valuable.

Then there was that man Esau who sold out for a mess of pottage. He willingly sold his birthright for a mere bowl of food. Saul, the king of Israel, sold out through greed. His was a fine estate and his orders came directly from God. This was not enough to please him, however, and he listened to the devil as he cleverly began his bargaining. Soon he was persuaded; and sold out. His sale might have gone undetected had it not been for the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the ox. This was God's way of serving notice that he had seen the transaction.

King Ahab sold out through covetousness. Judas drove the poorest bargain of all; for thirty pieces of silver he sold his master and in doing so sold his own soul. Ananias and Sapphira wanted a full blessing at only part of the price. They lied and brought to themselves swift destruction.

Selling out! Reckless gambling. We see it everywhere we look. Men selling out for a song; selling not a plot of ground but selling their health; their character; their souls. The devil has nothing to offer, but the way he displays his wares he deceives many. He once offered Christ all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them if He would but serve him. Christ did not heed, rather He fulfilled God's plan for Him; He died that we might be reconciled to God.

Through Him, though we have sold out, we can be redeemed. He is the propitiation for our sins. He is the

mediator between man and God.

My friend, in what way are you selling out? God wants to buy you back. Through God's mercy you may be redeemed. It is not too late if you will call on Him. Seek Him now; don't let the devil claim your soul in hell; ask Christ to forgive your sins and redeem you through the blood that He shed; there is redemption for you in Him.

———:———

PREACHING vs. PRACTICE

A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.
He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd—"Oh, no
What! rob our good neighbor? I pray you don't go.
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."
"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."
They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go.
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.
"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."
His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

—William Cowper

RESPONSIBILITIES OF POWER

(Exchange)

Heavy are the responsibilities of power—and never heavier than in this age of the dissolution and decay of old values, and the emergence of a new world order—from the dust of dead empires. Today—the torrent of history is seeking a new channel. The surging waters are conflicting and convulsive—and they are tearing at the dam of the past and undermining the ramparts of tradition.

The United States lies squarely in the stream of history—it can guide that stream or be swept away by it. We alone—may be able to avert the decline of Western Civilization and a reversion to the Dark Ages.

Belgium is scarred by old wounds and ancient animosities—and France is still politically bankrupt and ethically and intellectually confused. She lies weak—torn and divided. Communism is strong in France—it rears its head in labor unions—in the army—and in the government. It could precipitate civil war—at any time.

Communism is strong in Italy. All eastern Europe lies behind the iron curtain. Greece—riven by strife—is the new frontier. The Palestine issue is still grossly unsettled—and in China, the civil war is quickening in tempo.

However—the most important question today, is the plight of Britain—the iiquidation of the British Empire. The world's "Pax Britannica"—was kept in decades past, by the power of the British fleet. This was supplemented by the Allies and a small—but effieient regular army—scattered over half the world.

Russia today—is far weaker than the United Stated—and may long remain so. This will be—unless the will and spirit of the American people succumb to decay. This is hardly possible. The Russians do not yet have the atomic bomb—and their frantic search for second-rate atomic scientists in countries bordering their frontiers—definitely indicates that they are still some distance from achieing it. One recent estimate—however—suggests that by 1950, Russia may have the bomb, and a fleet of perhaps—500 to 1200 extremely long-range heavy bombers—to carry it.

All of this means that today—the United States and Russia are face to face in a struggle for the world. A conflict short of war—but a struggle, neverthless, that will alter world history.

People seem to have a sense of historical responsibility for the future, and the national responsibility that inevitably goes with the power and the glory.

The formulation of a sound and well balanced military policy—which will provide effective support for our foreign policy, and promote efficient and reasonable economy—is no doubt the most important job of this session of Congress.

FRIENDLY MISTAKES

(Orphans Friend)

It does not make good sense, in the eyes of many people, especially on first impression, to regard mistakes as being in any manner friendly. The majority of us think of a kicking machine, self impinged. Mistakes come high in the various transactions of life and never attract medals, promotions or emoluments. The only dividends are usually a kick in the pants, figuratively if not literally.

Mistakes are never to be recommended even though in the ten-thousandth chance that we may be kicked upstairs by one of them. They are to be avoided as pestilence. Once made, each mistake needs to be corrected and or atoned for in a manner commensurate with the effect.

"To step aside is human," said Burns. "Any man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it ," was the pithy comment of Cicero. But a more illuminating commentary on the subject was made by some philosopher more modern than the Cicero who flourished some twenty centuries ago, or the immortal "Bobby" who passed on a century and a half ago. It is a modern whose identity is buried under the commonplace term, "Selected." We refer to two paragraphs appearing in a contemporary thus:

"There are about three things a fellow can do when he makes a mistake. He can resolve that he will never make another, which is fine, but impracticable. He may let that mistake make a coward of him, which is foolish; or, he can make up his mind that he'll let it be his teacher and so profit by the experience that if the situation comes his way again, he'll know just how to meet it.

"Think it over. Each one of us must decide whether he will let his mistakes remain his enemies or become his friends. Why should we let a mistake, or even two or three, break our spirit and sap our fighting strength? A lad who showed that kind of disposition on the gridiron or on the baseball diamond would never make the team. We all make mistakes, but if we let them be our teachers, counseling us, advising us, admonishing us, in due time we shall acquit ourselves all the better in life."

While a mistake cannot even by a wild stretch of imagination be given open-arm reception as a friend, it can be and should be and often must be converted into friendly service, as the unkown philosopher quoted tells us. It is a fact that one sometimes learns more from a mistake with its exacting penalty than from the most pithy and wisest maxims, as witness the burned child. Things that cost and hurt and bring inconvenience in their train speak a language understandable by all but the dumbest.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine," is a truth that has come down the ages. In spite of this, in spite of the fact that mistakes occur almost every day of our lives, each of us has instinctive urge to "bawl out" all and sundry who commit a mistake against us; whereas, when the tables are turned and we are the

"guilty party," we have an equally potent urge to call high heaven to witness the innocence of our intentions and seek a condoning. It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored.

The smart thing to do is to not commit mistakes. But none of us is that smart, so the best thing to do is to make good these errors and learn their valuable lessons and not be a regular repeater. Also a great deal of charity should be given many of those others who make mistakes even as we do.

The two paragraphs referred to will profitably bear more than a cursory reading or two.

———:———

HIGH COST OF WAR

Any war within the next twenty years, we are told by General George C. Kenney, chief of the Strategic Air Forces, probably would be fought by men operated from bombers and fighters. He disclosed that an aerial robot-guided missile with a 5,000-mile range had been planned down to actual unit production cost, but he warned the nation against exaggerating "push button warfare" notions into a fatal "Maginot Line" psychology. "Unfortunately," he said, "after we get a lot of these weapons, there are still some serious problems."

It has been reckoned that, after the expenditure of billions in development of a prototype guided missile, production machinery for a single one could be set up for "a mere $7,000,000," and that in quantity they would cost "$270,000 each." When we consider what the two wars have done for civilized nations, even victorious ones, it is evident that war is driving the world into complete slavery. The income-paying British have to pay to their government more than fifty per cent of their earnings. We have not yet reached that state in some wage and salary brackets in this country, but we are headed in that direction. In fact, some of the higher salaried individuals pay far more to the government that they are allowto retain. Another war would see virtually every national economy so burdened with taxes that each worker and each salaried person would be working full time for the government. That would be totalitarianism indeed. We are nearly fifty per cent on the way to that now. It will only take another war to put us all the way there.

—The Watchman-Examiner.

A COMMUNITY SPIRIT

(Selected)

We develop very strong feelings of antagonism toward competitors. We are independents and hate the chain stores ,or we are steam railroads and hate .the motor buses, or we are M. D.'s and hate the chiropractors, or movie actors and hate the legitimate stage.

Our club has its rival club. Our town has it rival town. Our country gets into disagreement with a foreign nation and we become all heated up. We go to war and develop fierce hatred for our enemies.

Such thing are common to human nature and, perhaps, in general cannot well be avoided, but it is worth while to think that none of these hatreds endure. If we are to get over them eventually, why not now?

It was the son of a Union soldier, a member of Congress from Michigan, who introduced into the House of Representatives the resolution to restore the home of the Confederate commander-in-chief, General Robert E. Lee, at Arlington, and every member of that great body, Northern as well as Southern, voted for it.

The time to win a war is before hostilities are declared. Either side can win then by making such sacrifices as will keep peace. And when a country avoids war without loss of honor, it has won that war, no matter what the other country thinks.

The time to win a controversy with a competitor is before that controversy becomes so acrid that neither party can bring himself to the point of giving up or withdrawing. Merchants have hated fellow merchants for years, refusing to speak to them, walking across the street to avoid them, lying about them, cursing them, and all because one man or the other would not yield an inch.

If I can keep in mind the fact that the other fellow is just as good as I am, instead of thinking so much about the idea that I am just as good as he is, I can save myself—and him—a lot of trouble, unpleasantness and money.

———:———

If someone were to pay you ten cents for every kind word you ever spoke about people, and collect five cents for every unkind word, would you be rich or poor?—Sunshine Magazine.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On Sunday, August 10th, Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, was the guest preacher for the afternoon

Rev. Mr. Tarlton read a Scripture selection from the third chapter of Genesis, beginning with the first verse and reading through the twenty-first.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton used as his text a part of the ninth verse of the Scripture selection, containing the question which was submitted to Adam in the Garden of Eden, as follows: "Where art thou?"

In his discussion of this topic, Rev. Mr. Tarlton explained to the boys that oftentimes questions are asked of others in order to gain some information that is desired. It is not always true, however, that such is the purpose, because when the Lord had asked Adam where he was, after he had committed sin in the Garden of Eden, it was primarily for the purpose of getting him to understand the seriousness of his sin at that time. It was not that the Lord needed the information as to where Adam was, because this He already knew, but it was shown definitely to Adam that he could not, under any circumstances, hide away from God.

When Adam committed his sin of disobedience in the Garden of Eden, he became a doubting and bewildered person. He readily understood that he was unfit to stand before God. By his error he had established a great gulf of feeling between himself and God, and it was of his own making.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton then explained to the boys that most people are constantly doing evil things which tend to build walls not only between themselves and God, but between themselves and others. It was explained that the unfortunate thing is that people are not always willing to admit that they themselves are generally responsible for these strained relationships. There is only one way whereby such relationships can be mended, and that is through repentance and forgiveness.

It was explained to the boys that this question that was made to Adam was the very first question to be reported in the Bible, and ever since that time there have been other important questions, such as an individual sometimes asks of himself when he inquires as to how he may be a better workman or better citizen or better student. A person sometimes asks himself the question as to which way in life he is going and whether or not he tends to take pride in the standard of his own workmanship. An individual sometimes asks whether he is pulling back or whether he is pushing forward.

A person sometimes investigates his relationship towards God and towards his neighbors, for he asks which way he is leading others by his influence. The wise person is the one who constantly investigates his own situations in life and seeks to change and to improve his relationship towards his fellowman and towards his Creator. The wise person is the one who seeks, through study and investigation, to ever improve

his relationship towards God so that he may not be a stranger or an alien towards his Creator.

Finally, it was explained to the boys that it is not possible for one to stand still in his relationship towards Christianity. A person is either becoming better day by day, or else he is growing worse and worse, and he himself is the one person who can be the master of his own fate and destiny.

The boys were urged to shun the very appearances of evil, and to strive always to be the best churchman, the best farmer, the best weaver, the best merchant, or the best student possible, so that they may merit the admiration of their fellowmen.

———:———

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have,
No works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.—Richard Baxter.

—:—

Manners easily and rapidly mature into morals.—Horace Mann.

—:—

There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

—:—

A person with a bad name is already half-hanged.—Old Proverb.

—:—

It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.—Bulwer.

—:—

One lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.
—Owen.

—:—

Good laws make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong.
—Gladstone.

—:—

Be always employed about some rational thing, that the devil find thee not idle.—Jerome.

—:—

The most utterly lost of all days, is that in which you have not once laughed.—Chamfort.

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good; try to use ordinary situations.—Richter.

—:—

The wise carry their knowledge, as they do their watches, not for display, but for their own use.—Browne.

—:—

Ask thyself daily, to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.—Marcus Antonius.

—:—

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive the great ones.
—Chesterfield.

—:—

The true grandeur of nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individuel.
—Charles Summer.

—:—

If a man speaks or acts with pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.
—Buddha.

—:—

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.—Bulwer.

—:—

It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.—Bovee.

—:—

Excellence in any department can be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price.—Johnson.

—:—

The love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the infirm excitement of passions and vices.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Much as we deplore our condition in life, nothing would make us more satisfied with it than the changing of places, for a few days, with our neighbors. —Phillips Brooks.

—:—

Little things are the hinges on which magnificent results turn. In a watch the smallest link, chain, ratchet, cog, or crank, is as essential as the main spring itself. If one fall out the whole will stand still.
—Cumming.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Someone has defined spanking as stern punishment.

—:—

Some people would rather be wrong than to be quiet for a moment.

—:—

"Don't worry" would be a better motto if we added the word, "others."

—:—

The man who is all wool and a yard wide doesn't shrink from doing his duty.

—:—

Part of the white man's burden is to act white while he is dealing with the other colors.

—:—

It certainly must be love when a girl changes her name from Smith to Goofenschlozer.

—:—

A great many people are like buttons—always popping off at the wrong time.

—:—

We believe only half of what we hear about politicians—usually the worst half.

—:—

A local bus driver called out: "Do as you do when you go to church, folks. Move to the back."

—:—

No matter how high you are in your own estimation, you may still be a long way from the top.

—:—

America may be a land of free speech, but every time you do any speaking from a telephone booth you have to put a nickel in the slot.

—:—

As the pastor assumed his new duties as regular preacher at a nudist colony, he remarked, "At last, here's one place where I'll never find any buttons in the collection plate."

It used to be that guinea pigs multiplied the fastest. Then along came government job-holders.

—:—

In driving an automobile or managing a business, it's a good thing to know when to put on the brakes.

—:—

It is possible that the idea for slow motion pictures came to the inventor while watching two Scotchmen reaching for the check in a restaurant.

—:—

Another great drawback about success is that by the time you are rich enough to sleep late, you're so old you wake up early every morning.

—:—

With all the automobile smash-ups on our highways, it seems remarkable that there are enough bridge abutments to go around.

—:—

In the old days, girls used to attend gym classes and use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks. Now they use color in their cheeks to get dumb-bells.

—:—

Also among the people who shouldn't throw stones are the real estate salesmen who claim that the lots or houses they are trying to sell are only a stone's throw from the railroad station.

—:—

A mother had been lecturing her small son, pointing out that we are in this world to help others. The boy considered this for a moment, and then asked, "What are the others for, mama?"

"Of all the surprises,
There's nothing to compare
With treading in the darkness
On a step that isn't there."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 10, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
Charles Smith
Elijah Spivey

COTTAGE No. 1

Thomas McGee
Roger Willard
Lloyd Alley
Robert Rice

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Glenn Evans
Emory King
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Herman Galyan
Robert Melton
Jimmy McCallum

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Robert Wilkins
Howell Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Frank Belk
Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Jack Griffin
Donald Hall
Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Jimmy Wiles

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Marshall Beaver
R. L. Crawford
Kenneth King
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Jimmy Reynolds
Carlton Crawford
Max Ray Herring
Billy Ray
Johnny Weaver
Kenneth McLean
Edward Morgan
Earl Brigman
J. C. Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Allen
Wiliam Baynes
Herbert Brooks
Leroy Cowan
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
William Hyatt
William Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 14

Leonard Allen
Treva Coleman
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Raymond Kiser
Ray Lunsford
Eugene Martin
Clifford Martin
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
James Shook
William Smith
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Aery Hogue
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
James Shepherd
Carl Propst

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Waitus Edge
Donnie Grantham
Garmon Hubbard
Harold Kernodle
Carl Lochlear
Sammie Lynn
Charles McDaniel
Robert Poplin
Leon Poston
Travis Shumate
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Nathan Ashewell
Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt
Eugene Peterson
William Hunter

THE END

———:———

TEN GOOD THINGS

There are ten good things for which no one has ever been sorry—for doing good to all. For speaking evil of no one. For hearing before judging. For thinking before speaking. For holding an angry tongue. For being kind to the distressed. For asking pardon for all wrongs. For being patient toward everybody. For stopping the ear to the tale bearer. For believing the most of the evil reports.—Chicago Scottish Rite Magazine.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 23, 1947 No. 34

FAR GOALS

Set not your goal too near at hand,
Lest it be early won,
And you, content with some small aim,
Leave greater tasks undone.

No great ship on its outbound way
But seeks some harbor far;
And every hill, however high,
Looks upward to a star.

—Frances Crosby Hamlet.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
INVESTIGATING "BEGGARS"	(Catawba News- Enterprise)	11
THANK YOU	(Selected)	12
HIROSHIMA HAS MANY SCARS	(Selected)	14
PERSONALITY	(The Baptist Messenger)	15
THE WAY OF LIFE	(Arkansas Baptist)	16
LIDICE LIVES AGAIN	(Christian Science Monitor)	18
A BOY AND HIS BICYCLE	(Selected)	19
MUSIC HATH CHARMS	By B. B. Hitchcock	20
THE DISCONTENTED PENDULDM	(Our Paper)	21
THE BANNER OF LIBERTY	By B. B. Hitchcock	23
MY FAULTS	(Selected)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE GIFT OF YEARS

The years take many a toll I'm loathe to pay;
They line the face and silver-dust the hair,
And yet all silent each year will lay
A gift against some future dark despair—
A gift so hidden in the heart or mind
It lies unnoticed when the fee is paid
But, oh, how many wintry times I find
New courage that some other year has made!

I then remember some old hour as bleak
As this when hope and every prayer was dead,
So now I wait that certain rosy streak
Of light I know will come. New faith is fed
When one may smile upon forgotten fears!
They bless us quietly, the passing years.

—Dorothy Calloway.

"I AM DEPENDING ON YOU"

Hanging on the walls of health centers and hospitals there is often seen a picture of a small child, and under this picture are the significant words: "I am depending on you." When one sees this picture in its surroundings, immediately there comes the thought that the child for whom this picture speaks is depending on some adult—some person with a specialized training and with special gifts and aptitudes to safeguard and protect its health and to build up its physical strength.

Every time a new boy enters a correctional institution, and throughout the years of his stay, there arises the feeling in the hearts of those who have the responsibilities for training, that the boy, with all his needs and his maladjustments, is saying, with a plaintive tone in his voice, "I am depending on you." Then, along

with this, there emerges the question as to the things for which he is dependent upon others. It is rather easy to understand that he is looking to those who are in charge and who will be his friends and companions, for food, clothing, shelter, and a certain type of training. To the boy generally it is rather mysterious, and he, no doubt, wonders what he may expect and what he may hope to gain.

The boy who is sent to the training school generally is an adolescent child, and he is either in the midst of all the emotional conflicts of the adolescent period, or else he is just entering this period of life. It has been said that generally the adolescent period is so gradual and complex that it requires, in all, approximately eight years, and, of course, it varies between different ages for different children.

Generally speaking, the child who is sent to the correctional institution is described as a maladjusted child—one who has suffered from unwholesome environments, and one who has developed extreme emotionalism and whose temperamental dispositions are out of harmony with normal living. In many instances such children have been the victims of broken homes because of drinking, immorality, and other dissipating evils. In many instances, too, they have had excessive experiences in cheap and sensational thrills as found in movies, in cesspools, and in other contaminating, filthy joints.

When such a child first enters the institution, there are visible earmarks in his behavior and in his general appearance that he has become maladjusted and that he has the handicaps of the antisocial tendencies. Generally, he brings along the record that he has been truant from school, that he has run away from home, and that he has engaged in petty thievery and committed other offenses which have hurt and harmed his whole physical body and his personality. He has, no doubt, incurred a feeling of insecurity so that he wonders whether or not he will ever be accepted as a worthy member of a social group, and whether or not he will ever have the higher and better things for which he may have craved.

The question then is as to how well prepared those who work at the institution are to meet the needs of the boy, and the question also as to how strongly the needs of the particular boy register upon

the souls and the hearts of those who may be responsible for his training. There should always be the feeling that whenever there is a boy within the confines of the state who needs the help of a well-planned training school program, this particular boy is really wanted at the school for the privilege of the school to elevate and enrich the life of this boy who has suffered from the ill effects of substandard living in the home and community.

In the days of long ago, when the Master walked on the Judean hills or by the seashores of Galilee, we are told that the masses of people, with all their ailments and their afflictions, in their ignorance, their weaknesses and their poverty, thronged about Him. With outstretched hands and a plaintive note in their voices, they turned to the Master as much as to say to Him, "I am depending on you."

Then there seems to be that echoing voice which says: "If You fail me there is none other to whom I may go; my needs are great and I have suffered long and grievously, and I plead to You for the comfort and the cure which only You can give." This, of course, was in the early days prior to the discoveries of modern science when there were no powerful remedies such as penecillin, streptomycin, and other such marvelous drugs.

Likewise, wherever there is a tiny babe lying helpless in its cradle, the child by its motions and its noises, with its smiles and with its crying, calls to the mother's heart for whatever needs there may be. The loving mother, sensitive to the pleas of the tiny babe, does her best and gives of her life that she may comfort and meet the needs of the child. She recognizes, without being told, that she has a responsibility which is specifically and definitely her own. She rejoices that she has the privilege, and she knows in her heart that she will not fail, if it is humanly possible to succeed.

The boy who enrolls at a training school looks to the officials in charge for the privilege of a home. It is his first physical need that he have the full assurance that the institution will offer to him food and shelter and clothing, and that he will not endure the ravages of hunger and the ill effects of improper nutrition. Therefore one of the supreme obligations of an institution is that it have as its goal the development of a cottage which offers the best possible substitute for the perfect home.

Another need which the boy always has, though he may not always realize it, is the need for instruction, or for education. The period of childhood is that time in life when children must acquire through the simple tools of learning as much as possible of the elementary knowledge of the world. In the academic department of a training school there is a solemn obligation to have education that is comparable to or even better than what may be found in the public school where the child has already failed.

A third need which every boy has is the need for wholesome and well-directed recreation. Too often it occurs that children, in the childhood period of life, fail to learn games—they fail to learn to play. Unfortunately, they do not develop the play spirit. Consequently, they do not learn the art of getting along with other children. There is an inescapable need for adequate recreation in each and every institution of learning or correction.

In the fourth place, every child needs to learn to like to work. It is important for every individual to learn to work and to derive all the possible benefits from experiences in vocations and professions. Work naturally provides a valuable opportunity for one to find himself in his relation to the rest of the working world. It offers an opportunity for becoming economically independent and for discovering one's own vocational aptitudes and talents. Likewise, it offers an opportunity for the use of energy and for the expression of emotions and sentiments.

No child in an institution should be expected to work too hard, nor for hours that are too long, but he urgently needs to learn to work and to develop the proper respect for honorable work.

Finally, the institution, above all else, should meet the spiritual and religious needs of every boy. It can be asserted that no program of treatment is ever complete or adequate which does not offer good provision for spiritual and religious training. No boy is ever permanently improved until there has been an improvement in his character, and his feet have been planted on the road to higher ideals and more elevated living.

All these things the boy needs. As he looks at those about him he may not utter the thought in so many words, but there is nevertheless the certain sense of responsibility that he is depending on

you. In the spirit of the Master and of the mother in the home, we who serve this boy should be able to declare that he will not fail, if it is humanly possible. The appeal to the heart, the call to the spirit of service within the human heart is more powerful than any edict or any directive which may be issued by high authority.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 24, 1947

August 24—Eugene Martin, Cottage No. 14, 13th birhtday.
August 25—Thelbert Suggs, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
August 26—Sam Finney, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
August 27—Max Ray Herring, Cottage No. 11, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Baseball Game with Rocky River

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Monday, August 2nd, Cottages Nos. 10 and 2 played Rocky River team in a game of baseball. The game was played across the highway on Field No. 1.

The batteries were as follows: For the Jackson Training Sschool—Mr. Tompkinson and Gerald Johnson; and for Rocky River—O. Ross and Smith.

This game was very good, and we enjoyed it very much. The score was tied—3 and -3.

We hope to play this same team again soon in some other sport. We wish to thank Mr. Tompkinson and Mr. Liske for making this game possible.

Visit to Wildwood Cottage

By Carl Holt, 8th Grade

Last Sunday afternoon, after the boys of Cottage No. 15, had milked the cows, they took their supper and some watermelons with them to the cabin which is located about two miles from the School. All the boys had a very good time and enjoyed their trip. They were taken over there by their cottage officer, Mr. Hobby.

Former Student Returns to Visit School

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Samuel Linebarier, a former student of our school, visited us Wednesday and Thursday of last week. He was stopping here on his way from his home in Daytona Beach, Florida to the place where he is now stationed, Washington, D. C.

Sam was in the 8th grade when he left the school. He lived in Cottage No. 15. After leaving the school, he attended school in Daytona Beach. He has been in the army approximately one year and a half. We are pround of the record this fine young man has made since leaving the school.

The Grape Feast

By John Gainey, 3rd Grade

Wednesday, we had a surprise when Mrs. Hawfield brought the 3rd grade some grapes. They were very good. Mrs. Hawfield gave the grapes to not only the 3rd grade, but she also gave them to the 1st and 2nd grades. There was a nice bunch for each boy. We like the grapes very well. Some of them were red, and some of them were white. We ate all of the grapes. After we had eaten them all, we went back to our work.

Wings to Alaska

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade and Thomas Davis, 5th Grade

On Friday morning, the boys enjoyed a very good picture entitled "Wings to Alaska." It was about the Pan American Airways. It showed the people getting in the plane to go to Alaska from the state of Washington.

The plane flew over forests and mountains, but the people in the plane sat comfortably in their seats. If they would get hungry, they would get some sandwiches and drinks.

This picture showed the scenery of Alaska, showing the New World's highest mountain, Mount McKinley. It also showed the world's largest glacier. It showed the totem poles which the Indians of Alaska had there. Some of the Indians were having a meeting of some kind. The picture showed some men fishing. They would bring up many fish at a time. The passengers had their fishing equipment along on the plane. Alaska is a great fishing country, producing salmon, shrimp, and trout. These fish go to various parts of the world. Alaska has many animals, too. The people hunt the bears and other animals for their furs.

It was interesting to see the beautiful waterfalls, the glaciers, and the mountains. Alaska is like the United States in some ways, but in many, many ways it is entirely different. Some of the streets of the cities were like those in the United States in some ways. We saw scenes in and near Fairbanks, Juneau, and other cities. At Fairbanks you can see a baseball game at 12:00 o'clock at night on June 21 without the use of electric lights. The views of the midnight sun were pretty. The mining of gold by the different methods was interesting.

As the picture was such a good one, Mr. Hines showed it to us twice. We thank him for showing it, and we thank Miss Smart for getting this picture for us.

A Song of the Nation

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Friday we saw a picture entitled "A Song of the Nation. This song was "The Star Spangled Banner."

This picture showed Francis Scott Key when he was held prisoner on a ship. While he was a prisoner on this ship, the words of this song came to him early at sunrise.

This song was published in Baltimore, Maryland and has become our Nation's Song.

We wish to thank Mr. Hines and others who made this picture possible, and we hope that we can see another one soon.

This Amazing America

By Thomas Davis, 5th Grade

On August 12th, we had a show entitled "This Amazing America." At the beginning of the story, they were having a quiz program about America. There was a man who answered every question and received a trip on the Greyhound, and just after they had announced that he would get the tour all over America they announced that a girl who had been questioned about America would also receive a trip. She could not answer any questions about America, because she was so dumb. The producer decided she could get the trip, saying "She has a lot to learn." The man who won the trip was a professor, and they said he could get first-hand information about history and geography of our country.

When the girl got on the bus, the professor was reading. He did not like the girl so well. They first went

to Michigan. Then they went on to Boston and saw many interesting things there. They next visited New York, seeing Radio City, Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, etc. From New York, they went to Washington, D. C. They saw the White House, United States Mint, and many other things. They stopped next at Natural Bridge, Virginia—the great stone bridge that Thomas Jefferson bought from King George. They went on to Miami, Florida, stopping at St. Augustine on the way. From there, they went to Key West. Later they went to San Antonio and then to Hollywood, California. They stopped at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. In California, they saw some of the tallest trees in the world, Golden Gate Bridge, and some Indians on the side of the road, dancing.

While out in the mountainous part of the country, the professor wanted to climb one of the mountains. The girl followed him. He fell in love with her and was good to her from then on. They crossed the stream that is the beginning of the Mississippi River. They were walking. The last place they visited was Niagara Falls. They planned to go to Canada on their honeymoon.

Our Pet

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Charlie is Mr. Hawfield's dog. He comes to school almost every day. He goes to sleep on the floor. Sometimes he lies on his back with his feet up in the air. He goes out with us at recess and comes back in with us. He likes to go to the picture show, too. We wonder if he will be promoted to the 4th grade when we are.

———:———

THE UMPIRE IS OUT

My favorite story is of a sandlot baseball game that lasted into late twilight. The trailing home team had finally managed to fill the bases. Two men out and two strikes had been called on the batter. At this crucial moment, the pitcher and catcher of the rival team held a conference.

"It's so dark, nobody can see nothin,' " said the pitcher. "I'm goin' to wind up and make believe I'm throwin' the ball, but instead I'll slip it to you now. After I go through the motions, you pound your glove and pretend to make the catch."

The men returned to their positions and went through the elaborate motions, as proposed. The unpire peered over and bellowed, "Str-r-ike three! You're out!"

At that decision the batter became enraged. He pounded his bat on the plate in a cry of frenzied injustice. "Strike!" he wailed, "That was no strike—it didn't come within two feet of the plate!"

—Selected.

INEVSTIGATING "BEGGARS"

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

During the war years there was a noticeable absence of alms-seekers, but within the past few weeks the Newton business district has seen at least half a dozen wanderers seeking aid for themselves for various reasons.

Today Miss Joseline Harding, superintendent of public welfare for Catawba county, released names of members of a committee from all towns in the county to report such instances to the welfare department, which in turn will investigate the circumstances and render such aid as is advisable when needed.

Much has been said about the North Carolina law, effective July 1, which requires licensing of all individuals, groups, or organizations soliciting funds when the funds are solicited outside the area in which they are to be used. Certain groups are exempt from the law, such as churches, religious and patriotic organizations when their solicitations are within their own groups or area.

Comments made concerning the new law have pointed out that it is vague and incomplete. However, from a local angle, it appears that with a county committee such as has been formed in Catawba county, danger of playing on the sympathy of individuals or organizations for unworthy cases is minimized, if the procedure outlined is followed.

There are few people who do not feel a twinge at turning away a human being who solicits aid, for fear a small gift might make the difference between human suffering and helping to offer relief. It is that trait of human nature that makes unwarranted begging profitable, and it is to curb such instances, and protect the public from such requests that the state law was passed, and that the county committee was formed.

Society has a real problem in its unfortunate members who are driven to the streets for a livelihood. It is for such persons that welfare departments and service organizations are maintained, and it is our opinion that necessary aid should be rendered through an organization which has the facilities to study the cases. While there is still room for improvement, much has been done in the past fifteen years toward caring for the unfortunate. Certainly, the person approached for a dime feels that he can render a greater service through an established agency than through reaching in his pocket and handing out change when he has no way of knowing the actual need of the person soliciting help.

Yoy cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out, or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THANK YOU

(Selected)

Recently I wrote a brief note to my congressman, thanking him for voting for a piece of legislation I thought was especially good. I received the following reply:

"Your letter was both a surprise and a pleasure. I have represented your district for the past thirteen years. In all that time yours is the first letter I have received in which a constituent actually thanked me for doing my duty as a legislator. It was like stumbling upon an oasis in a desert of kicks and complaints. If you ever wish any favors that are within my power to grant, you may be sure your request will receive my prompt personal attention."

This letter was an eye opener. I had been taught from childhood that gratitude is a desirable personal attribute, one that every well bred person would do well to cultivate. Now for the first time I realized that gratitude is also good business. Should I ever seek a favor, I can't imagine an easier way to win it than by a "Thank You".

Experts who make a profession of sampling public opinion, report that our lawmakers are usually months behind their constituents in thinking out the social reforms that we, the public, want them to make into law. The reason that this condition exists is that we Americans as a nation, are to tight-lipped when it comes to expression thanks and approval. We "holler" like mad when things in Washington don't suit us, but we are too often as stingy as Scrooge with our cheers for what good is already being done to help move our nation forward.

This subject was discussed at a dinner recently. One of the guest laughingly commented: "That reminds me of my experience with razor blades. Several years ago I wrote to the manufacturer of a new safety razor blade, thanking him for the big improvement he had made in the familiar article. I received a prompt reply of appreciation from the sales manager. He also sent a big package of razor blades. You'll hardly believe this, but every year since, on the anniversary of that letter, he has sent me another year's supply of razor blades absolutely gratis! Do you blame me for simply oozing over with good will for the company whenever razor blades are mentioned?"

Every one of us, from time to time, runs across a newspaper or magazine article, a poem, editorial, or cartoon that seems to hit us squarely between the eyes. Yet how seldom—if ever—do we let the author know that we have been helped or inspired or pleased?

An invalid woman received a great deal of cheer and comfort from her radio. One day the happy thought came to her that it would be nice to let those responsible for her enjoyment know about it. She now keeps a supply of penny postal cards on her bedside table. Whenever she likes a particular program, she writes a line of thanks to the sponsor as well as to the performer. As a result, she has

built up a fascinating correspondence with people whose names are known around the world.

Two very small words these—"thank you." We say them in a jiffy, but what a lot of good things they can accomplish for us and others before their echo dies away in the hearts of those to whom they are spoken!

———:———

MY GRAMP

My gramp, he never judged a man by one
Bad thing he done, nor by one goodly thing—
Like Jim, the time he stopped up Slocums's spring;
Or Nate, the time he saved the widdy's son
"Taint average, grampy said, "for either lad.
You got to average good and bad.

He never was a hasty man, my gramp
Slow in his speech and slow to spit and smile,
He'd give his plain opinion, after while,
On whether you was really saint or scamp.
("Can't tell," he'd say. "Aint's knowed you very long
Can't alluz tell a mockbirk by his song.")

He'd not look up to any man, or down,
Gramp would'nt; just a level eye-to-eye.
Let others shout or whisper, laugh or sigh,
He'd sort o' shrug and then he'd sort o' frown,
And say, "Don't know. Ain't studied 'bout it yet
To see what kind of average I could get."

We'll now he's dead my gramp. And I'm afeared
There's some that's called him stubborn, cautious, slow;
Though others call him wise, but this I know:
Whatever of my gramp Saint Peter's heard,
He'll take it all—like grampy used to do—
And average up, and shrug, and let him through.

—Mary Elizabeth Counselman

HIROSHIMA STILL HAS MANY SCARS

(Selected)

The special "second atom bomb festival anniversary" editor of the Chugoku press, Hiroshima's largest daily, was off the presses, and the 44-year old Yokimatsu Murakami, assistant chief of the printing department, sat with his shirt off, smoking a cigarette.

His chest and throat bore thick leathery scars—kaloids—the mark of the atom bomb victims. He lost a 16-year old daughter and a two-year old son when his house collasped in the blast.

"We are very lucky to be able to publish today," Murakami said. "If we had not decided to move the presses to a village six miles outside Hiroshima three months before the bomb fell they would have been destroyed.

"Nearly all members of the editorial staff were killed in this building."

The concrete building still stood —pitted, scorched and, like nearly all surviving edifices in partially reconstructed Hiroshima, with no glass in its windows. Approximately 2,500 new frame wooden shops and dwellings dot the devasted area giving the city a little the look of an American frontier town.

Rather proudly Murakami spread the tabloid festival edition out on the table and through the interpreter pointed out the large Japanese characters setting forth the three-day festival program by which Hiroshima was celebrating its atom birthday.

There were to be street dances, fireworks, band concerts, bargain sales and a mammoth sports competition. At exactly 8:15 a. m. two years to the minute since the atom bomb fell, Mayor Shinso Hamai would ring a bell in a tower erected at the estimated center of the blast. Mayor Hamai, in a statement, asked America to send a "peace bell" for the tower, and wished to make Hiroshima an international memorial city to peace.

Through the gaping window came the strains of the 67th Australian infantry battalion band playing "Waltzing Matilda." I asked Murakami a question that had bothered me: Why the holiday spirit to commemorate an event that cost Hiroshima 100,000 lives and leveled 91 per cent of the city?

Murakami looked surprised.

"Because we are the lucky ones," he said. "For us the bomb meant the end of the war and the beginning of a new era of peace. We realize the sacrifice we had to pay was large but if it means peace we are willing to pay it."

———:———

The greatest things in the world have been done by those who systematized their work and organized their time.

—Orison Swett Marden.

PERSONALITY

(The Baptist Messenger)

I slept in a strange room last night, stranger to me than any I have ever known—the ridiculous little lock on the strange door seemed so inadequate against the great quiet, dark night world of London—and what a bed, soft and large enough, but made up in such a strange and impractical way—the bed lamp frightened me at first with a strange switch, strange trade name on the bulb, strange funny little socket.

Every thing has been strange in the sad hungry city of London— strange accents, strange unknown foods with stranger names—my thoughts were running wild so I put out the light.

In the dark I felt so alone—sleep tugged to pull my eyelids shut—a queer dream took shape in my half-was it homesickness? My memory flew back across an ocean and time—I was a little boy assorting by size the jumbled spice cans of my father's new store—but my work was in vain and I was confused for he explained the cans had different names and belonged in different places regardless of size.

I felt so helpless, so alone—for a moment I could not tell whether I was at my father's spice counter or in London—homesickness—then I was wide awake—the brave little whistle of one of those English trains spurted hoarseley in the distance—I came to myself—what nonsense—or was it nonsense?

I flipped the switch—light filled the room—I pulled at a nail in the plastered wall—out it came, but it, too, was strange—square and of odd length—my thoughts turned to who might have had that same experience in that same room—some other American—some soldier, perhaps—even my brother who did not return from war—surely he slept in some lonely London hotel room—then I wondered, what was his homesickness like. Surely, ten thousand times worse than mine—Did he have a spice-counter dream?—What was it—What awful nostalgia was his?—What foreboding, aided as he was by the howling of the banshee, the air-raid sirens.

Restless on my bed I pray, "God hear me. Help me to preserve by prayer and faith what good there was in the cause for which he died."

———:———

The real democratic American idea is, not that every man shall be on a level with every other, but that everyone shall have liberty, without hindrance, to be what God made him.—H. W. Beecher.

THE WAY OF LIFE

(Arkansas Baptist)

Recently a newspaper carried a story of a man who boarded a bus with full intention and desire of going to Detroit, but after a long and tiresome journey found himself in Kansas City. He had caught the wrong bus. This sort of thing goes on continually in human experience.

Many have had the disappointing experience of catching the wrong bus. They sincerely desire the best things of life—happiness, friends, security, and the abundant life. But landing at their destination after a long journey they find instead, insecurity, discontent, and disappointment. They find something altogether different from what they have been looking for. They find themselves in the same position as the man that started for Detroit and landed in Kansas City.

Certainly the Prodigal Son never started for the swine pen. He started, as have many of his successors, in quest of the happy life that he thought could be found in traveling some way other than the way that had been prescribed by the Father.

There are many that are preaching a way of life. But any man that calls people to follow another way than Christ is an imposter. Christ's way is not just a way alongside many other ways. Christ's way is the way for everbody, everwhere, under every condition. When Thomas said unto Jesus, "How can we know the way?" Jesus replied by saying,"I am the way, the truth and the life: No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

When we fail to follow Christ's way in life, we not only fail to reach our desired destination, but we fail to find the things that contribute to happiness all along the journey. Life itself has a tendency to go to pieces. There is no central cohesion—no lasting cement to hold it together. We find ourselves unable to stand the strain of the storms.

We are told that when Rear Admiral Richard Byrd lost his bearings in the Antarctic night that when the realization dawned upon him that he was lost, that he grew sick inside. How many have grown mentally and spiritually sick inside when they realize that they had missed the way of life that God set out for them. One grows weak and insecure not only because of his helplessness and insecurity but because of a consciousness of what one has missed along the way, and because of the destination that he will soon land.

Are you walking along like a blind man who taps every object within his reach to test its security, to see if it can be trusted? Or, are you walking like a child that skips its way home joyfully, at the close of a busy day in school? Are you dissatisfied with the way that you have been walking? Are you ready to abandon the low way and walk the highway of God? Do you have a holy desire for the better way of life? Do you want to be made whole?

This desire constitutes the first step in the process of finding the better way of life. God does not save one against his will. It is the stub-

born will that keeps people from coming to Christ that they might have life. Certainly, it is our sins that separate us from God; but it is our stubborn will that keeps God from bridging the chasm.

If you would walk in His way, you must turn around and follow the opposite end of the road that you have traveled. You must turn your back on the things that you have been tapping and testing for security, and step out on the eternal promises of God. "If any man willeth to do His will he shall know of the teachings, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

Again we are told, "As many as received Him to them gave He the power to become the sons of God, even them that believed on His name." Oh! that men everwhere today would begin to walk Jesus' way.

The Christain way is not an easy way, but it is a glorious way. As you come to accept Christ and His way of life sunshine will be on the inside of life as well as on the outside. Our prayer in the name of Christ today is that men may now choose to follow Him. May this moment be the deciding moment, for as we have received information may there be that transformation that only Christ can bring.

———:———

QUERY E. NICHOLSON

I dream of the day in the future so far,
That glorious day I can follow that star,
Shining so brightly and whispering to me,
"Today is the day you will be set free."

And then I shall go and attempt what I can,
To do all of the good that in here I plan,
I'll go to the man whose home I once burgled,
And pay him back so that debt will be nulled.

I shall stroll to the place where one certain day,
I took with my gun a working-man's pay,
And over his face will spread a wide grin,
When I return to him that for which I did sin.

Much joy will exist in that family so poor,
Their rent from now on I'll promise them sure,
And their children will be the very best schooled,
As payment for those con games befooled.

Now why can't that day in the future so far,
Come quickly to me and prison gates unbar,
So what I have planned these past years so long,
Will not be postponed too late to right wrong?

LIDICE LIVES AGAIN

(Christian Science Monitor)

The foundation stone was laid the other day for a new Lidice to replace the one destroyed by the Germans—as they then declared, forever—on June 10, 1942.

The old Lidice was a little mining village. Wrongfully accused of sheltering the two Czech parachutists from Britain who had shot Heinrich Heydrich, the sleeping villagers were waked and dragged from their beds, the men to a farmhouse and the women and children to the village school. There they were told that by orders of Reichsfuhrer Hitler the village was to be razed, males over 16 years of age shot, the women and girls deported to concentration camps, and the children taken where they would be given "suitable upbringing."

Of the 493 persons in the village at the time, 192 males and seven women perished that morning; 189 women were removed, of whom 124 survived, and 105 children disappeared, of whom only 17 have been traced. Eleven workers on the night shift in the mines escaped. So did some others who were away from home.

Later, the Germans blew up every building, ground the stones, including those in the cemetery, to powder, and even altered the course of the little brook that runs through the valley so that the name and remembrance of Lidice should be erased forever from the book of human knowledge.

Instead, they graved their crime indelibly on the roll of history and lighted, like Cranmer of old, such a candle of indignation that it hastened their own defeat. Exactly one month after the German communique was issued saying that the name of Lidice had been erased there wes a new Lidice in Illinois. Four weeks later there was another in Mexico. The name spread to Brazil, China, Cuba, and South Africa, where it replaced that of New Berlin. In Canada, a whole county adopted the name. Today there are dozens of Lidices throughout the world instead of only one. Indeed, there may be hundreds, because a number of children in various countries have been named Lidice, too.

In Great Britain, the miners started a fund which they called "Lidice Shall Live." It handed over £32,375 as its contribution toward building the new Lidice, which it is estimated will cost £500,000 before it is finished. In addition, Stoke and Coventry are each paying the cost of erecting one new house in the village.

The plans for the new village were drawn up by experts of Columbia University. There are to be 170 dwelling houses, various communal buildings, shops, restaurants, and the headquarters of the International Mine Safety Association.

Not one of the new buildings is to be placed on a site occupied by any of the buildings of the old Lidice. This area has been declared a national park. The former paths and streets will be marked with their old names, and there will be a plaque on the actual site of each destroyed house bearing the names of those who lived

there when the village was obliterated. The ground plan of the original church will be marked, and a stone alter erected in place of the old one.

A BOY AND HIS BICYCLE

(Selected)

Down in Atlanta, Ga., that other day, 12 year old Arlie Truelove went to a public auction at police headquarters. Arlie hoped to buy a bicycle with the nickels and dimes and pennies he had saved. Time and again the youngster started the sale with a firm bid of "One dollar and seventy-five cents" and each time a higher bid was entered. But let Gabriel Heatter tell the story as he did recently over the Mutual network.

"They were selling bicycles at an auction." said Mr. Heatter to his radio audience. "And there he stood. A wide-eyed boy, with all the money he had managed to save by scrimping for months on end. One dollar and seventy-five cents. Nickels, dimes, pennies. The auction almost broke the boy's heart. A bike would be brought to the platform.

"What am I bid?" the auctioneer would ask.

"Five dollars somebody would call out. Somebody else would say 'Six!' And there he was with one dollar and seventy-five cents.

"One by one the bikes were auctioned off. Now there were only two left.

"What am I bid for this one?" said the auction. 'She's a beauty.'

"One dollar and seventy-five cents," said the boy. This time desperately.

"Seven dollars," said a junk dealer.

"Sold for seven dollars!"

"One bicycle left. Streamlined. red, the most beautiful the boy had ever seen.

"Again the auctioneer asked, "What am I bid?"

"This time the boy's bid came almost in a whisper of heartbreak. "One dollar and seventy-five cents." He looked around at the others in the room. The others looked back at the boy. Looked back and understood. Nobody bid. Not a word, and the auctioneer smiled and then just as fast as any auctioneer ever said it, he cried, "Going, Going, Gone"

"Sold to the boy for one dollar and seventy-five cents. Yes, there's plenty of good will around."

The power of little things has often been noted that we accept it as an axiom, and yet fail to see, in each beginning, the possibility of great events.—F. P. Edwards.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

By Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper.

As we listen to the strains of Schubert's "Ave Maria," we do not have to be in church to appreciate its elevating appeal to the hearts of humanity. Yet, how many of God's children pause long enough to realize the power imbued in any melodious composition? In music we yearn for the perfection of truth; for the higher element which has a definite influence upon humanity. In music we hear the voice of God, for it is the omnipotent Lord who guides the minds of men as they arrange these masterpieces to ease the heartaches of humanity. When a handful of notes are arranged in proper sequence to lift the hearts of men from sorrow, to ease the fears of the future and soothe the nerves which vibrate from the tension of life, surely there is a superlative power to guide these compositions.

Music carries with it the history of the world. For every highlight in history there is a memorable composition to commemorate the event. When disaster befalls mankind they seek the solace of God and many are comforted by their God through the medium of music. Virtually everyone has reconstructed the terror which surrounded the sinking of the "unsinkable" Titanic as it spelled death for its passengers. As the waters separated to claim the lives of those aboard, from the stern of the ship a band blared forth and filled the air with the strains of "Nearer, My God, To Thee." Each individual aboard that ship saw Truth in his mind. Over every tongue flowed words of "Nearer, My God," to form a prayer. There never will be more sincerity uttered in prayer, nor more truth than was on board the Titanic that fateful night. As men surrendered to the sea, the reality was eased, for in their minds they had made their peace through music. Even in this modern era, the power of music is manifested when we read of those heroic American soldiers of World War II who are being recalled from the battlefield of insanity through the medium of music. There is more to these modern miracles than the science of man: There is Truth—Perfection—There is God.

———:———

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers, is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.—Lowell.

THE DICONTENTED PENDULUM

(Our Paper)

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surpise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that',' said the dial, is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look thru?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it' is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out, besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can tell me the exact sum?" The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—"I'll stop!"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden

suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do; would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you,"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that, although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

———:———

HE FINDS 19 $100 BILLS

The honesty of an unemployed engineer was responsible for the recovery of $1,900 in bills lost by Robert B. Taylor, 50, Greenville, S. C., automobile dealer.

George L. Bow, 32, father of three children, was driving his automobile on a lonely highway yesterday when he noticed a flurry of green paper. He stopped his car and found 19 bills of $100 each.

Although Bow, his wife, and their three children live in a trailer camp for lack of a house he turned the money over to state police.

Four hours later, Taylor inquired at the police barracks about the money. It was returned to him after he named the correct amount and the size of the denominations.

Talyor said he had tucked the money in his rolled-up shirt sleeve because he feared robbery, and lost it while driving to his temporary headquarters in Lansdowne.—Selected.

THE BANNER OF LIBERTY

By Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper

It was in the year of 1888 that the editors of Youth's Companion (Boston, Mass.) embarked upon a campaign to arouse every man, woman and child from the haphazardness of life and to stimulate their interest in national affairs. Over every schoolhouse a flag would flutter in the breeze of freedom, but, something to make every citizen "American conscious" was lacking, and so it was that James B. Upham of Malden, Mass. was commissioned to create the bulk which would occupy the vacancy in each patriot's heart.

They will never be unveiled for mankind to appreciate, those agonizing hours of long ago. No man will ever realize the inadequacy James B. Upham experienced in his expansive search for expresssion. And yet he succeeded in his quest for perfection. Never in the annals of history has any statesman ever delivered a statement so complete with human expression and yet so terse as those immortal words which are repeated daily by tomorrow's leaders, the school-children of today.

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

To utter this pledge, is indeed a privilege; a privilege granted to all Americans, not only on June 14th, but on every glorious day steeped in the freedom of United States History.

Yes, this approching June 14 is indeed the anniversary of a page of history which was torn from the calendar of 1777. We might well retrace those years 4 decades or so, for it was on September 21, 1737 that Francis Hopkinson was instilled with the breath of life. It was the freedom of American life in Philadelphia which prompted his design of the first Great Seal of the United States; numerous coins, and many items of paper currency. This same love of liberty lent impetus to his composition of "My days have been so wonderous Free."

Not only did Francis Hopkinson affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence when his spirit of patriotism commanded, but it was he—not Betsy Ross—who designed the Stars and Stripes, which is the symbol of the United States of America.

Since the year 1818, each additional state required the addition of a star to the American Flag. This addition necessitated the rearrangement of the stars until the present arrangement which consists of six rows of eight stars each was adopted. A Congressional decree authorizes the addition of a star honoring each new state on the next succeeding July 4th, however, no provision was made for the arrangement. Down through the years the field of blue has been speckled with stars in varied patterns. In 1775 patriots saluted a standard with 13 alternate blue and silver stripes in the upper left hand corner; 1776 saw 13 alternate white and red stripes with the St. George and St. Andrew crosses in the blue field, 1777 had a circle of 13 stars in

the field of blue; 1795 veered from tradition and the flag had 15 alternate red and white stripes, with 15 stars in a blue field, 3 rows of 5 stars each.

And so on this "Flag Day," let us Day," let us think, not only of our think, not only of our country, but also of the men who have made this nation the envy of the world, and the salvation of the oppressed.

———:———

WIPE OUT THE PLAGUE

Killed: 33,500. Injured: 1,150,000.

Cold facts that represent the annual toll of traffic accidents on our streets and highways.

Those who consider the implications of these tragic figures are impressed by them and at the same time are appalled by the proof that a dreadful plague has settled over the nation. For our annual traffic accident rate is indeed a plague. It sweeps over the country every day and leaves in its wake twisted, lifeless bodies or painfully mangled limbs.

Translated into terms of grief, physical and mental suffering, frustrated hopes and economic loss, this ravaging plague overwhelms the mind. Just as cancer and infantile paralysis can snatch children from their families, so can the unsafe driver behind the wheel of a powerful automobile. Just as disease can and does take fathers and mothers away, leaving children without protection and wards of the state, so can the traffic accident.

Yet, people who shudder at the mention of cancer, heart disease or any other sickness continue to take needless risks while driving. People who cannot bear the sight of an injured kitten at the same time carelessly walk in front of vehicles at risk of their own limbs.

It is time we waked up to ourselves. It is time all the people unite in responsible effort to save the lives and homes of themselves and their neighbors.

Wipe out the plague. Make America safe.

—Morganton News-Herald.

MY FAULTS

(Selected)

Did it ever occur to you that you are the most tolerany and understanding person on earth; that you overlook and make excuses, no end, for the faults and shortcomings of a fellow you live with every day, the chap who is you, yourself?

Well, whether it ever occurred to you or not, it's the truth.

The average man, whose faults are so numerous he could hardly list them, will rise to heights of anger when he discovers a couple of minor faults in his wife. There are thousands of women whose weaknesses and inconsistencies are legion, who ruin their homes and rob their lives of happiness ever weaknesses they have discovered in their husbands.

Most of we humans have a miserable habit of remembering and clinging to our wrongs while we accept our benefits as a matter of course and take the tolerance of others for granted. We are quick to criticize and slow to praise; eager to take offense and laggard on offering forgiveness.

It's so easy to find excuses for ourselves and the things we have done or said; easy to alibi our own shortcomings; easy to build up a sense of wrong and to justify our own pigheadedness.

Think of the way men punish their wives when they believe their wives have wronged them! The methods women use to retaliate against the men they love! The homes which are hells of controversy, instead of havens of peace and tranquility they were intended to be! The poutings, jealousies and sarcasms!

In the lust for the sufferings of those we profess to love, we humans have never yet achieved the level of self-respecting animals. In the face of disagreement we become disagreeable. Faced by opposition, we become belligerent. Blind to ugliness within ourselves, we dig with all our energies to bring out the ugliness of others.

If we would lose a friend, let's criticize him. If we would lose a wife, let's forget to praise her good qualities. If we would drive a husband from his home, let's forget about his virtues and bear down, constantly, on the ugliness of his vices.

Yes, we contrive to get along with one person who has faults aplenty! We're pretty nice to him, ourself.

———:———

Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.—Henry Van Dyke.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Jackson Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 91st Psalm. As the text for his message to the boys, he selected the first verse —"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

At the beginning of the service it was announced that this would be the last regular service to be conducted here by Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, and appreciation was expressed for many valuable services rendered the school by him over a long period of years. Within the next month he and his family will move to East Gastonia, where he has accepted a call to assume charge of another church.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner responded by saying that one of the things he was certain he was going to miss upon leaving Concord, would be his regular contact with the school. He said that for more than seventeen years he had thoroughly enjoyed coming to us at regular intervals. He added that he would continue to be interested in the fine work of this institution, and that his prayer would be that the work carried on here would continue for many years.

The speaker's first comment on the announced text was that the secret place is where the soul of man meets with God in fellowship and communion. That is one of the beautiful thoughts of today. To dwell in that secret place means to be in close touch with God. Many times in our lives we miss much by failing to draw aside from the busy world and meet in the secret place with God.

Sometimes we visit beautiful mountains, continued the speaker, and we are thrilled by the view of countless beautiful scenes. At the moment, we make up our minds to tell our friends of the scenic beauty when we return home. Then we quite often find that when we get back home, we are unable to adequately describe the many wonderful things we have seen.

The same thing applies to the many beautiful passages of Scripture, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. We realize their beauty as we read them and contemplate their meaning as a guide to right living. While we may understand them fairly well, we often find it quite difficult to describe them to others. While we may have the beauty of the words in our hearts, we cannot make others see them as we do.

The speaker then pointed out that what people need today more than anything else is to be able to grasp the beauty and the fullness of God's works. Amid all the confusion of the present era we may not feel the great power of God unless we get in touch with Him in reverence and in silence. God wants us to draw aside from thoughts of material things and enter into the secret place with Him. He tells us: "Be still, and know that I am God."

There are many times when we would like to escape the realities of life, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, but we should not try to do so. By facing

live. Many people try to escape these realities we may learn how to through fear. There are very few persons who do not have fear for themselves and for others. We are weak at the best, and we need to recognize that weakness.

It was then pointed out that some people become very bitter because of the trying things that come into their lives. That is the wrong attitude to take. We must realize that many of the things which God sends into our lives, which at the time seem somewhat unjust, are really blessings in disguise. There are bright sides to many of those dark things if we will only look for them.

The speaker then called attention to the fact that David went through many trying experiences, but he never lost his faith in God. He wrote: "God is my refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble." The test of our faith is to trust in God, no matter how much we are caused to suffer. He will always help us in hours of need.

Quite a number of people, said the speaker, suffer much misery because of fear as to what terrible ordeals might be in store for them. Such people are constantly thinking of what have been called "ghosts of fears." Such a trend of thought indicates a lack of trust in God. God says: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee." If we would only believe that statement, we need not have any fear as to our ability to cope with the great problems of life.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High" means that we should turn to a place of reverence and meditation, and get into closer touch with God. The busier the life, the more we need this secret place of fellowship with Him.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that they should not put off serving God until later in life, but should start right at the present moment. He stated that to each boy before him at the moment, many opportunities would come every day to speak a kind word, to do a kind deed, and to keep thinking of doing the right thing as he goes through life. He urged them not to forget that we all need God, and to get in touch with Him at every opportunity, in order to get sufficient strength for fighting life's battles.

TODAY

I'm tired but happy, now that day is done, I did my best.
Through commonplace things and vexing words, I stood the test;
I did not knowingly hurt a thing, or stoop to lie;
My impulse to add to scandal made me blush—I passed it by.
I'm weary but happy, now that day is done—I lived it well
I'm glad I spoke a cheering word; the wrong I did not tell.
I'm glad I did a kindly act to him who did me wrong.
I wish I might always live each day like this, and be as strong.

—Blanche Tromble Evans.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.

—:—

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.—Shakespeare.

—:—

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.—Mercier.

—:—

False modesty is the refinement of vanity. It is a lie.—Bruyere.

—:—

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.
—O. W. Holmes.

—:—

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is most in the wrong.
—Necker.

—:—

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.
—Exchange.

—:—

We must love men, ere to us they will seem worthy of our love.
—Shakespeare.

—:—

Delay not till tomorrow to be wise; tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise.—Congreve.

—:—

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

—:—

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.
—Sterne.

—:—

There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed.
—Magoon.

The hell that a lie would keep a man from, is doubtless the very best place for him to go.—G. Macdonald.

—:—

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only fixed by those which are real.
—DeMoy.

—:—

While prosperous you can number many friends; but when the storm comes you are frequently left alone.
—Ovid.

—:—

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—Franklin.

—:—

If we would amend the world we should mend ourselves and teach our children to be not what we are but what they should be.—Penn.

—:—

True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can any feigned thing be lasting.—Cicero.

—:—

There is no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved.
—S. Smiles.

—:—

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do the flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing.—Longfellow.

—:—

Mere outward reformation differs as much from regeneration as whitewashing an old rotten house differs from pulling it down and building a new one in its place.—Toplady.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Philosophy is just common sense in a dress suit.

—:—

Rules for making a speech: Get up; speak up; shut up; sit down.

—:—

The man of few words doesn't have to take so many of them back.

—:—

A good way to keep cool is to work hard enough to start a breeze.

—:—

The man of the hour is usually the one who makes every minute count.

—:—

Life is like a camel; you can make it do most anything except back up.

—:—

Life must be worth living. The cost has doubled and still we hang on.

—:—

Those were the good old days when nobody but baseball umpires called strikes.

—:—

Doc Anklam says: "Light sure travels at amazin' speed until it hits the human mind."

—:—

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact.

—:—

Occasionally one finds a girl who would rather remain single, but most of them would rather knot.

—:—

Love-making hasn't changed much in 2,500 years. Greek maidens used to sit and listen to a lyre all evening, too.

—:—

It's easy to understand the queer antics of the present generation if you will recall that highchairs were easy to fall out of thirty years ago.

Some people are so progressive that they don't wait until the first of April to make fools of themselves.

—:—

Green paint may be removed from the seat of a pair of white duck trousers with a bottle of ordinary turpentine, a stiff brush—and a pair of scissors.

—:—

A well-known newspaper columnist recently stated that an optimist is one who, believing the world is going to the dogs, starts another dog food factory.

—:—

They say that a certain young man married a girl because her rich uncle left her a million dollars. We believe he would have married her no matter who left it to her.

—:—

A little girl was asked to write an essay on the Society of Friends. She wrote: "They are also called Quakers. They are a very peaceful people who never quarrel and fight. I think papa is a Quaker, but I am sure mother is not."

—:—

If nature never blunders, why is it that prunes are more healthful than strawberries, and why is it that she didn't make the mosquito a vegetarian with a yen for spinach instead of a blood-sucking pest to worry humans?

—:—

A young Brooklyn soldier was on maneuvers in Oregon. Having a few minutes to himself after evening chow, he strolled to the woods, and soon came back with a handful of rattlesnakes rattles. "Where in the world did you get them?" gasped his alarmed companion. "Off'n a woim," replied the lad from Brooklyn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 17, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Cecil Burleson
Roger Ivey
Omie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Franklin
James Jones
Wilton Wiggins
William Britt
Earl Hensley
Robert Ellers
Avery Brown
Paul Church
Carl Church
Robert Rice

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Blake
Julian Commander
William Holder
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Chester Lee
Woodrow Mace
Nathan McCarson
William McVicker
Ray Naylor
James Scott
Russell Seagle
Henry Shepherd
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Talmadge Duncan
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
Emory King
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
John McKinney
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Clifton Rhodes
Olin Sealey
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Odean Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Ernest Kitchin
Coy McElvin
James Myers
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
James Wilson
Jimmy McCallum

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Robert Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Robert Galyan
Earl Hollaman
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Leroy Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Thomas Edwards
Edd Guinn
Horace Jordan

Philip Kirk
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Frank Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
Raymond Cloninger
Jimmy Delvechio
Emmett Fields
Jack Griffin
Donald Hail
Paul Hendron
Herman Hutchins
Lester Ingle
Eugene Newton
Glenn Singletary
Charles Stanley
Jimmy Wiles
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10
Charles Angel
J. C. Mikeal
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11
Robert Billings
Roy Lee Eddings
Conley Haney
William Smith
Max Ray Herring
Carlton Crawford
Bill Ray
Johnny Weaver
Kenneth McLean

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Earl Allen
Hurbert Brooks
Leroy Cowan
Ralph Drye
Earl Grant
William Lunsford

COTTAGE No. 14
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Clifford Martin
Eugene Martin
Leon Poston
Jerry Rippy
Carl Rice
James Shook
William Smith
James Walters
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Donald Ross
Frank Sargent
James Shepherd
Carl Propst

INDIAN COTTAGE
Waitus Edge
Bernie Hauser
Harvey Jacobs
Carl Lochlear

INFIRMARY
Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt
Eugene Peterson

———:———

Memory is the treasure-house of the mind wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.—Fuller.

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 30, 1947 No. 35

BARGAIN FOR LIFE

It matters not the hardships,
With which the heart must cope;
Success will crown its struggle,
If it never loses hope.

It matters not the pressure,
When things get really trying;
There's happiness ahead,
If it keeps its spirit flying.

—T. Nugent.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF PASTOR NIEMOELLER	(Charlotte Observer)	11
LABOR IS THE ONLY WEALTH	(The Coastland Times)	14
PEACE—IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL	(Stanly News & Press)	15
THE CHILDREN'S HOME, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.	By S. G. Hawfield	16
STONEMAN'S RAID DESCRIBED IN DIARY	(Catawba News-Enterprise)	18
YOU CAN'T GET WHAT YOU DON'T PAY FOR	(The Coastland Times)	20
LET'S TALK TURKEY	By Virginia Beddell	22
HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE	(NTA Clip Sheet)	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TWO BUILDERS

Reputation—he raised its shaft
In the crowded market place;
He built it out of his glorious deeds,
And carved them upon its face;
He crowned its towering top with bays
That a worshipping world supplied;
Then he passed—his monument decayed,
And his laurels drooped and died.

Character—he built its shaft
With no thought of the pillar to be;
He wrought intangible things like love
And truth and humanity;
Impalpable things like sacrifice
And sympathy and trust;
Yet steadfast as the eternal hills
It stood when he was dust!

—Daniel M. Henderson.

A NUMBER OF BOYS NOW BEING RELEASED

Here at the Jackson Training School we are in the midst of a time when we are releasing a good many boys so that they may return to their homes and re-enter the public schools of the state. We think it is a wise policy to let the boys have an opportunity to resume their work in the schools at the beginning of the new year, and we are delighted for them to have their chances. The releases for a number of boys have been delayed a few weeks or months so that the boys might continue their school work here and gain some additional advancement. We will be delighted if the boys do find it possible to re-enter the public schools and be successful in their school work.

Last week we had the unusual experience of releasing a boy who

had made an unusually good record here. He had served as a paper carrier on a local route, and at times had done some substitute watchman service. This boy was Robert Wilkins. It was found that when Robert was ready to leave he had accumulated almost $250, and after purchasing his clothing he carried most of the money with him. Robert was one of the most dependable boys to ever be at the school. He and his brother, Leroy, who also made a good record, were permitted more than once to visit their home. Both of the boys were members of a Boy Scout troop here. Robert was rated as a star paper carrier. He was well liked by all the patrons on his route, and he had the reputation for honesty and integrity. His brother Leroy is probably just as dependable, although he did not have the opportunity to be out and away from the school as much.

We wish to commend both of these boys and to point to their fine examples as a goal for all the other boys.

We wish for all the boys who are going home now much happiness and success. We shall miss them here at the school, but we shall always follow them with our prayers and our interest. We will look forward to the time when they will come back for a visit.

* * * * * * * *

THE SCHOOL LOSES THREE VALUABLE WORKERS

On August 22nd, the school suffered the loss of three staff members who have served the institution for more than twenty years each, and who gave many of the best years of their lives to the services of the boys here.

Mr. James H. Hobby, who has been supervsior of the dairy for many years, on orders of his doctor, found it necessary to leave his work. Mr. Hobby first began work at the school on September 15, 1916, which means he had been connected with the institution almost thirty-one years. We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to him for his splendid services to the institution and particularly to the boys. He seemed always to take great delight in trying to help the boys who came under his guidance and supervision.

As supervisor of the dairy, Mr. Hobby not only had most of the responsibility for the training of twenty-five or thirty boys, but also the care and upkeep of a large dairy herd. He also had the responsibility of keeping the dairy machinery and equipment in good operating condition. All of these activities involved heavy responsibilities and long hours of work.

We wish for Mr. Hobby a speedy recovery and many long years of happiness and success wherever he may go.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris are leaving the school after many years of faithful service. Mr. Morris, on the orders of his doctor, has found it necessary to take disability retirement and leave the institution. This meant, of course, that Mrs. Morris had to give up her work, too.

Mr. Morris has completed more than twenty-two years of service, and during that time he had been faithful to his duties and had successfully trained a large number of boys who came under his supervision. For many years he served as assistant farm superintendent and cottage officer. We wish to express our appreciation to Mr. Morris and to wish for him a speedy recovery and many years of happiness and success.

Mrs. Frank Morris came to the institution May 21, 1927, more than twenty years ago, and has served as cottage matron continuously since that time. She helped to operate a neat and clean cottage, and the boys under her supervision received thorough training. We wish to express to her our appreciation and also our best wishes.

The school regrets to lose the services of these people. Through their many years of experience at the institution, they had learned how to help with the treatment of boys who come here. However, they all leave us in the spirit of friendship and good will, and we are sure that they reluctantly sever their connections with this institution.

* * * * * * * *

TREATMENT OF EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED CHILDREN

Generally, the child who is sent to a correctional institution is suffering, at the time of his commitment, from some sort of emo-

tional disturbance which has thrown him off his feet and caused him to be unbalanced socially and ill adjusted in his home and in his community. Those who work at a correctional institution learn to accept the fact that they will have to deal with the child who is emotionally disturbed more or less. There are varying degrees of emotional disturbances and various aspects of mental afflictions.

Generally, the emotional disturbances arise in the life of a child on account of about four causes—first, a lack of adequate rest, relaxation, and nutrition, which leads to physical weaknesses and exhaustion; second, an environment that is super-charged with bickerings, dissension, social conflicts, and personal tensions between various members of the family; third, improverished home conditions which lead to fear and a feeling of insecurity; fourth, an unwholesome atmosphere of moral depravity, dissipation and degredation.

All four of these factors generally play their part in causing children to be emotionally disturbed. Because of these factors, the emotional poise of the children is frustrated, and they from day to day find that they have no strong, stabilizing force in their lives, that they have no moral or social equivalent, equal to or stronger than the other impelling forces which tend to dominate their entire mental, physical, and social environment.

Because of these devastating forces, children tend to develop the following emotional conflicts:

A. Some become exceedingly temperamental. They suffer from violent outbreaks of temper, and at times they seem to have no control over their tempers, so that they become imbued with the raving and ranting spirit or disposition.

B. Some become shy and timid and diffident. They manifest a deep sense of the lack of self-confidence because something has destroyed the finest sentiments of their hearts.

C. Some develop various manias or phobias. For instances, some become kleptomaniacs so that they seem to have an irresistible urge to steal. They seem to enjoy the cheap thrill that goes along with taking something that belongs to another.

D. Some develop very aggressive attitudes through many experiences of cheap thrills and cheap excitement and daring adventure, and they tend to become bold. Then, too, there are those who

because they have been forced to fight to take care of themselves have learned to become aggressive and self-reliant.

E. Some become defiant and disobedient to the extent that they become incorrigible. Over a period of time they have become stubborn and obstinate, and they rebel against any efforts towards discipline and control by authority.

F. Some learn that the way for them to gain desired goals is to create a scene or demand extraordinary consideration and attention.

These are some of the types of mental disturbances which beset various children. Generally, the child who is in a substandard and impoverished home is in greatest danger of these disturbances because he has no adequate home refuge to which he may go in his time of need.

In any program of treatment designed to alleviate or remove these emotional disturbances, there are the following fundamental principles which should be kept in mind:

First, if the children are to be helped, this can be done only through a slow and steady process of correction and rehabilitation through several months and even years. It will be necessary for such children to enjoy numerous elevating experiences in recreation, in social contacts, and in religious activities. The process of rehabilitation or reformation cannot occur as if by magic or by some single event in the life of the child.

Second, if the children are to be rehabilitated they should have the privilege of living day by day in an environment of both home and community where there will be harmony and good will and where there will be freedom from dissension and nervous tensions, freedom from fussing and from personal quarrels.

Third, if the children are to be permanently rehabilitated emotionally they should have the benefit of a wholesome, moral environment, free from the base and sordid depravity and degredation of others, that tend to destroy character.

Fourth, if the children are to be stabilized emotionally they should have numerous wholesome, constructive activities that will tend to build up their self-pride and their self-confidence.

Fifth, to be restored permanently, the children should learn the

inevitable lesson of self-discipline. They must learn this greatest lesson of all, that self-control for the good of others is the highest form of individual behavior.

Sixth, for permanent reformation children should have an adequate amount of nutritious foods. It is a postive fact that no reformation for children can ever occur when their stomachs are empty or even when their bodies are not supplied with an adequate amount of a well balanced diet. It is a well-known fact that in the war-torn countries of Europe today the children are suffering untold tragedies because the supply of food is desperately short. But even in a free country such as America is, there are children in many of the substandard homes who suffer from the same ravages as prevail in Europe and elsewhere.

Seventh, for the establishment of emotional stability all children should feel that there is someone who has an affection for them, that there is someone who cares, that there is someone to whom they may go with their personal problems. If children have been neglected, if they have been kicked around from pillar to post, they should have someone with a warm and understanding heart to whom they may go with their burdens. This means that if the correctional institution fails to offer this refuge, in its weakness it tends to continue and prolong the same devastating influences that have played such a conspicuous part previously in the lives of the children.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of August 31, 1947

September 1—Clyde Hill, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
September 2—Billy Hamilton, Cottage No. 7, 14th birthday.
September 3—Frank Spivey, Cottage No. 7, 13th birthday.
September 4—Joe Edward McCall, Cottage No. 7, 14th birthday.
September 5—Jesse Peavey, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
September 5—Thomas Martin, Cottage No. 2, 13th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Football Training Begun

By Charles Autry, 8th Grade

Since football is one of our major sports at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, quite a large number of boys have gone out for football practice. Football training has started! Here at the Training School, we do calisthenics. It is extra hard training, but we think it is worth it.

The coaches are Mr. Walters and Mr. Corliss, and the manager is Glenn Evans. We are glad that they are taking their own time to train us in football, and we hope that we can have an extra good team this year.

Fourth Grade Chapel Program

By Leonard Allen, 4th Grade

On Friday, August 22, the boys of the fourth grade gave a chapel program.

For devotional, they gave the 121st Psalm and "The morning prayer."

The first part of the program consisted of a group of summertime poems and songs.

Then a play, "Everyday Courtesies," was given.

The program ended with a play, "Vacation Time."

Everyone enjoyed the program very much.

A Good Time at Wildwood Cottage

By Richard Sandlin, 8th Grade

On August 16th, the boys of the Receiving Cottage went to the School's cabin, Wildwood Cottage, and had a fish fry. Each boy had two Pepsi Colas and all the fish he could eat.

The boys who went are the following: Hugh Ball, Albert Cox, Roy Eddings, Alfred Perry, Gerald Petty, Roger Ivey, Richard Sandlin, Jimmy Reynolds, Bobby King, Cecil Burleson, J. W. Sorrell, Calvin Matheson, Bobby Billings, Omey Kilpatrick, Charles Smith, Billy Kassell, Boyd Morris, Troy Lee Wall, Elijah Spivey, and Johnny Myers.

All the boys had a very good time. They are very grateful to Mr. Adams and Mr. Hawfield who made it possible for them to go to the cabin and have such a good time.

Baseball Game at J. T. S.

By Samuel Lynn, 8th Grade

The boys of our school were privileged to see two baseball games last Saturday—in fact, some of the boys were playing in the games. The baseball team of the Stonewall Jackson Training School played a game with Rocky River Scout Troup and another game with the A. T. Allen School. We won both games.

All of the boys were proud of their school's team. I am sure that all the boys liked the games very much. We hope to make as much progress in football as we have in baseball. Mr. Earl Walters, our physical education director, has helped us very much in our athletics.

A Recent Visitor

By Talmadge Duncan, 8th Grade

Tuesday noon we were surprised at our cottage to have an unexpected visitor, Mr. Ed Williams, who used to be a boy here at the school. He lived in our cottage, Cottage No. 3, when he was here. Mr. Williams has been back to visit the school three times recently, because he is now living in Concord and working with the Coca-Cola Company. Mr. Williams has three children, (two girls and a little boy).

While Mr. Williams was here last Tuesday, he had some contests for the boys. He drew a pie on the blackboard in our basement, and then he said that he would give fifty-cents to the boy who could cut the pie into eight pieces by drawing only three marks. Olin Sealey and Talmadge Duncan tied for the prize. Then he had a contest in which he challenged any boy to draw any mark of any kind that he could not make a face out of, and nobody was able to get the dollar he offered for that.

Our officer, Mr. Hines, had planned for us to eat watermelon, and Mr. Williams ate with us. We were happy that Mr. Williams visited us.

A Pleasant Surprise

By Bobby Jarvis, 8th Grade

Wednesday morning, while we were at school, we were surprised when Mr. Virgil Blake of Greensboro visited us. He was visiting here for his first time. He was so favorably impressed with the school that he came back Wednesday afternoon and brought his son, Sammie Blake, and three other friends of Sammie's. The high school pupils enjoyed visiting our history class and at our cottage. They surely did express their appreciation for getting to visit our school and hearing of the things the boys do here. We were happy to have them. Sammie will be in the 11th grade this school year, and he plans to come back to the school again sometime soon. We shall be happy to have him come back!

The Scavenger Hunt

By John Gainey, 3rd Grade

At the Cub Scout meeting last Monday, we had a scavenger hunt. When we all got to Mrs. Liske's cottage, she gave us a paper. On it was a list of things for us to find. We all had different kinds of things to find. Some of the things were: an oak leaf, chicken feather, piece of iron, jar lid or bottle cap, grasshopper, comb, string, corn shuck, pencil, piece of grass, some water, flint rock, any kind of flower, a tin can, some moss, some red dirt, piece of wire, piece of wood, dogwood, and Chinaberry limb.

The first one through got a Hershey bar, chewing gum, box of crayons, and a little hat. The other boys got a Hershey bar. We were all happy, but the one who was the happiest was John Gainey for he was the one who won.

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF PASTOR NIEMOELLER

(The Charlotte Observer)

A few years ago Leo Stein, former instructor in law in the University of Berlin, wrote the following book, "I Was in Hell With Niemoeller." In his book there are given some interesting insights into the accusations against Pastor Niemoeller, and the horrible experiences which he underwent while he was a prisoner of the Nazis.

In a recent article written by Rev. John G. Garth published in the Charlotte Observer, there occurs the following account of the experiences of Niemoeller and Stein, who ranked as members of the intellectual group in Germany.

As soon as the Nazis became victorious, at the polls in 1932, they started their course of oppression of the rich and intellectuals, and filled the prisons and camps with all the people they thought might oppose them.

Pastor Niemoeller had grown to eminence in Berlin. As the Nazis became more powerful. Niemoeller accepted them and thought Hitler was sincere. Hitler addressed the clergymen and assured them of his loyalty to Christianity, and made promises. Because of his war record as a U- boat captain, Niemoeller stood high in popular regard.

In the second meeting Hitler proposed the German Christian church of Alfred Rosenberg, and when Niemoeller objected, Hitler was overhearing and offensive Niemoeller related the scene to Leo Stein in Moabit prison. "Yes," he said, "Hitler's face had changed. Its air of modesty, honesty and amiability had disappeared. There was an air of authority, consciousness of power, something terrible in his features, an expression of ruthless cruelty and cunning. The church was lost. I was in the presence of the Antichrist."

What prevents you from recognizing that I have power over the church and its doctrines?" cried Hitler, "Why shouldn't I who am more powerful than Christ, and who am able to be much more helpful than He—why shouldn't I have the right to establish new dogma for the church?"

"What prevents you from recogniz- Niemoeller to sign a paper declaring that he saw his mistake in opposing the National Socialist church, and he was promised great rewards. The government would indict him for high treason if he did not sign it. But Niemoeller said, "As an Evangelical pastor I have no right to think of my personal happiness. I am a servant of the Faith, and I cannot see how I have betrayed the State and my convictions cannot change." When he was asked if he would at least cease opposing the government, or refrain from preaching altogether he refused and was charged with high treason and taken to Ploetzensee prison, where he was compelled to witness the execution of a prisoner.

Leo Stein was at Moabit prison when Niemoeller arrived. He recognized him. They walked together in

the little yard for exercise and talked in whispers. Niemoeller related his experiences and Stein recalled many conversations and has recorded them for us in his book.

Alfred Rosenberg, Niemoeller said, had announced the aim of the Nazis as world domination, which was possible because of the decadence due to the sentiments of Christianity. They would try to eradicate Christian faith. Niemoeller told Stein this was impossible and that the Nazis would fail. Criticism of the church began with the Weimar republic, which separated church and state, but allowed propaganda against the church in the Labor unions. Laxity became general, churches deserted and marriage became a civil contract easily broken.
ittatsked cmrf rm mrfdb wdfrm frsm

To Niemoeller Hitler was a dreamer, unable to face reality. He was an actor and utterly insincere. Hitler's characteristics were those of the Antichrist.

Germany would have to feel her way back along the hard road until she repented. Democracy had been discredited by the Weimar Republic. Religion was not dead in Germany, though many have fainted at the Terror. The world would be shaken by a moral revolution. Christ is the true Leader, and Niemoeller intended to be loyal to Him come what will. He would not commit suicide. The Nazis feared he would be more dangerous dead than alive.

The name of this book, "I Was in Hell with Niemoeller," is derived from the treatment these two intellectual men received at the hands of the Nazis. The prison accommodations were most uncomfortable, and ridden with pests. The food was vile. Each cell had a New Testament, but the Old was forbidden, and later the testament was put in the ash can. Any slight infringement of rules subjected prisoners to cruel punishment. Death was Hitler's only mercy. Forced labor was pressed on well and sick with blows for a fall or delay. If a prisoner failed to return at roll-call it meant death when found. The body would be cremated and the family was required to pay 250 marks for the small casket containing the ashes. Prisoners died every night from beatings, hunger, and exhaustion.

If prisoners raised their hands to protect themselves they were shot down like dogs, for "resisting." Many were swung for 24 hours by their wrists in trees. Men became animals in appearance and action, and many committed suicide by banging their heads against rocks. Prisoners often quarreled and fought which to the guards was great entertainment. The Jews were treated worse than Aryans, regardless of whether they were scholars, rabbis, professional men. Some became insane.

Niemoeller was sentenced to Sachsenhausen on the charge of preaching offensive sermons. The charge of high treason was dropped. He found Stein at Sachsenhausen. He was being escorted by two SS guards, who shouted, "Quicker, you old swine of a priest. Can't you walk faster?" And they beat him over the head. A favorite game was to chase Niemoeller between the guards for exercise, belaboring him as he came near.

The guards were 19 years of age, and they had been "educated" in the schools. Both enjoyed the torment they visited on Niemoeller, who had to chop wood, which he must do in

double quick time. They made him hop on one foot, and beat him to make him more agile. The officers stopped to see the "play" and laughed at the spectacle.

Martin Niemoeller displayed unusual courage at Moabit prison. He said he had never felt before the power of prayer as in prison. A young guard, who was offended because Niemoeller did not look at him, screamed : "If you don't look at me, I will slap your face, you dirty criminal." Niemoeller stiffened and his voice rang out, "You have overstepped your authority. I will report you to administration for punishment." The guard attempted to speak and Niemoeller shouted, "Attention! Don't you realize to whom you are talking?" His career as a commander seemed to return to him. The man was cowed, and then he said, "Will you please go back to your place, Pastor Niemoeller?" This the prisoner did with firm step.

Niemoeller put courage in the hearts of his fellow prisoners. He begged one man to calm himself and remember God would take care of his family, and the man, who had been abject, said, "You are right; I have behaved like a child," and Niemoeller promised to pray for him. The man disappeared and was beheaded.

At Sachsenhausen, Stein at last was permitted to leave and he told Niemoeller good-by. He and 80 Jews were to be freed. Niemoeller begged him to tell the world about what he had seen. Stein asked if that would not make matters worse for him. "Do you believe matters can get any worse?" asked Niemoeller. "But at least the world will learn the whole terrible truth and be warned. And remember, I shall never commit suicide."

He told the group around him, "God has not forgotten you. He never forgets. We are all equal in His eyes. Remember Christ bore His cross, and we must bear ours. Believe on Him and ye shall never perish, but have everlasting life."

That was a memorable day when, on an ancient dawn, men first felt there was a sacred fire in their hearts which they could not leave unattended lest it flicker and go out. Crude though these childmen were in their efforts to symbolize this fire by building sacred altars attended by Vestal Virgins dedicated to its holy service, still they gave expression to a need we all feel.

In our day, plagued by modernity, so arrogant in its emancipation from elemental things, we need more than ever to tend the sacred fire on the altar of our hearts. Here is the daring confidence that the Universe is leagued with something trustworthy; that it undergirds and sustains the soul that committeth itself with utter abandon. The epic story of history, written in the dust of vanished civilizations, even as the testimny of our own disillusioning experiences, assures us that men may survive with barest earthly substances, but that they cannot live without faith, which is the soul's affirmation of divinity.—W. Waldemar W. Argow.

LABOR IS THE ONLY WEALTH

(The Coastland Times)

The history of all the ages has impressed one great truth that is repeatedly forgotten as nations grow great and prosperous, and neglectful of their duties and their responsibilities. And that truth is as much in the discard today as it has ever been in any century before.

We think of money, which is only a medium of exchanges, as wealth. It is far from true wealth. Destroy every dollar in the world, raze every building, and annihilate every machine, and from the great bounty of nature, there is one thing only that can again bring plenty, and that is the brain and brawn and sweat of mankind.

The clamor for shorter hours and more pay has increased until there is so little labor expended in the world, that it is constantly growing poorer. The less mankind labors, the greater his debts increase; the higher the cost of living, the more he must pay for interest and taxes, until finally there topples down upon him the immense tower of his own conceit, and foolishness that is builded upon his susceptibilities to the sophistries of the politican and the bureaucrat—the servants of our modern labor racketeers.

We have clamored for less work and more pay for certain groups until we have reduced other groups of sweating, toiling men to poverty and despair. We have confiscated the fruits of the toil of the industrious and unfairly taxed without representation a splendid people fast growing unable to pay.

The foolish efforts to do away with labor has resulted in unparalleled child delinquency in that idle children, prevented by law from learning to work at the only time they can ever learn to work, with no wholesome outlet for their energies, and neglected by parents who chase rainbows or other people's wives or husbands, because they too are idle, turn to whatever mischief is nearest at hand.

We say that if every dollar, dineri, scudi, kopek or whatever you call it throughout, the world were wiped out of existence, the world in the long run would be better off. Men would go to work, and fashion a new world with their brain and brawn. Only those able to work would survive, and the fruits of toil would be carefully husbanded; the needy of one's family or community would share in these fruits if deserving, and those who wouldn't work would be left to starve.

We have persisted in the belief for some years that the indolent and chiselers are well gotten out of the way by shifting them off on the bounty of the Government. How stupid that we never thought that the Government was ourselves, and now we find us paying through the nose in high taxes, high cost of existing, high cost of everything, and constantly decreasing opportunities for happiness and the joy of the living in a land where God provided everything all men might need, and plenty of it.

PEACE-IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL

(Stanly News and Press.)

The second anniversary of V-J day was observed in the United States last week. Many towns over the country held celebrations reminiscent of Armistice Day, with public speakers, bands playing martial music and contingents of the armed forces of the United States taking part in mammoth parades.

At the same time the daily papers carried stories from all sections of the world dealing with conditions now prevailing which make it plain that world peace is still something to be dreamed of; something that is far from a reality; something that seems impossible of attainment.

There was continued unrest in Palestine, where the Jews, Arabs and British are still at odds. Stories of pitched battles between opposing forces are the rule. Scarcely a day passes but that Arabs, Jews and British soldiers die from violence. The Dutch and Indonesian forces are still waging war, depite the efforts of the United Nations to call a halt to the killing. In Greece the fuse has been lit to a bombshell which threatens the future of the world. And Russia still shows no inclination of being willing to step in and take a part with other nations in their efforts to assure future world peace.

Maybe V-J Day and Armistice Day celebrations are right and proper. Maybe the country needs such days to remind us that we have never lost a war and that we are still the most powerful nation on earth. At the same time it might be a good idea for any community desirous of staging a victory celebration to post a complete casualty list of all men who have died or suffered injury while fighting wars which they had no part in making. Maybe the publication of such lists would have a sobering effect upon those of us who thrill too readily when we hear the stirring marches of a military band and forget to take off our hats when the same band plays the national anthem.

Always keep your ambition just out of reach, and never let yourself catch up with them.—Sunshine Magazine.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

By S. G. Hawfield

Through the "Home Chronicle" we find that the Children's Home at Winston-Salem, on September 1st of this year, will celebrate its 38th anniversary. We wish to take this opportunity to extend our congratulations to this institution and also to offer to the officials, staff members, and all the boys and girls there our very best wishes.

There is a unique similarity in the history of the Jackson Training School and that of the Children's Home. Both first opened their doors in the year 1909. The Jackson Training School first began operations on January 12th, and the Children's Home started September 1st of the same year.

The Children's Home is one of the finest child-caring institutions in the State or Southland. During the thirty-eight years of its existence it has offered a home to hundreds of children whose lives would otherwise have been practically thrown away. This institution has offered to them not only a home but the very highest type of training in Christian character. All of the almost 2,000 boys and girls who have enrolled at this fine institution have been rescued from the ravages of poverty and neglect. They have received the mental training which childhood so urgently needs, and they have been in a Christian environment which has elevated and refined their living. Hundreds of boys and girls have gone from the the halls of this institution out into the world to take their places as honorable and upright citizens, with their feet firmly planted in the pathways of righteousness. In their achievements they have been a credit to themselves and to their mother institution.

Again we extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes. We commend Mr. O. V. Woosley and his co-workers for their excellent work.

From the "Home Chronicle," August issue, we publish the following:

The Children's Home will soon have another birthday. On the first day of September it will be 38 years old. Eleven-year-old Carrie Bowers was admitted on the first day of September, 1909. A few days later little two-year-old baby Ethel was admitted. By the time of the meeting of the Annual Conference in November, 42 children were at the Home. During the first year of operation 88 children were provided for.

As pointed out by Rev. J. E. Rink in his history of The Children's Home, the Methodists of the Western North Carolina Conference deliberated several years before establishing a home for children. For six years some consultation was had with representatives of the North Carolina Conference relative to joining with them in a home for children at Raleigh for both the North Carolina and the Western North Carolina Conferences, the Methodist Orphanage at Raleigh hav-

ing been established in 1899. Nothing came of these deliberations

At the Annual Conference held in Salisbury in 1907 a committee reporting on the matter made this significant statement, "If we intend to to properly provide for our orphan children, we must build our own institution." The Conference adopted such a recommendation, elected a board of trustees and instructed them to receive bids for the location of a home for children. On the following April it was decided to locate this home at Winston-Salem. As Rev. Mr. Rink points out, the members of the Western North Carolina Conference from the very beginning sought to avoid the usual connotation of the word "orphanage." They chose "The Children's Home" as the title more indicative of the ideals of the institution.

From the five wooden buildings formerly used by the Davis Military School, closed some twelve years previously, The Children's Home has evolved into a village of twenty-one substantial brick buildings, with a similar number of attending wooden buildings. The former wooden buildings have been torn away. Only one small building, twice moved, now used for storing farm produce, remains. The land holdings have increased from the original 190 acres to 650 acres.

During the 38 years of operation nearly 2,000 youngsters have been sent out by The Children's Home to contribute their services to society. The present enrollment is 415, about equally divided as to boys and girls. The age range of the members of the family extends from a little over two to a little over eighteen years.

While The Children's Home is among the younger members of Methodist Homes for Children, it is one of the largest and most substantial. As a matter of fact, it is the largest child caring institution owned by any one Conference in all of Methodism, vying with the Texas Methodist Home, supported by six Annual Conferences, as to material assets and number of children served.

So another birthday is coming around. Before many more birthdays are recorded quite a bit of enlargement will have taken place. We are earnestly looking to the time when conditions will permit the construction of two substantial dormitories, a gymnasium, an assembly hall, enlargement of the school building the construction of two homes for staff members.

We've got to swear off thinking negative thoughts if we want to accomplish positive results.—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

STONEMAN'S RAID DESCRIBED IN DIARY

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

The number of Catawba county residents who can recall Stoneman's Raid, in April, 1865, which is commemorated on a marker on Main avenue in front of the Newton post office, is rapidly diminishing, and although the marker would recall days of horror to their grandparents, those who pass it today scarcely notice it.

A hitherto unpublished account of the historic raid has reached the Catawba News-Eterprise through Miss Matt Cochran, whose mother, the late Mrs. Laura Puett Cochran, preserved an eye-witness account in a diary written in 1904.

The account will prove interesting for its historical value, as well as for a vivid picture of the warfare waged in the sixties, long before the horrors of the atomic bomb were dreamed of.

The author of the diary was a girl of eighteen when Stoneman's raiders swept through Newton and on into Caldwell county, where she was living at the time. Her account follows:

"Notwithstanding 39 years of all sorts of changes have passed since the black cloud passed over our sunny Southland, yet we remember vividly the scenes that transpired during the four years of that cruel disaster. Some things make impressions time never erases from memory. War is bitter. No tongue can tellof its horror, no history can truthfully write it. Those of us who were here during that time were opposed to war. We gave fathers, brothers, and sweethearts to go to the front, suffered privations, wore homespun dresses, made one hat do for the war. The first year it was white, then it was bleached, and the third year it was dyed and varnished.

"Any and everything we could do for our boys who wore grey was done with pleasure. We were ever anxious for their lives in battle, and in terror at home. We had our pickets out to warn us. If a horse came galloping into town in the stillness of night we were at the door instantly, ready for any emergency. Off in the moonlight we have listened for hours for the pickets' warning. We knew not what moment we would be killed and our homes left in ashes.

"One night we heard the horse coming at full speed. We were up when a man hurried on the streets to tell us the horse had run away.

"As Eastertime drew near the little ones gathered up the egs. But alas, that Easter was a day long to be remembered. About 4 p. m., April 15, 1865, we fully realized what we had long dreaded. We heard pistol shots we knew meant something. We ran to the front—what a sight! Soldier after soldier on every street volley after volley, high in the air sounded the pistol shots.

(It will be noted that Lee's surrender occurred April 9th at Appomatox, before the raid described by

the writer, but news of the surrender did not reach here until 4 weeks later.)

"Ours was a little village. It did not take General Stoneman and his brigade long to tell us 'We are here, and you are ours. Surrender."

"We watched the enemy take the town as if a deed in fee had been signed up. We dared claim nothing save the dresses we had on, and that numbered our wardrobe, two, three, or four. I had on three, and the top was a calico.

"A fine body of staff officers rode up to our gate and a servant opened it. Father saw, and trembled. They strode in, and the Captain said, 'we are staff officers and only want your barn and feed for horses. We will send you a guard for your house.' What a sound for our ears from an enemy! He did it. We spent the time getting food prepared for hungry men until the wee small hours. Mother said, 'get the table in readiness. It may be the last time," and tears came unbidden.

"All the next day we fed hungry men, and after they left, we had neither horse nor food. After the last man was gone we gathered to talk of our capture, losses and want of food. We heard of Lee's surrender on Monday, and that saved our people and homes from disaster."

A FRIEND TO MAN

A toad hopping about does not seem to be of much worth to the world, but those who are toad-wise and know his enormous appetite for insects, have made the discovery that Mr. Toad might well be paid an annual wage of at least twenty dollars in any garden. That is what he is worth as a garden hand, or a garden tongue, for it is the long tongue which darts out and catches the harmful insect that does the work.

But Mr. Toad does not demand a salary for his work, nor does he demand time and half or double time for working more than the allotted eight hours. All he asks is not to be disturbed. He likes to spend life peacefully. And he does not like to be accused of causing warts on the hands of human beings. To be sure, when Mr. Toad is frightened, a milky substance passes out through his skin. That is, he sweats with fear, and his milky sweat is irritating to the human flesh, but there is no harm in it.

Mr. Toad is far too peaceful to harm anybody. And if he is made welcome, he will stay about the same place for years. There are instances where the same toad has been seen in the same locality for over twenty years. Now, if Mr. Toad's appetite for troublesome insect keeps up for all these years, you can well estimate his worth.

—Adapted from Garden Friends, in Sunshine Magazine.

YOU CAN'T GET WHAT YOU DON'T PAY FOR

(The Coastland Times)

A reader writes this paper asking why do people always cuss the County Commissioners for the way public affairs are carried on? The answer to this question is very simple. It is because the people themselves are not sufficiently interested in their own affairs to pay their public servants sufficiently for the time needed to conduct the public business.

A a result, what do the people get? If we didn't have a few public spirited citizens who want to do things for their various communities, we don't know where we would wind up. Yet, not even two or three men on the Board of Commissioners can always see that reason rules and justice prevails, if there are other men on the Board who waste the day arguing senselessly about this and that.

We'll compare the average county in our nearby territory, which has an annual turnover of about $100,000 money collected, and money spent with a business enterprise. That's a mighty big business in this Coastland. We don't know many of them that handle so much money, do you? What would you think of a store employing three or five people as the case may be, whose business handled close to $2,000 a week, yet who met only once a month for a few hours, and did nothing else in between.

We think County Commissioners are unfairly criticized, because it is not possible for anyone to give thorough, complete and fair consideration in a few hours each month to all the affairs of the county. What happens? Without having time to scrutinize every proposition, the way is left open for designing people to put through measures, to get appropriations, to foist useless burdens on the taxpayers in many ways. Ultimately this means inefficient government, higher taxes, unsatisfactory living, and in many respects a constantly dropping standard of citizenship.

Now picture for yourself a meeting of a board of directors of a business institution. Say five men get together about ten o'clock in the day. Maybe some of them are disgusted with cooling their heels all morning waiting for one of them to arrive an hour late. Before they can get down to business, they must listen to the complaints of a lot of folks who claim errors in their accounts which should be handled by a clerk and adjusted as the records may show. Then some other people show up demanding a donation to something, which could be handled by the office according to some standardized policy.

About this time the chairman of this group will say "we ought to get down to business and do something" to help the store, or bank, or what ever it is they are managing. So one of the board makes a proposal that some new counters be installed, whereupon one member who usually spends his time disagreeing with everything just to be disagreeable, objects, privately, on the ground

that he can't make anything out of the transaction. And then this trivial argument he carries on until lunch time until he can get out and ask his relations, or business associates, what should be done about it. And after lunch he probably gives in; the descision being affected by the wishes of someone who should have nothing to do with the matter in the first place.

And then if further matters come up in the afternoon, the patience of all the Directors is further taxed by continual argument about trival things that should never have been brought up from the minor employes; chances are the meeting will end in disgust without having accomplished anything at all. They haven't found out whether more money is being spent than they are taking in. They don't know if they are earning, or losing. First thing they know, in future meetings, they learn the sad news they have been running behind, and have got to mark up their goods, and charge folks unreasonable prices.

Well, we imagine a Board of Directors like that couldn't do much for any business. It's all the more wonder we don't have more County Commissioners about the same way, so long as we insist on paying them only $5 to $8 a month to collect from the people and to spend for them $100,000 a year.

It's a darn good thing we have a few public spirited citizens who will take these jobs, or we would be in a fix for fair.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

To be sincere. To look life in the eyes
With calm, undropping gaze.
Always to mean
The high and truthful thing.
Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise
Of cunning, never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose between
The true and small, the true and large, serene
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with light, tho' rocks
And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-shocks
It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

—Maurice Smiley.

LET'S TALK TURKEY

By Virginia Bedell, in The New Day.

The Committee on Correctional Legislation has indicated great interest in measures which will bring more efficency into our field of work. The problem of the various states varies considerable, and much of the proposed legislation is of particular importance to one or more states, but the pattern, as a whole, indicates advancement in penal and correctional fields which will aid all concerned.

Most reform measures in the field of correctional work have come from the promotion of those active in the work. We, who spend time and energy in the attempting to aid and rehabilitate offenders, are naturally the ones who realize most the shortcomings of the systems under which we work. But too often those who make the laws do not listen to the specialists in the field who advocate reforms.

Legislatures are moved by the pulse of the people at home—the voters. Most measures, in order to have widespread support, must have some impetus from those at home. And so our reforms must follow the pattern of public education. Until something happens to arouse those public citizen voters to the necessity for changes in penal, parole or probation laws, or to the management and conduct of custodial institutions, there is great apathy. In fact there is even opposition.

Our group needs a constant and continuous program of public relations—talks, lectures, news articles, and any other means whereby the public apathy and ignorance as to correctional problems can be changed. The public has absolutely the wrong ideas as to prison and parole. They think a man is sentenced for a crime and should serve out his sentence in order to keep him out of circulation. They look at parole as a concession to the prisoner and feel a board of parole is just turning a prisoner out before his time. They are ignorant as to what prisons are attempting to do toward the rehabilitation of the felon. They are ignorant of the advantages of a supervised release into community life of one who has become institutionalized. These and many other things warp the minds of those who do not know or understand, so there is little sympathy toward our work, and a resultant lack of interest or enthusiasm by the legislative groups.

An informed public has an entirely different idea of correctional work. A frank discussion practically always sells a group to the good work being done and the need to help those who are social maladjustments or who, for other reasons, finds himself committed as a felon. And so, Public Education becomes the most important part of correctional legislation.

Many state legislatures are considering this year reforms which will be of material benefit to their particular states, and doubtless spread to others. Our discussions together, in conference and elsewhere keep us informed of the progress in the various states. Each helps in group movements. California's Authority acts, Michigan's lifer law, and many other

instances can be cited where those in correctional fields have been able to get splendid legislation through their legislatures which will be copied by many other states and be of benefit to all. The reports of pending legislation in the Central States indicates a forward looking policy which will eliminate many difficult statutes and work toward progress. But these reforms come slowly and therefore the work of this particular committee should be stressed more and more and the entire membership receive the benefit of the reforms gained in the various states. An annual review of all corrective legislation would be of material advantage to the Central States Correctional Conference.

Many states are handicaped by the lack of funds. Here, again, the legislature moves according to the pulse of the people. It is difficult for them to realize the saving in future prosecutions and custodial care realized by the saving of a few men and women. It is difficult for them to think of the public property, the private property and even lives that are saved because a few souls are redeemed. It is difficult for the public to realize the cost of caring for the families of men imprisoned or to measure that against the few dollars appropriated for parole work. It is difficult for the public to appreciate the savings in public relief by training men to take their places in remunerative positions when they are released. When the knowledge is brought concretely to them that their own purse strings are affected, they often see the advantage of the money spent. But it is a slow process. Again, public education is necessary.

Those people who are engaged in correctional work usually make it a life vocation because they become so completely sold to the need of the work and the good which is accomplished. No group of people are more sincere in their work than we are. Our suggestions for reform and correctional legislation come from our heart and are based on a knowledge of the real need and of the good which will follow. Most reforms in correctional fields have come from people like our group. But, in the final analysis, the legislatures must pass the acts. So is rests squarely upon the shoulders of those interested to promote public knowledge and interest in our work and to create a sentiment for changes which will bring progress into our various fields of endeavor. Let us continue to educate the public.

———:———

It ain't the trees that block the trail,
It ain't the ash or pine;
For if you fall, or if you fail,
It was some pesky vine
That tripped you up, and threw you down,
That caught you unaware:
The big things you can walk around
But watch the way for snares.

—Exchange.

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE

(NTA Clip Sheet.)

We live in a world in which people are more important than things. Because we have to deal with people, whether we like it or not, and whether we know how to or not, it is important to learn how to get along with them. The better we know how to do this, the more likely we are to succeed in whatever we are doing. We are better able to deal with problems that we can solve and no longer worry too much about those we are not able to handle.

Nine suggestions for getting along with people—which sound pretty good and might be fun to try—are being used by the Vermont State Vocational Rehabilitation Division. They were adopted by Donald M. Elred of that office from an article by Robert V. Seliger, M.D., Baltimore, Maryland. Here they are:

1. Keep looking at your good qualities rather than to think only of your shortcomings, and problems. Don't insist on having a poor opinion of yourself. For example, you may not be able to do all that you'd like to do or the kinds of things that you'd like to do, but perhaps you can be trusted more than most people. Or perhaps you are careful and can be depended upon to do your job well. Remember these things. Often they are more important than good looks or brilliance of mind. Perhaps you have an unusually pleasant smile. Use it. You have other good qualities that you can use. Remember them and use them.

2. Try to face your problems honestly; talk them over with someone who can help you—a psychiatrist, a minister, your doctor or a friend. Look at them as clearly as you can and try to see what is going wrong and what you can do to make things work better. Just blaming yourself is not a good way to handle a problem.

3. In your relationships with other people be sure to see that they enjoy or gain something from their contact with you. Remember that liking someone means that you not only get help for yourself, but that you can help them as well. To be sure, there are instances in which you will receive little from the other person, but on the whole you will get about as much as you give.

4. Be kind to people; avoid hurting whenever you can. Try not to see every fault in others or yourself. Try to balance these faults which you do see with good qualities that are always there.

5. Be tolerant: accept people as they are; try to bring out in them that type of behavior which is best for both of you. Put up with them. Remember that they have to put up with you.

6. Try to look upon the failures that you may have as chances to learn. Failures show that there is something you do not know about what you are trying to do, or that you have not developed the qualities necessary for success. Look at your failures and try to see why you failed. Look upon them as opportunities to learn how

to avoid making the same mistake next time. Remember your successes and don't spend too much time worrying about the failures.

7. Try to accept the fact that some times you are worried, discouraged, or unable to do the things you'd like to do. Remember that everyone is occasionally worried or discouraged. Keep on doing things.

8. Be ready to promise to do things for others and for yourself, but be careful of the promises you make, and don't promise anything unless you feel quite sure that you can actually do it.

9. Finally, remember that it is people not things, that are most important.

———:———

THE HAPPINESS FLOWER

Did you ever find the happiness flower?
It isn't hard to find:
It opens wide at the morning hour,
In the meadows of cheerful mind.

But it sometimes grows in the sandy dust
That fills the desert of care;
And down in the fields of perfect trust,
You can always find it there.

It's sweet as honey, the happiness flower,
Winter and summer the same—
On the difficult hills by troublous tower
It shines like a rosy flame.

If you ever find the happiness flower,
And it isn't hard to find
By the rainbow's end in an April shower
Where the tears and the smiles are twined—

May it flourish fair in your garden ground
A'glisten with joy's bright dew.
May the sunshine of love the whole year round,
Lie warm on your flower and you.

—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Last Sunday Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord, preached to the boys at the afternoon service. As usual, his message was interesting and helpful to the boys, and we wish to thank him for his courtesy.

Mr. Harry Arrowood, who is the superintendent of the Sunday School at the First Baptist Church, sang a solo which was greatly enjoyed by the boys. The song that he sang was "I Walk With the King." We wish to extend to Mr. Arrowood an invitation to return when he can and sing again for the boys.

Mr. Summers read a Scripture selection from the 26th chapter of the book of St. Matthew, beginning at the 36th and reading through the 46th verse. He used as his text a portion of the 39th verse, which says, "And He (Jesus) went away farther."

Mr. Summers explained to the boys that the word "farther" really refers to a greater distance in space. He explained, too, that the word "further" represents a greater degree of intensity, which might be in sorrow, in love, or in suffering.

The occasion which was described in the Biblical text represented that period in the life of Jesus when He was soon to be placed on the cross. Naturally, He was in great agony of mind and He was suffering intensely. It was said that He was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. No doubt, Jesus went further in the sorrow that was in soul than any other person; He bore on His heart and in His soul the burden of the sins of all mankind, and He took upon Himself our blame. It was explained that Christ bore the cross for all peoples—for the ignorant and educated, for the heathen and Christian, and for all races and color. Because of His understanding and His background, He knew how to sympathize with other people.

In the first place, Mr. Summers told the boys that Christ went further than anyone else in the matter of poverty. He was born into a home without money. He was born of peasant parents in a borrowed manger; when He preached to men He stood in a borrowed boat; when He entered Jerusalem He rode on a borrowed donkey; and when He died He was buried in a borrowed tomb. For these inconveniences He had given up the wealth of heaven so that He might come and minister to the needs of humanity. Thus, we should learn from His example that we should use whatever we may have of the world's goods to minister and to do good to others.

In the second place, it was explained to the boys that Jesus went further in love than anyone else. He found that the disciples, the Pharisees, and many others knew all the Ten Commandments, but He gave them a New Commandment—"that ye love one another even as I have loved you." He taught them the beauty of a transcendent love even for one's enemy. The boys were told that the best way to overcome an enemy is to shower him with love and friendship. It is not always easy to love an enemy, but it is possible for the Christian to do so.

In the third place, it was explained

that Jesus went further in forgiveness than anyone else, even when He was being nailed to the cross. As He was suspended on the cross He prayed that God would forgive those who treated Him so. Too many people are inclined to say that they will never forgive those who have harmed or injured them. When the disciples inquired of the Master as to how often they should forgive others, He replied that the Christian would forgive even seventy times seven, or an unlimited number of times.

In the fourth place, it was explained that Jesus went further in suffering than anyone else. In former years there used to be great suffering before the doctors learned to use hypodermics, and the people of long ago often witnessed the suffering in their fellowmen. Even today there is a great deal of mental suffering—suffering in mind and conscience, for which there are no hypodermics. Of Jesus in His suffering it was said that He sweated drops of blood, His mental agony was so great.

When the Master had prayed in the Garden of Gethsamene and returned to find Peter and James and John asleep, at a time when He was enduring the agony of the cross, He even then forgave them and later used them powerfully in the extension of His kingdom.

In the last place, it was explained that Jesus went further in prayer than anyone else. On at least three different occasions He prayed all night long, and always after His prayers He went out into the world to do something about the things for which He had prayed It was explained to the boys that people are not heard for their much speaking, and unless they help to bring about the blessings for which they ask God's help, their prayers will be of no avail. Always when people pray for help in their relationships one to another, it is found that spite and anger and jealousy always go out of the heart and cause the people to be better themselves.

SHAW'S WITTY REJOINDER

George Bernard Shaw', the great playwright, is a wit as well by word of mouth as by word of pen, a fact illustrated in a story which Booth Tarkington tells of him in the "Indianapolis Press."

One first night at a London theatre a play of his had taken the audience by storm. After the final curtain the author was called for, and stepped forward to make a speech of thanks, when a single, but vehement hiss was heard from a man leaning over the gallery rail. The playwright looked up to where the man sat and addressed him thus:

"Yes, my friend, I'm of your way of thinking myself, but what" —indicating with a wave of the hand the crowded house that had cheered to the echo—"but what can we two do against so many?"

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

He buys honey too dear who licks it from thorns.—Old Proverb

—:—

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.—Quarles.

—:—

The great consulting room of a wise man is a library.—G. Dawson.

—:—

Happy the kings whose thrones are founded on their people's hearts.
—Ford.

—:—

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.
—Richter.

—:—

Knowledge of our ignorance is the first step toward true knowledge.
—Socrates.

—:—

He surely is most in need of another's patience who has none of his own.—Lavater.

—:—

What more than mirth would mortals have? The cheerful man is a king.—Bickerstaff.

—:—

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.—Feltham.

—:—

When the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.—Shenstone.

—:—

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.—Mrs. Thrale

—:—

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother, that God did not fasten the other end around the neck of the oppressor.
—Lamartine.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Goethe.

—:—

To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years; to be eloquent in one is the labor of a lifetime.
—Spurgeon.

—:—

A talkative fellow may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Loquacity is ever running, and almost incurable.
—Feltham.

—:—

Hope for nothing from luck, and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned, and forearmed, that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—Bulwer.

—:—

One good hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are similar to a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off.—DeWitt Talmadge.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other devil's weapons, it is always cunningly ready to hand, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point.—J. R. Lowell.

—:—

He who sows, even with tears, the precious seed of faith, hope and love, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him, because it is the very nature of that seed to yield a joyful harvest.—Cecil.

—:—

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.
—Socrates.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

There is just as much horse sense as ever, but the horses still have it.

—:—

Hot dogs may not bark, but put too much mustard on them and they'll bite.

—:—

The apple is well-known in history, but the grapefruit stays in the public eye.

—:—

A friend tells us his radio is the locomotive type—it whistles at every station.

—:—

There are so many ways of being a fool that no man can hope to dodge them all.

—:—

So live that you could read the inscription on your tombstone without blushing.

—:—

Some insane people are confined in asylums and there are some who drive automobiles.

—:—

Some men are born great. Some achieve greatness. And some just grate upon you.

—:—

There's one reason why a man could love his enemies—they never try to borrow from him.

—:—

Wonder if it is due to drinking too much goat's milk that makes so many people want to butt in.

—:—

If you don't claim too much wisdom, people will give you credit for more than you have.

—:—

A toast: Here's to the mouth. It's the grocer's friend, the orator's pride, the fool's trap, and the dentist's salvation.

A bald-headed man who has heard that the hairs of our heads are numbered, wants to know if there is some place where he can get some back numbers.

—:—

A sign in front of a church read: "Subject of Sunday's Sermon — Do You Know What Hell Is?" Beneath it in smaller letters was printed, "Come and hear our organist."

—:—

Said a Scotchman to his wife: "Here's a ticket to that magician's show, Maggie, and mind ye, dearie, when he comes to that trick where he takes a spoonful of flour and one egg and makes thirty waffles, watch verra close!"

—:—

A window was raised, and a voice exclaimed: "Hey! If you don't shut off that loud speaker, I'll come over and stop it for you." The reply came back: "Here's wishing you luck, neighbor. She's been going like that ever since I married her."

—:—

"Do you remember when you cured my rheumatism a couple of years ago, Doc," said the patient, "and you told me to avoid dampness?"

"Yes, that's right," replied the doctor, approvingly.

"Well, I just came back to ask you if I might take a bath," said the patient.

—:—

A Scotchman, glancing at the headlines of a newspaper, read an account of a wreck nearby. He exclaimed excitedly, "My wife was on that train!" "Well," said the proprietor of the newsstand, "aren't you going to buy a paper?" "No," said the Scot, "I'll just wait for the later edition and get the baseball scores, too."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 24, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Albert Cox
William Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Troy Lee Wall

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Britt
J. Paul Church
William Clemons
Carl Davis
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Franklin Robinson
Bobby Rice
J. W. Smith
William Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard
Dickie Leonard

COTTAGE No. 2

Earl Allen
Harvey Arnette
Herbert Brooks
Floyd Canady
Gerald Johnson
Judd Lane
Eddie Medlin

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Paul Denton
James Dunn
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
Jack Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Judson Finn
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchin
James Myers
Jimmy McCollum
J. W. Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Danny Mc Hayes
Lester Owens
George Patterson
Howell Wilkinson
Howell Willis

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Eugene McLean
Robert Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Edd Gwinn
Horace Jordan
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschall
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Thomas McGee

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmett Fields

Robert Hinson
Paul Hendron
Herman Hutchins
Lester Ingle
Carl Jenkins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Charles Angel
Charles Autry
R. L. Crawford
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Kenneth King
George Marr
J. C. Mikeal
Clifford Millian
James Moore
Silas Orr
Edwin Peterson
Howard Riley
Herbert Stewart
Robert Whitaker
Keith Yandle

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Earl Brigman
James Cartrette
Carlton Crawford
Roy Eddings
Curtis Helms
Robert King
Kenneth McLean
Bill Ray
Jimmy Reynolds
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Baynes
William Carswell
Leroy Cowan
Earl Grant
Jack Hensley
David Hill
William Hyatt
Larry Johnson
William Lunsford
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Edwin Parker
Jesse Peavey
Charles Shearin
James Scott
Robert Walker
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Joseph Cain
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
Cecil Butcher
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Carl Holt
Carl Hall
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
James Sargent
James Shepherd
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Charles McDaniel
Robert Poplin
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Eugene Peterson

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 6, 1947 No. 36

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

FULLY DRESSED

It never matters much to me
What kind of hat or gown you wear,
I'm always looking at your face
To see if any smile is there.

And when I see you looking glad
And smiling just a bit,
I seem to note, unconsciously,
How well your hat and costume fit.

—Carolyn Holmes Smith.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
THE FULL MORAL	(The Kannapolis Independent)	10
AMERICAN INDIAN DAY	(Sunshine Magazine)	12
OLD FORT RETURNS TO PEACE	By Bill Sharpe	14
PICK UP	(Riker's Review)	15
MORALE DAY	By Bettie Hoffman	16
DOCTORS POLLED ON FUTURE WAR	(The New Day)	18
DEATH RATES	(Stanly News & Press)	19
LISTEN TO THE TICKING	By Alfred Jones	20
COURTESY ON THE ROAD	(Exchange)	21
FACTS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS	(Selected)	22
SPORTSMANSHIP	(The Yellow Jacket)	23
FREEDOM TRAIL	By S. B. Pettengill	24
HISTORY OF AN OLD HYMN	(The Happy Harvester)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE WAY TO LIVE

Trying to be happy
When the day seems long;
Trying to be cheerful
When everything goes wrong.

Trying hard to do
The very best you can;
Trying not to hinder,
But to help your fellow-man.

Trying to look pleasant,
Trying not to frown,
Trying to prepare
To wear a starry crown.

Trying to be thoughtful,
Learning how to give;
Trying to be perfect—
That's the way to live.

—Selected.

SCHOOLS OPEN AGAIN

Throughout the land the boys and girls of school age have once again turned their footsteps toward the classrooms. They have gone through their vacation periods, enjoying all the experiences of the great outdoor world with its spirit of freedom. Most of the children have, no doubt, had many happy experiences during their vacations, even though some have had to share the work of their homes. Nevertheless, there is a sense of freedom from assigned duties that is fascinating.

While it is true that some children dread the reopening of school and wish that vacations might extend forever, however, most of them accept in good spirit the task which they recognize as inevi-

table. Even though there is a good bit of uncertainty and even mystery about the new year's layout in school, there are anticipated thrills that go along with the event of entering a new grade where one finds new books and a new teacher.

In the midst of this picture stands the teacher, who really holds the key to the entire situation. Sometimes the teacher wonders what the new year holds in store for her, and she faces the responsibilities of a new year, realizing that the problems and burdens will be numerous and difficult. However, the thing that transforms the teacher's sense of dread into a joyous adventure is when the children, with their bright faces, appear at the threshold of the classroom. If there had been on the part of the teacher any dread or uneasiness, if her dreams had become a nightmare, these are all driven away because she stands in the midst of children. How true it is that the heart of the real teacher is thrilled wherever there are groups of boys and girls.

In the classroom the teacher has very grave responsibilities, and some of these may be enumerated as follows:

In the first place, every teacher should be a conscientious person, wholly devoted and consecrated to her calling. There is never a any time when any teacher ought to slacken her work or shirk her responsibilities. It is not enough just to teach school, but every true teacher should teach to the best of her ability. She should throw herself fully into the work, whether it be in periods of preparation, in the classroom, on the playground, or in her social relationships in the community. Every teacher, with the closing of each day, should have the consolation of knowing that she comes to the time with a clear conscience that she has fulfilled her obligations to every child.

In the second place, every teacher should strive to make her classroom neat and attractive, to the end that it will be a happy and a cheerful place for boys and girls. Every classroom may be greatly enriched with growing flowers and appropriate pictures, exhibits of drawings done by the pupils themselves, and with other displays. One of the most pathetic things in any school is a classroom where the walls are bare and where there is little or no sign of life or interest. With proper planning it is entirely possible for every class-

room to be a paradise of learning, with an environment that is full of inspiration, stimulation and motivation. To provide this requires extra time and effort on the part of the teacher, but the dividends are unusually high.

In the third place, in every classroom there should be an adequate supply of textbooks, library books, and other necessary teaching supplies. In far too many instances there is a serious deficiency in teaching materials. Oftentimes, a teacher's work is greatly accelerated if she has available the suitable visual aids. Oftentimes, the pupil whose mentality is low and whose interest span is short in handling the abstractions of reading, writing and arithmetic, can gain much from pictures and other visual aids. There have been many instances in which classrooms that were formerly stale and uninviting to pupils later became centers of great interest when the teachers and the pupils worked together to provide such things as will render any classroom attractive and colorful.

In the fourth place, every teacher should feel a grave responsibility to meet the individual needs of each child under her guidance. Oftentimes this is practically a superhuman task, when there are as many as forty or fifty children in the classroom. However, it is possible, with diligence and proper planning, for the teacher to have a scope of work and a richness of activity that will interest all her pupils and offer a challenge to the best that is in them. If there are instances when the child who is mentally slow fails to have his own individual needs supplied, then he becomes not only a misfit but a detrimental force for other boys and girls. It always occurs that when children begin to fail in their school work and when they either find the work uninteresting or too difficult for them, they begin to want to stay out of school. They become truant, and the next step after truancy is general delinquency.

It is often found here at the Training School that the boys who were failures and misfits in the public school, either because of their own lack of application or because the schools failed to meet their needs, when they enter the school department here, where they attend regularly and are placed on a level where they can do their work successfully, and oftentimes when they are removed from the destructive influences of parents who do not cooperate as they should, many of these boys eventually learn to like school.

It is necessary that such pupils receive sympathetic and understanding treatment from their teachers, and it is the inherent right of every child that he have proper attention and fair treatment. In some instances, it will mean that a school will need an ungraded room where children with emotional disturbances and low mentality might receive special consideration. In the work at the Jackson Training School it has often been found that boys have been advanced in school on the program of social promotions far beyond their mentality or educational abilities. In many instances it is found that they have been placed in the grammar grades when they actually could not write their names, and did not know their letters or the simplest words. In the public school the boy in such a predicament has absolutely no chance to succeed. The state and the schools should provide some sort of special work for such pupils, instead of advancing them on until they have reached a crisis in their lives.

In North Carolina the teachers of this new year face probably a greater responsibility than ever before. The salaries of teachers in general have been increased by about thirty per cent, which represents an unusually large increase. Every teacher should feel a deep sense of obligation to do a better job of teaching than ever before, in appreciation for what the public and the taxpayers have done for her. No teacher should have it said of her that all she looks forward to is pay-day, because wherever there is any one teacher who is guilty of such dereliction of duty she tends to become a shame and a reproach on the entire profession.

Teachers in the classrooms, while they need adequate supervision, with their training and their intelligence should be able to work on a maximum level of efficiency, whether there is any supervision or not. The crowning glory of a teacher's work is the reward that comes to her in the training and general transformation of the children in her classroom.

In the educational program of any child, the attitude of the parents themselves plays a very conspicuous part. In the homes where parents are educated themselves and where they believe in education, the child has a distinct advantage toward becoming successful in school. The wise parents—even those who have missed

the advantages of an education in their own lives—will seek to cultivate a favorable attitude toward school, and they will condition the minds of their children favorably toward the benefits of education.

In this day and time, when many of the parents are themselves preoccupied with traveling, club activity, and other selfish pleasures, they tend to shift far too much of the responsibility for the training of their own children to the shoulders of teachers and other public servants. In far too many instances, parents tend to shift their responsibilities during vacation times and in the afternoons and nights to commercial entertainments, so much so that the children tend to develop the attitude that they should constantly be entertained without much effort on their part. To a large extent the parents are responsible for this growing tendency. Education is not something that can be transmitted to others on a silver tray, but it is something that can come only through personal application and effort. Herein lies the great responsibility of a true parent.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 7, 1947

Sept. 7—John Gainey, Cottage No. 6, 12th birthday.
Sept. 7—Ray Lunsford, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
Sept. 7—Leroy Cowan, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
Sept. 9—Treva Coleman, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
Sept. 10—Hughey Barnes, Cottage No. 17, 16th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Work in Geography

By Eugene King, 5th Grade

The 5th grade is learning about the forty-eight states and their capitals. Miss Smart had a contest to see how many of the boys could say the states and capitals from memory. There were three boys who knew all of them or practically all of them. They were the following: Woodrow Norton, Edward McCall, and Eugene King.

The three boys who knew them were happy, because they learned them from Friday until the following Monday. They were glad they could recite them to the teacher on Monday. Woodrow Norton came in for first place; Eugene King, second; and Edward McCall, third.

This was a very good contest, and we hope that we can have another contest soon.

The Third Grade Room

By Farley McGee, 3rd Grade

We have a very pretty room. In it we have some flowers blooming all the time. We have boxes of ferns.

We have made pretty pictures of our summer flowers and of butterflies. The best of our work was put up. Some very pretty flower vases are in our room. We have a pretty "Guest Book" in our room, also. We have an interesting scrapbook. In it, one boy puts all the interesting articles from the school paper, "The Uplift." We enjoy reading about ourselves.

The Third Grade

By John Gainey, 3rd Grade

We think we have a pretty third grade room. It has some very pretty things in it. We are proud of it. We have a guest book in our room. Every time we have company we let them put their names in it. We have some drawings of some flowers and other things. We have flowers that are growing. We have beautiful vases of flowers.

We have a scrapbook. It has all kinds of things about our third grade. We have got articles from "The Uplift" such as articles about our chapel programs and other things.

Under Southern Stars

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

Thursday, August 21st, we saw a good picture entitled "Under Southern Stars." It told of the life of Stonewall Jackson. It showed how at the first of the picture everybody was assembled together to hear a young man sing "Under Southern Stars." It also showed how before an important battle Jackson was killed by one of his own men by mistake. On his dying bed, he sent a message by the young man telling the soldiers to attack. His dying words were, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." The end of the picture showed how the Confederates were happy, and they were singing "Dixie."

Miss Smart was responsible for our getting to see this picture, for she ordered this film for us, as well as several others this summer. We thank her, and we thank Mr. Hines for showing us the pictures.

Many Boys Are Released

By Robert Jarvis, 8th Grade

Recently, many boys have been released to go to their homes. The reason that so many have gone very recently is so that they may enter the public school work at the beginning of the school year.

The boys who have been released are the following: Robert Wilkins, Leroy Wilkins, Ralph Drye, Samuel Lynn, Ray Naylor, Ray Roberts, Cecil Burleson, Clifton Rhodes, Harold Kernodle, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, Gerald Johnson, James Dunn, J. C. Lochlear, Billy Baynes, Travis Shumate, James Walters, Roger Ivey, Billy Smith, Jimmy Shook, Lester Ingle, Cecil Clark, Jimmy Wiles, Paul Denton, Olin Sealey, R. L. Crawford, Emory King, Donald Hoyle, Donnie Grantham, Carl Hall, and William Britt.

We hope that these boys will do their best and keep themselves away from all evil.

The Picture Show

By Glenn Evans, 8th Grade

The name of last Thursday night's show was "Breakfast in Hollywood," based on the famous broadcast by Thomas Brenaman. It showed a lot of women going to the show, wearing their funny hats, to see if the manager would ask them to talk over the radio. One of the women, who was from Minneapolis, won the wishing ring and wished she could find a friend of hers to whom she was engaged. She met a sailor who told her that her sweetheart had married another woman. At the end of the picture, he was planning to get married to her.

ADMIRABLE DECEIT

When the old Boer, Paul Kruger, was President of South Africa, an excited burgher came to him with a complaint. The proprietor of a hotel had denied receiving from him the sum of one hundred pounds in gold which the burgher had left at the hotel for safekeeping.

"Take another hundred pounds," advised Kruger, "and in the presence of two witnesses, ask the hotel proprietor to put it in the safe. Go the next morning alone and ask him for it. He will give it to you because he knows you have two witnesses. The next day go with your two witnesses, and ask him for the hundred pounds they saw you hand him. He will then be bound to give you the money. You have him where he had you in the beginning, his word against yours!"—Selected.

THE FULL MORAL

(Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Food for serious thought is furnished in an Asheville Citizen editorial entitled "The Full Moral," inspired by the Maxine Smith case here.

Monday the Chief of Police of Kannapolis shocked the people of North Carolina by disclosing that for three years a 12-year-old epileptic girl in his community had been confined in a seven-foot stockade and a cage-like bedroom.

No considerate person blames the parents. They are financially unable to place their child in a private institution. It is a hard fact of modern life that only the relatively rich can afford the heavy costs of long hospitalization of the mentally sick in private institutions.

The parents did the best that they could with their limited resources and scant help from the state or the community. They provided the child with the best medical care they could afford. They tried repeatedly to have her admitted to a state hospital but they were always turned down with the stock and cold answer that there was no room for her. The stockade and the cell-like bedroom were necessary to prevent her from violence to others.

For its failure to find room for this epileptic, the State of North Carolina is deeply culpable. Make no mistake of that unpleasant fact. As a state we failed grievously in the duty which a Christian state owes to its afflicted. The conscience of the state should not rest until the unpardonable neglect of the years has been corrected and the parents have been relieved of the terrible responsibility which they have been forced to bear without any real assistance from society.

But the full moral of this inexpressibly pitiable case will be missed if we reserve all of our anger and criticism for the state. What about the responsibility of the churches and the welfare forces and the kindly people of the town in which the parents of the girl live?

Kannapolis is no hard-hearted, run-down-at-the-heels community. Judged by the conventional standards, it can stand comparison with any other community in North Carolina. It is filled with churches. It contributes generously to charitable causes. It has most of the beneficient institutions through which the modern city discharges its responsibilities to the underprivileged and the needy.

Yet for three years a terrible human tragedy has persisted in Kannapolis without any community or personal action. The only thing recent about the case is its revelation in the newspapers.

The people of Kannapolis are now aroused. They are bombarding the Governor with letters and telegrams. They will not rest until the child has been properly and permanently hospitalized. They will not be put off with explanations or excuses. If the State of North Carolina does not act, they will do whatever may be

needful. If money is required, they will furnish it in heaping measure.

But why did not the people of Kannapolis know and act earlier on the tragedy that was being enacted daily for three years in their own backyards? Where were the churches, the welfare agencies, the humane people of Kannopolis?

These questions furnish their own answers. They frame no particular indictment of Kannapolis. That community is no worse, even better than most of the other North Carolina cities. Its people are compassionate and neighborly.

What happened in Kannapolis can happen in any other North Carolina city. If the truth were known, it would probably disclose that it is happening in a different form in Asheville today.

The sad truth of the matter is that in a modern community few of us know little or care much how the other half lives. We shift our humanitarian duties to the government or to the established agencies. When we do good, we wish to do it by proxy. Interest in others has ceased to be a personal concern and has become an institutional or governmental matter.

If the humanitarian job is not done competently by our proxies, then we turn critically on them. That is what is happening now. The State of North Carolina is being roundly criticized—and goodness knows is amply deserves all of the criticism that is being heaped upon it.

But what about Kannapolis? Shouldn't it indulge in some introspection and some self-criticism? Shouldn't it conclude somewhat remorsefully that its own people failed somewhat in their personal duties of neighborliness and charity?

If Kannapolis does look within itself and concede that it is not wholly blameless, it will do what few other communities ever have the frankness and the honesty to do.

THE RADIANT LIFE

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say "I do not know," if so it be—to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacles and meet every difficulty unafraid and unashamed.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice. That is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves, and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. I desire to radiate life.—Elbert Hubbard.

AMERICAN INDIAN DAY

(Sunshine Magazine)

On a hopeful day in March, 1914, Barnabas Sa-Hiuhushu, a hale young Blood Tribe Indian known as Red Fox, courageously mounted "Montana," his pony, and started the long trek from the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana to the White House in Washington, D. C. The journey was undertaken in the interest of the Red Face for citizenship, and the observance of American Indian Day.

The intrepid young Indian bore a letter from Governor Stewart of Montana to President Wilson. In every town and hamlet through which he passed, he stopped and secured the signature of postmasters.

Red Fox bore a petition from the Indian Association to the President and to the United States Congress to grant Indians citizenship, and to proclaim the fourth Saturday in September of each year as American Indian Day.

En route he procured the official endorsement of twenty-four Governors and the mayors of the larger cities, and leaders in chambers of commerce, colleges, churches, and patriotic organizations. Dr. Sa-Hiuhushu succeeded in bringing about legislative acts for American Indian Day in the states of Illinois, Washington, Maryland, and Massachusetts. And "Red Fox" has been declared the Father of American Indian Day, and holds the title of "The Great Sachem and Chief Executive."

Dr. Sa (Red) Hiuhushu (Fox) has other significant titles. He is a Ph. D., Doctor of Philosophy; D.D., Doctor of Divinity; Ph. I. D., Doctor of Indian Philosophy; D.I., Doctor of Indianology; N. D., Doctor of Naturophathy; A.M.O.R.C., Rosicrucian Order; Right Reverend Eastern Orthodox Church; Great Medicine Man; Master and Teacher in Mayan Temple Church of Mu, and Chief Executive and Editor of the Indian Speaking Leaf, a Five-times-a-year mimeograph publication with headquarters in Newark, N.Y.

The Indian Association of America is a non-sectarian, non-political, non-profit body, organized by Indian leaders and prominent white men and women, who are interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians of North and South America. Its purpose is justice to all Indians, and to promote a friendly relationship between the Indians of North and South America. Although Indians of diverse nations, they are one race—the Red Race of the American continents. It promotes a better understanding between the Red Race and the White Race, and engages in scientific research in all phases regarding the Red Race, "remembering to acknowledge in science the Mysteries of the Great Spirit, the Great Architect of the Universe, and His dominance over all things." It advocates religious tolerance and freedom of religious worship in accordance with one's own conscience, both Tribal and Christian beliefs.

A chief activity of the Association is to promote the observance of Indian Day in the United States, Canada, and Latin America, on the last Saturday of September, which is in the

"Season of the Hunting Moon."

Indianology advocates living in accordance with Nature. Hence the Indian's Ten Commandments:

1. Health. Thou shalt live the natural life of the Great Out-of-doors, breathing deeply of pure air through thy nose and not through thy mouth, preserving simplicity and moderation in diet, exercising and bathing each day, and communing with Nature, that thy body and thy mind and thy soul may keep wholesome and pure.

2. Labor. Thou shalt do thy share of the world's work as it comes to thee, laboring with thy hands and with thy head, honoring and rewarding even the commonest drudgery; for thou shalt then learn that great joy comes from work well done.

3. Education. Gain wisdom by observing Nature, the Great Mystery; then thou shalt find the birds of the air, the animals that roam the valleys, the trees and flowers of the forest, the rivers and lakes, the sea, the wind, the stars, the sun—yes, even the soil from which life itself springs—thou shalt find, stands revealed the Great Mystery.

4. Hospitality. Thou shalt open the doors of thy home even to strangers; for life is a stewardship, and not an ownership.

5. Kindness. Be kind and gentle, even to dumb animals, for all living creatures are children of Nature, thy Mother.

6. Motherhood and Fatherhood. Honor thy father and thy mother, who gave thee life, and bear and rear the children the Great Spirit bless them with, giving them that heritage of health and strength which all-kind Nature has vouchsafed to them.

7. Sanctity. Thou shalt preserve the sanctity of thy body as well as thy spirit.

8. Frankness. Cultivate the spirit of frankness in thy life, and in all thy dealings with thy fellow men.

9. Contentment. Practice self-restraint, and maintain that serenity of mind which produces perfect equipoise, and leads to absolute contentment.

10. Immortality. Fear not death, for it is as natural as birth, and is but the beginning of a new life into which thy soul passes in its journey from the Brotherhood of Man to the Fatherhood of the Great Spirit.

———:———

It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellow men. Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most; it is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.

—Phillips Brooks.

VETERAN OF MANY WARS, OLD FORT RETURNS TO PEACE

By Bill Sharpe, in We The People

Old Fort Macon, a coastal defense point since America's earliest days, once more has been demobilized. Occupied by troops during World War II, the ancient pile of bricks has been returned to the North Carolina Division of Forestry and Parks, and is being rehabilitated for the expected flood of tourists who visit this coastal area.

The fort, an interesting example of fine brick work, today would be demolished by one heavy shell burst, but in its day it was considered a modern and formidable barrier to entry into Beaufort Inlet. The massive walls are sunk deep in the sands of Bogue Banks and are not discernible from the sea. Around the fort is a moat, once filled with water, and designed to guard against land attack. In the center is a grassy patio which served as a rather restricted parade ground.

Fort Macon was designed by Brig. Gen. Simon Bernard, Napoleon's famed military engineer, and construction was started in 1826 with slave labor. Robert E. Lee once was stationed there.

Strangely enough, though garrisoned in all the wars, the Fort underwent only one siege and then fell somewhat ridiculously. For all Bernard's genius, he neglected to mount artillery on the land side, apparently dependings upon the moat to repel invaders. Union troops in 1862 landed down the banks, marched overland, and seized the point with little trouble, while the fixed guns pointed impotently toward the ocean.

There is evidence, however, that an amateur Confederate baker contributed more to the downfall of the proud fort than did Union force. An old history says that in spite of a plentitude of flour, the colonel in charge decided to issue rolls instead of letting each company have flour to cook its own. The rolls, says the chronicler, "were a sight to behold," and "not a tenth were fit to eat." The baker was replaced but his successor was no better, and derision turned to grumbling.

Officers petitioned the commander to go back to the system of issuing flour to company cooks, and when the petition was rejected there were threats to march on the store-room. At this moment, Burnside's men were advancing on the fort, and though the colonel resisted to the last moment and averted mutiny, it is probable that the Yankees overcame a dispirited defending force.

Before the present fort was built, there were a series of fortifications on the site, dating to the time of Spanish and pirate forays.

Damage incurred through the latest military occupation is now being repaired so that the park will be open for the 1947 Summer season.

PICK UP

(Rikers Review)

"Would you pass the ketchup down please?" asked the ravishing young lady sitting next to Ned Trent.

Ned passed the ketchup slowly as his eyes concentrated on the most luscious pair of lips they had ever seen. He could not believe his eyes, for this girl was truly the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. She seemed for the moment to have hypnotized him as he stared intently somewhat like a connoisseur appraising a work of art.

"This for me," thought Ned as he felt a compelling force overwhelm him.

The bottle slipped from her hand, and in a moment her plain white dress was covered with splotches of red.

Ned swiftly pulled out his handkerchief and started as if to clean the shirt of her dress, but stopped short and offered her his handkerchief.

Feeling ill at ease, she accepted it. "I'm so clumsy!" she exclaimed.

Ned said nothing, for this was the golden moment he had been waiting for. He did so want to keep her there a little longer.

When she gave Ned his handkerchief with a "thank you," her voice was music to his ears. "It was all my fault," said Ned, "I was looking at you and didn't let you get a firm grip on the bottle. I wish there were something I could do."

"Please don't think you're to blame," she replied, "I'm always so clumsy. I'm sorry I spoiled your handkerchief." With that she rose, picked up her check and left.

I don't think Ned knew what he was doing as he proceeded to follow her out. Ned kept about half a block behind. Then suddenly he was shocked out of his daze. She was entering a cemetery. Ned watched her go into one of those large vault-like tombs that families use to keep together after death.

Ned went in quietly. It was very dark. He could hear no sound. The silence was like a thick, gray, fog. Where was she? He had seen her go in and he was standing in the only door out. He lit a match. Still she was nowhere to be seen. He looked at the six large drawers that held the family coffins. All were dusty except one which protruded slightly. The next thing he was lifting the lid. Then he dropped it as if it were a red hot piece of iron. What he saw was enough to give a healthy man heart failure. There in the coffin lay the girl with the ketchup splattered white dress.

Ned stood frozen to the spot he was standing on. His terrified eyes were staring as the lid commenced to raise slowly. It caused an eeri squeaking sound in the tomb. Now the body was moving. The head and shoulders moved upwards slowly and steadily, until the body was in a sitting position. Ned's jaw dropped. The red cupid-bow lips were moving now. Ned heard them say,"What are you so surprised about, don't you know how hard it is to get an apartment in this town?

MORALE DAY

By Bettie Hoffmann, in Sunshine Magazine

It was a rainy, dreary day. Jane decided to step over and see her friend Ann and while a weary hour away. It seemed Ann was always busy, so if any neighborly calling was to be done, it was up to Jane. She grabbed her coat and started for Ann's back door. The two youngsters were playing noisily in the kitchen, but there was comparable quiet in the corner of the living room where Ann was at her desk.

Jane shook the rain from her hair. "Hello, Ann," she said, "writing letters?" It was a silly question, for the answer was fairly obvious.

"Sort of," said Ann quietly. "This is my morale day."

"Your what?" Jane asked, shifting her position so she could get a better view of the desk. There was a little stack of notes all neatly written, and Ann was running an exploratory finger up and down the page of an address book.

Ann smiled. "I know it sounds silly, but you see the first Tuesday in every month is my morale day." When she saw Jane's puzzled expression, she explained further. "Once a month I take time off to write a few notes to folks I know."

"Oh, sure," Jane replied; "to answer the letters that have been piling up." It sounded like a good idea—a special day for correspondence. They do say that if you set a certain time for something that it's much more likely to get done.

"No, that's not what I mean," said Ann, shattering Jane's train of thought. "I'm writing letters that I really don't owe."

Jane sat up a little straighter. "I would think you'd have trouble enough keeping up with the ones you do owe, what with the children and all."

"Oh, I have trouble enough all right, but somehow I can always get those answered. This is something quite special."

"But who do you write to?"

"That's part of the fun. I pick out people that I think will not be expecting to hear from me. You'd be surprised to find how many you can think of, if you put your mind to it. Remember Mrs. Gates?"

Jane did. Many the cookie she'd had from her pantry. Mrs. Gates lived next door when Jane was a youngster. By now she must be at least eighty, for she had seemed old to Jane then.

"But what could you write to Mrs. Gates?" asked Jane curiously.

"Oh, I told her a little about the flowers that I have—you know she was always puttering around in her flower beds—and the new cookie recipe I found that reminded me of those sugar cookies she used to make, and how my youngsters find special magic in playing with my button box, like we used to when we explored hers."

Jane had a sudden lump in her throat because she knew what a note like that would mean to Mrs. Gates. It would be the quick shaft of sun-

shine in an otherwise dreary day.

"Who else are you writing to, Ann?" And Jane was quite aware that there was a definite note of interest in her voice.

"Well, I'm writing today to Mr. Fornas. I'm positive he won't be expecting to hear from me."

Jane was positive of that, too. He had been bed-ridden for years, and Jane knew that folks have a faculty of forgetting to keep sending the little cards and messages of cheer when sickness stretches out into months, and the months into years.

"What in the world can you find to write to Mr. Fornas about?" asked Jane.

"Oh ,it's nothing muc,h. I just thought he would like to hear something about the children's new dog. Remember how crazy he always was about dogs? And I thought just knowing that I remembered would give him a pleasant surprise. At least, I hope so."

Ann thought it was nothing much, but Jane knew better. Ann could probably have written the note in Chinese, and he would still have loved it simply because she remembered.

Jane picked up one of the envelopes on the desk. "Who in the world is Mrs. Henry Ferguson?"

"Don't you remember Junis Dawes?"

"Junie? Sure!" She knew vaguely that Junis had married someone from out East. Junie had been in the same class with her back in school days, but they had drifted apart.

"I just send little bits of news about the youngsters from back here that she used to know, which I think Junie will enjoy. She had children of her own, so I think what I tell her about Don and Dorothy will be all right, too."

All right? Jane was mighty sure it would be all right. She had an earnest desire right then to hear from Junie herself. A letter would be like a thread of remembrance stretched across the miles and the years.

"It must take a lot of time," suggested Jane.

"It does, but it's worth it."

"I suppose so. When you think how much it means to all those folks, you can certainly pat yourself on the back for giving their morale a real boost."

Ann looked at Jane. "I didn't mean their morale," she exclaimed, "I mean mine!"

"Your morale?" echoed Jane foolishly.

"Yes. You haven't any idea how warm and happy it makes you feel inside. It always turns out to be one of the happiest days of the month for me, no matter what mood I'm in when I start."

Maybe Jane didn't have a very good idea just how much it meant right at the moment, but she was certainly determined to find out! Before the end of that day, Jane had explored Ann's plan, and had promised herself to make every rainy day a "morale" day in her life.

"No man is small who does a small job in a great way.

DOCTORS POLLED ON FUTURE WAR

(The New Day)

A survey showed that the average American doctor is thinking of the part he will play in atomic warfare and is willing to join mobile teams.

Such teams would move into areas sticken by epidemics or other forms of devastation such as might be caused by atomic bombs, radioactive clouds or the spreading of germs.

The doctors gave their answer on questionaires sent out by the American Medical Association. About 5,000 physicians, who were not in the last war, were polled and about half of them returned the answers.

Most of the doctors also said they would favor a national service bill requiring all physicians to serve the Government in some capacity in the armed forces or in civilian communities in the event of another national emergency.

The majority futher said they believed that all qualified civilian physicians should be required to serve in rotation on selective service boards in their communities if war comes again.

A little more than half of them believed that, during the last war, the civilian medical profession could not have copied with a large-scale epidemic. They held this belief because of an insufficient number of physicians, insufficient nurses, unavailability of newly-developed drugs, and lack of hospital facilities.

Their attitude toward the next war was made known in a proposition on whether they would participate in mobile medical teams. About 81 per cent said they would.

———:———

SUCCESS

Success does not consist in reaching the top of the hill. The end of him who reaches the top is the same as that of him who never gets away from the bottom.

If that were all there is to traveling through life, the journey would scarcely be worthwhile. It is alone worth while if along the way we do what is in one's power to make the going easier for his fellow travelers:

To lift up those who fall; to help pull out those who are mired in the ruts; to conduct himself so that when his turn comes to be bedded in the fields by the road, it can be said of him:

"He was a good travelor. He did not travel to the top but he traveled usefully. He did not pick up much gold or glory along the way. He gave more than he got. He traveled for the good of the road."—Square and Compass.

DEATH RATES

(Stanly News and Press)

Life insurance companies cannot tell you when you will die, but they can tell how many folks of your age will die in a certain year. For that reason, they can fix rates which will keep the companies financially sound, and pay those who work for them good salaries.

They keep close track of the causes of death, and a recent release from the Life Insurance Association of America gives a comparison of causes and death rates in 1941 and 1946, using those persons carrying ordinary life insurance. The total from all causes in 1941 was 714.5 per 1000,000 while in 1946 the rate had dropped to 689.3.

In every instance, except three, the number of deaths from certain causes declined. In the case of organic diseases of the heart, which led the list, the rate increased from 208.3 to 237.2. Cancer increased only slightly—101.6, and murders increased from 1.5 to 1.6.

Motor car accidents delined as a cause of death from 24.2 to 19 while typhoid fever dropped from .4 to .2 Pneumonia still takes a rather large toll, despit modern treatment, the rate being 19.2 in 1946 as compared with 24.5 in 1941. Tuberculosis dropped as a killer from 23.7 to 17.5, while suicides also showed a decline—18.7 to 15.

These figures would seem to indicate that we are making progress all along the line, except with heart disease, cancer and murder. Actually, we are holding our own with cancer and murder, but with heart deseases this is not the case.

The average person is not paying enough attention to his heart, and perhaps the medical profession is not giving it the study which it should have. It's good American horse sense to do something about diseases which are taking an ever-increasing toll of life.

———:———

Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

—Jonathan Swift.

LISTEN TO THE TICKING

By Alfred Jones, in St. Francis Chats

In the days when there were no refrigerating plants, a large ice-house stood at the eastern edge of Ironton, Missouri. The foundation is still there, but the ice-house is gone. When the days of continued freezing weather made the ice on the near-by stream thick and firm, the ice-house was filled and ice provided for the community until well into the summer.

One winter, when the ice harvest was good, a crew of men sawed the ice into big blocks and stored them in the ice house under heavy layers of sawdust. The ice-house had heavy walls and was dark inside, designed to keep the heat of spring and summer from melting the ice.

One day one of the men while at work discovered that his watch was missing. He had been helping to stock the ice-house, and he felt certain that his watch had dropped from his pocket and was buried in the sawdust. It was a good timepiece, and the man greatly felt the loss.

With a lantern and a rake, he searched through the sawdust, and in every cranny of the building. His efforts were unavailing, and he finally offered a liberal reward to anyone who would find the lost watch. Other members of the crew took turns with lanterns and rakes, but the watch was not found.

A small boy stood at the door of the ice-house and watched the actions of the anxious men. At the noon hour the men went away to lunch, and the boy slipped quietly into the ice-house. When the men returned, the boy was standing outside the door with the lost watch in his hand.

The surprised owner grabbed the boy and the watch.

"How did you find that watch, my boy?" he said.

"Well," replied the boy, "I laid down on the sawdust and kept very still, and soon I heard the watch ticking."

Verily, when we have exhausted our anxious efforts, may we not listen quietly and realize that the universe is still ticking, and that nothing we do will hasten or retard the pulse-beat.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth.—R. H. Dana.

COURTESY ON THE ROAD

(Exchange)

Major H. J. Hatcher, who heads the state highway patrol, is of the opinion that if the average motorist would display the same manners when he is behind the wheel of a motor vehicle that he does when he is on foot, a lot of the problems of the patrol would be eliminated. A man will bow to a woman and lift his hat when he meets her in a building or on a sidewalk, but a few minutes later, he will crowd her off the road in a car.

Other observing men have expressed the same idea, and the fact about the matter is that it is the truth. Most of us forget our manners when our hands are on the steering wheel and our foot is on the accelerator. We give expression to our bad manners by infringing on the rights of others, assuming that we can get away from them before they have a chance to identify us. If the man in the car ahead hesitates a moment, we bear down on our horn—not a gentle toot, but a raucous, impatient blast.

How to make the "on foot" standards of courtesy apply with equal force to the man behind the wheel presents a problem that will not be easy of solution. Perhaps the schools can profitably spend some time in instructing children in the principles of common courtesy, and certainly the officers of the law can take action where discourtesy is a clear infraction of the traffic rules.

A "behind-the-wheel" courtesy campaign might produce results that are gratifying.

———:———

Light is the symbol of life. Darkness is the symbol of death. Light is the symbol of truth, goodness, beauty, righteousness, knowledge, wisdom and all reality. To hide these qualities is to put the light under a bowl, to cover it with darkness.

The good in life is not to be obscured. One should never be ashamed of the good he does. One need not boast about it, neither should he try to hide it. It is according to the plan of nature that the beautiful in the world should be revealed by the light. So it is with the soul of man.

But the light cannot reveal what is not present. If the life is filled with evil, no amount of light can reveal the good. It reveals the evil. It exposes the vile. As Jesus says, "for anyone whose practices are corrupt loathes the light and will not come out into it, in case his actions are exposed, whereas anyone whose life is true comes out into the light, to make it plain that his actions have been divinely prompted."—Selected.

FACTS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

(Selected)

Did you know that President Taft was the last President to sport a mustache?

That only two mothers have seen their sons attain the presidency? Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt and Mrs. Martha Truman!

That every President elected in the year ending with an 0 died in office?

That Washington was the wealthiest man ever to enter the White House, and Lincoln the poorest?

That Harding was the first newspaper man to run for that high office, and win it?

That Coolidge ran for every political office possible; Alderman, Mayor, State Senator, Lieut Governor, Governor, Vice-President and President, and was never defeated?

That Wilson was president of Princeton University before getting the "nod" for the White House?

That Johnson didn't learn to read or write until he was 22?

That Benjamin Harrison and William Henry Harrison were grandfather and grandson? Both occupied the excutive chair.

That if you are a Vice President, your chances are one in six of being the boss?

That Buchanan was the only bachelor President?

That Teddy Roosevelt was once the Chief of Police for New York City?

That Tyler is the least known of the Presidents?

That McKinley, Garfield and Lincoln, all assassinated in offiice, were Republicans?

That Van Buren was the first President born as an American citizen after the Declaration of Independence? All his predecessors were born British subjects.

That Pierce was born on a Friday, elected on a Friday, inaugurated on a Friday and died on a Friday?

That Grant was once expelled from West Point?

That Hoover was the last President to be born in a log cabin?

That William Henry Harrison died 30 days after taking the oath?

That John Adams and John Quincy Adams, both Presidents, were father and son?

That Chester Alan Arthur dressed immaculately? He was considered the dandy of his day.

That Cleveland was elected, defeated, and then re-elected as President.

That Andrew Jackson fought a duel and killed one Charles Dickinson? Yes, over a woman!

That Fillmore was a school teacher?

That Johnson was the only President to be impeached?

That Jefferson was the first President to be inaugurated in the city of Washington?

That Zachary Taylor's daughter Sarah became the wife of Jefferson Davis, first President of the Confederacy?

———:———

Our acts make or mar us. We are the children of our own deeds.

SPORTSMANSHIP

(The Yellow Jacket)

Last year, at the annual Northwest Florida Conference basketball tournament at DeFuniak Springs, twelve teams were fighting for the right to wear the champions, diadem of the loop.

While two teams were playing on the floor, the coaches of all the other teams sat on the sidelines and commented on their style of play, etc. Remarks were made about the better players, about sensational offensive plays and magnificent shots, etc., but the majority of the comments were based on sportsmanship.

In the opinion of those who make a career of sports, an athlete cannot be a good athlete until he has learned to practice the rudiments of good sportsmanship. One of the best basketball players in that tournament was also one of the poorest sports. Even though he outshaded the rest of the boys on the floor, he failed to place on the conference all-star team. He had not yet learned to be a man.

Later in life, and in all walks of life, sportsmanship plays the headline role. No person can be a success both inwardly and outwardly without practicing the art of making people like them.

The words of the prose printed above fairly reek with truth. We know boys here who have many friends. These boys are respected because of their ability in various sports and in other phases of school life. But the one thing against them is their temper. Temper, a little, six-letter word, has ruined many, many lives. It will continue to play havoc among those who cannot control it.

Should you see any among you that are respected by all yet who lose their heads when the going gets tough, you may ear-mark him for total unhappiness in days to come. But if you see a leader who is even-minded at all times and treats bad news with the same tact as good news, then, there is a person who will be a success in life.

Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what may, he is the equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in the same time —he will do it better—he will persevere longer.—Carlyle.

FREEDOM TRAIN

By Samuel B. Pettengill, in America's Future

Attorney General Tom Clark is going to exhibit the title deeds to freedom. Starting on Constitution Day, September 17, a train of 18 cars will begin a year-long trip through every state in the Union. This train will contain every important original document by which our forefathers bequeathed "the blessings of liberty" to their posterity.

Among them will be the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Paris which confirmed our right to be a nation, the Virginia Statue of Religious Liberty, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettyburg Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, and scores of others.

And it won't cost you a cent! The cost will be borne by private subscriptions from patriotic Americans. The Pennsylvania Railroad will furnish the cars, rebuilt and equipped to make the exhitits easy to see, and to protect them from hazards. All you need to do is to go down to your railroad yards when the train gets there.

Visitors in Washington express a great desire to see these title deeds, but not everyone can go to Washington. So the documents will be brought to the people, and will be better assembled for display than at Washington.

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." Never was "Freedom Train" more needed than now. Liberty and the rights of man have been eaten away by Big Government. The iron-heeled tread of the Caesars has been heard in every land, and in our land, too. It has been a cherished statement since Blackstone's time, and even before, that in the humblest cottage the rains may fall and the winds may blow, but into it a king cannot enter without leave from the owner—not even with generals and soldiers. Yet within the past month, the United States Supreme Court has dug a leak in the dyke that protects the citizens against search and seizure in his home or place of business without a warrant. Through that leak no one can now say what may come.

It is a good time to look over our title deeds. Congratulations to Attorney General Clark for sponsoring "Freedom Train."

FROM THE UNSEEN

Sometimes it helps a little, when the skies are overcast,
To remember that tomorrow, this day's troubles will be past;
And tomorrow always brings new strength, new courage, too, some way,
For each dawn's a bright beginnig, and each day's a brand new day.
—Author Unknown.

HISTORY OF AN OLD HYMN

(The Happy Harvester)

Mr. Charles Alexander related that a friend of his clipped the poem "Tell Mother I'll Be There," out of a magazine and sent it to him. So touching were the words that Mr. Alexander made a practice of always carrying them to his evangelistic services.

It was one night in Newton, Kansas, that Mr. Alexander was asked to sing a solo. When he looked at his audience, a vast throng of rough railroad men, he thought of the touching words which were contained in the poem his friend had sent him. So, finally he rose and with some hesitation began to sing the poem, gaining courage by the verse. As the result of that heartmelting solo a number of men were moved to decide for Christ.

When the meeting was over one big burly engineer came forward and gripped the singer's hand. "Mr. Alexander," he said, "I promised my mother on her deathbed that I would become a Christian, but instead of that I have been going to the devil faster than ever. Preaching never touched me, but that song did."

Since that night hundreds have been awakened, and their blunt sensibilities whetted by the singing of that song.

But to get back to the inspiration that moved the writer to pass on to us such living words. It was the time when President McKinley was in the White House. His mother lay dying in Ohio. Word reached him before she died. The President had a special train prepared, and telegraphed "Tell mother I'll be there."

When but a little child how well
I recollect
How I would grieve my mother
with my folly and neglect;
And now that she has gone to
heaven I miss her tender care:
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be
there.

Chorus:

Tell mother I'll be there, in
answer to her prayer,
This message, blessed Saviour, to
her bear!
Tell mother I'll be there, heaven's
joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be
there.

Though I was often wayward, she
was always kind and good;
So patient, gentle, loving, when I
acted rough and rude;
My childhood griefs and trials she
would gladly with me share:
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be
there.

When I became a prodigal, and
left the old roof tree,
She almost broke her loving heart
in mourning after me;
And day and night she prayed
to God
To keep me in His care;
O Saviour, tell my mother
I'll be there.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

At the regular afternoon service at Jackson Training School last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Page, pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, Kannapolis, was the guest speaker. He was accompanied by a number of members of his congregation. In this group were Mr. and Mrs. Tipton and their two daughters, who rendered several vocal selections in a delightful manner.

Mrs. Tipton, her daughters, and another lady composed a good female quartet, which sang a very good number. Then Mr. and Mrs. Tipton and daughters sang "Victory In Jesus" very nicely. Mrs. Tipton accompanied these singers on a small portable organ.

Rev. Mr. Page then told the boys that the subject of the message he wanted to bring to them was "Four Things Necessary to Our Living Victoriously in the World," and he listed them as follows:

(1) A Great Declaration. This familiar assertion, "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," is found in Joshua 24:15. This is the greatest declaration one can make in this life. When a man realizes his shortcomings, he could make no greater declaration.

The great prophet Joshua was about to die when he made this statement: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." He was pointing out to the people of Israel all the good things God had done for them, and almost with his dying breath he was imploring them to serve God.

(2) A Great Choice. Moses, having been reared in the royal household, could have held a high position therein. However, he chose to suffer the afflictions of the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Of course, there is momentary pleasure in a life of sinfulness, but it perishes from the using. The pleasures of sin od not give permanent statisfaction.

Those who choose to live Christian lives will encounter considerable criticism, but the joys derived from living true to God will more than make up for ridicule and unpleasantness.

Moses could have had anything he wanted in the Kingdom of Egypt. He renounced all this and accepted the mission given to him by God. He made a great sacrifice, but it paid.

(3) A Great Purpose. In Daniel 1:8, we read how Daniel purposed in his heart to do that which was right. This young man was a stranger in a strange land. He was among heathen, but he did not allow them to make a heathen of him.

Unless we find a place in life when we have a strong purpose not to do that which is wrong, our lives will indeed be worthless. It will pay to have a great purpose and to pursue it to success. The greatest purpose one can have is that of ever striving to live as a Christian.

(4) A Great Knowledge. In I Timothy 1:12, we read the words of the Apostle Paul—"And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry."

If we put our lives wholly in Jesus' hands, He will bring us safely through

a world of sin and sorrow. As John Wesley lay dying, he was asked, "Are your feet in chilly waters yet?" His reply was, "No. Jesus is bearing me safely above the waters." When Saul of Tarsus was stricken on the Damascus Road, his first exclamation was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do." These great men, and many other faithful Christians have been guided into safe harbors by placing their lives in the hands of the Master.

———:———

USE OF LEISURE

A sure test of character is one's use of leisure time. By leisure time we mean the spare time at one's disposal. "Killing time" is often heard expressed by someone who seems bored. As a matter of fact no one can kill time. Time is always alive, never killed. But one may kill his finer self by failing to make proper use of his hours of leisure.

During the leisure hours and there are many of them, one may indulge in mere day dreaming to no purpose. He may engage in thoughtful and helpful meditation. He may read books and magazines, varied in content but helpful, or he may fill his mind with mere rubbish gleaned from the printed page.

He may enter into wholesome recreation which really re-creates or he may wear himself down by debilitating habits.

One may follow certain hobbies which are very beneficial. Some work in the soil, some do handcraft work, some write, some travel. But the important thing is to use one's leisure time profitably. The spare hours may be a blessing or they may be a curse.

One may say I have no leisure time. "Leisure," as one has said, "will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time, those who want time are the people who do nothing."

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Slander is the revenge of a coward.
—Johnson.

—:—

A good intention clothes itself with power.—Emerson.

—:—

Ridicule is the first and last argument of fools.—C. Simmons.

—:—

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.—Sir Philip Sidney.

—:—

Great talkers are like leaky vessels; everything runs out of them.
—C. Simmons.

—:—

When the taste is purified, the morals are not easily corrupted.
—Osborne.

—:—

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives other pain.
—Thomson.

—:—

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.
—Plutarch.

—:—

Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlyle.

—:—

Ill-luck is, in nine cases out of ten, the result of saying pleasure first and duty second, instead of duty first and pleasure second.—T. T. Munger.

—:—

Persons extremly reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.—Walpole.

—:—

When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half way to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell.—Penn.

True statesmanship is the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be.—W. R. Alger.

—:—

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect.—Sydney Smith.

—:—

The spirit of melancholy would often take its flight from us if only we would take up the song of praise.
—P. B. Power.

—:—

Teach me to feel another's woe, to hide the faults I see; that mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me.—Pope.

—:—

As the fire-fly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest, it darkens.
—Landon.

—:—

The man with but one idea in his head is sure to exaggerate that to top-heaviness, and thus he loses his equilibrium.—A. Hill.

—:—

Some would divorce morality from religion, but religion is the root without which morality would die.
—C. A. Bartol.

What I admire in Columbus is not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opioion.—Turgot.

—:—

If all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division.—Socrates.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

"Be early if you are the bird;
There's lots of wisdom in it.
But if you chance to be the worm,
You'd better wait a minute."

—:—

A lie travels around the world while the truth is putting on its shoes.

—:—

There is no danger of developing eye strain from looking on the bright side of things.

—:—

No matter how hard the times, one person who will make money hand over fist is the manicurist.

—:—

What a world! Everybody asks how you're feeling and then act bored when you begin to tell.

—:—

Then there was the secretary who quit her job because the boss used a couple of offensive words — "You're fired!"

—:—

The unwritten law is the one the candidate told you he was going to have passed when you promised to vote for him.

—:—

Another feminine theory is that furniture, especially heavy furniture, will look better if placed somewhere else in the house.

—:—

One of the first problems for newlyweds these days is to find a home. The second is to find a car so they can get away from home.

—:—

A man rushed up to the house furnishings counter in a department store, saying, "I want a mouse-trap, and hurry, because I have to catch a bus." To which the smart young clerk replied, "I'm sorry, but the only traps we have are for catching mice."

Nobody is essential, but that isn't any reason why you shouldn't try to be as essential as you can.

—:—

All our life we have been hearing that the world is just on the verge of going to pieces, and every morning we get up and look out the window, and there it is.

—:—

A friend recently told us that he had had his nose broken three times and each time in the same place. Our advice would be that he keep his nose out of such a place.

—:—

Thirty years ago a boy would get sore when he was asked to walk a mile to buy a pound of sugar. Now he gets just as sore when he is asked to go into the next room and answer the telephone.

—:—

"Yep," said the old-timer, "I've had some terrible disappointments in life, but none stand out like the one I had when I was a boy. I crawled under a tent to see the circus, and found it was a revival meeting."

—:—

An auto had knocked a man down. The victim loudly demanded compensation. "Good heavens," gasped the motorist, "two hundred dollars for a damaged foot! My dear man, I'm no millionaire." "Maybe not," came the reply, "and I'm no centipede, either."

—:—

A young man bought a new shirt and on the inside he found a slip of paper, giving a girl's name and address, with the words: "Please write and send photo." He did so. In due time a letter came, and with heart a-flutter, he opened it. It said: "I was just curious to see what kind of a looking fellow would wear such a funny shirt."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 31, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
William Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
John Myers
Carroll Painter
Alfred Perry

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
William Clemmons
Charles Franklin
James Jones
Dickie Leonard
Franklin Robinson
Robert Rice
J. W. Smith
Wilton Wiggins
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett,
Woodrow Mace
Van Robinson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
Kenneth Holcomb
Robert Jarvis
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Earl Gilmore
Ernest Kitchen
James Myers
Robert Milton
Russell Murphy
Jimmy McCallum
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Howell Wilkinson
Howell Willis
J. C. Woodell
Lester Owens

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Gaylor
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Edd Gwinn
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gray Brown
Emmett Fields
Jack Griffin
Robert Hinson
Herman Hutchins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Roy Gaskins
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman

James Cartrette
Conley Haney
Kenneth McLean
Edwin Morgan
Jimmy Reynolds
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
J. C. Taylor
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jack Coleman
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnson
William Lunsford
Chester Lee
Jesse Peavey
Russell Seagle
Chares Shearin
Joe Swink
James Scott
Howard Wise
Robert Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Joe Cain
Treva Coleman
Sam Finney
Ray Lunsford
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood
Ray Wooten

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Chares Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
James Shepherd
Carroll Furr
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Waitus Edge
Garmon Hubbard
Charles McDaniel
Robert Poplin
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Nathan Ashwell
Thomas Davis
Harvey Huneycutt
Eugene Peterson

———:———

Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling glorious hours, even in a poorhouse. The setting sun is reflected from the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode.—Thoreau.

SEP 1 2 '47

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1947 No. 37

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

NEVER MIND

Never mind yesterday, life is today!
Never mind yesterday, lay it away!
Never mind anything over and done,
Here is a new moment, lit with a new sun.

Never mind that which was once on a time,
Tomorrow rings in with its new sheaf of rhyme.
Yesterday's shadow scarce drags down the lane
Ere silver-shod morning comes dancing again.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-5
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		6
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		9
DISCOURAGED PEOPLE	By Roy E. Hoke, Ph. D.	14
JAPAN INCAPABLE OF FIGHTING FOR 100 YEARS	(Selected)	16
OUR WORLD TASK	(Arkansas Baptist)	18
SINS OF THE PARENTS	(The New Day)	20
INTELLIGENCE	(The Yellow Jacket)	21
GO OUT AND GET IT	By Jayne Denel	22
KEEP MOVING	(Selected)	23
AUTO OF FUTURE ADAPTABLE TO ROAD OR AIR	(The New Day)	24
JUST AS I AM	(The Guidon)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

SEED THOUGHTS

The heart is a garden,
Where thought flowers grow;
The thoughts that we think
Are the seeds that we sow.
Every kind loving thought
Bears a kind loving deed,
While the thought that is selfish
Is just like a weed.

We must watch what we think
Each minute, all day;
We must put out the weed thoughts
And throw them away.
And plant loving seed thoughts
So thick is the row,
That there will be no room
For weed thoughts to grow.

—W. M. Walker, Paunene, Maui, T. H.

THRIFT — AN ASSET FOR STABILIZING CHARACTER

One of the most important lessons which every person should learn in his youth is to practice thrift in his everyday experiences. At the time a boy is ready for his release from this institution he is urged to plan from the very beginning to lay aside some of his earnings so that he may begin to accumulate something which he can call his own.

It is doubtful if any boy can go away from the Training School and become successful in his adjustment when he carries with him the idea that he will earn his own money and spend it as fast as he makes it. We would like to feel that every boy has learned that saving rather than spending is the first great principle of success.

The young man who learns to save gains for himself a high standing among others. He fills himself with pride and confidence, and he acquires for himself a sense of happiness and contentment that can come in no other way.

"The first thing that a young man should learn to do," says Andrew Carnegie, "is to save his money. By saving his money he promotes thrift, the most valuable of all habits. Thrift is the great fortune maker. It draws the line between the savage and the civilized man. Thrift not only develops the fortune, but it develops also the man's character."

It is generally recognized that the spirit of saving money, rather than spending it lavishly and foolishly, means the saving of man. In essence, it means cutting off indulgences or avoiding vicious habits which are detrimental to character. Often it means health in the place of wasted energy through dissipation. Often it means the ability to think clearly instead of being muddled and uncertain about life. It is generally understood that the prodigal son not only "wasted his substance in riotous living" but, worse, he wasted himself in the process.

Not so long ago, Roger Babson, one of the world's leading economists, declared that 95 per cent of the men of the world who are employers of others have become employers because they learned the art of saving; they learned the art of being thrifty and of looking ahead. In addition to this, Mr. Babson also said that 90 per cent of the people who are mere wage earners are wage earners because they always spend as much as they make, week after week and month after month.

The boy who goes out into the world, determined that he will be industrious and thrifty, has a strong force for success in his life. He learns to avoid extravagance, wastefulness, ostentation, and a desire to outshine others. He learns to live within his income and on a level that is befitting his own financial ability.

* * * * * * * *

DENTAL CLINIC

Beginning July 21, Dr. D. W. Dudley, of the Dental Division of the North Carolina State Board of Health, has conducted a dental clinic

for the boys here at the school. The clinic has extended over a period of seven weeks, and during that time all the boys have had the benefit of special dental treatment.

The dental clinic at the school plays an important part in the overall health program. We are delighted that the boys here have the unusual opportunity of having their teeth given proper treatment, so that not only their health but their physical appearance is safeguarded. The treatments during the clinic consist of extractions, fillings, and cleanings. The teeth of every boy are given thorough inspection, and then the dentist gives all the treatments that are needed.

The school officials have always been delighted with the excellent work done by Dr. Dudley. He is conscientious in his spirit of service for these boys whose teeth, heretofore, have been too greatly neglected. It is always a pleasure for us to have Dr. Dudley in our midst. He is an honor and a credit to those who work in the Division of Oral Hygiene in this state.

Below, we are submitting a summary of the major items of Dr. Dudley's work, covering his seven weeks here:

Total number of children inspected	307
Total number children treated	307

AMOUNT AND CLASS OF TREATMENT ITEMIZED

Number amalgum fillings	333
Number cement fillings	3
Number synthetic fillings	197
Number silver nitrate treatments	362
Number teeth extracted	53
Number children—teeth cleaned	307
Number miscellaneous treatments	30
Total number of operations	1,285
Number of teeth extracted that were six-year molars	17
Number of teeth filled that were six-year molars	151

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Work in High School Literature

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Recently, the ninth grade has been studying a book entitled "Good Companions." It has some very good stories in it. Some of the best stories are the following: "The Scout," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Whitewashing the Fence." There is a play in it that we studied on class, and everyone enjoyed it. It is "Spreading the News."

The boys who are taking tenth grade work in English are studying "Silas Marner," by George Eliot. It is in the regular textbook, "Interesting Friends." "Silas Marner" is a very good story.

We want to thank Mr. Hines, our principal and teacher, who is doing so much to help us in our high school work. He is making it possible for us to get much out of our English work.

Ninth Grade Health Course

By Robert Jarvis, 9th Grade

The ninth grade has started studying health as a regular subject. Health and Physical Education I count as one high school unit towards graduation. All of the boys in the ninth grade enjoy this subject, because it helps all of them to understand more about the human body. Our textbook, "Health and Human Welfare," is a good one, and we are going to supplement it with library references and health projects.

Promotion Day in Our School

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

September 1st was a busy day at the school. It was "Promotion Day." Many of the boys were sent to higher grades. We hope that all of the boys will study hard and make good in the grades to which they were assigned. If they do, it won't be long until they will be promoted to a higher grade.

The boys who were promoted from the first grade to the second were: Larry Johnson, Aaron McCarson, Jimmy Scott, Thelbert Suggs, Jesse Peavey and Thomas Ammons; one boy, Nathan McCarson, was promoted to the third grade from the first grade.

Herman Galyan, Jack Hensley, Charles Cain, Leroy Shedd, Bernard Webster, Edward Morgan, Edd Guinn, Lloyd Perdue, Glenn Matheson, Earl Wood, Ollie Daw, and Jerry Peavey were promoted to the third grade from the second grade.

Fourteen boys were promoted from the third grade to the fourth grade, They were: Eugene McLean, Thomas McGee, Curtis Helms, John Gainey, Billy Keene, Paul Church, Billy Carswell, John McKinney, J. C. Taylor, Clifton Kerns, Carl Church, Thomas Martin, Robert Canady, and Ben Wilson.

Twelve boys went to the fifth grade.

They were the following boys: Leonard Allen, Floyd Bruce, Kenneth Holcomb, Judd Lane, Bobby Porter, Glenn Cunningham, Tommy Edwards, Bobby Rice, Jack Jarvis, Billy McVicker, Bennie Riggins, and Robert Williamson.

To the sixth grade were promoted Joe Cain, James Cartrette, Carl Howell, Carlton Crawford, Charles Franklin, Emmett Fields, and Bobby Long.

Cecil Butcher, Earl Gilmore, Frank Sargent, Billy Hiatt, Bernie Hauser, and James Reynolds went to the seventh grade while Alfred Perry, Gerald Petty, Bobby Shepherd, and Silas Orr were promoted from the seventh grade.

The entire class of eighth grade boys went to the ninth grade. In fact, four of the members of that class have been doing some ninth grade work and have earned some units already. Those four boys are the following: Talmadge Duncan, Clyde Wright, Robert Jarvis, and Glenn Evans. The other eighth grade boys who were promoted to the ninth grade are: Charles Angel, Charles Autry, Hugh Ball, Alfred Davis, Robert Ellers, Waylon Gardner, Carl Holt, Billy Kassell, Bobby Poplin, Howard Riley, Donald Ross, Fred Whitley, Charles Smith, Marshall Beaver, John Weaver, John Gupton, Harvey Honeycutt, Kenneth McLean, Richard Sandlin, Bill Ray, Ray Wooten, Paul Hendron, and Bobby Woodruff.

Twelve of the tenth grade boys went to the eleventh grade. They were: Hugh Barnes, Glenn Bumgardner, Raymond Cloninger, Treva Coleman, Roy Gaskins, Herman Houghes, Bobby King, Herman Kirby, James Moore, Russell Murphy, Carl Rice, and J. W. Sorrell.

Civics Class

By John Gupton, 9th Grade

The boys of the ninth grade in the afternoon section are making much progress in studying citizenship. We are about half through with the book, and all of the boys like this subject very much. I think that it helps us a lot.

The boys who are in the civics class are the following: Talmadge Duncan, Ray Wooten, Bobby Jarvis, Harvey Honeycutt, Richard Sandlin, Bobby Woodruff, Billy Ray, Paul Hendron, Alfred Perry, Gerald Petty, Glenn Evans, Silas Orr, Clyde Wright, Kenneth McLean, and John D. Gupton.

School Rooms Are Being Repainted

By Talmadge Duncan, 9th Grade

The carpenter shop boys are busy now, helping Mr. Carriker paint the school rooms. They have already painted the fifth grade room, are now painting the second grade room, and will soon be painting the ninth grade room.

The boys who are helping are the following: Emmitt Fields, Aaron McCarson, Jimmy Cauthen, Carl Howell, Charles Pinkston, J. C. Woodell, and Charles Cain.

We know that the boys will appreciate their nice clean rooms and will try to take care of them.

New Boys Enter Our School

By Clyde Wright, 9th Grade

Recently, there have been some more new boys to enter the school department of our school. They are as follows: Leonard DeHart, fifth grade; Evan Myers, second grade; Wilbur Bowden, fifth grade; Carroll Painter, fifth grade; Jack Coleman, sixth grade; Charles Woodrow, ninth grade; Carroll Teer, fourth grade; Boyd Morris, fifth grade; Francis Thomas, seventh grade; Jerry Minter, second grade; Joe Swink, third grade; Billy Teer, second grade; Willie Newcomb, fifth grade; and George Brincefield, first grade.

NO TIME

I have no time to find fault with others,
I have no many faults of my own;
While I, myself may not know them
I'm sure to others they're known.

I have no time for idle gossip,
It may all be a lie,
And soon the story will die out
If anyone passes it by.

I have no time to believe everything I hear,
And to others the story repeat;
I would rather obey the Golden Rule
And be kind to all whom I meet.

I have no time to listen to those who tell
Something to stir up strife.
Far better to tell of good deeds done
And brighten the journey of life.

I have no time to be moody and lonely,
No time to be gloomy and sad.
It takes all my spare time planning
How I can help make others glad.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Elmer Talbert, of Albemarle, a former student here, was a recent visitor at the school. This young man, who is now twenty-four years old, entered the institution, October 16, 1937, and remained here until July 11, 1939. He was re-admitted, December 18, 1939, and was again permitted to leave, August 1, 1940.

During his stay at the school, Elmer was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group, and his work experiences consisted of employment in the shoe repair shop, and in the plumbing department.

Upon leaving the school he returned to his home in Albemarle. For several months he worked in a men's furnishings store, and then for about one year he was employed in a textile plant.

On November 29, 1942, Elmer enlisted in the United States Army. He received training at Fort Bragg, Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, and Camp Campbell, Kentucky. He went overseas and took part in various campaigns, in France and Germany.

Elmer returned to the United States in September, 1945, and was honorably discharged, October 15, 1945.

Immediately after receiving his discharge, he returned to Albemarle, where he secured employment as mechanic in an automobile repair shop. He is still working for the same firm. He stated that he was very much pleased with his present place of employment, and that he was getting along fine.

We learned from Elmer that he has been married about sixteen months, and has a son, aged six months.

James E. Allen, who was a student at the Training School more than twenty-five years ago, recently called at The Uplift office. James entered this institution, March 10, 1922, and he was allowed to go back to his home in Raleigh, September 12, 1923. He was a member of the group in Cottage No. 5, and during part of his stay here, he worked in the carpenter shop.

Going back to his home, James attended the public schools in that city, and completed the tenth grade studies.

James enlisted in the United States Army, January 2, 1925, and he remain in that branch of service about seven and one-half years. He was injured while stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia, and was hospitalized for several months. On August 7, 1932, he received an honorable medical discharge.

Upon leaving the Army, James returned to Raleigh, where for about three and one-half years he was employed by the sanitary department of that city. He later became engaged in construction work, and followed that occupation for several years. One of the projects on which he worked during that time was that of building Riddick Stadium, North Carolina State College. He is now forty-one years old.

For the past few years he has been operating a fleet of taxicabs in Raleigh.

James told us that he was married on January 1, 1931, and that he has two sons, aged fifteen and sixteen years. His oldest boy expects to

join the United States Navy just as soon as he reaches his seventeenth birthday.

This was James, first visit here since leaving the school, and he seemed delighted with the many changes made since that time. He was also very glad to get around for a brief chat with some of the "old-timers" among the school's staff of workers who knew him as a lad, running about the campus.

—:—

Mr. W. M. White, the school's purchasing agent, recently received a very nice letter from Caleb Hill, one of the boy's who worked for him in the store room, about eight years ago. Caleb has been a seaman on a freighter for several years, and his duties have taken him to various parts of the world. His letter, written in Brownsville, Texas, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. White: I wonder how you and all the folks at the school are getting along. Who is in charge of The Uplift now? Just thought whoever he was, he might be interested in an account of the travels I've had since October, 1945, as I've kept them more or less in log form.

"I boarded ship at the shipyard in Wilmington, N. C., in October, 1945. We loaded in the Gulf ports and went to Capetown, Port Elizabeth and Durban, South Africa. Brought a load of manganese ore back to Mobile, Alabama. Then we loaded cotton and bulk grain in Galveston and Houston, Texas, and went to Antwerp, Belgium. Again we loaded in the Gulf ports, went through the Panama Canal and on to Shanghai, China. We transshipped 3,500 tons of flour from Shanghai to Hong Kong, and from Hong Kong back to the Gulf.

"After reloading, the next trip was to Genoa, Italy; came back from Genoa to Galveston, Texas, where we loaded cotton for the Japs and flour for the Chinese. That cargo was unloaded at Kobe, Japan and Shanghai. Then we went to Manila, P. I., and started loading copra. Copra is dried cocoanut meat, which is used for soap oils. We made eight ports in the Philippines, getting 7,000 tons of copra. After stopping at Honolulu for fuel, we went into New York, and unloaded half of the cargo. The other half wes unloaded at New Orleans.

"I next went home for a little visit, and on April 1st, this year, I boarded ship at New Orleans. We left New Orleans on April 4th, loaded with 8,000 tons of deflated Soya Bean flour for the Japs. Went into San Pedro, California, on April 17th for fuel oil. We reached Yokosuka, Japan, May 4th, unloaded, and left on May 10th.

"Came back to New Orleans on June 5th, two months after leaving. We had traveled approximately 22,000 miles in that time.

"On June 15th, we sailed again for Genoa, Italy, arriving there on July 1st. It took the "Eye-Tees" two weeks to unload our cargo. On July 15th, we left Genoa, and were expecting to return to New Orleans, but off the Florida coast they changed our destination to Brownsville, Texas. We arrived here 14 days and 20 hours out of Genoa, which is approximately 6,000 miles.

"We have started loading for Antwerp, Belgium and Rotterdam, Holland. At this port, we are

supposed to load 1,000 tons of lead, 5,000 bales of cotton, and cottonseed meal cakes compressed. On Monday we will go to Houston to finish loading. By next week I think we should be on our way to Antwerp.

"I have been spending my holidays in some of the "darndest" places. Spent the Fourth of July, 1945, in Marseilles, France; the same holiday in 1946, off the coast of Costa Rica; and this year it was spent in Genoa. I haven't spent a Christmas or New Year's Day ashore since 1942. Here's the way it went:Christmas, 1944, a day out of Casablanca; 1945, two days out of Capetown, South Africa; 1946, about 700 miles west of Honolulu, fighting a storm.

"Mr. White, tell The Uplift editor that if he is interested, to drop me a line, and I'll send him the dates, times, etc. Please remember me to all the folks who remember me. Would like to hear from you soon. Best regards, from your old friend, Caleb Hill."

—:—

David Isenhour, a former student here, recently wrote Mr. Rouse, his former cottage officer. This boy was admitted to the school, March 1, 1945, and was conditionally released, Sep-3, 1946. He went to work on a farm near Summerfield, where he is still employed, and is getting along well. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Rouse: Have been thinking about writing you ever since I was released. I want to thank you for all the different ways that you and Mrs. Rouse helped me. And thanks a million for recommending me to come and stay with Mr. Doggett.

"I have really grown since last September. I'm six feet tall now. I really like this part of the country. It is the healthiest place I know of, except the mountains.

I'm sorry this is the first letter that I have written you. I am still thinking of you, Mrs. Rouse, Mary Kathryn, and all the boys. I really have been keeping up wtih the boxing team at the school. They are good fighters. Remember me to Mr. Peck, and tell him that I miss working with him.

"We have to prime the tobacco every week. We are firing one barn now. It won't be long until we are through curing tobacco.

"Again I want to thank you and all the officers for helping me to become a different boy. I promised you and Mrs. Rouse that I wouldn't let you down, and I haven't. Yours truly, David Isenhour."

—:—

James R. Allred, one of our former students, visited old friends at the school recently. Rex, as he was generally known here, entered the institution, May 3, 1938, and was conditionally released, July 10, 1939. He was a member of the group at Cottage No. 1, where he was employed as house boy during the greater part of his stay with us. He was also employed for a short time in the carpenter oshp.

Upon returning to Greensboro, Rex entered the public school, and attended regularly until October 31, 1942, when he enlisted in the United States Army. He was assigned to the Army Air Corps, and for about two years he was engaged in combat training at the Army Air base, near Rapid City, South Dakota. He then continued the same training for about three months at Honolulu, The Hawaiians.

Receiving an honorable discharge

from further military service, February 16, 1946, Rex returned to Greensboro. He secured employment as carpenter with a building construction company, and is still engaged in that work.

Rex, who is now twenty-three years old, informed us that he had been married four years.

—:—

Leonard Dawn, formerly of Cottage No. 5, visited the school about a week ago. He entered this institution, February 1, 1939, and was conditionally released, August 2, 1942; re-admitted, October 1, 1943, and was again released, July 10, 1944.

For about two years after leaving the school the second time, Leonard was employed in a cotton mill in Mt. Holly. He then enlisted in the United States Navy. After being in service a little more than five months, he was given an honorable medical discharge.

At the time of his recent visit, Leonard informed us that be had been employed in a garage in Mt. Holly for about a week. He stated that he liked his new place of employment very much, and that he was getting along well with his duties there.

—:—

On Monday, of last week, David L. York, of Lumberton, was a visitor at the school. David, who is now forty years old, left this institution, February 11, 1924. He was a member of the Cottage No. 6 group, and for several months prior to going home, he was the chauffer of the school's car, making regular trips to Concord daily, to get the afternoon mail, and to attend to other errands.

For many years, David has been engaged in carpenter work and in roofing. For the past eight or ten years, he, with a partner, has been in the roofing business exclusively. Their headquarters are in Lumberton, but they do considerable work in various parts of the state.

David told us that two of his children have graduated from high school, and that the other two are attending school regularly.

We were delighted to see David, and he seemed equally pleased for an opportunity for a brief chat with old friends among the staff members.

—:—

Robert Lee Jones, one of our former students, called on friends at the school a little more than a week ago. Robert was admitted here, June 2, 1941, and was conditionally released, July 15, 1942.

For several months after returning to his home in High Point, Robert worked in a curb market in that city.

On January 31, 1943, he enlisted in the United States Navy. He attained the rating of first-class fireman.

Robert stated that during the war most of his service was in the Shanghai, China and the Philippine Islands area. He was a member of the crew of the airplane carrier, the "USS Franklin" at the time it was so severely damaged by Japanese dive bombers. In that engagement he was slightly wounded.

At the present time, Robert is a member of the crew of a mine-layer, the "Uss Terrier." At the expiration of his leave, which he is spending with relatives and friends in High Point, he will report back to his ship at Charleston South Carolina.

Ian French, aged thirty-one years, who left the school about sixteen years ago, was a recent visitor at The Uplift office.

This young man told us that from 1939 to 1941, he was employed as truck driver for the Lance Packing Company, Charlotte.

On August 16, 1941, he was inducted into the United States Army. After receiving basic training at Fort Bragg and at Jackson, Mississippi, he went overseas. He participated in numerous campaigns in the European Theatre of Operations. At the close of the war, he returned to this country, and was discharged on November 6, 1945.

Shortly after leaving the military service, Ian returned to Charlotte, where he was again employed by the Lance Company. He is still driving a truck for that firm, and reports that he is getting along very nicely.

Superintendent Hawfield recently received a letter from Earl B. Kinlaw, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who has been away from the school for several months. Earl writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I guess you must be thinking that I have forgotten you, but that is not so. I have been having such a good time that I almost forgot you and all the other folks back there at the school.

"Mr. Hawfield, I am sending you the $1.92 which I have been owing you ever since leaving the school last May. I am getting along fine. Am planning to go back to school this fall. As you said, everybody needs a good education, so they can go through the world without any trouble.

Please give my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Liske, also Mr. Corliss. Tell them I am still thinking about them.

"How is Mr. Walters getting along these days. Remember me to him, too.

"All the family asked me to give you their best regards. Tell all "hello" for me, and to write some time. Sincerely yours, Earl B. Kinlaw."

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell him.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

DISCOURAGED PEOPLE

By Dr. Roy E. Hoke, Ph. D., in The Charlotte Observes

Most of us have a desire to live as long as we can here upon earth. Our hospitals are crowded with people who are battling to overcome sickness and to recover. The fight that many of them wage is really heroic.

Walking upon our streets are found many thousands who are not well. They battle on with failing heart or a weakness in the lungs. In spite of the weakness of flesh, their spirits display a great will to live.

Strange as it may seem, while many battle to live, others are ready to give up the battle and seek a way out. They have what we might call a will to die.

Every 25 minutes, someone in our country commits suicide. The total number is over 21,000 in a year. There are over 40,000 others who try to take their lives but fail.

Surprising as these figures are, they still do not tell the whole story. There are many more people who kill themselves "accidentally on purpose." Many fatal accidents are really suicides if the facts were known. Many hunting accidents are really intentional.

In times of real hardship and deprivation the suicide rate goes downward. When we all struggled to win the war, the rate was low. Now that the victory is won and we have been enjoying the triumph and peace, the rate begins to rise. It seems that as long as people think about others and work for the common good, only find life worth living. As soon as the attention is turned upon self and self-gratification, life becomes empty.

People get into a depressed state of mind and are unable to throw it off. Many lose courage and have no will to go on with what appears to be a losing struggle. Others have lost their grip on life and hope is dead. There are many discouraged people.

There is much discouragement today. Many different factors enter into the picture. There is a breakdown in so many of the standards which men and women use for living.

A former officer in the Army was used to a much higher income than he has been able to secure since his discharge from the service. He is able to earn less than half what he formerly got while the war was in progress. Now he is having a hard time paying his bills. To make matters worse, he is having trouble with his wife. He feels that life is not worth living. Ideas of suicide keep coming into his mind at all hours of day or night. By proper advice, he can be restored to right thinking and he can again find pleasure and thrill in life.

Frustration is common to all lives. We all have our ups and downs. The important thing is not the opposition we experience but how we meet it.

Glenn Cunningham, as a lad, was so badly burned that the doctors thought he would always be an invalid, became the world's fastest human in the mile race.

Whistler, the painter, wanted to be a soldier. He failed at West Point. In his discouragement he took up the brush.

The ambition of Walter Scott was to equal Byron as a writer of poetry.

This he failed to do. In his discouragement he turned to the writing of novels. His shame was so great that he wrote anonymously.

Phillips Brooks failed miserably as a teacher. This was a great blow to his pride. Very reluctantly he turned to the work of a preacher. In time he became one of the world's greatest preachers. It is quite possible that teaching was the one thing needed to prepare him for the ministry of preaching.

Discouraged people have the idea that nobody cares for them. Really they indulge in a type of self-pity which makes them feel perfectly worthless. What they need at the time is something which will restore their self-esteem and make them feel essential to life.

They should remember that depressed moods are part of every normal person's life. These depressed moods are simply tunnels of darkness through which we all pass. They have exits and entrances and we do not stay in them for ever.

Dr. Liebman, in his helpful book, "Peace of Mind," says: "Let us learn then to take the depression of the day or the month as the permanent state of our life. It is a brief tunnel of darkness carved into the mountain of light."

How To Overcome Discouragement

1. Quit being sorry for yourself. That, I feel, is the basis of most discouragement. Begin to think about others and try to help them.

2. Keep going and stay busy. People who are blue or depressed tend to sit around too much doing nothing. They should be busy. Working with the hands or gardening takes the mind off of self and one's petty troubles.

3. Quit borrowing trouble for tomorrow. Too many people cross bridges before they come to them. Others worry about things which happened long ago and cannot be changed. We must all learn not to worry about the things which cannot be changed. They must simply be accepted. Happy people live in the present—today.

4. Cultivate the religious life. It is said that three out of every four of those who attempt to take their lives have no church affiliation. Reading the Bible regularly, going to church and the habit of prayer give us access to a power that can win any battle we are forced to face.

BROTHERHOOD

God, what a world, if men in street and mart,
Felt that same kinship of the human heart,
Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,
Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

JAPAN INCAPABLE OF FIGHTING FOR 100 YEARS

(Selected)

Japan has been rendered incapable of rearming for modern warfare "within a century," Gen. Douglas MacArthur said recently in a statement emphasizing the extent of the country's demilitarization.

Even the absence of external controls would not enable Japan to become a major war factor in less time, he added.

MacArthur's statement hailed as "one of the great state papers of modern history" a recent policy decision of the far eastern commission dealing with reparations and post-surrender treatment of the Japanese. He said it would do much to prove that agreement on major issues can be obtained despite allied disagreements.

"The transition stage of destroying those evil influences which misguided Japan's past has been virtually completed," MacArthur said. "And a course has been set upon which Japan is now embarked toward a peaceful, constructive future—even were there no external controls Japan could not rearm for modern war within a century."

The policy statement, MacArthur declared, "not only ratifies a course which thus far has been taken but signifies complete unity of future purpose among the 11 nations and peoples concerned.

"It at once sweeps aside fears currently felt that the great nations of the world are unable to reconcile divergent views on such vital issues in the international sphere and demonstrates with decisive clarity that from an atmosphere of conflicting interests and opposing predelictions may emerge common agreement, founded upon experience and shaped to realistic appreciation of world conditions and the basic requirements of a progressive civilization."

The supreme commander said that in formulating the policy these two "insidious concepts" had been resisted.

"The one which would seek harsh and unjust treatment of our fallen foe," and "the other which would seek partially to preserve and perpetuate the institutions and leadership which bear the responsibility of war guilt."

A harsh policy, he said, was a" sound moderate course" which shunned both the extreme right and left and provided for "the great middle way of the ordinary man." It is based, he said, "upon a concept embodying firmness but justice, disarmament but rehabilitation, lower standards but an opportunity for life."

The policy's prime purpose—disarmament and demilitarization—"already have been fully accomplished," MacArthur asserted.

"This primary objective has led all aims in the occupation of Japan. Japanese military forces have been disarmed, demobilized and absorbed in peaceful pursuits and Japan's remaining war potentials either have been destroyed or completely neutraeized.

"The political and economic phases of the disarmament program have been effected through dissolution of an alliance long existing between the government and industry; breaking up of monopolistic combines and practices, which have suppressed private enterprise; and raising of the individual to a position of dignity and hope with provision made for new leadership untainted by war responsibilities and both mentally and spiritually equipped to further democratic growth. We thus see here the transformation of a state which once proclaimed its mastery of war into one which from material impoverishments and spiritual dedication now seeks its destiny as a servant of peace.

"This action representing agreement of allied nations which were engaged in the Pacific war not only confirms post-surrender policies previously evolved and largely implemented but it establishes at the same time a norm for the restoration of peace.

"This accord provides an entire framework for the treaty of peace—a treaty which if it is to be faithfully honored should constitute within itself a charter of human liberty to which the Japanese citizens will look for guidance and protection rather than shun with revulsion and shame —a treaty which yielding firmness in its essential mandates should avoid punitive, arbitrary unrealistic provisions and by its terms set a pattern for future peace throughout the world."

LEARN TO ADJUST YOURSELF

The hardest task put before the average boy today seems to be that of adjustment to his surroundings. Through shyness, lack of interest, or a well defined obstinacy, several months are wasted before even a partial adjustment is made. And why does it cause so much trouble? If it is going to be such a supreme effort to adapt plans to conform to ordinary rules—what would be the results on a job?

Each new adventure, and each new enterprise involves varied aspects which have never before been evidenced as a reality. By meeting calmly, and with a little effort, obstacles are quickly and easily removed. Those then who have taken several weeks or months to accustom themselves to the standard of the school and shop would be more than behind when it came to a job. Certainly no employer would condescend to pay an individual several month's salary and use up an extra amount of energy trying to make him conform to his way of office procedure.

Therefore, in disguise, each one is having an important subject added to his school and shop program. An improvement along this line will receive equally as much consideration.

When one has acquired the ability to quickly and easily adjust himself to his surroundings, half the battle is won.—Selected

OUR WORLD TASK

(The Arkansas Baptist)

Our young people, along with the young people of our allies, literally took the world from the dictators who would ensalve the peoples of the earth. With high courage they threw themselves into the conflict of World War II with utter abandon. They won the war and handed the world back to the elder statesmen whose feeble efforts to win the peace may conceivably start another war.

Some time ago there appeared an editoral in the Baptist Record of Mississippi in which the belief was advanced that "Christian young people will answer the call to fill the places needed in the hard spots of the world in missions."

Will our Christian young people respond with the same high courage, determination, and self-sacrifice to the challenge to evangelize the world which were evident in their response to the challenge to win the war? Before we undertake to answer the question, let us inquire into the spiritual response of our Christian young people today.

Our Christian colleges are crowded beyond capacity with young people earnestly seeking to prepare themselves for the challenges of life in this atomic age. Most of these young people are Christians and many of them have dedicated their lives to definite Christian work. Many more of them would volunteer for Christian service, if there were any hope of their service being accepted by missionary and other Christian agencies.

Our seminaries are not equipped to receive all the young people who have already surrendered for special Christian service. Every year they are forced to close their doors to young women who are willing and anxious to meet the challenge of world evangelism.

If a person wishes further proof of the spiritual responses of our Christian youth, he should visit our summer assemblies. In our state assemblies and at Ridgecrest the young people of our Southern Baptist Churches gather in great numbers. A person cannot attend these assemblies without feeling the impact of the interest and enthusiasm and spiritual fervor of the boys and girls, young men and women on the encampment grounds.

The Foreign Mission Board will have to decline 25 volunteers for Foreign Mission work in 1947. It is estimated that 50 additional volunteers will have to be rejected in 1948.

We should ask ourselves the question, "Who is responding to the challenging to evangelize the world and who is putting on the brakes?"

It is obvious that the young people are more responsive than their elders who hold the purse strings.

Ah, there is the difficulty, the purse strings. O yes, our people are giving more money, but not proportionately; their income is greatly increased. Practically every church you hear about is planning something big for its own local program. That is well and good, but is the church's

world-wide program and vision and support growing proportionately?

Southern Baptists should think seriously on this matter of a division of funds between the local program and world-wide missions during the tithing campaign which is now being promoted. If the movement is as successful as we expect it to be and large numbers of our people are enlisted to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord, shall our world-wide program continue to suffer for lack of adequate funds, and shall our young people who have surrendered their lives to mission work continue to be rejected because we do not have the funds to send them?

We believe that our young people would take the world for Christ, if we as individual Christians and as Christian churches would match their consecrated talents with consecrated dollars.

What is it going to profit us and our churches to receive the Lord's tithe if we do not launch a world program of evangelism and missions commensurate with the commissions of our Lord and equal to the response of our own young people?

IT PAYS TO BE COURTEOUS

Courtesy is politeness combined with kindness. It is an attitude of mind and an expression of judgment. It is reasoned thoughtfulness. It is not essentially inherent in life. It is an acquired and cultivated trait. It is a trait which anyone may acquire through will and effort. It is available to the educated and uneducated, the rich and the poor. Common courtesy pays big dividends in personal satisfaction, and brings other rewards.

Courtesy is expressed in words, attitudes, conduct and good deeds. It may be in the tone of voice, a greeting, a thank you, or the placing of a chair. It is made up of many little every-day kindnesses, rather than in some big display.

Courtesy pays in many ways. It pays in business. The genuinely courteous salesman brings trade. The courteous agent sells tickets. The writer goes invariably to a certain ticket agent when contemplating a trip because he is the essence of courtesy.

The courteous person makes friends, one of the greatest assets of life. He commands respect and invites courtesy in return. To him who is courteous, courtesy will be shown. One of the greatest recommendations one may write of one is, he is a very courteous person.—Selected.

SINS OF THE PARENTS

(The New Day)

J. Edgar Hoover, who handles the end product of youth gone wrong, is by no means the first to attribute its delinquency to the dereliction of parents; but his Sunday article in "This week" does an especially comprehensive job of surveying the ways in which parents fail.

The child who from infancy has confidence in the love of those around him has no grudge against them, to be transferred to all society as he matures. All seven of the bad influences listed by Director Hoover have their root in a defect in that love, either in depriving the child of normal warmth and sustaining effection, or smothering it in a cloying sentimentality that betrays an emotionally immature parent—the poorest of all supports for the child in its job of learning to stand alone.

Out of this latter grows the tendency to dote, to forgive when discipline is in order. At the other extreme is indifference, translated into neglect and letting the young run wild. The broken home, of course, repesents a crisis in the young life which is capable of irreparable damage to personality. More numerous, perhaps, is the unhappy home that holds together after a fashion. It is wisely said that youth seeking a mate does best to look in happy homes. It is no absolute guarantee, but the chances are all with those whose adjustment began in the cradle, and who, being adjusted to the family, find little difficulty in adjusting themselves to life.

This contemplates a better home than many parents, with the best of intentions provide. Yet too often the key deficiency is in themselves, in a variety of qualities which add up to selfishness, an unwillingness to share themselves, a disposition to consult their own conveniences in times which are crucial to the child's future. Any or all of these do not invariably lead to destruction of the young nature; but they affect it, and so often decisively and for the worse that in this country last year 108,000 persons under 21 were arrested. It is a shocking harvest. No child is born bad; if he turns out that way, it is not unfair to look first to those closest to him.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Chesterfield.

INTELLIGENCE

(The Yellow Jacket)

"The superior man is he who develops, in harmonious proportions, his moral, intellectual and physical nature. This should be the end at which men of all classes should aim, and it is this only, which constitutes real greatness."

Jerold knew not that he was penning the recipe for life when he scribbled out the above words. He did not realize that the thoughts that he placed in the history which only print can contain, would be spread to millions of peoples some day.

Boys, go back and read those words of wisdom again. Do you want to be a superior man? Then, by all means, start following Jerold's formula.

The first thing that he listed was moral nature. But to develop that moral nature, the intellectual and physical natures must also be developed. In other words, one of the three cannot prevail while one is lacking.

Each of you have at least the fundamentals of one of Jerold's three ingredients for superiority. Why not gain all three ingredients and feel secure within yourself? Are you strong? Does your body, physically, compare with the bodies of those around you? Are you smart? Does your IQ indicate that you are smarter than other boys with whom you associate? Are you morally strong? Does your philosophy of life reach above the ideals of others?.

If the answer to any of the above questions is, yes, then by all means, start an organized program to make the answer to all three be yes.

The possession of the three precious properties that have been outlined in the words above will make you a rich man. With those three qualities, you could mingle with the rich and make them feel like paupers. For, as Benjamin Franklin once said, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can ever take it from him."

THE REASON WHY

One day, in Philadelphia, a vicious horse attached to a wagon started to run away. The owner seized the lines.

"Let him go! Let him go!" shouted the people, apprehensive for the man's life. But he would not; he was thrown down, picked himself up again, wound the lines more closely round his wrists, and at last, bruished and battered, brought the frantic animal to a stand. "Why didn't you let go the horse?" they said. "Your neck was worth more than the brute."

"Look back in the wagon. Do you see that little boy? That is all the boy we have."—Selected

GO OUT AND GET IT

By Jayne Deuel, in Sunshine Magazine

Do you remember the Cocoanut Grove disaster in Boston in 1942? A seventeen-year-old girl was beginning to realize a wonderful dream on that evening in November. The audience had liked her song; the band leader had smiled his approval. The girl sighed happily as she sat in front of her dressing table mirror.

Fire! The panic-stricken cry interrupted her happy thoughts. Then the fire seared her face and body as she risked her life to warn the waiters and cooks.

Hours later she awakened in a hospital, her face deeply burned. Was this the end of her career? It was merely another beginning—of a long, hard climb up the ladder. She had her voice, and she sang to entertain convalescents in the hospital. As her strength returned, she sang for veterans in plastic surgery wards. And after twenty operations, this girl stands, as beautiful as ever, in the doorway of success.

Stop wishing! It's the go-getters who win fame and fortune—and happiness; the men and women who aren't afraid of hard work, who aren't afraid of competition, who go after what they want.

It takes courage to strike out toward a goal that seems far out of reach. It takes courage to keep fighting toward that goal when the odds begin piling up against you. But if you really want a thing, an army of opposition cannot keep you from getting it!

If you study the lives of great men, you will notice that the greatest are the ones who overcame the greatest obstacles. An ugly little hunchback became one of the greatest scientists of all times. His name—Steinmetz. Read the life stories of Poe, Tschaikowsky, Helen Keller, and Washington Carver. They will help you make your own dreams come true. Note the odds against which they fought. People laughed at Fulton, Columbus, and everyone who dared to be different. The laughter will die out when you reach your goal. Everyone respects determination.

What is it you want? Go out and get it!

———:———

A fool and a wise man are alike both in the starting-place—their birth, and at the post—their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.—Fuller.

KEEP MOVING

(Selected)

There is no place in the business world for any person to stand still, for any company to stand still, for any organization to stand still. You cannot stand still in business; you either go ahead or fall back.

There is no such thing as a stationary position in business today. That may sound a little far-fetched, but it is an exact statement and will bear the closest scrutiny.

"Why should I advertise now?" merchants have been heard to say. "Why should I attempt to get more business when I cannot take care of the business I have today?"

There are many good reasons, but those who do not do a good advertising job will not be here when the unusual surplus of business facing us today begins to fade out.

We are undoubtedly at the beginning of some few years of unusual success, but in order to reap your full benefit of that great success you must keep yourself diligently employed for that period of time and you must create a demand now for the business you will need in the years ahead when business will be harder to get.

The small business has as much, if not a great deal more, to reap from advertising in a general way as the large businessman.

As a matter of fact, no man will get more out of it than he puts into it. He must put forth effort of his own in order to take advantage of that advertising. If he does, it will produce for him in his own individual business.

The small man, by carefully following the opportunities to advertise, can put his particular efforts into obtaining the type and kind of business that he desires to get with more direct control of his operation than the large man. He should thereby increase his business, not only volume-wise but quality-wise, because his organization is small enough to secure and control properly the type business that he most desires.

To repeat that old, common, and worn expression you get out of life exactly what you put into it, and the same is true in your business.

You must put your heart into your job, because no matter what the effort may be, you cannot expect dividends on a heart investment if you just invest your labor.

———:———

Do not speak ill of the departed, but remember that his soul still lives, though his body is dead.—The Talmud.

AUTO OF FUTURE ADAPTABLE TO ROAD OF AIR

(The New Day)

Some day you may drive your automobile to the airport, hitch on wings, tail, propellers and a few other gadgets, and take to the air.

This will be possible with a proposed flying automobile—a true automobile, with attachments to permit it to fly. It is not what flying men call the roadable airplane. This is a plane with wings which can be folded or detached. In appearance however, it is still a plane, and an odd sight on the road.

There are many difficulties to overcome befor the flying automobile becomes a reality. Possibilities and difficulties were presented here to the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences by Joseph M. Gwinn of Gar Wood Industries, Inc., Detroit. The flying automobile is much to be preferred to the roadable plane, he said, because the combination vehicle ordinarily will be used far more on the road than in the air.

The flying automobile might be the conventional car with added structure and power to fly, or a flying automobile designed entirely to aircraft weight standards. The second seems to be Mr. Gwinn's preference. But it would be of normal car size and shape, with ride, speed and acceleration equal to those of a regular automobile. If a conventional car is to be used, wheel suspension, wheels, tires, brakes, chassis strength, attachment points, will all require major changes.

The special car suggested by Mr. Gwinn would have one engine only, but it would have to be of 250-horse power. This presents one problem: How to use an engine of this power on the highway at low speeds. As an airplane, the center of gravity must be farther to the rear than in ordinary automobiles. This can be accomplished by structural changes and positioning of the load.

The wings would be attached slightly ahead of the rear wheels. Assuming the airplane is of conventional type, it will carry tail surfaces back of the wing, and a fuselage connecting wings and tail. The propeller would be located to the rear, behind the rudder. It would be removable, with the flying structure in a single piece. Landing gear is another problem. Special tires, shock absorbers and a swing rear axle, hinged on each side of the differential, were suggested. Other problems, and possible solutions, were presented.

———:———

It's a great kindness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it.—Robert Quillen.

JUST AS I AM

(Guidon)

These words belong to the title of a very beautiful hymn. Possibly, many of us have sung or heard it many times. To me, it bears an entirely different significance. That title or line of words, has followed me throughout my life.

I recollect using it to answer a playmate's query years ago, as to what I would wear to go to church that day. I recall putting it into good use on my first date. Still later I expressed it very emphatically when I asked my best girl to accept me, "Just As I Am." In subsequent years, this catch phrase seemed to dog me in every undertaking. In business, pleasure and home life. It continues to reside with me today, but it has taken on a more important role.

In the past I was accepted almost everywhere I chanced to go. It was not difficult to make friends; to work with business associates; attend church; take my child for a stroll; to participate in the activities which I loved best. It was quite simple to have others accept me, "Just As I Am."

However, the times and the events have changed. I lie awake at night and ask myself, "What will you do now?" Will you be able to make a come-back? Will you be able to face, once again, those whom you love so much; upon whom you have brought so much sorrow and pain? What does the world think of me? Is it willing to give me an opportunity to make another start in life even though I did err? Will it confront me with open arms and utter, "Do not worry, we will accept you as you are?"

It has only been in isolated cases where society gathered into its folds a former inmate and permitted him to return to right the wrong he had committed. As a rule, my kind is shunned at every turn. We are looked upon with scorn and contempt. Others are warned to steer clear of us for they may be contaminated. There are so many excuses for us to become a legion of forgotten men, souls of despair, breathing dead men, men who never come back.

———:———

Leland Stanford lost his only child. Though he was United States senator from California, he said to himself, "I have nothing to live for. I have no children." He put a million dollars into a private home, but it was not a home to him.

One night he had a dream. In this dream his son appeared to him and said: "Father, never say again that you have nothing to live for—live for humanity, live for other people's children."

There soon arose at Palo Alto the Leland Stanford Junior University at a cost of $20,000,000. He and Mrs. Stanford became the devoted servants of the poor, the orphan, and the suffering, and left all their property to go on doing good to the rising generations.

—The Stewardship Spokesman.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 12:20-31. The subject of his message to the boys was "Seeing Jesus," and the text he selected was part of the 21st verse of the lesson just read—"The same came therefore to Phillip, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus."

Rev Mr. Cox began by stating that late in the earthly career of Jesus, there were many unusual occurrences among people in various sections of the world. In the lesson just read we learn that certain people from Greece came to see Jesus. They had probably become tired of worshipping their gods, and wanted to learn to worship the true God.

Some very definite spiritual lessons were to be learned by these people, said the speaker. The Greeks were conscious of an inheritance of rich spiritual treasures. They knew of many learned men in their country—great philosophers—people who had ruled over a considerable portion of the world. But in spite of all this, they were not satisfied.

There were many Greek gods, but they knew nothing of the true God. The spiritual vitality of the people of that country had rapidly declined.

It is a fine thing for anyone to have a sense of need, continued the speaker. When one realizes this need, and tried earnestly to obtain that which will serve that need, he is on the way to being the man God wants him to be.

The demands of life are something terrific, said Rev. Mr. Cox. There are bound to be times in the lives of all people when there is a realization of moral needs.

As an example, attention was called to the story of the Prodigal Son. After he had gotten what he wanted—his share of his father's estate—he started out on a life of riotous living. His one aim was to "have a good time." When he suddenly realized that all his so-called friends had deserted him, and that he had lost everything, this young man became conscious of his great need. It was then he exclaimed, "I will arise and go to my father." He felt that at the moment, he needed his father's love and care more that anything else.

Those Greeks who wanted to see Jesus, said Rev. Mr. Cox, were seeking to take advantage of their spiritual opportunities. The religious ideals of Greece were dead. From what they had heard and seen of the religious ideals of Palestine, they were interested in learning more about them. They saw great throngs of people surrounding the Master on various occasions. They heard of his wonderful teachings, and of the miracles performed by Him. This sort of religion impressed the Greeks. It was something they had never before experienced.

There is a great number of people in the world today who are not attending church regularly, nor assuming their share of the work of the church, said the speaker. Such persons are

failing to take advantage of spiritual opportunities.

It was then pointed out that men are made to live together in groups, and not in isolation. A man who tries to live, even with God, in a little corner of the world, apart from his fellow men, soon becomes cynical. Christians need the fellowship of their Christian brethren.

As an illustration, the speaker told this story of a tree: We see a fine, healthy tree in a group of other trees in a woodland. We admire such a splendid specimen of growth.

Then, someone cuts away all surrounding trees, leaving this fine tree standing by itself. For a while it keeps on growing and developing. A little later, because there are no other trees nearby, in whose shade the moisture is kept in the ground, this fine tree begins to show signs of decay, and a little later, it dies. It could not live by itself. Nature intended it to live with other trees.

The story of mankind is much the same. Men are intended to live together, to help each other, and to enjoy fellowship.

The speaker then stated that if the people of the world are to see Jesus, they must see Him through each other. The Master laid down the only rules whereby men can live together in peace and harmony. There is no other way.

Sometimes, continued Rev. Mr. Cox, we are deprived of seeing Jesus by our own conduct. This never occurs through any fault of His.

It was then stated that one of the best ways to find Jesus is by constant reading and study of the Bible. This is man's great guide to the right way of living.

When we do see Jesus, said the speaker, our inner ideals are purified. When we meet good people, we have the desire to make our lives like theirs.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Cox told the boys to remember that unless they kept their hearts and minds clean, it would never be possible for them to know the joy of seeing Jesus.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 14, 1947

Sept. 14—Robert King, Cottage No. 11, 16th birthday.
Sept. 16—Eugene Newton, Cottage No. 9, 12th birthday.
Sept. 16—Carlton Crawford, Cottage No. 11, 14th birthday.
Sept. 16—Bobby Joe Duncan, Cottage No. 3, 13th birthday.
Sept. 17—Leon Poston, Cottage No. 14, 15th birthday.
Sept. 18—Elmer Sutherland, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.—Sheridan.

—:—

The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—Daniel O'Connell.

—:—

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville.

—:—

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost.
—Fuller.

—:—

The true recipe for a miserable existence is to quarrel with Providence.
—J. W. Alexander.

—:—

To see what is right, and not do it, is want of courage, or of principle.
—Confucius.

—:—

A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the matter of ages.
—Carlyle.

—:—

One may be better than his reputation, but never better than his principles.—Latena.

—:—

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—Bishop Hall.

—:—

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.
—Cecil.

If a man hasn't got plenty of good common sense, the more science he has the worse for his patient.
—O. W. Holmes.

He who has no inclination to earn more will be ever apt to think that he knows enough.—Pope.

—:—

The sower of the seed is assuredly the author of the whole harvest of mischief.—Demosthenes.

—:—

When ill news comes too late to be of service to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Zimmerman.

—:—

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Each year, one vicious habit rooted out in time ought to make the worst man good.—Franklin.

—:—

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it, he is superior.—Bacon.

—:—

No persons are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit they are wrong.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

Be pleasant until ten o'clock each morning, and the rest of the day will take care of itself.—Exchange.

I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you.—Woodrow Wilson.

Wise kings generally have wise counsellors; and he must be a wise man himself who is capable of distinguishing one.—Diogenes.

—:—

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.—Harry Talyor.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

"Lives of ancestors remind us
We give photos to our kin;
And, departing, leave behind us
Relatives who point and grin."

—:—

Many a man, were the conceit taken out of him, would be about like an umbrella with its ribs gone.

—:—

A small boy was told to give the definition of steam. His answer was, "Steam is water gone crazy with the heat."

—:—

Old Dobbin may have had his faults but he never scattered you all over the road just because he met a one-eyed horse at night.

—:—

The fellow who is always telling us about his troubles, is of some use, after all—he keeps us from thinking of our own.

—:—

If having a good time is all there is to life, a monkey has a man outdistanced completely, both in amusing others and being amused.

Doctors can cut out most anything that is the matter with you now-a-days except your own foolishness. You have to cut that out yourself.

—:—

If you are planning an automobile tour, get a large road map. It will tell you everything you want to know, except how to fold it up again.

—:—

When asked what was his greatest ambition, a small boy replied, "I think it is to take mother away from the dinner table and wash her face."

—:—

A recession is when you need to tighten up your belt. A depression is when you have no belt to tighten.

One of our high school teachers was heard to remark the other day, "This class is so dumb that if you stood in a circle, the FBI would raid you for being a dope ring."

—:—

A church worker knocked at old Zeke's door and asked for a contribution for the new church. Poor old Zeke refused. "I haven't a thing," he said. "I owe everybody in town."

"But don't you think you owe the Lord something, too?" asked the solicitor.

"Yep, guess I do," said Zeke. "But He's not pressing me like my other creditors."

—:—

We've heard many jokes concerning the difficulty of reading the penmanship of a physician, but here's another: After obtaining the medicine, the patient took the prescription and used it for several years as a railroad pass, twice as an invitation to dances, once as a complimentary ticket to a banquet, and later as a recommendation from his employer, and in the evening his daughter played it on the piano.

—:—

A New Englander was enjoying the wonders of California, as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit!" exclaimed the easterner as he passed a citrus orchard.

"Grapefruit!" replied the native in disdain. "Those are just small lemons."

Gazing at some huge sunflowers, the visitor asked, "And what are those enormous blossoms in that field?"

"Just dandelions," the native replied.

A few minutes later they came to the Los Angeles River.

"Ah," said the Yankee, "I see someone's radiator is leaking."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 7, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Carroll Painter
Alfred Perry
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
J. Paul Church
William Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Dickie Leonard
Franklin Robinson
J. W. Smith

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Julian Commander
Judd Lane
Woodrow Mace
Billy McVicker
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster
Ben Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Judson Finch
Herman Galyon
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
William Smith
Robert Thompson
James Wilson
Richard Whittaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
James Cauthen
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Howell Wilkinson
Howell Willis
Earl Wood
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Bobby Galan
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledfard
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Dorman Porter
Bobby Porter
Lewis Southerland
Jerry Minton

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Robert Shepherd

Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Rimes
Charles Walker
David Gibson

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jack Griffin
Robert Hinson
Herman Hutchins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Charles Angel
Charles Autry
Ted Clonch
Roy Gaskins
Robert Gordon
Eugene King
Kenneth King
George Marr
Clifford Milian
J. C. Mikeal
James Moore
Sile Orr
Edwin Peterson
Howard Riley
Herbert Stewart
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Conley Haney
Kenneth McLean
Bill Ray
Benny Riggins
Charles Smith
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
William Hyatt
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
William Lunsford
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Joe Swink
James Scott
Howard Wise
Robert Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Willie Newcomb
Carl Rice
Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K Blackman
Willard Brown
Chas Farmer
J. D Gupton
Carl Holt
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carrol Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Johnson Barnes
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Carl Davis
Bernie Houser
Garmon Hubbard
Harold Sloop
Ralph Morgan
Robert Poplin
Walter Sampson

INFIRMARY

Thomas Davis
Eugene Peterson
Harvey Honeycutt

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 20, 1947 No. 38

SEP 20 '47

ADVERSITY

To the thorns of life I'm more indebted
Than I am to the roses sweet;
They will not let me lie inactive
While round me there are tasks to meet.

They spur me on to nobler action,
Nor long allow me quiet ease,
But keep on pricking at my conscience—
And often drive me to my knees.

—Ruth Smeltzer.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-5
THE STATE'S LEADING TEXTILE CENTER		7
MY SON WENT TO JAIL	(The Rotarian)	11
THE FRUIT OF LEISURE	(Baptist Standard)	14
THE MAN WHO LOST	By Paul Deadwiley	15
TODAY OR NEVER	(The Spokesman)	16
SILENT FRIENDS	By Helen Woods	18
THE PRACTICE OF DEMOCRACY	(Alabama Baptist)	19
HISTORY VERSUS LEGEND	By Earle Leroy F. Wilbur, Jr.	20
POWER OF SUGGESTION	By Bernard F. Hitchcock	22
THE RULES OF THE GAME	(Our Paper)	23
BE SAFETY-MINDED	By O. L. Sutton	24
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		25
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TEMPERED

Before the builder's cherished dream comes true,
The steel must tempered be in every line
Through crucial test, and only then
Can it be used in architectural design.

In graceful outline, loftly spires arise
To etch their beauty on the evening sky.
The steel holds all in rightful place,
From deep foundation to pinnacle on high.

At times, my soul, thou too must tempered be
Through trial, which thy hidden strength will try;
That faith and love may carry thee
Aloft on towering spire, into celestial sky!

—Tabitha Marie Ritzmann.

OUTSTANDING CITIES OF NORTH CAROLINA

Beginning with this week's issue, it is our purpose to present in **The Uplift** a series of articles relating to some of the larger cities in North Carolina. We believe that the readers of our magazine will find these articles full of interesting information.

Letters have been written to the officials of the various Chambers of Commerce asking for some of the latest and most suitable information regarding these most important cities. We have asked for both printed matter and pictures, and the responses to our requests have been both prompt and generous. We have had excellent cooperation from all of the Chambers of Commerce to which we have written.

The Uplift has a circulation which covers the entire state, and while the total circulation is not so very large, it does reach some of the leading citizens of the state, and we believe they are people who will greatly appreciate the opportunity to read these articles.

Naturally, here at the Training School we have boys whose homes are in some of the largest cities of the state. Our boys here will find the information regarding their home cities full of interest and information.

The first article is being carried in this week's issue of **The Uplift** on page 7, and it pertains to the beautiful and thriving city of Gastonia, which is the capital of Gaston County. We were delighted to receive a nice article from the Chamber of Commerce there, and also some cuts of some of the outstanding centers of that city.

* * * * * * * * *

SELF-INDUCED ILLNESS

One of the current topics of discussion in modern day medical circles pertains to the effect of worry and other mental disturbances upon the physical health of people in general. These discussions indicate clearly that there is a very close and definite relationship between them. Evidently there are very detrimental results to the natural processes of digestion and relaxation of physical bodies produced by excessive worry.

Of course, one of the elements of worry is mental fear—fear of imaginary ills, of economic insecurity, and occasionally of spiritual or religious mysteries. Also there is fear of oppression or of unfair and brutal treatment one toward another.

Whatever the basic cause of such fears, the general results on the mental processes of the individual concerned are the same. Children have fears peculiar to childhood, just as adults have their fears and worries.

We are re-printing a timely and well-written editorial from a recent issue of **The Charlotte Observer**, dealing with this subject, as follows:

> Three Columbia University physicians have discovered that peptic ulcers are caused by an excessive amount of the enzyme lysozyme in the stomach, and they told the American College of Surgeons that the surplus secretion of this substance is probably caused by nervous tension.

That bears out what the psychiatrists have been telling us, for the man with stomach ulcers is usually a conscientious soul who believes all the world's troubles have been laid on his shoulders and he must try to solve every one of them. And so he becomes a chronic worrier. With every orgy of worry, his stomach tightens up in a nervous spasm that feels as if somebody had thrust an ice pick between his ribs just below and to the left of the breast bone. The pain is real enough. There is no imagination about it.

He mumbles that it must be something he ate, and he proceeds to dose himself with soda and bismuth and to eliminate all solids from his diet until he is living on nothing but weak milk, which he carries about with him in a thermos bottle and takes exactly four ounces every hour. If this continues long enough, the recurrent nervous spasms of the stomach induce actual ulcers, and then he is in for it.

But if this man, before that last stage is reached, should some day cut loose from his worries, shout, "To heck with it," slam his desk shut, kick over the wastebasket, stalk out of the office, and order himself a thick beefsteak, he would be astonished at the feeling of physical well-being that his emotional release had brought him.

That is why women are less subject to ulcers than men. They can burst into tears, storm and rage in a manner that a man considers effeminate and childish. But that very hysterical outburst gives a woman an emotional release, while a man, believing it is a sign of strength to restrain himself, merely tightens himself up more and more on the inside.

He should ask himself, "Suppose the world is going to the bow-wows. What can I do about it? I should, of course, do my small bit to prevent the human race from being wiped out by its own hand; but, having done my part, I can accomplish nothing more by worrying except to give myself a Grade A set of stomach ulcers."

He should adopt the philosophy of the French soldier:

"You are either sent to the front or you are not.

"If you are not sent to the front, you have nothing to worry about.

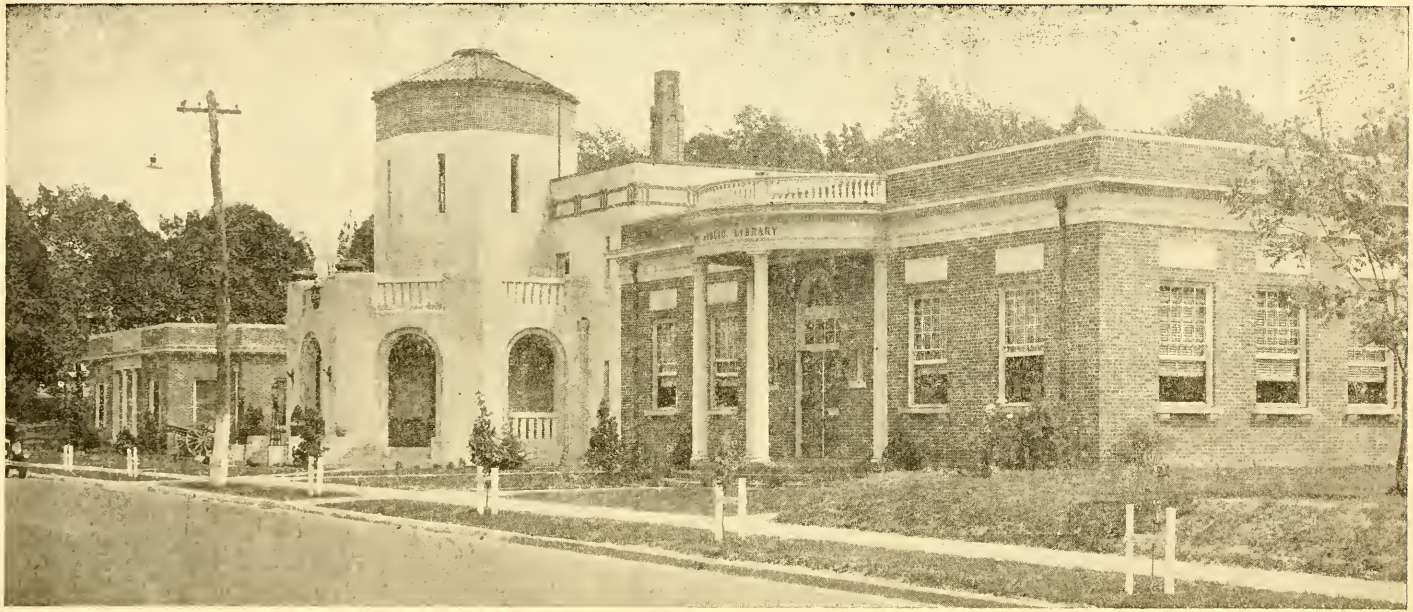
"If you are sent to the front, you are either wounded or not wounded.

"If you are not wounded, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are wounded, you either get well or die.

"If you get well, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you die, you have nothing to worry about."



GASTONIA COMMUNITY CENTER

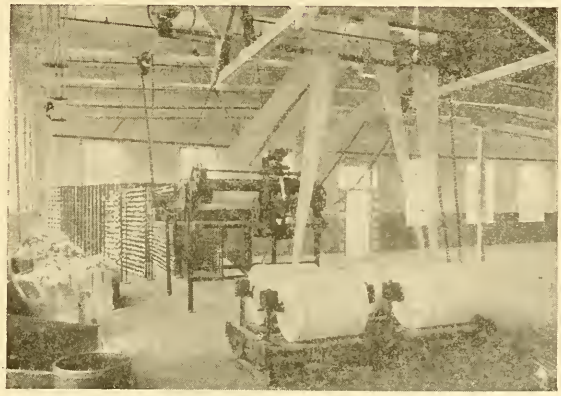
Consists of the Public Library, Legion Memorial Hall, and Woman's Club Building.

THE STATE'S LEADING TEXTILE CENTER

Fifty years ago, Gastonia, county seat of Gaston, was a crossroad village—today, with 67 cotton mills in Greater Gastonia containing more than 800,000 spindles, it is one of the important cities of the New South.

Favored by nature as to climate, Gastonia may justly claim that every factor upon which profitable manufacturing depends is to be found here—abundant raw materials, ample economical power, a plentiful supply of co-operative, native-born workers, splendid transportation facilities and proximity to the richest markets of the nation.

Within a 100-mile radius of Gastonia there are 441 textile plants, 8,842,673 spindles, 170,115 looms and 2,500,000 people with a spendable money income of approximately one billion dollars.

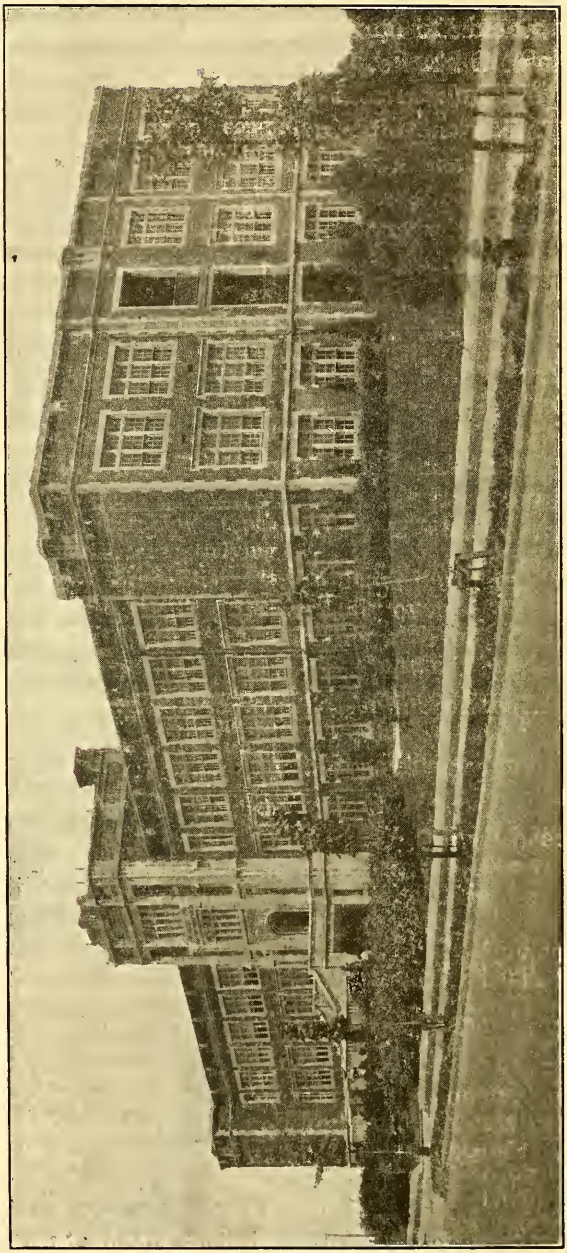


Some textile machinery that helps turn out the large quantity of textile products made in Gastonia.

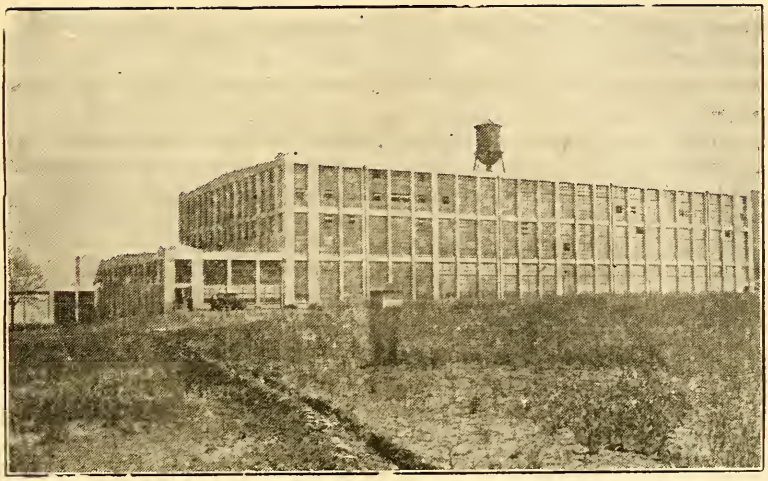
Here is an industrial city prepared for the future. It is a city of beautiful churches, modern homes and schools with healthful living conditions. It has a sound, conservative government which maintains a friendly attitude toward industry.

Gaston County, with its 140 textile plants, the largest number to be found in any county in the world, is known far and wide as the "Combed cotton yarn center of the world". Within its borders is manufactured more than 80 per cent of all the fine combed cotton yarn made in the United States.

Gaston County is served by main lines of the Southern, Seaboard, Carolina & Northwestern and Piedmont & Northern railways. Eleven



GASTONIA HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



A TYPICAL MILL PLANT IN GASTONIA

paved highways radiate from Gastonia in every direction, mill-to-market service to manufacturers.

The variety of manufactured products within the city includes cotton yarns, tire fabric, textile machinery, sewing thread, bedspreads, crocheting and knitting yarns, labels, gears, weavers' knotters, roller covering, dress goods, sheetings, leather belting, drapery and upholstering fabric, silk, rayon, mattresses, furniture, textile supplies, motor oil filters, stationery forms, hosiery, novelties and other articles.

The population of greater Gastonia is now 39,000. In the county as a whole, the number of textile employees has increased from 19,700 in 1939 to 27,000 today.

Annual payrolls in the county were $13,500,000 in 1939 and today are in excess of $60,000,000.

In 1880 Gastonia was a mere crossroad village with a population of 236. From this humble beginning just a few decades ago Gastonia's growth and development has been truly phenomenal. This growth has been due to its natural advantages and determination of its own local people —together with their "know-how", and with the faithful cooperation of its pure American labor.

These same advantages and natural resources still exist and it would seem that Gastonia's future promises as much additional development as has marked its history in the past. In fact, its citizens are probably more alert to its future possibilities than any generation during its past history.

Recently, in order to provide manufacturing space which was being called for so persistently, the Industrial Realty Corporation was organized and provided funds for erection of modern, up-to-date buildings to be used in satisfaction of this demand.

Fifty-thousand square feet of manufacturing space has been provided through this facility alone.

The great opportunity of Gastonia —in fact, of the entire South—is in processing and further manufacturing our raw and semiprocessed products. Entirely too many of the South's agricultural products are being sold as raw material rather than processed and packaged for the ulimate consumer. This stituation, which has been all too prevalent in the past, results in too large a share of the consumer dollar being carried outside of our territory, with the results that about one million and one-half of the South's young men migrate to other parts of the country annually for a more lucrative livelihood. Indications are that there is a definite change in this situation going on at the present time and more and more processing and manufacturing will take place where the raw materials are found, and where the processing can be done under favorable conditions and to best advantage. A good illustration of this principle may be found in tobacco—North Carolina grows the plant and processes all the way through to the consumers package.

Gastonia expects to continue its phenomenal growth by further manufacturing and processing; it plans not only to grow economically and industrially, but with its system of good schools, parks, playgrounds, recreational facilities and libraries, it proposes to carry along in in parallel a well-rounded program which alone can insure happy and successful living.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 21, 1947

Sept. 20—William McVicker, Cottage No. 2, 14th birthday.
Sept. 25—Frank Sargent, Cottage No. 15, 15th birthday.
Sept. 26—Alfred Perry, Receiving Cottage, 16th birthday.

MY SON WENT TO JAIL

(The Rotarian)

My son is a convict. For two years now he has been behind prison bars; he will be there at least three more. He is a "felon," the first one in my family line, as far as I can trace it.

To me it is one of those unbelievable things. I wake up in the night and wonder if it is not all a bad dream. By what twist of fate has this shame been visited upon us? The boy is bright. We gave him everything we we could, or at least we thought we did. Yet, ever since he was sixteen his record has been a heartbreaker. Why? For a long time I couldn't put my finger on a single reason, but time and circumstance often reveal a lot of things. For what it may be worth to other parents and to the friends of youth, let me tell the whole story.

My wife and I were brought up very strictly. Discipline in our homes was rigid and obedience to parents unquestioned. Father's word was law to the household, and it never occurred to anyone to challenge it.

After our marriage my job took me into a community where moral standards were hazy and everyone was more or less on his own. All this caused a great uneasiness in the minds of my wife and myself as the children arrived—three of them over a period of ten years—and we decided then and there we would hold the line of our parental training at all costs. We would need the implicit obedience of our children if we were to keep them from the fatal indulgences of families all about us.

During those early years we were intensely proud of our success. I was deep in church work and my wife was active in club and civic affairs. Business kept me on the jump, which I liked. But we felt that we were doing a grand job by our children. We took them to Sunday School while yet in arms. As they grew older, they won gold pins for regular attendance. They were docile in all matters and seemingly content in the program we outlined for them. I saw to it that they had weekly allowances, but now, on looking back, I am forced to admit that I gave them of everything—except of myself. Particularly was this true of Arthur, the oldest. I didn't mean to turn him down that night he came to me and said:

"Dad, our boys' club is having a parents' night tomorrow. Will you come over?"

"Not this time, son; I'm too busy. Let's make it the next meeting."

Art never asked me again. He tried one day in a hesitant manner to question me about things that every father should explain to his son. "You'll learn those things soon enough," I told him—and he did, from smutty talk in an alley.

When Art landed in high school, where he rated above ordinary in brightness, but seemed somewhat uncooperative, I set a rule for him to be in at 10 P. M. One Friday night there was to be a class party. He asked for permission to stay out later. I refused.

"But, Dad," he said, "all the kids are going to stay out until midnight.

We can't have a party and be home by 10."

"You know the rule," I told him flatly. "Don't argue with me.

Art went to the party. Then he balanced one factor against another—to face my ire or the ridicule of his classmates. He chose the former. I was sitting up waiting for him. I stormed at him the moment he set foot thorugh the door. He didn't say much—in fact, I don't know whether I gave him a chance to say anything at all. I noticed a tear in his eye as he slumped off to bed.

"He won't do that again," I thought to myself—and he didn't. From that day on he was usually in the house at curfew time.

One night months later I was sitting in my easy chair reading the evening paper. Suddenly the doorbell rang. I answered it.

"I am a truant officer," a stranger said out of the darkness.

"You must have the wrong address," I answered.

"Is this Arthur Blank's home?" she countered.

"Y-e-e-ss," I stuttered uneasily, "but what's wrong?"

"Are you his father?"

"Certainly, bu-but-"

"Well, I'm sorry to say it, but this must be the right place."

The unfolding record all but paralyzed me. There were five outright truancies, and five absences explained by excuses bearing my signatures, all of them "phonies."

"Police caught your son hopping freight trains, but he begged off by telling them he would go right if they didn't inform you," she told me. "Then they picked him up for speeding in a car with another boy who was truant and who had taken his father's car without permission. Now something's got to be done, because at this rate he's headed for real trouble."

Well, I promised action, but at that very second I felt woefully helpless. It seemed my whole family structure was crashing down around me like a house of cards in a hurricane. I tried my time-honored procedure of a word lashing of the youth. You can imagine the barren results.

The estrangement between us was now all but complete. I think Art's mother was inclined to have patience, but we merely existed with each other, rather than living together. He felt my condemnation, but was too rebellious to attempt compromise.

Before he was through school he joined the Army. There—I found out later—he fell in with a man 15 years older than himself. It happened that the latter was of good character and sympathized with my son, and a fine relationship grew up between them. The kid made a father-substitute out of this veteran fighting man, and lavished on him all the affection which was my due. If that association might have continued until his enlistment was up, I think my son would have come out all right. But Army orders transferred the older man to another outfit, and with the breakup of the association my son's crime career commenced.

I shall pass over that quickly. Art got to drinking heavily to drown out his loneliness. He went AWOL, for which he was disciplined. Next he struck an officer, and was court-martialed and given a prison sentence. He served that term. After his release he went out with another man, got drunk, and broke into a hotel

room, stealing a wallet and watch. He was arraigned in court and pleaded guilty, but was given probation. Six weeks later he went on another drinking spree and committed a burglary. This time there was no mercy shown him, and he was given a stiff prison term. Now he is in the penitentiary.

Letters came to me not long after his imprisonment telling that my son was making an excellent record, adjusting rapidly to confinement, and rising with phenomenal speed to a position of responsibility in the warden's office. For that I was thankful, but I never ceased to wonder why he couldn't have done as well when he was free. He wrote me that he felt the error of his ways, and I wrote back that I was glad he did.

One day I met a psychiatrist. A thought flashed over me: why not tell him my story in confidence, and maybe he can tell me what's wrong with my son. We spent an evening together in his home, with the shades drawn. I laid bare everything to him. Then I edged my chair up toward him and asked him this question:

"Now, Doctor, can you tell me what is wrong with my son?"

"Yes, I can, but I fear you can't take it."

"Fear I can't take it?" I cried.

"I can take anything after what I have been through."

"Well you asked for it. Here it is: You are what's wrong with your boy."

"I'm—I'm to blame?"

"Exactly. You've raised your boy by rule of thumb instead of by rule of heart. You've been righteous, but cold as steel. You've had a code, but not a soul. You're sorry for yourself and no one else. You need a little less formality of religion and a lot more of the spirit of Christly love in your heart. Quit professing so much and start practicing a little. You can win your son yet by beckoning him instead of beating him. He's robbed people of goods, but you've robbed him of the birthright of a father's affection."

That psychiatrist blistered me as I deserved. I see now where I failed my son. I was rigid with righteousness, instead of being Christian with compassion. I estranged my son, and now he is paying the price of my pride.

The Gethsemane through which I am now passing is well deserved. I have failed my son, and he is the sufferer. It is true that we were both to blame, but the preponderant guilt is mine. I could see only my business obligations and my social standing. My children were second in my thoughts. Yet it may not be too late. I have written him that I see the light. Soon I am going to see him and confess to his face and ask him to forgive me. I am determined that when my son walks out of those prison gates and heads home, he will at least find a real father of flesh and blood and love.

———:———

What you don't know doesn't hurt you, but it amuses a lot of people.—William Feather.

THE FRUIT OF LEISURE

(The Baptist Standard)

"Atomic energy," predicts President Cloyd Heck Marvin of George Washington University in the nation's capital, "will soon bring a creative impulse that will free men's time, free their imagination, and free men's power to create and work."

As one looks back over a century or two preceding the atomic age, the amount of freeing mankind's time, imagination, and creative power from the drudgeries of life appears enormous. Slaves have been emancipated and house servants have all but become museum objects. There seems, however, to be a lack of any upsurge toward creative work as the result.

The pioneer woman fed her family, including growing, conserving, and processing most of the foods. She made their clothes, often spinning and weaving the goods She did the laundry, having first made the soap. On top of these and other drudgeries she found time to be a good neighbor and to rear a sturdy brood, doctoring their ills, and teaching them to fear God and to stand on their own feet.

She probably has a great-granddaughter who dresses her family at the ready-to-wear, feeds them out of cans and diverts her released creative energy to perfecting a high bridge score, judging the products of Hollywood, and inspecting night clubs.

The frontiersman who started and ended his day's work by candle light, probably has a grandson who puts in 40 hours a week at what his lusty sire would have considered play, and his creative effort is on the same plane as Noah's neighbors, whose "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

Certainly, not all the children of the pioneers have turned out so badly. There are vast numbers who, under the direct or indirect influence of Jesus of Nazareth, are using their leisure for human betterment and the service of God. The point is that labor-saving equipment and modern conveniences do not make people creatively energetic or constructively good.

We need not expect any freedoms of an atomic age to produce results different from the past. Unless the people of today and tomorrow are brought to submit to Jesus Christ, lightened burdens and added leisure can only yield an increase of imaginative devilment with more time for indulging creative impulses in sin.

———:———

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

—Emerson.

THE MAN WHO LOST

By Paul Deadwiley

He stared at the newspaper in his hands but was aware of only a meaningless black blur.

I've got to do it, he was thinking. There is no other way out. But what then? If he did it once he would have to do it again. It would go on and on until he could no longer endure the nightmarish horror of it. His nerves would snap and then . . .

He thrust the thought of the consequences vehemently from his mind. Dropping the paper he caught his feverishly burning forehead in his hands and stared dully at the floor.

In the kitchen he could hear her moving about preparing supper. The occasional clink of dishes and pans touching, jarred on his taut nerves, causing him to start and tremble violently. Massaging his aching temples he tried desperately to force his thoughts into coherent form.

He would have to act quickly. If he did not do it now he wouldn't have another chance. It really wouldn't be a difficult thing to do. He knew where the knife was.

It was a sharp knife. While she had been downtown shopping, he had taken it from the drawer and tested it on his thumb. Yes, it was a very sharp knife and excellently suited for the job.

But wait. Was there a way in which to avoid it? No, he had sifted every seemingly plausible solution and rejected them as impractical.

Well, he was left with but one alternative. He would do it and after that figure some way to wiggle free.

They say that the first time you do it is always the hardest, he reflected as he quietly approached the kitchen. Stopping near the door he listened intently. He could hear her humming that crazy little song which always drove him into a frenzy. Suppressing his emotions and forcing a wooden smile on his face, he opened the door and walked inside.

His wife acknowledged his presence with a sudden stiffening of her back, and ceased humming the song. She did not look at him as he stepped past her to the drawer where the knife rested. Easing the drawer gently open he picked up the knife and stepped toward her with it gripped tightly in his hand.

"All right, dear, you win," he said disconsolately. "I'll peel the potatoes."

———:———

Trust not to each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
That ought not to be true.

—Sheridan.

TODAY OR NEVER

(The Spokesman)

Today is life, tomorrow a hope, yesterday only a dream. It is today, whether inside prison walls or out there where streams of traffic flow that we live. It is today we make our plans for the future. It is today's acts and deeds which insure our well being during our harvest years. There are no tomorrows. The sun rises and sets, but always in the morning and afternoon of today. Therefore, anything we are to do cannot be postponed until tomorrow nor can the bridges of time be spanned back across the highroads of the years to a never-to be forgotten yesterday for us to finish a job we have left undone. We must do it today or never.

In the halcyon days of youth we ever dream of tomorrow and the castles we will build with the years. We are filled with the zest of a newly launched machine; our systems function with the careless ease of adolescence. But, even then, it is today, not tomorrow, that we sow the seeds upon the field of the present; the seeds which will yield a crop of prosperity and gladness, or a harvest of heartache and pain.

Through the world today there are countless men and women in whose hearts there is a profound sorrow; a sorrow brought about by the knowledge that tomorrow's plans are, more often than not, mere images cast for a fleeting moment on the screen of their minds, phantasmagorias or mirages which will never be. It is a true axiom that in back of all great things stands the dreamer. But his, or her dreams, never materialize tomorrow, they always come true today or remain forever in the embryo state—just a dream.

This article is being written from within prison walls, by an inmate who has dreamed and built countless air-castles. His dream bubbles have exploded and faded into the mists of yesterday; his air castles have tumbled around his ears like snowflakes falling on an endless field. But at last, at long last, the dreamer has awakened. He, like a million others who make up this legion of social outcasts has begun to live today.

Nature bestowed upon mankind a wonderful mechanism when equipping us with a subconscious mind. Because in that storeroom of memory is catalogued our every act and deed from the cradle to the grave. It makes it possible for us to relive those golden moments of yore; to scrutinize at our will the treasures stored in the archives of yesterday ;to waft ourselves across the endless miles to a loved one somewhere out there. It also enables us to concentrate on the present. It teaches us, from its tablets of experience, that today is life; the only opportunity we will ever have to right the wrongs of a decaying yesterday which lives only in memory.

There are many, yes, thousands, who have awoke to the fact that the present—today—is the paramount factor of their existence. They are groping about in darkness reaching

for the ray of light they believe to be there; the ray of light they know if once captured will brighten their pathway for the remainder of their years. It is a difficult proposition, however, to locate something in an inky void. Difficult, indeed, unless there is a charted course to follow or someone who is willing to make a hole where the light from without can penetrate the walls, the walls into the cellar of darkness. There are many inside prison walls who have awakened. They are awake, yes, but they cannot find a light which those outside are determined to keep turned off for them and their kind because they sowed the wrong kind of seed in their youth and have reaped a harvest of ivy and thorns. They do not want to be pampered or petted simply because their reputation and worldly station is low. What they want, what they must have, before they can rise to the standards set by society is a helping hand. Don't pity, don't scorn, but act as a beacon to those who have, from the rugged school of experience, learned that today is life; tomorrow a hope; yesterday only a dream.

———:———

IF EVERY ONE

If every one who drives a car could lie a month in bed,
With broken bones and stitched-up wounds, or fractures of the head.
And there endure the agonies that many people do,
They'd never need to preach safety any more to me or you.

If every one could stand beside the bed of some close friend,
And hear the doctor say, "No hope," before the fatal end,
And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.

If every one could meet the wife and children left behind,
And step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shined,
And look upon "The Vacant Chair" where Daddy used to sit,
I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think a bit.

If every one who takes the wheel would say a little prayer,
And keep in mind those in the car depending on his care,
And make a vow, and pledge himself to never take a chance,
The greatest crusade for safety then would suddenly advance.

—Selected.

SILENT FRIENDS

By Helen Woods, in The Clarion

Books make ideal companions because they say the right thing at the right time. I have not always known the comfort and joy of such companionship, but more and more I am learning to appreciate my association with these dependable friends.

There are times when I am not in the mood for gaiety and laughter, and when my mind must of necessity ponder over some grave problem. Then it is that I can settle down on my bed with one of my silent companions; one, that by nature of its subject, can furnish the needed panacea for my ills.

On other occasions, when I am carefree, I scan the shelves for something of a lighter vein and graciously invite my story-book characters to offer me evening's entertainment.

Again, I become inquisitive and curious, and wish to ask a million questions about a million different things, my mind traveling to foreign lands. I want to know the customs and practices of different peoples. I want to know about life, how it came to be, the purpose and predestination of it; all life—human, vegetable and animal. Once more my silent companions come to my aid. I need go no farther than my own shelves, or the library to have brought before me a panorama, enfolding clearly and concisely all that I have longed to know.

When a word is spoken that I do not understand, I do not have to betray my seeming ignorance by inquiring as to the meaning of it from a friend, I have merely to consult my dictionary which I keep close at hand.

Whether, then you are seeking for enterainment, comfor, information, or instruction, a book is the friend you need. Think of the embarassment and humiliation which one can save himself by not being called upon to ask certain intimate and personal questions of aquaintances and friends. Think, also, of the great feeling of pleasure and satisfaction one can enjoy by being able to cope intellectually with any group of human society in which one may find himself, all of which is made possible by allotting a few hours of time each week to helpful reading.

How unfortunate it is that so many people give no time whatever to reading. It is a known fact that the more one reads the broader is his education and the more liberal are his views. Only those who withdraw into themselves, not caring for the opinions of others become narrow and biased.

Books make it possible for us to form an acquaintanceship with persons of note, whom we would like to know, although a personal meeting is a physical impossiblity. Books are valuable friends. They are always ready and willing to offer the desired help. Unlike human friends, they never force themselves upon us when we do not need their companionship; neither can they withdraw themselves from us in a time of greatest need.

There never was a bad man but had ability for good service.

THE PRACTICE OF DEMOCRACY

(The Alabama Baptist)

There are many people in America who preach democracy more than they practice it. Can it be that they would rather discuss our way of life than to live it? Or is it a case of "come easy and go easy"? We all know that sooner or later people generally care but little for that thing that costs but little.

Beekeepers say that when a certain moth attacks the wax in the comb, so that the young bees get out into the world without the usual struggle, their wings are useless, and they soon die. Although we have just been victorious in the greatest war that mankind has ever fought, how many of us have really felt the cost of it? Many people are better off today than they were before the war began.

It ought to be kept in mind that democracy means the people. If one will read the life of Jesus one will find that Jesus was a real democrat (etymologically speaking). And He was a real democrat because He was no respecter of persons. He healed and helped both rich and poor. The fact is that the democracy of Jesus expressed itself in service which had no respect of persons or of personal abilities.

When will the world turn to our democratic way of life? The answer is that the world will never turn to our way of life until we can offer and provide the largest degree of freedom and justice and opportunity and happines to the largest number of people now living upon this planet.

Which is another way of saying that we must prove the real power and the merit of democracy by making it "work." So the milk in the coconut is this: Is our much vaunted way of life recommending itself to the world, or not? If it is, we need have no fear for democracy. If it is not, then our way of life will some day or other in the near or distant future be susperseded by whatver way of life serves best the most people.

We have but one fear for democracy and that is found in the inherent selfishness of most men. If men are left wholly free in a democracy very many of them will be free to monopolize the natural resources of God's good earth, free to monopolize power also and procuring wealth and power may become callous and egotistic and look upon the "common herd" not as men of self-respect and dignity but as cattle. Be assured that what is needed to make democracy work is more of the spirit of Jesus Christ shed forth in all democracies.

The sole aristocracy of today is the aristocracy of wealth; the sole aristocracy of tommorrow will be the eternal, divine, beneficent aristocracy of intellect, and virtue—at its highest genius; but that, like everything else which descends from God, will rise among the people and labor for the people.—Mazzini.

HISTORY VERSUS LEGEND

By Earl LeRoy F. Wilber Jr., in Our Paper

One of the finest American romances has been entered in the pages of history devoid of much of its sentimentality. It remained for the redskins to repeat this story for three centuries until to day it is more or less lengendary in some details but quite factural as a whole. History relates the facts—so here is the legend as told by an old blind Indian named Samson from Mattapoiseth, Massachusetts, himself a Mashpee Indian.

For many moons Captain John Smith and the lovely Indian princess Pocahontas had been meeting secretly and a wonderful friendship existed between them. Captain John Smith taught the Princess words in English, and oddly enough, the majority of the words she learned, were in poetic form. Nursery rhymes and such.

Just before he was captured by a few "braves" of whom Chief Powhatan ruled, (Pocahontas' father) Captain John Smith taught her a religious poem which combined the Ten Commandments in an attractively composed manner. Pocahontas loved this little poem after she had learned it—and after she had left the camp to pick some flowers one day—Captain John Smith was captured and brought before the Mighty Chieftain Powhatan who, on general principles, did not trust the pale face, ordered him tied down with his hands on a large flat rock to be trodden on by 100 horses at full gallop. (History claims it was to be a club.)

At this moment Pocahontas came back to camp and seeing her lover thusly—she ran screaming to her father and begged for his release. Chief Powhatan was amazed at his daughter's outburst and tears and asked why she was pleading for his life.

So in the best way she could, she explained how he had taught her that his God and hers was one and the same "How come you to know he speak great truth?" asked her father? With sign language and motions she recited word for word the poem Captain John Smith had taught her:

"Thou no Gods shalt have but me,
Before no Idol bow thy knee
Take not the name of God in vain
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane
Give thine great Chieftain honor due
Take heed that thou no murder do
Abstain from words and deeds unclean
Steal not, for thou of God art seen
Tell not a wilful lie—nor love it
What is thy neighbor's, do not covet."

Chief Powhatan was set upon by his "braves" and burned at the stake for leading them falsely for 37 moons—and Captain Smith was released—never to be seen by the Mashpee tribe again.

From history we learn the disappearance of Smith was because he caught scarlet fever a few weeks after Pocahontas had saved his life and died.

———:———

GROW UP WITH IT

A famous baseball player was asked at what age one should begin if he would excell in the game. The reply was, "Five years old. You have to grow up with it." A pianist was asked when one should begin if the piano was to be mastered. He said, "As soon as one is big enough to sit at the key board." A successful business man taught his boy, under ten, habits of thrift and diligence which resulted in a career equal to that of his illustrious father.

Thus evidence proves we are here to grow. To hit the mark we must begin young, making our job the labors of a life-time. A business house has on the wall a motto, "Grow or Go." We must do one or the other. We choose, then may thank or blame only ourselves.

You have to grow up with your job. Grow is what counts, in acquiring the stuff that gives life its pepper and salt. Grow when life seems stale and boresome, when the world seems to be slipping, when tempted to settle down and bask in the sun of yesterday's achievments, when it is easier to stand still than go forward.

Plenty of life-builders help us grow, if we use them—power to meditate, original thinking to logical conclusions, great books, great minds, great common people of kindness and energy—square shooters who are getting somewhere in this age. But we must select tasks larger than ourselves.

Only he who grows with his work to the fullest measure will outgrow the smaller task for a larger and more important one.

—Nathan Howard Gist

POWER OF SUGGESTION

By Bernard B. Hitchcock, in Our Paper

For ages man has supposedly achieved restoration of health through medicinal aids. Today as man indulges in retrospection he is astounded by the ludicrous beliefs of yesteryear. He is literally lost for an explanation as to the reason of ancient beliefs. Of course he doesn't believe in superstition. In lieu of a rabbit's foot he carries a tin of aspirin or other homeopathic concoction on his person and seriously expects relief from its administration.

We find no medicinal aid in a sugar and water pill yet authenticated cases prove beyond the shadow of a doubt man has been relieved of many ills through its administration. To what then do we attribute this apparently miraculous cure? It can not be faith, for faith is truth and truth is indisputable. Therefore, we see in the unfounded cures the power of suggestion preceding the inspiration of fear. Subconsciously the patient fears that should he fail to partake of the homeopathic concoction his condition will advance to uncontrollable degrees. Eventually this relquishment to fear is manifested in temporary relief.

Not too long ago a most fitting example of the power of suggestion introducing fear was brought to public attention by the death of a felon. For purposes of experimentation a felon was induced to offer his "resistance" to a scientific experiment which proved fatal. Contributing circumstances were created and this human guinea pig was strapped to an operating table, blindfolded and convinced that he had been duped into forfeiting his life in the interest of science. After instructing him that he was to die within the hour from loss of blood, an abrasive was drawn across his vein simulating a severed artery. A tube conveying a viscid fluid of body temperature from a tank was positioned so as to trickle down his leg from the supposedly severed artery. The condition impressed upon the felon's mind was manifested in the suggestion that he was bleeding to death. Under the influence of these misconstrued circumstances of hyperbole, the felon had passed away within the hour. His death produced an ontological record, the indisputable powers of the human mind to cause to function desired reactions in the human body. With this undeniable proof of mental power we see all reformations of the human mind, from the abnormal variations of social acceptance, as a condition of mind; mentality; whether the individual accepts as the basis of 100 per cent truth, error or indifference. Probably the greatest ambiguity ever published to cause men to think was Edgar Guest's brilliant bit of verse, "It's all in the state of mind." Whether man permits his mind to govern his life or his life to govern his mind can be detected in the impression he creates. The atmosphere surrounding an individual's existence is the direct reflection of his mental attitude, as is his physical appearance. Man may, for a time, fool his associates, but "never" will he deceive his mind.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

By Earle LeRoy F. Wilber, Jr., in Our Paper

In setting type in a printing establishment the rule of the day is: "Follow copy," or follow the rules. And so it is with all sports! A rule is made for each particular game before the game is even introduced to the public.

Some of the rules for a certain game may not be to our liking—but when that individual game is played—the rules must be abided by; or else we will find ourselves disqualified. So if we make up rules more to our own liking—it ceases to be a game. We will be branded a "cheat"—"a poor sport." And most of all, no one will want to associate with us.

Since we were children, we have always heard those old familiar sayings: "Be a Sport," "Play Fair," "Follow the Rules." Still many of us continue to apply our own set of rules to a game—just because they are more to our own liking. That's not playing the game!

If we expect to be looked upon and respected as "Good Sports," we must follow the rules to a T.

The same applies for the "rules of life"—In the winter the rule is to "button up our overcoat," but if we refuse to abide by the rule the result is we catch a cold—and stubbornly we blame it on the weather and make up a bunch of alibis—when, in reality it is our own fault—all because we refused to play the game according to the rules. It's all up to us.

So what do you say fellows—Lets be sports, Play Fair. Play, according to the rules of the game—and as Jim Britt used to say:—"Remember fellows—If You Can't Take Part in a Sport—Be One Anyway—Will You?"

———:———

WORD POWER

A word may band a stubborn will
And bind a friendship closer still;
A word may sooth as vespersong
Or wreck one's faith, or right a wrong.
Too, it may rankle; it may gleam
And be the groundwork of a dream.
Lord, let my words be gentle things
That shine and lift on peaceful wings!

—Selected

BE SAFETY-MINDED

By Police Chief O. L. Sutton, in The Morganton News-Herald

The schools of Morganton are open again. Thousands of children, hosts of them small children, must use the streets and the intersections daily from now until summer to make their way to and from school.

The dangers that grow out of careless and reckless driving, particularly in areas that are most used by school children, as a result, will be greatly increased. For every child using the streets and intersections a new hazard is created for motorists.

To alleviate the dangers at the most used intersections, policemen are stationed to assist the children in crossing the streets. It is the responsibility of parents to urge their children to use caution in crossing streets and to stay out of streets to do their playing; they should impress on their children that the policeman are their friends and are there to assist them and that they are not "bogey men" of whom they should be afraid.

It is the responsibility of every driver to practice caution at all times but especially while driving through shcool zones or any place where children are found. Every motorist should remember that the safety of children is of far greater importance than any matter of a few seconds that could be gained by speeding. One carless driver, forgetting for a second his obligation to drive carefully, can bring suffering to children, their parents and their playmates; it can result in a crippled child for life. Children are not as serious and not as attentive to their own safety as their parents and in the exuberance of youth it is frequently the lot of children to forget. For this reason it is necessary that all drivers use caution in their driving in school zones.

In July of this year new state laws went into effect in which greater penalties, including the loss of licenses, heavier fines and greater penalties for unsafe operation of motor vehicles in connection with traffic accidents will be imposed. Present laws possess ample teeth for all violators and revocation of licenses to drive is a simple matter now. The new laws though should not be the basis for safe and cautious driving but it should be on a purely voluntary basis. No driver would purposely injure a child. All drivers want to protect children. But the small group of drivers who, through forgetfulness or through carelessness, drive without due regard for safety conditions are the ones with whom we are most concerned.

Please use extreme caution and drive carefully, particularly in the school zones. Be safety-minded.

Learning by study must be won; 'twas never entailed from sire to son.—Gay.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

There recently came to The Uplift office a letter from William A. Poteat, one of our former students. Bill has been in the United States Army Air Corps for more that a year, and has attained the rank of corporal. His letter, written at Hamilton Field, California, stated that the reason we had not heard from him for quite some time, was that he was married on July 17th, and was also busily engaged in preparing for a trip overseas. He said that his outfit would start for Tokyo, Japan, the next morning.

Bill wanted to know all the news of the school, and asked that his friends here might take a littie time and write him while overseas.

—:—

W. C. Boyd, formerly of Cottage No. 13, was a visitor at the school last Sunday afternoon. This lad was admitted to this institution, March 5, 1942, and was conditionally released, September 12, 1944. He returned to his home in Gastonia, entered the public schools, and completed the eighth grade work.

On January 18, 1945, W.C. enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps. After about three weeks of basic training at Fort Bragg, he was transferred to Camp Pickett, Virgina, from which point he embarked for overseas, arriving in England, February 19, 1945. For about eight weeks he attended an Army radio school there, and then returned to Camp Kilmer, N. J. for further studies. In March, 1946 he again went overseas, and spent about four months near Nuremburg, Germany, with the American occupation forces. He stated that he worked on some of the translation radio sets which were used during the Nuremburg trials. He added that he had also been employed as radio operator on a B-17; worked as tower operator; and had done considerable radio repair work.

On August 21, 1947, he returned to this country. At the time of his visit here, he was enjoying a furlough with relatives and friends in Gastonia. His furlough will expire on September 29th, at which time he will report to Fort Bragg for re-assignment. He said that he hoped to be sent to the China-Burma-India area.

In speaking of his stay at the training school, W. C. said that it was probably the best thing that ever happened to him. At first, he said he thought it was "pretty tough," but realized later that the training received while here was just what he needed.

—:—

Robert Vance Sharpe, of Burlington, a former student here, visited the school last Saturday morning. Robert entered the school, October 1, 1932, and remained here until August 18, 1934. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 13 group.

When Robert returned to Burlington, he attended school until he had completed the eighth grade studies. He then left school and became a truck driver for a local motor transfer company, and was thus employed for about two years.

In 1939, Robert entered the merchant marine service, and worked as a

seaman for a little more than a year.

Robert enlisted in the Uuited States Army on March 27, 1942. Following his basic training at Fort Bragg and at Moore Field, Texas, he was assigned to an air-sea rescue unit of the Army air forces. During his overseas service, his base of operation was at Hickham Field, Island of Oahu, Honolulu. He returned to this country, and was honorably discharged in January, 1946.

After a two months' ivsit with relatives in Burlington, Robert again joined the merchant marines. After making trips to Europe, the Philippine Islands, China and Japan, he returned to his home about five weeks ago.

In our brief conversation with this young man, who is now twenty-six years old, we learned that he is considering signing up with the merchant marine service in the near future.

—:—

Jesse Cunningham, a former student here, who has been in the United States Navy for several years, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield. At the time his letter was written, Jesse was stationed at the U. S. Naval Receiving Station, Boston, Mass. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: I will answer your kind and most welcome letter which I received the other day. I would have written you sooner, but they are keeping me busy up here. I've been working in small stores here, trying to keep everyone supplied with the right amount of clothing. We supply the men here and on the ships in the harbor. The work keeps me on my toes all the time. I am in good health, so I don't suppose I should complain.

"Was very glad to hear that every thing was going along nicely at the school. I miss the school a lot. I guess it's because I owe so much of my education, and my understanding of the higher standards of living to the school. I was taught many things there that I would not have learned anywhere else. Although it might have been a little tough at times, I think loneliness was my trouble more than anything else. But now I can look back and see where I was given a grand prize, and that there were many who were there at the same time who never could see it that way. The teaching that will make a fellow become an honest, upright American citizen is the greatest prize that anyone can hope to receive.

"I want you to know, Mr. Hawfield, that anything you may ever do in my behalf will always be greatly appreciated. I wish you would extend my kindest regards to all the officers who might remember me. I know Mr. Russell and Mr. Fisher will. Also give my best to all the boys.

"I have to start work now, so will close for this time, wishing you the best of luck and happiness always. Sincerely yours, Jesse Cunningham."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield received a letter the other day from Carl Hall, who was conditionally released a little more than a month ago. While at the school, Carl was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and was employed at the dairy. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: How is everybody at the school getting along? Hope they are fine. As for

me, I am going to school and like it very much. I am in the eleventh grade at Swannanoa High School. I plan to finish next year at Lee Edwards High School. Then I plan to reach my goal by going two years at Biltmore College, then four years at Duke. I have decided to be a dentist.

"Mr. Hawfield, I can't write in words how much I appreciate all you and the others at the school have done for me, but I am going to prove it in some way.

"I am coming to see you pretty soon. Write and tell me if you approve of my plans. Right now in school I am taking typing, history, Latin and English.

"Please give my regards to all, and write soon. Yours truly, Carl Hall."

BACK TO SCHOOL

It's back to school, and back to school,
I hear the ringing of the bell;
It's back to school, back under rule
To hear what teacher has to tell.

It's back to school, and back to school,
And gone are all the holidays;
They think to grow not up a fool,
We must go through the long school days.

It's back to school, and back to school,
And home work, too, must now be done;
No time to go to swimming pool,
But work and work till set of sun.

It's back to school, and back to school,
No time that one can call his own,
No time is left for pleasant stroll—
It's work or else see teacher's frown.

It's back to school, and back to school,
The city boy and country lad,
And each may think he has his woes,
That school is bane, and only bad.

But day will come when lad and boy
Shall each grow up to be a man,
And sailing life's sea, call, "Ahoy!"
When passing far from home and land.

And each must then buffet the storm;
And then the boy who went to school,
Shall ride the waves with less of harm,
While the other finds he's been a fool.

—C. W. Durden.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Beauty is its own excuse for living.
—Emerson.

—:—

Courage in danger is half the battle.
—Plautus.

—:—

"An enemy to beauty is a foe to nature."

—:—

"All things are difficult before they are easy."

—:—

"A white glove often conceals a dirty hand."

—:—

Let nothing come between you and the light.—Thoreau.

—:—

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes as a judge.
—Stanislaus.

—:—

One rare, strange virtue in speeches, and the secret of their mastery, is that they are short.—Halleck.

—:—

All bitter feelings are avoided, or at least greatly reduced by prompt, face-to-face discussion.—W. B. Pitkin.

—:—

Always refrain from boasting. Shakespeare tells us that "the empty vessel makes the greatest sound."
—Exchange.

—:—

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent to all.
—Lavater.

—:—

The man is blessed who every day is permitted to behold anything so pure and serene as the western sky at sunset while revolutions vex the world.—Thoreau.

A gentleman is a man who looks and acts like a gentleman, even when he isn't dressed like a gentleman.
—Exchange.

—:—

To make people laugh is to make them forget. What a benefactor on earth is he who can bestow forgetfulness.—Hugo.

—:—

Life is short and we never have too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark way with us.—Amiel.

Let us consult the lives of other men as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our own imitation.—Terence.

—:—

Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty and changes the great curse to a great blessing.—Opie Reed.

This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.—Chapin.

—:—

The prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst diseases from which our civilization suffers.—William James.

—:—

Of course, everbody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.
—O. W. Holmes.

—:—

Love a little more; be faithful a little more; serve a little more; and then watch God reveal Himself to you in a larger and lovelier way.
—Robert Norwood.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

"Ain't it funny that the guys
Who see another's faults so fast,
Never seem to get an eyeful
Of the shadows that they cast?"

—:—

Sometimes a bride can bake her cake and eat it too.

—:—

The man who falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

—:—

When you have no pants to hold up, boy, that's a panic!

—:—

People go to great panes to do their window shopping.

—:—

It requires no musical talent to be always harping on something.

—:—

Learn to make the most of life before the most of life is gone.

—:—

In some spinal columns, all the bone seems to be lumped at the top.

—:—

One fine thing about keeping still is that no one can misquote you.

—:—

Too much celebrating has kept many a man from becoming celebrated.

—:—

It's too bad they told Mauriello to keep his chin up in his fight with Joe Louis.

—:—

Man is that foolish creature who shortens his life by working hard to acquire things that further shorten his life.

—:—

A change of scenery may be very beneficial to most persons, but it is not so invigorating as change in the pocket.

The meek are not only inheriting the earth, but in some countries they are getting their faces pushed into it.

—:—

At the celebration of the Chinese New Year one of their most honored observances is paying off all their old debts. And we send missionaries to China!

—:—

If the word "lasting" applied to peace doesn't mean any more than the word "permanent" describing waved hair, we'll have another war before long.

—:—

We are told that the three chief menaces on highways are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate spooning. Briefly: hic, hike and hug.

—:—

Life's jolliest moment — when the wife, who has been telling you how to drive for fourteen years, finally decides to drive herself, and comes home with her first traffic ticket.

—:—

A judge recently handed down the legal ruling that a cow has a right in the road. Fancy taking all that time to find out something that cows seem to have known all the time.

—

Two men, Wood and Stone, were standing on a street corner. A pretty girl walked by. Wood turned to Stone. Stone turned to Wood. They both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a hat-shop.

—:—

"Don't you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember how I used to stand in front of her house almost afraid to go in. Now I do the same thing some nights.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 14, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Onie Kilpatrick
John Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Troy Lee Wall

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Paul Church
William Clemons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Robert Rice
Franklin Robinson
J. W. Smith
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
William Blake
Herbert Brooks
Julian Commander
Woodrow Mace
William McVicker
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Claude Sexton
Danny Mac Hayes
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
James Martin
George Patterson
Lester Owens
Howell Wilkinson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Earl Holleman
Clyde Hill
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

J. D. Ashley
Billy Brown
Glenn Davis
Billy Jenkins
Clyde Leonard
Fairley McGee
Jack Paschal
Jerry Peavey
Elijah Spivey
Frank Spivey
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jimmy Delvechio
Jack Griffin

Waylon Gardner
Robert Hinson
Paul Hendron
Herman Hutchins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Silas Orr

COTTAGE No. 11

Carlton Crawford
Roy Eddings
Conley Haney
Max Herring
Curtis Helms
Kenneth McLean
Edwin Morgan
William Ray
Benny Riggins
Charles Smith
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Jesse Peavey
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
James Scott
Howard Wise
Robert Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Elbert Gentry
Willie Newcomb
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Willard Brown
Chas Farmer
J. D Gupton
Arey Hogue
Carl Holt
Garland Leonard
Herman Kirby
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Chas Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
James Shepherd
Carrol Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Garmon Hubbard
Chas McDaniel
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt

———:———

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting to yourself.—George Sand.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 27, 1947 No. 39

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

SEP 2 7 '47

HUMILITY

Humility, the fairest, loveliest flower
That grew in Paradise, and the first that died,
Has rarely flourished since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
'Tis gone, if it but look upon itself;
And they who venture to believe it theirs
Prove by that single thought they have it not.

—Tryon Edwards.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
MIRED CAR LED TO DEVELOPMENT OF NEW BLUEBERRY FIELDS	By E. Carl Sink	12
CEMETERY MEDITATIONS	(Charity & Children	15
THE COMMON GLORY	(The Coastland Times)	17
EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM FAILURE, WYLIE CHARGES	(Morganton News-Herald)	19
WHY ARE WE HEADED TOWARD WAR?	(News & Observer)	20
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MAKE ROOM

Make room, men of power, when you meet
To weigh, decide, deliberate;
Make room in your rows for an empty seat;
Make room for the dead in your halls of state;
Room for a mother whose son is dust
In his narrow bed of alien sod.
The rich may be there but surely must
Make room for the precious poor of God
And for the sightless boys who know
Beauty darkened by the curtain
Over their eyes; for this is certain:
Peace must be won with the healing wood
Of a thousand crosses—row on row—
And with our own accepted rood
Borne with those whose arms are ever
Fixed in the form of mute endeavor.
Hush your voice for the voiceless crowd
Wandering in an endless stream
Of children crippled and women bowed
By a burden of which we can only dream.
They ask what price you will pay for peace;
What brave new charter you will write
For the yet unborn. Will you learn from these,
Prisoners of perpetual night?
(Hear—in your shelter of quiet walls)
It is the voice of God that calls. . . .
Pray that the sins we dare not name
Burn out at last in a costly flame.
Make room—for the deep, resistless tide
Of the mighty meek, too long denied.

—Louisa Boyd Gile.

MISS JUANITA NOLAND, STATE PSYCHOLOGIST, WORKS AT THE SCHOOL

We are particularly delighted to have in our midst Miss Juanita Noland, from Mr. Leonard's office in Raleigh. She was recently

appointed as psychologist for the correctional institutions of the state. Miss Noland plans to be with us for two or three weeks, and we take this opportunity to extend to her a cordial welcome. We hope she will enjoy every minute of her stay.

During her stay here, Miss Noland will give standard education achievement tests, intelligence tests, and will hold personal conferences with individual boys. We are sure that she will meet a big need at the school.

For a long time we have hoped we could have the assistance of some well-trained person in the field of psychology to assist us with a good many of our boys. It is our goal and our ambition that we may be able to do the best and most profitable thing for every boy while he is here, whether he is a boy with limited mental ability or with high intelligence.

Prior to Miss Noland's appointment on the staff, Mr. T. R. Adams, supervisor of the Receiving Cottage, had been administering and scoring the tests, and this entailed a heavy burden on him along with his many other duties. Mr. Adams, however, has done an exceptionally good job, but, no doubt, he feels a great relief now that these responsibilities have been assigned to someone else.

Miss Noland will not only serve this institution, but she will serve all the other correctional institutions of the state, and we will always look forward to her return visits from time to time.

* * * * * * * *

LEADERSHIP

In order for anyone to achieve leadership in his relationships with other people, there are certain standards which must be met before anyone can become a leader. After all, it is probably true that a good many folks would like to occupy high positions when they are at the same time unwilling to pay the price which is necessary for leadership. It is a known fact that one's fellow-workers do not accord him a place of leadership without merit. Naturally, a position of leadership is one that tests the mettle or strength of character or the will-power of any person. There will always come those critical moments when any person in a position of leadership is

looked to by his fellow-workers to take the lead and meet squarely whatever the issues may be.

In the October issue of **The Rotarian,** Harold C. Kessinger a Rotarian of Ridgewood, New Jersey, gives the following "Prescription for Leadership":

The ideal leader has vision without being a visionary.
He can listen reflectively.
He can think creatively.
He can talk inspiringly.
He can work cooperatively.
He is courteous without being vacillating.
He is courageous without being dominating.
He knows how to delegate duties without avoiding his own.
He always shares recognition and rewards with others.
He has enthusiastic co-workers rather than sheep-like followers.
He knows the shortest path, but will take the longer way if he can attain the same objective with less friction.
He knows how to compromise in non-essentials without sacrificing fundamentals.
No one can achieve all these desirable qualities, but these ideals are a daily challenge to every leader of men who hopes to leave the world better than he found it.

* * * * * * * *

A DISHONEST BOY

Dick had been working in the office nearly a month before his employer told him that he was too dishonest to work there longer.

Dick was stunned. He flushed crimson and swallowed hard. It was difficult to believe that he heard aright. "Dishonest?" he said at last. "Do you mean that you think I am a thief?"

"Dishonesty always means theft of some kind," answered Mr. Wood. "The kind that you are guilty of is commonly called by other names, but it is dishonesty just the same."

"I don't understand."

"You will in a minute. In the four weeks that you have been here, you have been late in getting to work half a dozen mornings, and several times at noon you have taken much more time than we

allow for luncheon. That is taking something that does not belong to you—something that I have bought and paid for. Isn't that theft?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," admitted Dick, "but—"

"Once I left you here to file some papers and close the office at night," continued Mr. Wood. "The next morning I found the door of the vault wide open. That was more than carelessness, more than the neglect to obey orders. It was an offer to help any thief who might have come along that night. It was the misuse of valuable things that did not belong to you.

"I might mention other instances, but these will show what I mean when I say that you have not been honest since you have been working here—honest with yourself or honest with me. But I am going to give you a trial for another month. See if you cannot live up to those recommendations of honesty that you brought when I hired you."

His tone was gentle and his smile friendly as he laid his hand on Dick's shoulder; and the boy thanked him. "I think that I understand," he said, "and I'll try to be honest in the biggest and broadest sense of the term."

—Condensed from "The Youth's Companion."

* * * * * * * * *

REFERENCES REQUIRED

There are many desirable positions in this world from which many, who would fill them, are debarred because they have not the good name, the references, required. They have not been faithful when they ought to have been faithful; they have not studied when they ought to have studied; they have neglected their work when they should have used the utmost diligence.

Jim Halsey worked in a minor position in a big city department store. The pay was small. Jim thought it so little that he did not try to get to work on time every day. He took no pains to do that which he had to do in an orderly way. He thought to himself, when I get a place worth while, I will certainly do things well.

The boy who worked beside him thought differently. He was

most painstaking in all that he did. He went out of his way to do things. Jim laughed at him for his carefulness.

One, morning, when Jim came to work, this boy was missing. Jim asked about him and was told that he had been promoted to a place which Jim had long desired for himself. The man who told Jim said, "Did you see an old man down here, several times, looking around?" "Yes," replied Jim. "Well, that was the head of the department sizing you two boys up. Your references, which you registered of slack work, did not appeal to him. He took the other boy for his faithfulness and diligence."

—Henry T. Sell, in Sermons in Action.

* * * * * * * *

GENERAL PATTON'S PRAYER DURING THE BELGIAN BULGE

One of the most colorful figures in the American army during World War II was General George S. Patton. When the Allied armies faced their most critical battles, they naturally turned to General Patton, of the Third Army, to lead them out of their difficulties. His many brilliant achievements are legendary in military literature and will continue to be throughout all the ages to come.

In Robert C. Allen's forthcoming book, **Lucky Forward,** he gives an interesting an account of General Patton's prayer at the time of the critical moments of the Belgian Bulge. This prayer was distributed among the soldiers on December 22, 1944, and read as follows:

> "Almighty and merciful Father, we humbly beseech Thee, of Thy great goodness, to restrain these immoderate rains with which we have to contend. Grant us fair weather for battle. Graciously hearken to us as soldiers who call upon Thee, that armed with Thy power we may advance from victory to victory, and crush the oppression and wickedness of our enemies, and establish Thy justice among men and nations. Amen."

In Mr. Allen's book there are these additional quotations: "December 23 dawned bright and sunny—an answer to Patton's prayer for fair weather. The day before, copies of the prayer had

been distributed to all Third Army troops. It had been printed several weeks earlier, and Patton's intention was to issue the prayer just before the jump-off against the Siegfried line. The chief of staff pointed this out.

" 'Oh, the Lord won't mind,' Patton smiled. 'I know He will understand. He knows we're too busy right now killing Germans to print another prayer. It's the spirit that counts with the Lord. And He knows I mean well.'

"Next morning Patton was jubilant. And when told a few more days of clear skies could be expected, he whooped with pleasure.

"Hot dog!' he shouted. 'I guess I'll have another 100,000 of those prayers printed. The Lord is on our side, and we've got to keep Him informed of what we need.'

"The miraculous flying weather lasted five days. Five days of crippling destruction for the enemy and crucial support for Lucky."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 28, 1947

Oct. 1—Howard Wise, Cottage No. 13, 15th birthday.
Oct. 3—Bynum Thomas Ammens, Cottage No. 10, 17th birthday
Oct. 4—George Brincefield, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

First Grade Boys Give Radio Program

By Clyde Leonard, 5th Grade

The first grade boys gave the radio program on September 9th. The program consisted of songs and poems. The poems were about flowers and other things. Mrs. Hawfield, the first grade teacher, helped the boys with the program.

I heard this program over the radio on Tuesday morning and thought it was very good, because it was given by first grade boys. Mr. Walters talked about sports and games. We especially appreciate his talk about football. It was very interesting.

We also appreciate the program given by Mrs. Hawfield and her first grade boys. This is a fine bunch of boys to work with, and I enjoyed being with them.

The radio program was as follows: Song — "When the Red Leaves Dance," by a group of boys; Poem—"September Ride," Eden Chavis; Poem—"September Prank," Sam Finney; Song—"Autumn Winds," group of boy; Song—"Goldenrod," by the group; Poem—"September," Robert Evans; Poem—"Lullaby," James Wilson; Song—"Harvest Song," by the group; Song—"The Apple Tree," by the group.

Items of Interest

By Robert Jarvis, 9th Grade

Mr. Hines has come back from his vacation now, and he has started teaching school as usual. He also has charge of Cottage No. 3. The boys are glad to get back to their cottage—even though they enjoyed staying in the various cottages while Mr. Hines was away.

Recently a change was made at Cottage No. 1 when Mr. and Mrs. Peck moved to Cottage No. 15 and Mr. Hinson took charge of Cottage No 1. Mr. Peck will be in charge of the dairy.

Cottage No. 3 has a new matron now. She is Mrs. Spears who was the matron at Cottage No. 15. We surely do enjoy having Mrs. Spears as our matron. Too, we enjoyed having Mrs. Pharr, our former matron, with us. She served so willingly and faithfully.

Our English Work

By Clyde Wright, 9th Grade

In our English class we have been studying about different kinds of sentences and learning how to improve our paragraphs by using different kinds of sentences in writing. Some of us boys are taking two English courses, and in the 10th Grade English we are learning all about simple, compound, and complex sentences. In the 9th Grade English we are now studying literature, and our unit is "Kinship with Nature." One of the 10th Grade stories that we enjoyed was "Silas Marner," by George Eliot or Mary Ann Evans.

One unit in 9th Grade literature

that we enjoyed very much was entitled "Glorious Adventure." It contained a variety of writings as follows: a play, "Spreading the News," which was a story of how gossip spreads; some stories, "Whitewashing the Fence," Joan Rides to the King," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Scout," and "Treasure Island;" and a poem, "The Highwayman."

In addition to the basal work, we have eight poems to memorize in each English course and eight library books to read and give reports on in each English course.

All the English work has been interesting, for we all like English. We enjoy studying it.

Chapel Program

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

September 12th, we had a very nice chapel program given by Mrs. Hawfield's first grade boys. First a song was sung. Then Responsive Reading 521 in our hymnal was given. After that, we had prayer, and a reading, "Let the Children Come," was given. A song, "Thank God for Little Children," was sung by a group of boys.

There were several other songs and several poems. They were as follows: "Autumn Winds" by all; September Joys", by Elmer Sutherland; "Goldenrod", by all; "September", by Robert Evans; "September Lullaby"; by James Wilson, "September Children", by eight boys; and two songs, "Harvest Song" and "The Apple Tree."

Music was played on the 1st grade's record player for games and dances. There were five of these games and dances as follows: "Pop Goes the Weasel", "Russell's Dance", "Donkey Dance", "London Bridge", and "Donald Duck". The boy who was acting like Donald Duck talked to the boys and asked them questions.

More Boys Released

By Charles Autry, 9th Grade

Recently, the following boys were released from the school: Judd Lane, 4th grade, went to Richfield; Ben Wilson, 4th grade, Rockingham; Eugene King, 5th grade, Lincolnton; Frank Belk, 1st grade, Lakedale Leonard Allen, 5th grade, Sylva; Ray Wooten, 9th grade, Heaton; Clyde Hill, 4th grade, Reidsville; Thomas Davis, 6th grade, Spindale; and Gray Brown, 11th grade, Winston-Salem.

We hope that these boys have gone out of the school with the determination to make something out of themselves.

7th Grade Arithmetic Contest

By William Jenkins, 7th Grade

The 7th grade had an arithmetic test last week, and they had about thirty minutes to complete it. Some of the best grades were as follows: Glenn Davis, 95; Floyd Canandy, 80; Jack Griffin, 80; Edwin Parker, 80; Garland Leonard, 80; Jimmy Cauthen, 80; and William Jenkins, 80. All of the boys enjoyed taking this test.

The Air Show

By Talmadge Duncan 9th Grade

September 14th, the boys of the school were permitted to go to the Air Show which was held on the school grounds. Lester Ritchie was the director of the contest. This was

the Second Annual Dixie Championship Model Airplane Contest. We know all the boys enjoyed the show.

House of Horrors

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The picture that we enjoyed so much Thursday night was the "House of Horrors," starring Robert Lowery. It showed how a man who made statues of clay found a man in the river and nursed him back to health.

The man who made statues often told the "Creeper," as the other man was called, that he wished certain critics of art and newspapermen who criticized his work were dead. Without his knowing about it, the "Creeper" killed them for him. At last, after a lot of misunderstanding, he started to kill a certain girl who had been getting information for the newspapermen. However, her friend shot him. The "Creeper" had already killed his own master.

The comedy was "Bathing Buddies." We surely did appreciate this picture and are looking for more like it.

I STAND ALONE

I stand alone, in the middle of the road,
Looking over the fields of life, I have sowed.
I am the farmer of my destiny, it's soils I must keep,
For I am the one to live on the harvest I reap.

I stand alone, in my world of confusion,
Seeing only the vision of disillusion;
Pondering over the crops of my yesteryear,
Wistfully, dreaming of the seeds, of love I hold so dear.

Ah! poor am I, the farmer of my life,
Planting always, the crops of misery and strife.
While others around me grow happiness and love,
Successful on their farms of destiny, blessed from above.

Perhaps I should move, and better seeds sow,
On a new farm of destiny, where happiness shall grow.
For here the drought of blindness shall live on,
And if I elect to stay, I stand alone.

—Dee Bee News.

MIRED CAR LED TO DEVELOPMENT OF NEW BLUEBERRY FIELDS

By E. Carl Sink, in We the People)

Highbush huckleberries, hightailing to high priced markets are hiking some half-million highly appreciated dollars into the high pockets of Eastern North Carolina farmers.

Blueberries, that is.

Huckleberries rightly belong to North Carolina. Blueberries, the same thing only growing on bushes six to eight feet instead of right close to the ground, belong to New Jersey. 'Tis said a good Yankee, digging his mired car out of the Pender County sand ran surprisingly into black marl, and then a layer of hard pan, the latter mighty good for holding moisture for any growing thing.

Yankee-like, he muttered: "Blueberries:"—much to the delight and eventual profit of Tar Heel sand farmers who knew they had something but didn't exactly know the production angles.

As a matter of fact, Uncle Sam and muscadine grapes brought blueberries, and the half million, to Carolina. Dr. Charles Deering, now the genial patriarchial master of the Coastal Plains Experimental Farm and unquestioned authority on all matters agricultural, was sent to the State in 1910 to develop for use the American grape. He did that, and several other things, and in the doing got more interested in huckleberries growing wild around Clinton and southward.

Being from Missouri himself, he delved lightly into the new field, saw some answers, and turned his knowledge over to the Department of Agricuture in Washington. Washington said to call a meeting, which produced exactly nothing until it was over. Then, one J. O. Peterson, Samsonite, sidled up and said he knew where blueberries and huckleberries would grow. And there they were, huckleberries close to the ground, and, bless patty, blueberries high on the bush.

Blueberries Instead of Ministry

Washington sent New Jersey experts down, and then Pennsylvania got into the picture with the son of a physics teacher. The son was slated to become a Methodist minister, but decided to make a million in Carolina blueberries first. H. G. Huntington, the son, planted 150 acres at Atkinson, N. C., in 1928. As a direct result, his father, F. W., now retired from physics, is trout fishing in British Columbia while his son sweats over getting another $50,000 worth of blueberries (some from the original bushes) to market in five weeks.

You pay 90 cents a pint for blueberries the last week of May; by June 15, you get them for about half that. Over the whole lush early season, six weeks of blueberry heaven for Carolina farmers before the New Jersey season begins, you will have paid an average of just about exactly 40 cents. There's no way of telling what one acre of blueberries will yield, but the 750 acres under cultivation in North

Carolina will average, say the County Agents, a little over $500 per year per acre.

But the figures just don't jibe when you get the growers mellow with a few yum-yums over blueberries and vanilla ice cream, and a few choice compliments in a filled packing house. Then, the acre average, in strict confidence but with plenty of evidence to support the facts, jumps up to about $740. With an early season and no competition to the winter-hungry palates of the metropolitan markets, there's no great gamble in Carolina blueberries. But a slight change in weather can count money profit almost as fast as the redheaded packer can pint up the berries with Harrison's new packing machine.

Blueberries like an acid soil of which there is plenty in Southeastern North Carolina, and they like moisture. Early in June this year there was an unusual dry spell which hit one grower at the bottom of the five-year cycle of production which is characteristic of blueberry bushes; instead of 25,000 trays (12 pints each) came a rainy half-day, and his 3,000 jumped to 5,000 just on increased bulk alone. More important, his berries jumped from US 3s to US 1s (there are only three US standards, which are measured by count in a pint measure). Over all, the shower, in four hours, netted just under $5,000, enough to blacken a red year in the books.

There's nothing much to raising blueberries but clearing off and draining acres of half-swamp land (after being smart enough to pick the right land), paying the other man's price for plantlings (N. C. seedlings practically all come from Maryland and New Jersey where the Carolina huckleberry has been crossed with the New Jersey blueberry cousins), setting out some thousands of bushes, waiting an average of four years for a first crop, eating your heart out four more years until your bushes come into full-crop US 1 production, and then getting your crop to market (with the help of about 200 more or less recalcitrant laborers) within five weeks.

Unlike another Carolina cash crop, tobacco, which farmers swear takes 13 months of labor to produce, blueberries take only 12 months each year. In the winter there's pruning and fertilizing; in the spring there's weekly plow-cultivating and hoeing (for perfectly clean cultivation), more fertilizing, dusting, and special disease treatments.

The most important single factor in blueberry production is marketing. For top prices (or any price at all), blueberries have to get to market quickly or quicker, they must be in top, bush-fresh form . . . and at that particular time Mr. Grower is as busy as three cats on a hot tin roof getting them off the bushes and into the pint cups.

North Carolina growers followed the lead of the New Jersey farmers to the only sensible solution: their own co-op, the Carolina Blueberry Growers Association, Inc., which handles all details of marketing both efficiently and beautifully.

The refrigeration idea has really caught hold with blueberry farmers; at Burgaw, a freezer plant intended for many other things is experiment-

ing with blueberries which may, in all conscience, become a year around delicacy. And the same idea has expanded the blueberry prime market area from New York and Philadelphia to Detroit and Denver.

Another interesting combination is the airplane and refrigeration. Nearby, at Castle Hayne, dew-fresh flowers are delivered overnight to Kansas City and points West. There's no reason blueberries can't go right into California, or Mexico and Canada, for that matter. Right at the moment, the supply will not reach further than Denver, but there's plenty of land, good acid land; plenty of water and a solid hard pan underneath to hold it against blueberry roots.

———:———

BROTHERS

In every patch of timber you
Will always find a tree or two
That would have fallen long ago,
Borne down by wind or snow,
Had not another neighbor tree
Held out its arms in sympathy
And caught the tree the storm had hurled
To earth, so, brothers, is the world,
In every patch of timber stand
Samaritans of forest land,
The birch, the maple, oak and pine,
The fir, cedar, all the line;
In every wood, unseen, unknown.
They bear their burdens of their own
And bear as well another form,
Some brother stricken by the storm.
Shall trees be nobler to their kind
Than men, who boast the noble mind?
Shall there exist within the wood
Of oak and pine, of hill and fen,
And not within the hearts of men?
God grant that men are like to these
And brothers brotherly as trees.

—Carl J. Blatz.

CEMETERY MEDITATIONS

By L. A. M., in Charity & Children

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of oceans bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
—Gray's Elegy.

Yonder in Arlington, overlooking the beautiful Potomac River, stands the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Under this memorial stone lies the body of an American soldier who gave his life for freedom in the First World War. Just what his name is, where he came from, the place of his birth, the names of his parents, whether Jew or Gentile, the kind of faith that guided his life, no one will ever know. Whether he was rich or poor, whether prominent in his community or living in the realm of obscurity, does not matter. His government does not exact an answer to these questions.

His government thinks of him as a citizen and as such honors him for his loyalty and his contribution in the time of his country's need. He fought for the flag of his country and that flag is no respecter of persons.

In gratitude for the services of this Unknown Soldier, America keeps a sentinel standing guard over his body. Year in and year out, day in and day out, and all night long, there is never a moment that a soldier, dressed in the uniform of his country, with gun on shoulder, is not on guard, tramping back and forth in front of this tomb, keeping watch over the body of this Unknown Soldier. This night—this moment—a soldier is pacing up and down before that tomb keeping watch, and he will be there to morrow morning, and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, and in all the tomorrows to come, unless America should elect to change its plan in honoring the memory of those who gave themselves in defense of their country.

To visit Arlington and see the living picture of this tribute to our heroes gives one a feeling of conflicting emotions. It makes us breathe with a spirit of gratitude for a country that still builds altars to sacrifice and courage and heroism and faith; and we turn away and leave Arlington thanking God that America can still love and cherish the ideals for which thousands and tens of thousands of our boys gave their lives.

And yet, somehow, since I first saw this tomb and watched the soldier who guards it—since I first observed and felt the solemnity of this constant, never-ceasing, march — the thought has come to me over and over again, what a fine thing it would be, if America would stand as a sentinel, night and day, keeping watch over the living as we watch over our dead. I cannot escape the conviction that America owes somethlng to the living as well as as to the dead. Indeed, it occurs to me, we need more love and sympathy, and appreciation, and encouragement, and ideals, while

we are living than we do after we are gone.

If this were our policy—if we could swing back to the ideals of our forefathers—if we could accept the ideologies of the framers of our Constitution—if we could turn back and start to building again on the frame work of our original purpose in government and legislate for the common good and promoting the general welfare—if we could again place ideals above the dollar mark—if we could bring back into our thinking, and into our legislation, the idea that the soul encased in one human life is worth more than all the revenue produced in all the world—if this were our policy, the Unknown Soldier might be living today rather than sleeping yonder in Arlington.

Who knows?

———:———

SONG OF COURAGE

I have fallen,
But bravely I shall rise.
The road is rough and long.
Its grey dust blinds my eyes.
But I have yet a chance
To win a worthy prize.

I have fallen,
Yea, time and time again.
Still, I shall tumble on
In agony and pain.
And who will dare to say
My hope has been in vain?

I have fallen,
And shattered my frail soul.
But shall try to weld
The fragments to a whole.
Scarred, and crushed and bruised,
Thus, I shall reach the goal.

—Kathleen Lamb

THE COMMON GLORY

(The Coastland Times)

Many people of the Coastland have seen The Common Glory, which is another one of Paul Green's plays destined to go down in history, and is being played to its end this week in Williamsburg, Virginia. Many of our people were late in getting to see it due to the busy summer they have had.

The Common Glory is along the same theme as The Lost Colony, in that it portrays the struggles of the common man to better his lot. The scene is laid principally during those dark days of the Revolution when the founding fathers of the United States were struggling to create our nation. It is a play that is difficult to present at its best within the limits of an ordinary theatre but the Jamestown corporation, a patriotic group has done a great job in the limited time available.

This is not a criticism of the play nor the players, for the defects will have to be ironed out, just as were those of The Lost Colony, from year to year. It must be remembered that The Common Glory cast consists mostly of college students, and not of professional actors. Some of them are too young for the parts,—too young in voice and too lean of figure and face to measure up to the stately old characters they represent. There are a few kinks in the show, and the choir is not quite as able, as ours which comes from a professional school.

But The Common Glory has won the public. It has been a sell-out almost every night. By the end of the season this week, it will have been seen by twice as many people as saw The Lost Colony this season. We saw The Common Glory this week, and we do not consider The Lost Colony can lose by comparison nor are the shows in competition. One complements the other for while both carry out the same theme, each deals with its own historical era, and we would recommend seeing both, for they are equally inspiring and educational.

The Common Glory has the edge on The Lost Colony in that it is easily reached by more people. The radius which takes in the cities of Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Suffolk, Newport News and many other towns and cities puts as many people within 150 miles of it as live within the whole of North Carolina. So it is necessary to scratch a little harder for pay dirt for The Lost Colony.

Not only this but The Common Glory has the benefit of some 500 to 2,500 visitors who daily come to see the great restoration work of Colonial Williamsburg. Here some 25 million dollars have been spent to make a great tourist attraction, and another 15 millions more are to be spent. This has been made possible through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller.

To offset this, we have for The Lost Colony a wonderful seashore and fishing to attract visitors each summer, and many of them kill two birds with one stone, by seeing the show at night, after fishing and sunbathing by day.

As we say, the one play complements the other, and The Lost Colony will not lose by comparison, but the surroundings may prove another matter. When one drives out to The Common Glory theatre, where nearly a quarter of a million dollars have been spent, there is not a single gaudy, glaring sign to detract from the landscape. In fact there are no signs of any kind, except the one indicating the entrance to the parking ground of The Common Glory.

As one drives into the grounds, there is no one jumping out with flashlights and yelling "park here." In fact there is nothing but courteous attendants who guide you to a spot on a brilliantly lighted field where your car is parked free and from where you can drive out with most comfort and ease. There are no cheap and gaudy commerial establishments of any kind in the vicinity.

Some of these things are what must be overcome if The Lost Colony is not to suffer by comparison with The Common Glory. We recommend that our folks see to it. It is going to improve, although this season we had the edge on it in music, in singing, acting and direction. And while the skill and brain of Paul Green has had to largely fashion the story of The Common Glory, and have an unbeatable natural in the intriguing mystery that is the lifebood of our Lost Colony.

MEMORY LANE

I borrow thoughts from yesterday
To keep my memory bright.
The trials, the tears, success and joy
Are thoughts which I invite.

I would not care to lose the past,
For riches there are stored
In wealth of knowledge gained through years,
In spheres which I explored.

Today will move down memory lane
Where only thoughts abide,
For yesterday is but a dream
Kept bright by memory's tide.

Then let my deeds and acts be true,
My love sincere and deep,
That I may bring these treasures back
In thoughts which I would keep.

—Everett W. Hill.

EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM FAILURE, WYLIE CHARGES

(The Morganton News-Herald)

The educational system of the United States has disappointed the world, declares Philip Wylie in The Reader's Digest for September. Its failure to produce mature, informed and responsible citizens has resulted in the "intellectual incompetence and lack of moral courage" which are manifest in our high divorce rate, delinquency of our young people, and our full jails and asylums.

Wylie's article, condensed from This Week, acclaims the "century of the red schoolhouse" as one which regarded education as the greatest prize, and which produced men who knew the science, history and politics of their era and could articulate this knowledge. "Men like Adams, Jefferson and Lincoln understood the philosophy of our Constitution and enunciated it into words which cut into the very walls of time, enriching history itself."

Our schools' chief failure today is evident, Wylie contends, in "our growing inarticulateness. The graduate is so awkward with words that he does not have the equipment for reasonable thought or expression. With the best communications on earth, the common denominator of communication among Americans is the soap opera."

The 19th century's ideal of the importance of education has been replaced with a new ideal of progress through material aggrandizement, Wylie holds. Our schools increasingly regard the teaching of a trade as their chief function, though knowing a trade "has nothing to do with being a competently educated citizen."

Propaganda and "boosterism" have been substituted for truth in education, the author charges. The result is "an imbecile state patriotism" which has made the majority of us too smug and optimistic to see imperfections and dangers in local or national affairs.

Observing that the school janitor often makes more money than some of the teachers, Wylie urges that we "liberate" our schools by finding, and paying for, teachers whom we can respect.

———:———

Friendship is a fire which will never burn the fingers of those who hold on to it.—Exchange.

WHY ARE WE HEADED TOWARD WAR?

Extracts from an address by Dorothy Thompson, in The News & Observer

We are heading toward war because the same game of power politics which caused the last war and all the last wars for centuries is still being played, despite the fact that all the players know that war, by its very perfection, is obsolescent. And this game is being played in a world infinitely more unstable and explosive than it was even in 1939.

What is this game that for centuries has been a substitute for statesmanship, that is, in fact, anti-statesmanship and curses the world with ever closer and ever more ghastly disasters?

It is, exactly, a game—like the game of chess, except that its pawns and castles are human states and societies.

It is a game played by highly armed entities called sovereign states. Not all states always play it or always play it throughout their history. Until the 20th century the United States was not really in on the game —not until we became the most powerful nation, in some ways at least, on the globe, and not until new forms of communication removed our protected position between the oceans. Even now, our leaders, or most of them, do not want to play it. But there is, at present, no other form of international politics except this dangerous game. There is no superior law binding on sovereign states; there is no judge over them; there is no policeman to enforce behavior; there is no stakeholder in their bets.

By the rules of this game whenever one state, able to threaten the security of another state, improves its armaments, establishes universal military training in peacetime, or discovers a new decisive weapon, the state on the other side of the chessboard tries to catch up and overtop him. We, for instance, have the atomic bomb. The Soviet Union, the only comparable great power, must have it and will leave no stone unturned to get it, resorting if necessary to bribery corruption, espionage, suborning the representatives of governments. I hardly blame the Soviet Union, which is but playing the game. At this state someone in our state, which is a democracy with free speech, seeing this cries: "Russia is mad, and to prevent war we should give her the atomic bomb." This is perfectly silly, because it would not change or discontinue the game. Then the struggle would only be over who would have the biggest, best and mostest atomic bombs.

Russia—or X—any other comparably great power—has universal military training in peacetime. Therefore we, too, must have it.

In this game, small states lose all sovereignty. They have the right neither to be neutral and mind their own business, nor to make combinations of their own for mutual defense. Eventually they are invariably drawn in on one side or other by the only powers which have effective soverignty, because they have war-making power.

In the world previous to 1939 there were, at least a good many great or

near-great powers, so that the maneuvering was more subtle, more elastic, and also more incalculable. There was a greater range of choices. But since the passing out of history of Germany and Japan, the decline of the British and other European colonial empires, and the obliteration as even pseudo-independent entities of nearly half of the European states, there are in reality only two players on this terrible chessboard—the United States and the Soviet Union. The acrimony of the struggle deepens from day to day. Every newspaper reports it. It is, indeed, almost as though we were already at war. In the United Nations, Russia issues her 18th veto, and every veto has been made wholly in consideration of power politics. Ireland is not admitted as a peace-loving state, because of Russia's veto, but Rumania, which fought with Hitler, would not be opposed by Russia if safely in the Russian camp. Russia yells that we are supporting a reactionary and unpopular government in Greece, and we counter that her stooge, Jugoslavia, is arming and supporting Communist bandits. Both charges are true and neither is relevant. Russia is supporting the bandits because of power politics and we are supporting the Greek government for the same reason. There is hardly a spot on the glob—from Korea, to Manchuria, to the Mediterranean, to Western Europe—where the United States and the Soviet Union are not in a diplomatic clash of the sort that is invariably a preface to war.

People are aware of this and voices are raised. Some cry: "We must understand the Russians. They don't mean war. We must get on with Russia"

This is all perfectly futile. Russia and the United States are playing the game of power politics. It is absolutely impossible in this game to get on with your opponent. That is a contradiction in terms. Nor can one player in this game quit. If he does, the opponent sweeps all the pieces onto his side of the board. To stop playing the game, while the other is doing so, is equivalent to unconditional surrender in a war. Both must quit or neither will.

Others say: "We must stick to the United Nation. Don't let down the United Nations." That is also perfectly futile. The United Nations, as presently operating, is nothing but the place where the game is being played, to the accompaniment of a chorus of kibitzers lined up on each side. Organizing these kibitzers is part of the game; their speeches cheering on one side or the other are part of the game. And the end of the game is the same it always has been: War to the death; war to unconditional surrender; war to make one of the contenders master of a world so ruined, desolated, and mad that not the greatest genius that ever lived could pick up the pieces and govern.

And yet, what has anyone to gain from this grisly game? Is one Russian family better fed or better housed, or happier because there is a Russian stooge in Hungary or Jugoslavia? Is one American home happier because of our counter-policy in Greece? Is there a single Russian mother who wants war—or a single American mother? Do even the political leaders want war? Does Marshall Stalin? Or President Truman? Or Mr. Marshall?

They do not, yet they are following the same old game that has always led to war, because they cannot bring themselves clearly to see and accept the alternative to the game of power politics. The alternative is a genuine sysem of collective security, and a genuine system of collective security is the abolition of the war-making power of sovereign states.

No United Nations will ever be able to keep the peace that does not have a law, a judge, and a policeman. No United Nations will ever be able to keep the peace that permits states, and or the so-called Great Powers to maintain huge military establishments whose only purpose is waging war, and to compete with each other in perfecting these establishments of destruction. There is a great temptation now to blame the failure of the United Nations on the Russian use of the veto right, but the Russian use of the veto right only points up the fallacies which have been in the structure from the very beginning—from the time when it was launched as the Dumbarton Oks Plan.

If the American people and the Russian governenmt want to stop war they can stop it. They can stop it by making it illegal, not to make war, but to prepare for war. We were perfectly clear on that matter when we were trying our late German enemies in Nuremberg. We charged the leaders of the Nazi government with planning, preparing, and initiating a war. What, my friends, do you think the General Staffs of the United States and the Soviet Union are doing? They are planning and preparing to make war. That is what they are paid for; that is what they exist for.

The time to make peace is not when Russia gets the atom bomb. But now. The way to make peace is to forbid nations to prepare for war; forbid the manufacture of mass instruments of destruction by any country; make these prohibitions part of both domestic and international law for all countries; reduce weapons of defense to real defensive instruments; establish an international intelligence service, inspection, and control; and a police force to act, not against states that may break the disarmament provisions, but against the responsible persons who may break them, and act the moment they are broken. Nobody once disarmed can prepare for aggressive war overnight. It is a vast process entailing the cooperation of hundreds of thousands of persons and of vast factories and laboratories. It cannot successfully be hidden for long.

Nothing will be accomplished as long as the peace of world is confined to sterile debates, moves, and countermoves within the United Nations. Great moves are accomplished by great popular movements, by the participation of the people, by public demonstrations and pressures that statesmen are compelled to take heed of, because they refuse to quiet down. It the women of this country would frame their demands in the form of a manifesto and petition; if millions of them would mobilize to have them heard; if they would stretch out their hands to the women of the rest of the world and ask them to join them —then they would be heard, and every international leader would have

to respond in one way or another, by yes or no.

The woman points the way to the fundamental thing. The woman says: The center of life is home; the duty of life is to children; the necessity of life is peace. The woman fights, not for an ideology, but for life itself. And all men instinctively know it. That is the strength of women's position. And it is that strength that they are now called upon to exert in dynamic demonstrative energy for the salvation of mankind, moving forward in the name of no state and no power, but in the name of God and of humanity.

———:———

A POOR UNFORTUNATE

His hoss went dead and his mule went lame;
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A hurricane came on a summer's day,
And carried the house where he lived away;
Then an earthquake came when that was gone,
And swallowed the land that the house stood on!
And the tax collector, he came around
And charged him up for the hole in the ground!
And the city marshal—he came in view
And said he wanted his street tax, too!

Did he moan and sigh? Did he sit and cry,
And cuss the hurricane, sweeping by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
When the earthquake came and swallowed all?
Never a word o' blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him—he clumb to the top o' the hill—
Where standing room was left him still,
And baring his head, here's what he said:
"I reckon it's time to git up an' git;
But, Lord, I hain't had th' measles yit!"

—Author Unknown.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Coghill, of Durham, called at The Uplift office last Monday afternoon. Edward was a student at this institution more than twenty years ago. He was admitted, July 9, 1926 and was permitted to leave, January 10, 1928. He was in Cottage No. 10 and worked in the bakery.

Upon leaving the school, Edward went to live with an uncle in Asheville, and attended school in that city for one year. He then returned to Durham, where for several years he was employed in a restaurant.

In 1935, he enlisted in the United States Army. Within a short time after going into service, he developed a severe stomach disorder. He was given an honorary medical discharge, after having served for eighteen months.

For the past two years, Edward has been managing a restaurant (known as Clyde's Grill) in Durham. He reports that business is very good, and that he is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Coghill have been married twelve years, and they have two children—a daughter, aged eleven years, and a six-year-old son. They were on a three days' vacation trip to the Western North Carolina mountains.

Edward told us that he certainly appreciated his stay at the school—which was about eighteen months—and that he regetted that he did not spend a longer period of time here.

—:—

Douglas Mabry, of Winston-Salem, a former student here, visited friends on the campus last Sunday afternoon. This young man, who is now twenty-two years old, entered this institution, October 2, 1936, and was conditionally released, February 3, 1941. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 13 group. His work experiences consisted largely of employment on the barn force, and as operator of one of the farm tractors.

When released, Douglas went to work on a farm near Winston-Salem, where he remained for about six months. He then worked for the Haynes Manufacturing Company, Winston-Salem, for several months.

In the fall of 1942, Douglas enlisted in the United States Army. He served for three years in the Pacific area, participating in the liberation of the Philippines. He stated that he was aboard a troop ship in the China Sea, off the coast of Japan, at the time of the Japanese surrender.

After being honorably discharged from further military service, Douglas returned to Winston-Salem. At the present time he is engaged in doing carpenter work for Forsyth County, working with a group which keeps the school buildings of that county in good condition.

Douglas was accompanied by Miss Shore, of Winston-Salem, who is teaching music in the Charlotte city schools. They are planning to be married in the near future.

While here but a short time, Douglas and his lady friend walked practically all over the school campus. He said that he just had to go down to the barn and take a look at the

tractor which he used to operate on the school farm.

Douglas has developed into a young man of nice appearance and pleasing manner, and his friends here were very glad to see him, and to learn that he is getting along well.

—:—

Zeb V. Trexler, of Spencer, one of our former students, called at The Uplift office on Friday afternoon of last week. Zeb, who is now thirty-seven years old, was admitted to the school, November 7, 1924, and remained here until August 3, 1926. He was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group. During part of his stay at the school, Zeb worked with the poultry yard force and in the storeroom. For quite some time before leaving, he cared for the three pumps and motors which were used in filling the large water tank on the campus. This was the school's only source of water supply for a number of years before the Concord Water & Light Company extended its lines out to this community.

Zeb told us that after returning to his home, just outside of Salisbury, he attended the Rowan County schools, graduating from Woodleaf High School in 1929.

Following graduation from high school he secured employment as machinist's helper in the Southern Railway Shops, at Spencer, in May, 1929, and has been continuously employed there since that time. He is now first-class machinist, and he states that he is getting along fine, and continues to like his work more and more each day.

Zeb informed us that he had been married seventeen years, and that he and his wife have a fine family of six children, three girls and three boys, their ages being, 16, 13, 11, 8, 6 and 3 years, respectively. He also stated that he owns his own home, and that he and his family are getting along nicely.

We were delighted to see our old friend, Zeb, and he seemed equally pleased to have the opportunity of again looking over the school, and to have a brief chat with the members of the staff who remembered him as a little boy here twenty-three years ago.

From reports received from time to time after Zeb left the school, we knew that he was definitely making good. But it was still more gratifying to meet this young fellow, with such a pleasing personality, and to talk over with him his experiences since leaving the institution. One could readily see that here was a boy who had gone out into the world with the determination to become a really worthwhile citizen.

Every individual will be the happier the more clearly he understands that his vocation consists, not in exacting service from others, but in ministering to others, in giving his life the ransom of many. A man who does this will be worthy of his food and will not fail to have it.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the afternoon service at the school last Sunday was Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, which is located near the school.

For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the Sixty-fifth Psalm. The title of his message to the boys was "God's Good Gifts to Us." As a text he selected I Samuel 12:17: "Is it not wheat harvest today? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king."

Rev. Mr. Harbison began by stating that we have harvest time every day, adding that especially on the farm, hardly a day passes that there is not gathered something to be used as food for both man and beast. All about us we see things which God has provided for our use. Each beautiful flower is one of His gifts to us. The grandeur of mountain scenery, so delightful to the eye of man, is a gift that could come from no other source.

One wonderful thing about God, said Rev. Mr. Harbison, is that He makes it possible for us to make gifts to others, to cheer them up in times of sorrow.

Frequently, we take all of God's gifts for granted. We simply feel that they are ours, forgetting from whence they came. One of man's worst failings is that of having the spirit of ingratitude.

Sometimes we fail to consider the great power of God, continued the speaker. When we see and read of all the wonderful things men of science have done and are planning to do, many of us lose sight of the fact that without God, these men could do nothing. While it is true that men have been able to improve on many things which God has given to the world, not one of them has been able to create any of those things. Scientists, with all their knowledge and skill, have never been able to create a single grain of wheat, or to improve a crop without God's help.

Rev. Mr. Harbison then pointed out that it is a mighty poor sort of citizen of this great country of ours who will not, at night, fall upon his knees and thank God for all His wondrous gifts.

We learn many valuable lessons from nature, said the speaker. Just this past season, a local farmer planted 50 bushels of wheat, and harvested 500 bushels. In contrast to this, we read where wheat was found in King Tut's ancient tomb. Those Egyptains had buried the wheat with the body of their king, several thouhand years ago. When found, it was in the same condition as when the grains were placed in the tomb. The moral of this story is the importance of using gifts from God to the best advantage. The farmer of today, taking advantage of his opportunity, carefully prepared the soil, sowed the wheat, and then reaped the harvest. On the other hand, the Egyptians simply buried the wheat, and after many centuries had passed, it was found in the same condition as it was many years ago. Had those

Egyptians taken even that small amount of wheat, and sown it, right on down to the present day. The yield would have been increased with each passing year, until it had mounted to countless thousands of bushels of grain.

We find some people in this day and time who are like the buried wheat, added the speaker. They go through life, always staying on the same level. They do not seem to care to improve themselves. Then, when adversity overtakes them, we hear them wailing and complaining longer and louder than anyone else in the world.

It was then pointed out that the story of God's world is one of growth. Working in cooperation with God, man can aid in that growth, but by himself, he can accomplish nothing. Our Heavenly Father does more for for us when we are willing to work.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Harbison urged the boys, when the time comes for their release, to go back home and be an example of good living to the people of their respective communities. God wants His people to live good lives, so that when the final harvest time comes, He may gather them into His great heavenly family.

———:———

PERSONALITY

Do you find it easy to make friends?

When you meet people, do you feel at ease in that they are friendly toward you, or are you frozen up as if they want to shun you?

One of the greatest assets a man can possess is the ability to make friends; a possessor of personality, in other words. It isn't necessarily an inborn trait, you can develop it yourself,

Every person knows his own feelings. Are you a wall-flower at a large gathering, or do you mix well and converse with the crowd? If the answer is the former, then you can correct yourself easily. All you have to do is to overcome fear and uneasy feelings.

Try it. When you meet a strange person, ask yourself if you are interesting and entertaining to that person. Keep this on your mind and you will find that you will become interesting to these strange persons.

Personality aids one naturally in the ways of the world. If you get a chance, just listen to the words of the song, "Personality." In that song you will find the subject very interesting to her many admirers.

Keep alive on the interests of the day. Be able to conduct a conversation and be friendly. Then, you will be known as a man of personality.—The Yellow Jacket

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Let's have heads that think and hearts that beat.—Spurgeon.

—:—

Detested sport, that owes its pleasures to another's pain.—Cowper.

—:—

He who fears being conquered is sure of defeat.—Napoleon.

—:—

Action is eloquence; the eyes of the ignorant are more learned than their ears.—Shakespeare.

—:—

No one is utterly desolate, but some heart, though unknown, responds unto his own.—Longfellow.

—:—

In actual life every great enterprise begins and takes its first forward step in faith.—Schlegel.

—:—

A laugh, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy.
—Carlyle.

—:—

A man must be both stupid and uncharitable who believes there is no virtue or truth but on his own side.
—Addison.

—:—

Willingness to be taught what we do not know, is the sure pledge of growth both in knowledge and wisdom.—Blair.

—:—

Choose always the way that seems best, however rough it may be, and custom will soon render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

—:—

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without loss; his accusations of himself are always believed; his praises never.
—Montaigne.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.
—Johnson.

—:—

Credit is like a looking-glass, which, when once sullied by a breath, may be wiped clear again; but once cracked, can never be repaired.
—Sir Walter Scott.

—:—

No man can live to himself, be a recluse, and at the same time fulfill his destiny. He must take part in and be a part of the activities in the work in which he was born.—Selected.

—:—

Enjoy the blessings of the day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not born to tomorrow.
—Jeremy Taylor.

—:—

We should never so entirely avoid danger as to appear irresolute and cowardly, but, at the same time, we should avoid unnecessarily exposing ourselves to danger, than which nothing can be more foolish.—Cicero.

—:—

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles imposed upon it. It is thus we enter upon the most perilous plans after having had the shame of failing in more simple ones.
—Rapin.

—:—

The week sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties. Hope is born in the long night of watching and tears. Faith visits us in defeat and disappointment, amid the consciousness of earthly frailty and the crumbling tombstones of mortality.
—E. H. Chapin.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

If you're ashamed of your position you should be ashamed of yourself.

—:—

The right angle from which to approach a difficult problem is the "try" angle.

—:—

One reason why talk is cheap is because the supply usually exceeds the demand.

—:—

An optimist is a fellow who believes that some day a star movie actor and actress will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary.

—:—

Many girls are getting men's wages these days; but, then, they always have, in one way or other.

—:—

More people enjoy baseball than football, because they don't need a college education to get tickets.

—:—

A magazine writer says a dog fills an empty place in a man's life. This is quite true of the hot dog.

—:—

Before you give somebody a piece of your mind, be sure you can get along with what you have left.

—:—

One good thing about cotton trousers is that they don't bag at the knees any worse than anywere else.

—:—

If you want to be forgotten, and soon placed on the shelf, just go around among people talking about yourself.

—:—

A lady hired a new maid, and asked her this question, "Do you have any religious views?" The maid replied, "No, I haven't, ma'am, but I've got some dandy snapshots of Niagara Falls and the Great Lakes."

A man's reputation is a blend of what his friends, enemies and acquaintances say behind his back.

—:—

The soldier has a right to complain if he finds sand in the soup; after all, he joined up to serve his country, not to eat it.

—:—

Taxes and life insurance are just about the same thing. You pay out the money, and someone else has the fun of spending it.

—:—

An acquaintance of ours recently acquired a fortune from mushrooms. At least, his wealthy relatives thought they were mushrooms.

—:—

I was asked the other day what steps I would take if I should chance to meet a ferocious lion. Long ones, brother, long ones!

—:—

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not, and a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.

—:—

An applicant for the job of sardine packer was told to state his qualifications. He replied that he used to be a subway conductor. He was hired.

—:—

Jones was sitting with his wife behind a palm on the hotel veranda when a young man and a girl came and sat down on a bench near them. The young man began to tell the girl how beautiful she was.

Hidden behind the palm, Mrs. Jones whispered to her husband, "Oh, John, he doesn't know we're here, and he's going to propose. Whistle to warn him."

"What for?" asked Jones. "Nobody whistled to warn me."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 21, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Calvin Matheson
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Loyd Alley
Carl Church
Paul Church
William Clemons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Robert Long
Robert Porter
Franklin Robinson
J. W. Smith
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Floyd Canady
Julian Commander
Woodrow Mace
William McVicker
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Eddie Medlin

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Donald Hall
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
James Myers
William Smith
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
Evan Myers
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Robert Galyan
John Ganey
Earl Holleman
Melvin Ledford
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
William Brown
Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Phillip Kirk
Edward McCall
Jack Paschal
Jerry Peavy
Robert Shepherd
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jimmy Delvechio
Jack Griffin
Waylon Gardner
Paul Hendron
Herman Hutchins
Carl Jenkins
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Charles Angel
Marshall Beaver
Ted Clonch
George Marr
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker
Charles Woodrow

COTTAGE No. 11

Roy Eddings
Conley Haney
Kenneth McLean
Edwin Morgan
Bill Ray
Benny Riggin
Richard Sandlin
J. C. Taylor
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Earl Grant
Carl Goard
William Hyatt
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Jesse Peavey
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Joe Cain
Elbert Gentry
Ray Lunsford
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Carl Holt
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Frank Sargent
James Shepherd
Carrol Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Carlyle Brown
Edens Chavis
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Charles McDaniel
Bobby Poplin
Walter Sampson

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

———:———

Life, like the water of the seas, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.—Richter.

e364

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
OCT 9 '47

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1947 No. 40

BOUNDARIES

Man cannot look round the roadway's curve,
Or beyond a mountain see,
And yet he dares to fashion creeds
And bound eternity.

—Catherine Cates Coblentz.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
ADULT NEGLIGENCE	By J. D. K.	11
PLENTY TO DO AT HOME AFTER THE WAR	(Coastland Times)	14
EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM FOR CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS	(Nat'l Conference Report)	16
CONCERNING LEGITIMATE WORRIES	(Alabama Baptist)	20
WHOLESOME LITERATURE	(Kannapolis Independent)	21
ESSENTIAL DEMOCRACY	(The Baptist Courier)	22
THE FIELD IS THE WORLD	(Upward)	23
THE PERIL OF PLENTY	By Bishop W. W. Peele	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MEMORIES

Sometimes, when the grind of the city beats on my heart
Like a brazen hammer with terrible blows,
I think of the lost garden I knew in my boyhood,
Filled with the scent of the rose.

And sometimes, when the clamor of life seems endless,
And my soul is bowed with its weight of pain,
I think of an old apple tree in blossom
At the end of a hawthorn lane.

Oh, do not smile at such simple memories!
They keep us young, they keep the man-heart light.
And sometime we will all go back contented,
To a Garden and a Tree in a place of light.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

MR. J. LEE WHITE RETIRES AS OUR FARM MANAGER

Mr. J. Lee White, who has been with the Training School for more than thirty years, and who has served for many years as farm manager, having reached the age of retirement, retired on October 1st.

During his many years of service to the school, Mr. White has made an enviable record, and by his many deeds of thoughtfulness and kindness has endeared himself to the hearts of other staff members and also to the boys of the institution. As he severs his official connection from the institution, he leaves with our best wishes, and we express to him our sincere thanks and our best wishes for many, many happy years, wherever he may be.

Those who know Mr. White best, know that he has always been deeply interested in providing for the boys here at the school the very best opportunity that they could have. While it is true that much of his thought and planning had to do with farm crops, ma-

chinery and animals, he has always been most deeply concerned about how the boys at the institution would fare and how well their training would be done. To him, the improvement of the boys was first and foremost, and all other things were incidental. Under his guidance many boys, throughout the years, have been inspired towards good behavior and higher ideals. He has manifested a keen understanding of dealing with boys.

During the time that Mr. White has served as farm manager, the school farm has been enlarged from time to time, and has been greatly improved. Today it is, without doubt, in a higher state of cultivation and in better condition than it has ever been before. Mr. White has made a thorough study of farm work all along, and he has acquired unlimited knowledge about improved methods of scientific farming. In an advisory capacity he has offered his services to the school in the future, and, no doubt, he will prove to be a great help to those who now take up his work.

The school farm today is one of the largest and most productive farms in this part of the state. It centers around hay and grain crops, gardening and cattle raising. Much of the credit for the improvement of the farm is due to Mr. White's efforts.

Here at the school Mr. White has many warm friends who have looked to him for leadership in the past and have relied upon his good judgment. Throughout the years he has, in many ways, befriended not only those who have been his fellow workers here, but many others who needed help. Throughout the years he has borne the burdens of others, and many times he has gone out of his way to render a generous and kind service to others.

It is entirely befitting that we honor Mr. White with our tributes and our commendation, and most of all, we want him to remain as our neighbor and friend throughout the years, and we want to assure him he will be kindly remembered by all the folks who work here. He has our best regards and our highest esteem.

On September 29th, in **The Concord Daily Tribune,** there appeared an excellent appraisal of Mr. White and his ork, as follows:

> Retirement of J. Lee White as farm supervisor at Jackson Training School takes from the staff an experienced and efficient officer and removes from direct association with the boys at the school a man who stands as an example and inspiration to them.

Mr. White has been head of farming operations at the school for more than 30 years. The fertile acres and fine crops bear witness to his abilities and stand as a monument to his care; the boys who have come under his influence are better men as well as better farmers because he has shown them the way to live as well as to work.

Mr. White's leaving of Jackson Training School, however, does not mean that he will retire completely from public service. Three years remain of his current term as chairman of the county board of commissioners, and at the end of that time he will have served a total of 20 years as a member or head of the county board.

Nor does it mean that he will be lost to the county, for his home adjoins Jackson Training School and will continue to be the center of his interest and activities. There he has developed into a commercial venture the hobby of raising boxwoods and there he will devote more attention to the culture of the shrubs.

Mr. White will carry with him, as he goes into partial retirement, the best wishes of a great circle of friends both inside the school and throughout the county and state. May he live long and enjoy every minute of his time!

* * * * * * * *

JACK DEMPSEY AND GRADY COLE VISIT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

On Saturday, September 27th, the boys of the Jackson Training School had the thrill of a lifetime when Jack Dempsey, of pugilistic fame, in company with Grady Cole, of Charlotte, popular radio announcer at Station WBT, visited the school. Through the interest and the efforts of Mr. Frank Liske, supervisor of Cottage No. 10, Jack was persuaded to make a visit to the school, and it is doubtful if anything could have captivated the fascination of the boys more than his visit here.

Both Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Cole made excellent talks to the boys. In a few words they gave them some very excellent advice, and there is no doubt but that many of the boys, remembering the fine things that were said to them, will be inspired to live for better things more than they have ever tried before.

Mr. Cole introduced Jack Dempsey as having been, in his youth, a poor boy who had to make his way in the world against many odds.

He explained that as a boy, Jack had little money, and that he had to shift for himself from an early age all through his life, but that in spite of all the obstacles, he achieved fame and high honor in his chosen profession—boxing. He worked hard and trained diligently until, step by step, he reached the top. He held the title of the world's heavyweight champion for six years.

In Jack's talk, he told the boys how glad he was to be in their midst. He stated that he had always been interested in boys, adding that if there was anything he liked better than boys, it was more boys. He said also that he rejoiced in every opportunity that came to him to bring cheer and inspiration into the lives of boys who are sometimes handicapped by their limitations.

Jack gave the boys much other good advice, and among other things he told them to lead a clean life, refraining always from smoking and drinking. He said no boy should smoke before he is twenty-one years of age. Then he told them to take advantage of every opportunity to get as much education as they could. He stated there had been many times in his life when he wished he might have gotten more education than he did. He told them that they would have probably their best chances for an education while they are in the Training School, and that if they would take advantage of their opportunities during their stay at the school it would be possible for them to go back out into the world and make a name for themselves. He stated there was no station or honor too high for them to reach if they would only be willing to pay the price.

In addition to this, Jack told the boys that they should never be afraid of work. He stated that during most of his life he had been a hard worker, doing one thing or another, but certainly keeping busy at something worthwhile.

The boys of the school were given an opportunity to ask Jack any questions that were on their minds. Someone asked which of his opponents in the ring had hit him the hardest, and he answered that it was Louis Firpo. He was asked to show how he would "set up his guard" and he cleverly did that, much to the delight of the youngsters. When asked about Joe Louis, he explained that Joe is a great fighter, and could probably retain the championship for several years yet, if he so desired.

Jack stated that he is now fifty-two years of age, and weighs 215 pounds, and has taken such good care of himself that he feels

young and robust and looks forward to many happy years in the future.

The boys and the officials of the school wish to thank Mr. Cole and Mr. Dempsey for making possible this very unusual event. We are all most grateful to them.

* * * * * * * *

BOY SCOUTS RECEIVE RECOGNITION AT COURT OF HONOR

On September 25th, approximately sixty Boy Scouts from the Training School attended the meeting of the Court of Honor, held at the court house in Concord.

During the summer many of the boys had been working on their advancements in Scouting, and we were greatly delighted to find that so many of our boys had become either Second Class or First Class Scouts, and also that some were well on their way towards some higher rank. Throughout the summer these boys had attended summer camps and had been working to get started on the ladder leading upward in Scouting.

Mr. John D. Corliss, Scoutmaster of Troop 60, accompanied his Scouts to the meeting, and Mr. Earl Walters, Scoutmaster of Troop 61, also accompanied his boys. At the meeting the Training School boys outnumbered any other Scout contingent, and we were delighted to know that the boys are taking so much interest in Scouting and that they continue to have the splendid opportunities which are offered from time to time in Scouting.

We are delighted to know that some of our boys have already become First Class Scouts and that some are earning their merit badges towards becoming Star Scouts. We congratulate them and urge them to work diligently towards improving themselves in Scouting. Some of our fine Boy Scouts have gone back into their home communities, and we get good reports that they have caught the spirit of Scouting while they were here with us and that they have joined some local troop in their home community. Scouting will continue to offer them some grand experiences.

The awards given to the Training School Scouts were as follows: Advanced to Second Class, from Troop 60—Charles Angel, Hugh Ball, Floyd Canady, Bill Clemmons, Leroy Cowan, Paul Denton, Talmadge Duncan, Emmett Fields, Jack Griffin, Jack Hensley,

Bobby Holland, Herman Kirby, Aaron McCarson, Kenneth McLean, Eugene Martin, Calvin Matheson, Woodrow Norton, Bill Ray, Jerry Rippy, Richard Sandlin, Travis Shumate, Herbert Stewart, and Fred Whitley.

From Troop 61—William Britt, Cecil Clark, Tommy Edwards, Ed Guinn, Conley Haney, Kenneth Holcomb, Harold Kernodle, William Lunsford, Fairley McGhee, Jerry Peavy, Benny Riggins, Billy Smith, Wilton Wiggins, and Ben Wilson.

Robert Wilkins, life saving, swimming; Earl Walters, Scoutmaster, athletics, carpentry, cooking; Jerry Peavey, swimming; E. D. Guinn, cooking, safety, art, swimming, woodcarving; J. D. Gupton, cooking, safety.

There are five additional Scouts who have the rank of Tenderfoot, and are working toward their Second Class rank, and these five boys are as follows: Donald Branch, John Gregory, Eugene McLean, Eugene Newton, and Elmer Sutherland.

Also attending the Court of Honor meeting were Mrs. Frank Liske and her Cub Scouts, who are: Billy Brown, Edens Chavis, Bobby Joe Galyan, Richard Messick, Jerry Minter, and Elijah Spivey.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 5, 1947

Oct. 5—John Gregory, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
Oct. 7—Woodrow Norton, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
Oct. 10—Harvey Arnett, Cottage No. 2, 15th birthday.
Oct. 10—Charles Lee Shearin, Cottage No. 13, 18th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Gray Owl's Little Brother

By Alfred Davis, 9th Grade

Last Friday we had a picture entitled "Gray Owl's Little Brother."

In the picture Gray Owl was camping by a river, and suddenly he looked down and saw a baby beaver crawling toward the camp. He picked him up and fed him.

The beaver stayed with Gray Owl until he was grown.

One day the beaver was playing when he saw something coming up the river. It was another beaver. They made friends and started down the river.

Sometimes when Gray Owl came down the river, he would call to them and hit his paddle on the water. The beaver would hear him and get in the boat, but he would not stay long for he was getting ready for winter.

Football Game

By Charles Autry, 9th Grade

On Thursday, September 25th, the school played Cramerton a close football game at Field 2. The game was close, but we won. The score was 6-0 in favor of the Jackson Training School. Mr. Hawfield made it possible for all the boys to see this game. I know that all the other boys enjoyed the game as much as the players did.

The only score that was made was made by Clifton Kerns of Cottage 9, and we were all proud of him for this.

We hope that the next game will be won by the Training School, too, and with a far better score than this game was.

Boys Go to Court of Honor

By Talmadge Duncan, 9th Grade

Thursday, September 25th, some of the boys went over to Concord to the Court of Honor. Some of the boys received medals and merit badges. After the medals were presented, one of the ministers told of his experiences over in Europe while he was at the Boy Scout Jamboree. The Scoutmasters think that the boys are making much advancement. Mr. Walter's troop received the medal for making the most advancement. We all hope the boys will make much more advancement.

Bamboo Blonde

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The show that we enjoyed last Thursday night was entitled "Bamboo Blonde." It showed how a skipper of an airplane met up with a girl, and after a while they took a liking to each other. The skipper got angry when they named the airplane after her. However, when they got into fights with the Japs, they believed that the Bamboo Blonde gave them luck. When they got back to the base, they found that they had to go back to New York. Then after a while, the skipper and the Bamboo Blonde got back together again. His friend in New York, to whom he had been engaged, made a good deal of

trouble for them. Everything worked out all right, though.

We appreciated this picture and are looking forward to more like it.

Chapel Program

By Waylon Gardner, 9th Grade

Mrs. W. M. Morrison's second grade boys gave the program in the auditorium on Friday, September 26, 1947. The program was divided into three parts.

The first thing on the program was a song, "America the Beautiful." Then we saluted the flag. The boys of the second grade recited the 23rd Psalm. All prayed the Lord's Prayer, and the second grade said the Ten Commandments. After that, Raymond Harding read a Bible story.

Then there were several numbers as follows: Song, by the group; Poem, Charles Walker; Solo, Donald Branch; Another poem, Horace Jordan; Poem, by the group; Poem, Donald Branch; Poem, Paul Turner; Song, by the group; Reading, Charles Walker; Reading, Woodrow Norton; and Reading, by the group.

The last part of the chapel program was a story by Mrs. Hawfield. That was the end of the program which was enjoyed by all of the boys.

CAN ANYONE DOUBT?

Can anyone look at the morning sun
As it lightens the purple east,
With a majesty surpassing far
Any monarch arrayed for a feast,
Or watching at night as it sinks to rest
In the beautiful western sky,
Have a doubt that God in His might
Is reigning supremely on high.

Can any one look at a lily or rose,
Or the tint of a butterfly's wing,
And think that aught but a power divine,
Could form such an exquisite thing?
Can any one look on this glorious world,
Or the azure sky above,
And doubt the Creator of heaven and earth
And His infinite wealth of love?

—Ralph S. Woodworth.

ADULT NEGLIGENCE

By J. D. K., in The Victorian

Of all the problems we are facing today in this world filled with distrust and corruption, I doubt if anything can compare in magnitude with the wrong being enacted on his country's children. I am taking into consideration our present pet peeve, communism.

I have always understood that a house, no matter how well constructed, if placed upon a poor foundation will collapse of its own weight. The youth of today, no one can deny, is the foundation for our country of tomorrow.

We have every right to fear the "isms" of the world if all we can look forward to is a democracy composed of men and women raised from broken homes, neglected and left for the nation's over-taxed institutions to turn out into the world as emotionally unstable products.

Why do we blame the youth? Is it because we dislike the true facts—that we lack the initiative to take the bull by the horns and look the situation squarely in the face? for to do that is to admit the truth, for the real wrong is adult negligence.

J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the F. B. I, writing in Victorian magazine, recently said: "We're headed for the greatest crime wave in American history; The Criminals will be Kids. This Menace is so serious it dwarfs anything else—and don't call it Juvenile Delinquency. Call it where the blame lies, Call it Adult Delinquency."

Immediately the question arises in your mind, well, what can I do about it? You can do plenty. You as a citizen can demand that a workable plan be developed to handle this wrong. And by a plan I don't mean faster convictions and longer sentences. We've been trying that for years and at present the crime wave exceeds all previous bounds. Common sense tells us we are on the wrong track. Naturally it would be impractical to advocate that we do away with our institutions; they are essential for a certain class, but They Are Not Essential for Teen-agers.

In the August Coronet a juvenile judge speaks: "My Biggest Job: Saving Tomorrow's Citizens."

Let me give you an idea how a judge feels when he is bound by a system that demands he send this child to an institution, quote Coronet: "When a juvenile offender stands before me in the quietness of court, his fright-widened eyes gazing up at me as the representative of a vast judicial system far removed from the quick passion of the act which brought him here, I want to toss him a baseball and say, let's go home and play catch. but I can't do this."

That is, he couldn't do this until recently. In that state a group of far-sighted Americans are trying out an experiment. They have taken over some of the former C C C camps and are placing these boys in them where they can live under the most ideal conditions and study a trade as well as continue their education. The complete program revolves around a mer-

it system, and to date they are having remarkable success.

Just think what it means to our nation to have them return one youth to us, completely stable with an education and well on the way to becoming a desirable citizen. Instead, we can expect almost anything from these kids graduated from broken homes, left to roam the streets and hustle for themselves; developing a philosphy of taking what they can get regardless of who gets hurt.

Recently the F. B. I released statistics that are almost unbelievable in their proportions. No doubt you read them, but let me repeat: Each day in this United States a child under 18 takes a life, and two lives per day are taken due to the acts of children under 20. Have you stopped to consider the magnitude of this condition—the possibilities of it? I doubt it. Nothing can happen to your child is always a consoling thought, but parents should be more skeptical of this comforting household phrase, for something can happen to anybody's child. Daily American homes are stunned (some of the best, too) by John or Peter deliberately committing a crime. Then you spring into belated action. The horrible thought that your little boy might be sent to an institution filled with incorrigibles shocks you; but the judge has no alternative, and so it goes, on and on daily.

Have you ever considered what a few dollars of the taxpayers' money spent on something to develop a remedy might save you in the long run? Have you ever seen the total expenditure for crime prevention? Have you ever noticed the yearly appropriation essential to operate the state institutions which again are starting to bulge at the seams from the rapid influx of prisoners? Just look it up and it will take your breath away. It's so large and yet we are losing ground in the fight.

Might I ask if there has ever been a drive to subscribe money for such a project as there is at present to fight cancer? Yes, we become concerned when our own lives are threatened, but in this instance we are dealing with the life of America, and it seems to me that should we disintegrate from within we won't have to worry about cancer anyway.

Often our national magazines publish articles written by someone who has covered the country investigating our county jails. Just such an article appeared in one of the better monthlies recently. This man describes the appalling conditions that children are forced to live under in these jails: fourteen-year-olds thrown in with hardened criminals, degenerates and what not, forced to live by their rules or be beaten into submission. I might cite another example along these lines:

In this last session of the legislature, the State of Wisconsin passed a law permitting the arrest of children fourteen years old. Previously it was sixteen. I doubt if I would have heard about this but some welfare group in Milwaukee protested, but in vain. The legislative fathers feel, no doubt, that they are doing the state a great favor, protecting its people from these fourteen-year-old criminals. Pitiful, isn't it?

I could go on indefinitly with facts concerning what is wrong with our present handling of youth, but it appears to me that what I've mentioned should be reason enough for you to stop and think. If this isn't sufficient,

then it's no use. If the congress were to order an investigation of American homes for signs of un-American activities, then we should all be indicted for our present negligence. Certainly our forefathers would have taken the initiative and at least attempted to do something. Why shouldn't we? We just finished fighting a global war, but while we were away the weeds of complacency grew rapidly in our own back yard.

A woman who had just been to Europe following the war, expresses my sentiments completely:

". . . . . my thoughts went back to the youths I saw in late fall in Europe and the crimes committed against them. I never saw so many sad eyes in my life. Most of those children looked as if they'd never smile again.

"I compared them with the crimes committed by our teen-agers. I could not help feel that our crime wave was, in some ways, worse than the devastation of Europe—for we along are responsible for it."

LIFE

No man can define Life. The poets and mystics of old were too wise to attempt a definition. The mystery of life baffles the wisest mind but it can be defined to the developing mind as a fairy story depicts to a child the unseen realities living behind the msak of appearances.

This is the function of prophet or poet—to make by tale and poems the unseen real to man.

All the great mysteries are symbols of realities. In their observance man touches for moment the great realities of the unseen world.

Now in this world of the realities is heard the Inner Voice speaking to the man's inner self. In listening to his voice the soul can distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the transient. What is important for the moment in earth life may, seen in the light of the future lives, be but a speck of dust on the garment of the soul. This is the need for listening in by the man to the true note of being.—Selected.

PLENTY TO DO AT HOME AFTER THE WAR

(The Coastland Times)

This business of talking about our high motives and what we will do with the conquered territory after the war, runs to idiocy. It reminds one of a person running a race who stops by the wayside to tell his neighbors what he will do with the trophy.

If we could cut all the silly rot out of our heads and do like other nations do by their enemies, we would be much better off. Doubtless a lot of our silly idealism is inspired by others who wish to give us something in which they have a selfish interest.

It is evident to a backwoodsman that to give someone something they are too lazy to maintain helps neither them nor us. The money this nation has wasted on foreign missionaries in the past 150 years is evidence enough that we can cram our own ideas down the throats of heathens, only as long as we sandwich it with a lot of free food.

We are going to have enough problems here at home. Three such problems will grow by leaps and bounds. One is the negro problem, under which the white race today is seething with bitterness and holding its temper because of its patriotism only.

Another is the problem brought on by vicious, dishonest, un-American leaders of certain elements of labor whose conduct during the country's hour of trial has been a national disgrace and in any other country would cause such leaders to be shot as traitors.

Another is the Jew problem, which cannot be washed away by kind words and unctious expressions of intolerance, nor by drastic laws. It is as silly to pass laws to force people, to love people, as it is foolish to contend that there is no difference between racial groups. The officiousness, the aggressiveness, and the "what-have-you," in the recent activities of some Jews in American instead of helping the race achieve the "understanding" often refered to has only turned many Americans more strongly against them.

All these things are mentioned as factual reminders that we will have plenty to worry about here at home, and if we only knew the solemn truth, we won't be able to feed the world. We don't see wherein we should consider ourselves any self-appointed Messiah to feed the world or to serve it, when we haven't fed ourselves.

But of course, much of this kokum comes from propaganda invented by folks who have a bill of goods to sell.

We need to throw aside a lot of our silly idealism which has always led us into disaster, and follow realism for awhile. If one has a hare-lip or a club foot, it is no use to pretend he hasn't. He has only to do the best he can with it.

If one has Negro blood in him, passing laws and calling himself an Indian doesn't change the fact.

If white people do not wish to associate with negroes, or if any group doesn't prefer the company of Jews,

it doesn't engender any love to force them to merge by legislative enactment and high sounding resolutions.

The world is big enough for everyone to have freedom. Now that the Negro race is superior to the white race, let each race go its own way. But let neither force the other to endure his company unwillingly.

So with world affairs: If any nation thinks it can afford to borrow our money and use it for armament, and not pay it back, let us build a ration strong enough to demand repayment. Let us take such nations as enjoy wars, or feel they can afford them, and put them under the yoke awhile, until they have repaid us for the damage they have caused.

We forgive everyone but our own people. We let them pay the bills for forgiving other people.

Forgiveness is too costly for a nation that hasn't taken care of its own.

———:———

History has a way of repeating itself. Over and over through the ages there have been days that tried the hearts of men, days of storm and stress and great confusion. Over and over again, too, in times like these, there have been men who have dreamed, who have so inspired a people with their vision of what might lie within their reach that they achieved new goals.

It was so in the days of Nehemiah when "the people had a mind to work," and rebuild the great wall of Jerusalem. It was so when the city of San Francisco sprang rebuilt from the ashes of its greatest disaster, and it was so in all times of disaster—"when the people had a mind to work."

It is so in the world today, in many places of destruction, where the people are springing to the task of rebuilding home, and factory, and love, and peace. Not just around the corner, but here and now we can realize our dreams of better America, an America that will lift the whole world to higher levels of living comfort, higher levels of neighborliness and understanding than we have ever known before—if "the people have a mind to work!"

—Sunshine Magazine.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM FOR CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS

From Report of National Conference on Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency

Some Basic Principles

It is a recognized principle in the United States that children ranging in age from 6 to 16 should attend school for a full school day and full school term. It is similarly recognized that young people from 16 to 20 years should have the benefit of vocational and other educational experiences of secondary level if they so desire. These principles apply to every educable child, whatever the economic status of his family, whatever his race, whatever his social or emotional handicaps, and whatever the place of his abode.

Children in training schools for delinquents are entitled to the same educational rights as are other children. The mere fact that a boy or girl has been sent to a residential home or school for prolonged care does not thereby deprive him of his educational birthright or relieve society of the responsibility of providing for him a suitable learning situation. On the contrary, the obligation is all the more acute to furnish educational experiences that meet his needs and interests more effectively than did the program of the community school from which he came and from which he may have tried to escape.

There is no situation that offers more for setting up a complete program of social adjustment than does life in a training school, if the conditions are met for its successful operation. Here on a 24-hour basis exist possibilities of growth through home life, health services, personal mental hygiene, social case work, recreation, religious guidance, community experiences and education, including prevocational and vocational training and counseling. If the purpose of the institution is a readjustment between the youth and his life environment, then every one of these areas must contribute to that dominant purpose. Moreover, it should be remembered that "education" is not confined to classroom work and vocational assignments. Life in the cottage, on the campus, in the assembly or church service, in community contacts, should offer just as real educational experiences as what some consider the narrower confines of "academic work." Everyone who has supervisory responsibilities over the boy or the girl in any of these other areas is by virtue of that fact an "educator" with an important contribution to make to the total program.

Recommendations

In the light of the existing situation and of the basic principles proposed, certain definite conclusions and recommendations follow for the improvement of educational programs in training schools for delinquents and other child-caring institutions:

1. Every child in the institution should go to school.

Every child up to the age of at least 16 years should attend school for a full school day and school term, just as he would be expected to do if he were living at home. Every child beyond the age of 16 years should have at least certain experiences in vocational education and as many other educational experiences as he is capable of and interested in pursuing. A full secondary curriculum should be available to those who can profit by it.

2. The educational program should be flexible and it should include diagnostic and remedial services.

The educational program should be flexible and it should include diagnostic and remedial services, closely coordinated with the mental hygiene program of the institution. Educational experiences should be designed to meet the needs, abilities and interests of individual pupils, yet at the same time correlated as closely as possible with the program of the child's home school, to which he may return. Grades and subjects should not be overlooked but neither should they be considered a pattern to which every individual must conform. Grouping of children and assignment for activities should take into consideration the pupil's capacity and educational progress, his interests and his physical, social and emotional maturity. Mentally retarded pupils and those with physical handicaps requiring educational adjustments (such as those with hearing and visual defects) should be given the special consideration their condition demands. Diagnostic service should be supplied as needed by individual pupils. Remedial instruction in reading should be furnished under a specialist's guidance, since failure or inability to read is so often associated with and at the root of truancy and delinquency.

3. Well-planned and appropriate physical facilities should be provided.

A school building—or at least a building unit—appropriately designed and provided with modern educational equipment should be available as an essential part of the present-day school for every child. Bare and drab classrooms have no more place in a residential institution for delinquents than in any day school. Ill-equipped shops, laboratories and workshops, or antiquated agricultural implements do not help a pupil to find his place in life after he leaves the school. On the other hand, a modern challenging and interesting environment can do much to make learning attractive for every youth. Many schools have a very small number of students in the upper high school grades. Outside public schools may well be considered for this group.

4. A variety and abundance of objective teaching aids should be available, and modern teaching methods should be utilized.

Teaching aids that facilitate learning through ear and eye should be supplied generously. Such aids include films and film strips, radio and electrical transcriptions, posters, peiodicals, books models, maps photographs, the "school journey," and the school museum. No modern educational program can function successfully without these.

Moreover, it has been demonstrated that children learn best not by reciting, by by doing—by applying the principles to be learned to their everyday living as they experience it. This

should be the practice in teaching in residential training schools as in community day schools. Subject matter should be coordinated, teachers of vocational and other manual subjects should work in conference with those in arithmetic, English, social studies and other subjects to see how the knowledge and skills learned in one can be applied to the other. All this will help to bring about a truly integrated educational experience.

5. The educational program should include experiences in the creative and home arts, in other manual activities and in human relationships.

In recognition of the stimulus that comes to learning through doing, adequate tools and materials should be supplied for experiences in various forms of maual activities such as drawing, modeling and constructing. All such educational media have appeal for adolescents interested in the exploration of their environment. Education for homemaking and parenthood should make use of institution life as a piactical situation in which home experiences can be pleasant and well-ordered.

6. Vocational education should be carried on under the guidance of well-qualified vocational teachers.

Vocational training should be based upon competent counseling and selection. All possible trade-skill offerings should be carefully studied and those should be included in the educational program which the pupil is likely to be able to pursue. They may thus include work in trades and industries, in agriculture, in commercial pursuits, in home-making service, and other fields as determined by the opportunities for jobs in the State.

As a great majority of delinquents are committed from urban centers their period of training is too short to turn them, for example, into good farmers. While some degree of self sufficiency is a desirable goal for all institutions, care should be exercised that farm production does not become an end in itself, quite without regard for other considerations. Gardening and related small scale operations rather than extensive farming will produce some food for the table, providing at the same time opportunities for intensive individual training for boys from rural areas as well as those from the city who may display an interest in agriculture as a post institution pursuit.

Vocational training should, in brief, be more than routine maintenance or production work. Assignment to such activities is justifiable only insofar as it furthers the pupil's general education, his pre-vocational or vocational education, or his social adjustment. A well qualified vocational teacher is able to utilize many of the tasks involved in maintenance and production work as true education experience as well as ends in themselves. His ultimate objective, however, must always be the vocational adjustment of the youth when he returns to the community.

7. All members of the educational staff should be regularly licensed by State educational authorities.

The educational personnel, including vocational teachers, should have the essential preparation required of all educators in the State, and should be similarly certified. Special preparation and qualifications should be required to enable them to handle the

problems of maladjusted youth with understanding and skill.

8. The professional status of the educational staff should be comparable to that found in the best schools of the State.

The services of highly qualified persons can be secured only if the conditions of employment are satisfactory. Salaries should be equivalent to those paid in urban school systems, with adequate recognition given to special training and experience. The pupil-teacher ratio in the elementary grades and the class size on the secondary level should not exceed 20, ideally 15. The teaching schedule should not total more than 30 to 32 hours weekly, thereby allowing time for individual conferences and preparation of work. The yearly program should provide for reasonable vacation periods, intervals for summer school study, and opportunities for attendance at educational conferences. Members of the educational staff should be affiliated with local, State, and national organizations, and should be encouraged to participate in projects directed toward their own professional growth.

9. There should be a competent director or supercisor for the entire educational program.

The educational program of the institution should be in charge of a director with the responsibility to coordinate and integrate the various phases of learning in the entire institution. He should at the same time be immediately responsible for at least four distinct types of activity: (a) the general elementary and secondary work with its classrooms, laboratories, library, and other facilities; (b) the vocational work, with its various shops, applied trades, homemaking activities, and the work assignments of pupils; (c) the recreational activities ordinarily found in every school program, such, as sports, music, and hobby groups; (d) the in-service training program of the staff, looking toward continuous progress in the effectiveness of their work.

10. The educational program of the institution should be legally and in reality an integral part of the State's educational system.

The chief State school officer should be charged by law with the general supervision of education in training schools for delinquents as part of his accepted legal responsibility for the supervision of education in all publicly supported schools of the State. Moreover, provision should be made for the appointment of a qualified staff member in the State department of public instruction to work in this particular area of the education of socially maladjusted children. He should include in his functions consultation with training school and day school authorities, looking toward increasing effectiveness of their respective programs for the maladjusted, better coordination of effort on the part of the two types of schools, suitable arrangements for training school pupils who have returned to community day schools, and general assistance in making the training schools a recognized and contributing part of the State educational system.

CONCERNING LEGITIMATE WORRIES

(The Alabama Baptist)

Is there any such thing as a legitimate worry? We are sincere in saying we think there is. But they are few and far between. Illegitimate worries are very prolific. They come from heaven only knows where, and they often stay with us from early morning till dewy eve.

A business man once drew up what he called a "worry chart," in which he kept a record of his worries. He discovered that 40% were about things that probably would never happen; 30% concerned past decisions which he could not change; 12% dealt with other people's criticisms of him; and 10% concerned his health. He concluded that only 8% were really legitimate worries.

It is impossible to name the legitimate worries, for they are never the same with different people. Suffice it to say that whatever they are, they are but a small percent of the total worries that the average man or woman has. So, why worry about the 8% ? Real though they may be, the only thing we can do with them is to endure them, remembering that "what can't be cured has to be endured."

It might help some who are addicted to the habit of worrying to draw up a "worry chart" for themselves, store it away for a few weeks or months, and then, taking it out on occasion, see how much they have worried over things which have not materialized. Whether we are prone to worry about our business, our home, or our health, the only certainty about worry is that it can not make matters better, and it usually makes them worse. It saps one's energy and nervous strength so that in a crisis one is far less apt to think clearly and quickly.

No one found more severe crisis in his life than did Jesus. Yet there is not a syllable for worry recorded in the gospels. Jesus was not concerned with imaginary events. He confined himself to the situation at hand, faced it realistically, made his decision and, trusting in God went forword to meet it. He is our Example in the matter of worry as he is in everything else.

———:———

The sun should not set on our anger; neither should it rise on our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged; this I owe to my enemy. I will remember; this I owe to myself.—Colton.

UNWHOLESOME LITERATURE

(The Kannapolis Daily Independent)

Worthy of thoughtful reading by all parents in this United Press dispatch, printed in The Daily Independent Tuesday:

Little G. Otho Woodlards' hobby was playing with ropes and lassoes, the coroner said today. He experienced with knots and he constantly read comic books.

"Coroner Irving M. Cheek said he believed the superhuman feats of comic book heroes inspired the stunts which nine-year-old Otho often practiced.

"He was last seen playing in his yard by himself. Sometime after that, the coroner reasoned, he tied the rope to a fence, climbed on a chair and worked out another of his special knots—around his neck.

"His parents planned to bury Otho today. They found him hanged from the fence.

"The coroner said it was an accident."

The great flood of unbelievable literature poured onto the newstands and presumably read by millions of Americans is having its tragic effects upon our nation. This just happens to be one of the more dramatic cases.

The "comic" books—though we fail to find comedy in most of them—glamorize superhuman events and persons, display murder and mayhem all too prominently and put too much emphasis on sexy pictures and the like. On the impressionable audience they reach, their effects can be terrible.

On the other hand, there are some pretty good "comic" strips and panels. Although they, too, have moved out the class of "funnies" into cartooned dramatizations that are sometimes tragic and grim, "Joe Palooka," "Mark Trail," Little Orphan Annie," "Popeye the Sailor," and some others provide generally wholesome reading for all ages. They feature sportsmanship and courage and, although they are also far-fetched, at times, they result in a glamorization of more commendable qualities than some of the other strips.

"Blondie," of course, is in a class by itself as a wholesome "comic" and it is also unique in that it has remained funny in a changing conception of cartoonism that insisted the "funnies" shouldn't be funny.

There are also wholesome cartoon books, that use gaudy color and good drawings to illustrate heroic events of history or to picture the life of a great personality. One has even been published with the approval of many church leaders giving the story of Christ's life and many other Bible stories.

Good literature is available, even on the magazine and comic book stands. The trouble is double-edged; the public's taste runs to the gory, unreal, out-of-this-world literature and comics, and the publishers—whose business is selling, not uplifting—pander too much to the public taste.

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.—Herbert

ESSENTIAL DEMOCRACY

(The Baptist Courier)

We have not reached it yet, but we will yet reach it. Until Christ came there never was a real democracy. That is to say, a democracy that took in all men. The Roman democracy was a democracy for Roman citizens. The Greek democracy was a democracy for Greeks. That slaves had any rights was entirely out of their thoughts. Homer's Iliad was a romance of rulers, not of men; men were but the dust in the balance of Homer's consideration. They were only neccessary expendables for the glory of the great. Homer sings of the wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus, or of Agamemnon, or of the glory of Hector. It was always the supremacy of aristocracy. Virgil in his Aneid begins thus, "Arma virumque cono," "I sing of arms and of the man," not of men. They did not matter. The literature of that old pagan world was built upon the idea of the supremacy of the few. The gospel of Christ lays emphasis on the fact that Christ died for units; and out of that root essential democracy grows. As Lowell writes:

"Get but a truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A new born star that drops into its place,
And which once circling its placid round
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

Modern literature has caught the truth and synchronized it with its best heart-throbs. Charles Dickens boldly proclaimed that just ordinary people really counted in the world. You find them walking through all his pages, and their hopes and fears and tragedies and triumphs and struggles and aspirations touch the universal human heart. And Robert Burns felt the same truth. He dared to stand up with light of genius in his eye and sing in tones of the farmer's tongue, and the world is charmed. And James Whitcomb Riley writing in the ungrammatical speech of the plain man makes us feel his sheer nobility, and know that in God's world the plain man counts.

In the old days the major theme of history was for the most part of things, their battles, and the things they did. Even Thomas Carlyle stoutly maintained that the history of the world is the history of a few great individuals. But you can leave kings out of current history today and you will leave hardly a gap in the continuity of the world's interest.

Whom must we thank for this new day whose rising sun is sending its warm beams of social sympathy and understanding everywhere? We decry the excesses of labor today. Let us not overlook the long story of the oppression of capital through centuries. The common man today knows that he counts. The proper balance between capital and labor will be struck in due time, thanks to Christ and his liberating spirit. We are moving toward essential democracy in the redemption of personality,

in the breaking of the daggers that stabbed human spirits to death, in the dawning of a democracy that sees that everybody must be free if any man is too be free. "For if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD

(Upward)

"Ever see better hybrid corn than that?" my friend asked.

He stopped the car for me to look, and I admitted that I never had.

"Well, believe it or not, when Mother brought me down to visit my grandfather over fifty years ago, that land was considered worthless. The Glade, as we called it, was a stretch of gullied clay where a few Negroes lived in tumble-down shacks and tried to eke out a living. Most of the land wasn't even fenced."

"What was wrong with it?" I asked.

"I asked my grandfather that one day. He was president of the little college here and, to my thinking, was about the wisest man in the world. He said it lacked certain elements that good soil has. Nobody, opparently, was quite sure what these elements were or how to put them into the soil. Years later, when the college was much larger and had an agricultural department, it bought the land and a member of the faculty who knew something about agronomy persuaded the trustees to let him experiment. He is dead now but—look at that corn."

A long silence, while my friend feasted his eyes upon it. Then—

"You know, it encourages me about bigger things. Take our world today —it's a pretty bad mess. It does not grow the men it ought to. It plainly lacks certain elements. The prophet Tennyson said it needs a 'parliament of man, a federation of the world.'

"Well the first step is the one my grandfather took: knowing what is wrong—even if a little vaguely. We have all come that far. Next comes trying to do something about it, and we have started that. I won't live to see the harvest, maybe you won't, but I think your children will. Meanwhile, both of us can pull a few weeds. Bigotry! Intolerance! Prejudice! That always helps."

Fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty whatever evils beset, or dangers that lie in the way. In itself an essential virtue, it is a guard to every other virtue.—Locke.

THE PERIL OF PLENTY

By Bishop W. W. Peele, in The Virginia Methodist Advocate

You do not have to live long to become aware of glittering inequalities in the world. Some are rich and some are poor; some are intellectually brilliant and some are dull of mind; some have abundance of physical energy and some have to fight constantly for health. It is true in the main that we did not create these advantages and disadvantages. We were born with them. We did not earn them, but we received them. They are the gifts of God. It is also true in the main that these privileges or nobilities are always getting us into trouble. Life rarely breaks down at the weak point, but at the point of privilege. It is said that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, but it can be said just as truly that a life is no stronger than its strongest point. As a rule men can be trusted with their weaknesses. They stand guard with them; they build fences around them. The place where life breaks down is where it is strong. The man with unlimited physical energy becomes reckless. The man with unlimited wealth becomes prodigal and soon becomes bankrupt. That is why the Bible warns so often. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Nothing is more difficult to handle than privileges and advantages.

What attitude will we take toward these gifts? We will think of them in terms of ownership or in terms of stewardship. We can waste them upon ourselves, or we can use them to meet the needs of the world. We can close our eyes to the heartache and anguish of the world, eat cake and cream while our neighbors starve, live at ease in luxury while children are ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed; or, we can use these gifts for the rebuilding and redemption of humanity. We can use our wisdom upon ourselves or to help lift the burden of the world. Our advantages can bring either tears or songs. They can help or hinder the work of God. They can bring crowns or crosses to the children of men.

But what about the large number of people who have not advantages, but disadvantages? Is there anything good that can be said to them? I think so. Of a certain such person we read, "Of her penury she cast in." Penury has its power. Gifts that are made out of hunger, privation, destitution have added power. Poverty gives to a contribution spiritual riches. Paul tells us that Jesus became poor that we might become rich. Christ seems to have made a change from riches to poverty in the interest of the spiritual. Generosity belongs not to prosperity alone, but to poverty also.

Stewardship is concerned not so much with contributions as with commitment. One who is after subscriptions is intent on the contribution, but one who is after stewardship is intent on the commitment. When we make a contribution we give of what we have, but when we make a commitment what we have we give. The one

is a matter of size, and the other a matter of spirit. To use stewardship to get funds we need, rather than to get the religion we need, is to make the word of God of no-effect through our position. To ask how much money do we raise rather than what sort of givers do we produce is to secularize the gospel. A steward administers because he embodies. In true stewardship love becomes alive, insight becomes incorporate, worship becomes substantial, giving becomes an investment, prayers become vitally connected with property, wealth becomes the voice of God, personality becomes more important than property.

———:———

JUDGMENT DAY

When a man yields to temptation
And breaks a convention or law
Most folks don't look for the good in him
But they certainly look at his flaw.

They forget all about the good he's done
And just think of the things he's done wrong
They forget their battle, he fought and won
And sing from a soap-box this wicked song.

"Come here ye all, and look at the sinner
And by his mistake you'll be taught:
You yield to temptation and Satan's the winner."
Cry all the folks who have never been caught.

Oh I'm a sinner, and Lord don't I know it
Though I'm weak, those temptations I've fought
But please Lord! deliver me from the judgment
Of those who have never been caught.

—Phil Magrino

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, was guest speaker at the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday.

Following the reading of the Scripture Lesson, and prayer, Rev. Mr. Moore told the boys that instead of preaching a sermon, he was going to tell them something of the story of "Ben-Hur."

He began by speaking briefly of General Lew Wallace, author of this famous story. This author of many years ago, had the reputation of being a man with a keen mind.

The publishers of that day were well aware of the fact that the Holy Bible was, and always had been, the best seller among all publications. They wanted to publish a book that would outsell the Bible, and thus destroy its popularity.

A committee contacted Wallace, and asked him if he would try to produce a book that would replace the Bible in the hearts of the people. He agreed to do so.

Wallace, being aware of the Bible's popularity, thought that since he was going to try to surpass that wonderful book, he had better read it carefully himself. He shut himself in his study, and read the Sacred Volume from beginning to end. He read the Bible through a second time, more carefully than before.

The speaker then pointed out that a person cannot read the Bible unless something happens to him. Lew Wallace felt the influence of this Holy Book. He then went to work on his new book, which he called "Ben-Hur." When it was completed, it immediately became popular. It was one of the greatest Christian books ever written. Instead of producing a book that would destroy the Bible, Wallace, having learned its true meaning, became the author of a Christian classic which continues among the best sellers of the present day.

Rev. Mr. Moore then briefly told the boys something of the story of "Ben-Hur," as follows:

Ben-Hur was a Jewish boy, born of wealthy parents. One day, he heard the sound of military music, and he climbed up to the roof of the house to see what was going on in the street. Here he saw standard-bearers, with flags flying; then came the drummers and trumpeters; the men of arms were next in the procession. Then came a chariot, drawn by beautiful horses. In the chariot stood a man wearing a wreath of laurel leaves on his head. Ben-Hur knew that he was the new Roman governor, come to rule over his people.

Boy-like, Ben-Hur did not want to miss seeing any part of the parade. He leaned out over the wall in order to get a better view of the street. In doing so, he loosed a piece of tile which formed part of the roof. The tile fell, striking the governor on the head, and rendering him unconscious.

The soldiers then rushed to the house-top and seized Ben-Hur. They thought he had tried to murder the new governor, and placed him under arrest.

Ben-Hur was tried and was sentenc-

ed to be a galley-slave for the rest of his life. This meant that he would be chained to an oar on one of the Roman boats. Here he would have to stay day and night. Food would be thrown to him as to a dog.

Some time later, Ben-Hur was sent to serve as an oarsman on a large Roman warship. With a group of other galley-slaves he was taken to a coastal city. They were marched along, tied behind chariots, in which Roman soldiers were riding. The slaves were not given much rest. They had to keep up with the chariots or be dragged along. Most of the time, those poor fellows had to run at top speed in order to keep from being thrown.

Soldiers and slaves were passing through the town of Nazareth. The procession halted briefly. Ben-Hur fell, exhausted, his hands tied tightly behind his back. There was a well nearby, but the prisoners were refused water. The soldiers, however, were at liberty to dismount and drink. The slaves begged in vain for even a taste of the cooling water.

A crowd of Jews gathered around. In the group was a carpenter, with a saw in his hand. Joseph was his name, and he was accompanied by his young son, Jesus. Joseph asked an officer if the young Ben-Hur was the son of a well-known Jew, and inquired as to the reason of his being a prisoner. The Roman captain angrily explained that he had been sentenced for trying to murder the governor.

While the Jews were strongly in favor of their own race, they had no use for a murderer. They scornfully turned away from the prisoner and began to talk of other things.

While the conversation among the older Jews was going on, in which Joseph was taking part, the Boy Jesus looked at Ben-Hur with compassion. Taking a small pitcher, he went to the well and filled it with water, and then knelt down by Ben-Hur to let him drink.

The captain of the guard noticed this kindly act on the part of the Boy Jesus. He allowed Ben-Hur to finish drinking, and then helped him to his feet. He then assisted him in getting on a horse behind a soldier, where he was to ride during the rest of the journey.

Rev. Mr. Moore concluded by pointing out that this act of kindness, in which Jesus administered to the suffering slave, not only cheered the prisoner, but caused a great change to come over the heart of the Roman captain.

Go as far as you can see, and when you get there you will see farther.—Elbert Hubbard.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes plainest.—Sterne.

—:—

To select well old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.—Trublet.

—:—

Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.
—Cervantes.

—:—

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something.
—Browning.

—:—

The contented man is never poor; the discontented never rich.
—George Eliot.

—:—

It is not by man's purse, but by his character, that he is rich or poor.
—R. L. Stevenson.

—:—

Mothers' arms are made of tenderness, and sweet sleep blesses the child who lies therein.—Victor Hugo.

—:—

Our birth is nothing but our death begun, as tapers waste the moment they take fire.—Young.

—:—

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—Edward Gibbon.

—:—

How shall you do anything in the world, achieve any success, unless you believe in yourself?
—Anthony Trollope.

—:—

States and nations should spend money and effort on this great all-underlying matter of spiritual education as they have hitherto spent them on beating and destroying each other.—John Galsworthy.

There's not much practical Christianity in the man who lives on better terms with angels and seraphs, than with his children, servants and neighbors.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Whoever will prosper in any line of life must save his own time and do his own thinking. He must spend neither time nor money which he has not earned.—David Starr Jordan.

—:—

A wise man has well reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for truth, and have begun striving for ourselves.—Carlyle.

—:—

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights, contents itself with no hereditary faith, and receives new truth as an angel from heaven.—William E. Channing.

—:—

If a man could make a single rose we should give him an empire; yet roses and other flowers no less beautiful are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.
—Luther.

—:—

God has made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a magnificent building; all the stones are gradually cemented together. No one subsists by himself alone.
—Feltham.

—:—

It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness for him to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution.—Addison.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A closed mouth catches no flies.

—:—

All are not hunters that blow the horn.

—:—

A thing of beauty gets joy rides forever.

—:—

Some men grow with responsibility —others just bloat.

—:—

Where there's a will, there is frequently a contest.

—:—

If you don't wish to be shown up, don't show off.

—:—

Life is like a bicycle—stop pedaling and you fall off.

—:—

The way to a man's pocketbook is through his hobby.

—:—

Next to debt, the hardest thing to get out of is a warm bed on a cold morning.

—:—

One nice thing about a dull party is that you can get to bed at a decent time.

—:—

He who leave footprints on the sands of time will have to wear work-shoes.

—:—

A prescription is something the druggist puts up and the patient puts down.

—:—

When a man is resigned to his fate, his resignation is usually accepted.

—:—

Some of the things we hear over the air today should be air-conditioned.

Dignity is something you think you have until the boss comes in and says, "What's the meaning of this?"

—:—

One of life's greatest blessings is that you are not compelled to believe everything you are compelled to listen to.

—:—

Another human weakness is the nice man's belief that wrong isn't wrong if done by a nice man like him.

—:—

Laugh at "puppy love" if you like, but it's the only thing that can reconcile a boy to washing his neck and ears.

—:—

Some people break down under the stress of competition; others break down just thinking of the stress of competition.

—:—

Every man is the possessor of the key to his success. Many of them fail to unlock the door of opportunity because they cannot find the key-hole.

—:—

The ears and throat are sympathetically connected, we are told. This probably is the reason why so many things we hear give us a pain in the neck.

—:—

A recent item in the news stated that professional banjo players now work for the minimum wage of $3.50 an hour. Seems to us that's easy picking.

—:—

A prominent chewing gum manufacturer made the statement that the sun never sets on his chewing gum. Wonder if he knows that most everyone else does.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 28, 1947.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Albert Cox
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Carroll Painter
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
James Jones
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Earl Allen
Hubert Brooks
Floyd Canady
Julian Commander
William Holder
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Henry Shepherd
Donald Stack
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Donald Hall
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Russell Murphy
Robert Milton
Jimmy McCallum
William Smith
James Wilson
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
Vance Fore
William Hinson
Howell Wilkinson
J. C. Woodell
Richard Cook

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Donald Forbes
John Gregory
Bobby Galyan
John Ganey
Earl Holleman
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Jack Paschal
Tommy Edwards
Fairley McGee
Ed Guinn
Paul Turner
Charles Walker
Robert Shepherd
Glenn Davis
Edward McCall
William Brown

Jerry Peavey
Clyde Leonard
W. L. Steele

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jack Griffin
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendron
Clifton Kerns

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
George Marr
J. C. Mickeal
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
Carlton Crawford
Roy Edding
Conley Haney
Edwin Morgan
Bill Ray
Benny Riggins
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Earl Grant
Carl Goard
William Hyatt
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
William Lunsford
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Edward Parker
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Elbert Gentry
Leon Poston
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
William Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Herman Kirby
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Eugene Williams
Carroll Teer
Frank Shepherd

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Bernie Houser
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Bobby Poplin
Roy Orr
Francis Thomas
Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

What a curious phenomenon it is that you can get men to die for the liberty of the world who will not make the little sacrifice that is needed to free themselves from their own individual bondage.

—Bruce Barton.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 11, 1947 No. 41

LIFE

Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf,
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;
Fast speeds the night.

—W. M. Vories.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
SOME GOOD REPORTS ABOUT BOYS ON RELEASE		8
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		9
OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO CHILDREN	(Selected)	11
THOSE FOLKS NEXT DOOR	By Doris Layes in Sunshine Magazine	12
SINCERITY VERSES SHAM	By Henry Nitzsche	15
WHAT IS FATE	By Henry Nitzsche	17
THE WAY TO PEACE	(The Tie)	19
A PASTOR'S PRAYER FOR HIS PEOPLE	(The Evangel	20
DISTURBED EMOTIONS	(The Home Chronicle)	21
MANKIND AT IT SHOULD BE	(Alabama Baptist)	22
THE HISTORY OF AN OLD HYMN	From Stories of Wonderful Hymns	23
DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN	(The Watchman Examiner)	24
DOG MAIL CARRIER	(Dumb Animals)	25
SMALL CHANGE, BIG BUSINESS	Every Body's Digest	26
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		27
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THREE THINGS COME NOT BACK

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound, or slay.

The spoken word so soon forgot
By thee—but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn—
Those three will never more return.

—From the Arabic.

THE ART OF INSPIRING A BOY

It is a marvelous achievement for any person in any walk of life, when he or she learns the art of inspiring the youth to find achievments in any arena of activity. The boy who believes that he can do something is well on the road to achieving success, and every person who deals with youth should learn that it is never impossible to lift a boy up and at the same time push him down by intimidation and humiliation.

Knute Rockne will always rank as one of the greatest football coaches in the nation. To many he ranks as the greatest coach of all times. Certainly, his teams at Notre Dame established for themselves a reputation which stands out as superb in the annals of football.

It has been said that the key to Knute Rockne's success was his ability to get out of his football players their very best at all times. In some way he knew how to stir their emotions and to inspire them

to fight for victory, to the end that Notre Dame teams were almost always on the winning side. His boys played superb football because they believed in him and because he had taught them to believe in themselves.

No doubt, many a boy growing up in an impoverished home where living is on a substandard basis, facing the struggles day by day, develops the inner feeling that is expressed in these words: "I'm not getting anywhere." He faces life and encounters the setbacks and discouragements with the result that sooner or later he asks, "Oh, well, what's the use? It's going to be a losing fight anyway. I might as well get some excitement and entertainment out of life in some way, even though it may be the wrong way."

For many boys it happens that there is no one to stand by and lend a hand of encouragement. If there were someone who could give the push upward by offering praise and encouragement, it would be to these boys as a refreshing and reviving breeze to the soul.

Sometimes it happens that a boy does what he thinks is a pretty good job in some task to which he has been assigned, and he feels that he has put the best of his life into it; he may feel that he has been honest and dependable and manly, and yet there is no one to say to him: "You did a grand job." About all he can do to boost his moral is to say, "Good for me." This sort of morale boosting sooner or later will come to an end.

There are, of course, a good many people who are of strong intellect, who have will power and initiative and determination, and after they have reached a point of maturity in their lives they have learned to be self-reliant and aggressive. They learn to depend on their ability to achieve great things. There are others, of course, too, who learn to trust implicitly in a divine power when they know in their hearts that they have done right and that they have done the best that they could. However, there are many others who constantly need inspiration from the outside. This inspiration may come from parents or from teachers or from church workers or, in a correctional institution, it may and should come from those who supervise boys day by day.

Sometimes it may seem to the adult that the child, in his thoughtlessness, may use up all the reserve of patience and inspiration which the adult may have, and yet come back calling for more help.

Then it is that the adult, wherever he or she may be, will need to be able to find, somewhere, the golden treasure of some more help. It may sometimes have to be found in the divine storehouse.

Once upon a time it happened in a primary schoolroom that the teacher had her pupils to read one by one, and as one read the teacher would give words of encouragement by saying, "Good for you." It happened that when the last boy was called upon to read and had finished, the teacher was busy with other things, and she failed to praise the work of this boy. However, the boy himself, thinking he had done well, unwilling too have no word of encouragement, said, "Good for me." When the teacher heard this she said, "Sure, it was good for you." This was a very simple childish sort of event, but there is no telling what would have happened to the boy himself if the teacher had let the golden opportunity to praise this boy pass by.

Every person, in school work, in religious activities, and in social welfare work, should always avail himself or herself of every opportunity to encourage and inspire the youth from day to day. Everyone should be careful that he does nothing that would humiliate or intimidate any child by making him feel that he is of no good. The greatest teacher, preacher, or social worker, is that person who makes a child feel in his heart that he is somebody and that, after all, his life counts for much in the world.

"Nobody knows what a boy is worth; a boy at work or play;
A boy who whistles around the place, or laughs in an artless way;
Nobody knows what a boy is worth, a boy with his face aglow,
For in his heart there are secrets deep; not even the wisest know;
Nobody knows what a boy is worth, and the world must wait to see;
For every man in an honored place is a boy that used to be.
Nobody knows what a boy is worth, a boy with his bare white feet;
So have a smile and kindly words for every boy you meet."

* * * * * * * *

THE TESTING PROGRAM—ITS FUNCTION AND USE IN THE JACKSON SCHOOL

In making comments at this stage of the testing program, I must necessarily limit my comments to the brief period of observation and the test results to date. A full and adequate description of the

entire enrollment is impossible at this time; however, from the data thus far secured, a fairly reliable index of the total picture can be drawn.

The first phase of the testing dealt with the boys who had enrolled during the July, August and September period, and these boys received the intelligence test. In the Primary group, embracing the grades 1-4 in the academic school, 17 boys who were tested made an average IQ of 71. These boys have already been placed in the school program, and a re-check will be made on their placement, in reference to their achievement test scores.

The advanced group of 17 boys, entered during July, August and September, made an average IQ of 86 (eighty-six). This group of boys is in the fifth or higher grades of the school, and should have little trouble adjusting to the school work at their respective levels.

In addition to these tests, futher intelligence testing was done for all of the first grade and 13 members of the second grade. The results of this testing is as follows:

1st Grade	Number tested	32	Average IQ	52
2nd Grade	Number tested	13	Average IQ	54

This would indicate that the norm for these groups is considerably below average, this being due to a large extent to the high age level of the boys. In many of these individual cases, other aspects of the intelligence picture would approach normal, but this particular test did not measure these traits or abilities.

The boys tested who had entered recently were of the usual or expected range in intelligence. The special testing for the first and second grades indicated that the groups as a whole are very low, mentally, and would not benefit by receiving the usual type of instruction in these grades. The class as a whole can be taught on the same level, but other problems of behavior and personality will require individual attention.

The Stanford Achievement Tests were administered to all of the boys, with few exceptions. Although a full report is not ready at this time. The results so far indicate that (beginning with the 3rd grade and continuing through the 9th grade level) the boys are on a level in which they can achieve and comprehend their school work. The weaknesses, in most cases, are found in the English and Spelling subjects, and the highest achievement is found in Arithmetic.

Periodical retesting will give us an index of the degree of improvement as well as aiding in grade placement for the boys.

Individual conferences were limited during my present stay at the school. Those to whom I did talk seemed to have seriously disordered personalities which do cause discord in the class room, or in other social groups. Very few meliorative suggestions could be made due to lack of time for the individual cases. I would like to suggest that each teacher who has particular problems make special notes of these cases, and at my next visit I will endeavor to spend more time with these cases, and to counsel with them. Notes taken from time to time, will be valuable assistance to me for use in counseling with the boys.

I would like to say that the past testing program has certainly been good, and the placement has been greatly aided by this service. Mr. Adams, is to be commended for keeping up this part of the school program in such an excellent manner.

My visit here has been most enjoyable and I am very much impressed with the type of program which Jackson offers to its boys through its staff members. I will be looking forward to returning here for further work in the near future.—Juanita D. Noland

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of September 21, 1947

Oct. 13—Kenneth Holcomb, Cottage 3, 15th birthday.
Oct. 14—Richard Leonard, Cottage 1, 10th birthday.

SOME GOOD REPORTS ABOUT BOYS ON RELEASE

The following reports have come to us from the Superintendents of Public Welfare:

"Charles Carter has not been in any trouble, and seems to have made adjustment to his family, friends and associates."

"Carl Ransom joined the Army Air Corps on July 1, 1947, and is now stationed at San Antonia, Texas."

"Russell Beaver's mother plans for him to enter Crossnore School on August 30, and Russell appeared anxious for the time to come for him to enter school."

"Lacy Overton has a very cooperative attitude."

"Lyndon Barnette has fitted into his home well since his discharge. He returned to school and was promoted from the sixth grade with A's and B's. He is now sixteen years old, and plans to go to work."

"Ralph Cranford seems to be very happily situated and is glad he can be self-supporting. He is anxious to have good behavior so he can receive an honorable discharge."

"Charles Moore has reported regularly and has made a good adjustment since he has been at home."

"Lester Williams came to the DPW regularly each month to make a report. He was always very polite. He lived with his mother after his return from the Training School. Since he was sixteen, he did not attend school but studied at home. He attended Sunday School and church regularly. We feel that further supervision is not necessary and therefore recommend a discharge."

"The local minister spends quite a lot of time working with young people. He knows David Prevatt and feels that he is a fine boy. David and his father are members of the church and attend regularly. We talked to the director of the Boys' Club, and it is his opinion that David Earl is very nice. He takes an active part in the activities and he is a boy who seems to want to do right. The neighbors in the community state that it is their opinion that David gets along well. He works regularly, and they never have any disturbance in the home."

Norman Hentschel was in my office this morning and as far as I am able to determine he has complied with all the conditions of his parole. He has made an exceptionally good record since his release from Stonewall Jackson Training School. He is attending school regularly and seems to be getting along very well in his home. I am, on this date, Sept. 27th, recommending his discharge from parole supervision. Norman is anxious to receive his discharge papers, and he deserves them.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Radio Program

By Bobby Duncan, 5th Grade

A group of boys went to the radio station Tuesday and gave a program. The first thing on the program was a song. The name of it was "Follow the Gleam." One of the boys read a part, and then we sang another song, "Higher Ground." Billy Jenkins read another part, and then we sang "Near the Cross." The next song was "I Would Be like Jesus." The last song was "Jesus Calls Us." We enjoyed going over to the radio station very much.

Cub Scouts See a Show

By Charles Angel, 9th Grade

The Cub Scouts were taken to a picture show in Concord last Monday night. Mrs. Frank Liske took them. "Born to Speed" was the name of the show. It was about auto-racing and was a good picture. The Cubs who went to see the picture were: Jerry Minter, Bobby Galyan, Richard Messick, Elijah Spivey, and Billy Brown. All the Cub Scouts enjoyed the picture very much, and they want to thank Mrs. Liske for making it possible for them to go.

Jack Dempsey Visits the Training School

By Charles Autry, 9th Grade

Saturday afternoon, the boys were very fortunate in having two well-known and very popular men visit us here at the school. Grady Cole, who is very popular in the radio world, introduced to the boys Jack Dempsey, the world's former boxing champion. Jack Dempsey retired from the ring in 1927. He was knocked out only once in his whole boxing career. He lost the title to Gene Tunney.

Jack Dempsey talked to the boys about clean living. He said the only way to keep your body in good condition is to live a clean life. He also told the boys to get all the education possible because he had made the terrible mistake of not going to school enough.

He shook hands with some of the boys and gave some of them his autograph, which I am sure they were glad to receive. Mr. Godown took some pictures of him, while speaking to the boys.

We hope that if it is possible that we will see these visitors again.

Boys Sang at Sunday School Hour

By Charles Angel, 9th Grade

Sunday morning a group of boys gave a meditation of songs and poems, relating to our Sunday School lesson, which was taken from the Book of Ecclesiastes. Mrs. Liske arranged this program.

The group sang several songs which were the following: "I Would Be like Jesus," "Near the Cross," and "Higher Ground." Boys taking part in these songs were: Phillip Kirk, James

Swinson, Billy Jenkins, Glenn Davis, Charles Woodrow, Jack Wood, and Bobby Duncan.

Mr. Walters had charge of the responsive reading and gave a talk on the lesson. Mr. Hines led us in prayer. All the boys enjoyed the program very much.

New Boys

By Talmadge Duncan, 9th Grade

Recently the school has received several new boys. They are as follows: Carl Gilliam, 6th grade; Marvin Guyton, 4th grade; Elwood Wilson, 1st grade; Kenneth Rogers, 5th grade; Jimmy Sehen, 1st grade; Barney Hopkins, 7th grade; Wayne Millsaps, 2nd grade; Willis Caddell, 3rd grade; and Carlton Wilcox, 7th grade.

We hope that these boys will make the best records possible.

Boys Get Sunday Slippers

By Bobby Shepherd, 9th Grade

On Saturday, September 27th, the boys who did not have a pair of Sunday slippers were given a pair. Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Hooker were the ones who gave out the slippers.

We wish to thank all who made it possible for the boys to have new slippers.

Arithmetic Test

By Billy Jenkins, 7th Grade

One day last week the boys of the 7th grade had an arithmetic test. Each boy is trying to improve in his arithmetic. Some of the highest grades are: Glenn Davis, 100; Robert Hinson, 100; Jack Griffin, 100; Bobby Billings, 90; Leon Poston, 95; and William Jenkins, 95. All the boys enjoyed taking this test.

———:———

Any man can spoil himself for himself. He can allow himself to grow so sensitive that he lives in constant pain. He can nurse his grudges until they are an intolerable burden.

He can think himself insulted until he is apt to be. He can believe the world's against him until it is. He can imagine troubles until they are real. He can hold so many under suspicion that no one believes in him. He can insult his friends until they are no longer friends. He can think himself so important that no one else does. He can have such a good opinion of himself that no one else enjoys his friendship. He can become so wrapped up in himself that he becomes very small.—Anon.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO CHILDREN

(Selected)

Oscar G. Barker, a state legislatqr and candidate for Governor of North Carolina, in an address before the Lions club last week characterized the children of the state as its most valuable asset, a statement with which any thinking man or woman will agree.

In making this assertion, Mr. Barker was asking for more serious consideration of the educational needs of the state, and gradually the citizens of North Carolina are coming to demand better schools.

Worth Little, speaking in his capacity as an officer of the courts of the state and county issued a warning last week to the parents of the city who are allowing children to drive automobiles before they reach the legal age for driving.

Another citizen recently expressed concern at the fact that a good many teen-age children are to be found on the streets of the city late at night. While no serious trouble has yet developed because of this growing practice of roaming the streets at late hours, there can be no assurance that serious consequence may not be the result.

The problems in education and control of children are the outgrowth of a failure on the part of parents to accept the responsibilities which are theirs, and while newspapers, magazines, and civic and educational leaders have been doing all they can to create a feeling of greater responsibility on the part of adults with regard to children, not much progress has been in evidence.

It appears to us that about the only agency that will be able to meet the situation is the church, for after all is said and done, it is about the only organization which deals with the spiritual and moral side of man.

What the church can and will do depends on the quality of its leadership and the responsibility that leader-cooky jars in reamwy cmfwy mfwy! ship is willing to assume.

We have said it before and we want to repeat that too much emphasis and too much money is being spent on Sunday morning services and not enough time and money is being used in the Sunday school, which is the only agency that concerns itself with teaching the accepted principles of a Christian life.

The situation presents a real challenge to the church leaders in our community.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writting what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—Pliny.

THOSE FOLKS NEXT DOOR

By Doris Layer in Sunshine Magazine

Mrs. Joyce was working as usual with her beloved roses when she saw Mrs. Ware turn the corner onto the quiet, tree-shaded street. It was such a beautiful day that Mrs. Joyce, coming down the walk that morning to inspect her flowers, had caught herself taking excited little skips of pure joy. Her exuberance was under control now—after all, what must people think to see a white-haired lady skipping along like a child! But inside, she was still skipping and dancing to the music of the green-and-gold, flower-fragrant morning.

Mrs. Ware was apparently oblivious to the spell of the moring. She walked slowly with her head bent and her eyes on the ground, and started perceptibly at the older woman's cheery greeting.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ware. It's a beautiful day."

Mrs. Ware looked around her as if she had just awakened. "I guess it is," she said heavily, "though to tell the truth, I've been to upset to notice."

Mrs. Joyce dragged a lawn chair closer to where she was working. "Sit down for a moment." she invited. "and let some of this sunshine soak into your soul. You look as if you need it."

"I didn't come here to tell you my troubles, Mrs. Joyce. I know that practically everyone in this town comes to you for advice, but there's nothing you can do to help me. No one can make people move from a house they have just bought."

"And why on earth should you want to drive a family from their home?"

"Because it's right next door to mine, that's why!" the visitor snapped. "And because they nearly drive me crazy with their noise. I'm not an unreasonable woman, Mrs. Joyce. I've always gotten along with all my neighbors until now. But these—" She drew a deep breath and began to enumerate her grievances. "That girl pounds the piano constantly—and I mean literally pounds! I'm sure she can be heard six blocks away. And no one in the family talks—they shriek! They must have at least ten children and all the youngsters in the neighborhood congregate in their yard, squealing and yelling until—honestly, Mrs. Joyce, I've sometimes been tempted to sell my own home to get away from them."

"Running away from a problem does no good," the older woman said quietly. "And certainly you can't expect to control people who move in and out of houses next to yours, for the rest of your life. It's too bad you aren't friendly with the faimly. Often in conversation with friends, little hints can be dropped, and are often taken which would be resented only if coming from strangers. Have you called on the woman yet?"

"Well, not formally. I did speak to her once when I saw her in the yard, and she seemed pleasent enough. But then she said she was busy and hurried inside, so I concluded that she didn't care to be neighborly."

"But that's hardly fair of you,"

Mrs. Joyce protested. "After all, if the woman has so many children, and does all her own work, she probably is busy, too busy to stand and chat. That doesn't mean she wouldn't like to."

The younger woman sighed. "You find excuses for everyone, Lady Joy," she said, using the nickname the townspeople had bestowed upon Mrs. Joyce as a tribute to her radiant personality.

Lady Joy began to snip at the flowers with her garden scissors. "You haven't asked for advice, Mrs. Ware," she said quietly, "but I'm going to offer it, anyhow. Call on your 'awful family,' get acquainted with them, find out what makes them tick—and I think you'll wind up by liking them. Here's a bouquet to take to them."

"It's no use," the other woman said firmly. "I just can't be friendly with such loud, common people."

"For yourself, then." Mrs. Joy thrust the flowers into her hands. "Come and see me again, Mrs. Ware."

One morning there was a timid knock at Mrs. Ware's door, and she opened it to find Mrs. Grant standing there. The woman had an old coat thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and her hair was blown into untidy wisps by the breeze. There was panic in her wide, dark eyes and queerly twisted mouth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ware, will you please come and stay with the children? My boy Tom has been hurt at the school, and I must go to him!"

Mrs. Ware was halfway through the door before she had finished speaking. Whatever her other faults, she was never one to lag behind when help was needed.

"Of course, I'll keep the children," she promised. "And I'll say a prayer for Tom, too." She watched the distracted mother hop into the battered family car and tear off down the street. Then she went inside to the children.

The house was painfully clean and comfortably furnished, and the two little girls were charming. The youngest, a child of about four, volunteered the information that "I'm Sally Lee'n' this is my sister, Clara. Clara can't hear, but if you know how to write, it's just like talking to her." She ran and brought pad and pencil from the desk in the dining room.

"'You mean your sister is completely deaf?" Mrs. Ware glanced sympathetically at the pretty, dark-haired girl who sat smiling at her from the window seat. She could not have been older than eleven.

"Oh, she can hear some if we yell at her," Sally Lee explained importantly, "but maybe you'd rather write."

So Mrs. Ware spent a pleasant half-hour exchanging messages with Clara via pad and pencil, and listening to a running fire of chatter from the irrepressible Sally Lee.

"Clara can draw and paint like anything," the little girl volunteered. "And my big brother Jack can sing like Bing Crosby, and my sister Jane plays the piano. She plays real loud, so Clara can hear. Clara's crazy about music, only she can't hear much of it any more."

Mrs. Ware remembered with shame how she had complained of the noisy piano and the family's loud voices. She asked to see Clara's drawings,

and was pleased to see that the child had real talent. Presently Mrs. Grant came in, calm and smiling now, laughing over her frantic fear of an hour ago.

"That Jane!" she scolded happily, "—dashing home and telling me that Tom had fallen from the playground bars and broken open his head! He had only a few cuts and scratches, but his sister was so terrified at seeing blood all over his face, she thought he was dying. I'm afraid it added six more gray hairs to my head."

Mrs. Ware laughed with her. "Tell me about Clara," she said. "Is there nothing that can be done for her hearing? Would one of the mechanical aids help her?"

Mrs. Grant looked troubled. "The kind she would need —they are very expensive, and with six children—" she spread her hands helplessly. "Her hearing could perhaps be restored, yes, with special treatments, but they are beyond our reach at present."

"She has artistic talent," Mrs. Ware said comfortingly. "Perhaps some day she will be able to pay for treatments, herself."

She left with a cordial, "Call me any time you need someone to watch the children." Going home to her own quiet house—so disturbingly quiet after the Grant's—she was awed by the lightning change in her state of mind. How could she so like and admire today the very people she had considered loud and common yesterday?

It was three months later that Lady Joy looked up from raking leaves to see Mrs. Ware entering the gate. The latter was busting with news. Clara's going to hear again," she cried delightedly. "You know, I bought one of her pictures so she could get a hearing aid, and I took an artist friend of mine over to appraise it and tell them it was worth what I paid, so they wouldn't feel I was making them a gift of money. He became very interested in Clara. He entered one of her pictures in a children's prize competition—and Clara won! The money will pay for treatments by a specialist, and then she'll probably be able to sell other things, too, and—oh, isn't it wonderful?"

And Lady Joy gave Mrs. Ware a quick, gentle hug.

And so it was that gaping passers-by were treated to the sight of a dignified, white-haired lady in a neat, pink farmerette overall doing a joyful little jig on her front lawn. Lady Joy didn't care what anyone thought. There was sunshine in her soul. It was a beautiful day, and a beautiful world, and dignity—well dignity could go fly a kite!

———:———

A fellow we know who leaves for work at 6:00 every morning told us that he left the house one day he saw a neighbor fumbling drunkenly with the key to his front door. He went to his aid and asked, jokingly, "Where are you going at this hour?"

"To a lecture," replied the drunk.

SINCERITY VERSUS SHAM

By Henry Nitzsche

Sincerity is synonymous with honesty and builds up our prestige while sham, or affectation, being the handmaiden of dishonesty, betrays the one who relies on deception, he being punished by the worthlessness of his motive or motives.

Sincerity means that the affirmations or assertions come from the heart and are therefore generally reliable and true. It also is an index on the real state of affairs in a person's thinking processes and characterizes him as dependable—and honest. No man can be sincere in his insincerity. He openly betrays himself as far as the general intelligence of others is concerned.

Sincerity is as different from affectation as light is from darkness for sincerity has no thought of deceiving anyone, least of all itself. But affectation is "the putting on" of a front with the express purpose of creating an impression. Sincerity has no need of sham. Sincerity is what it is without need of the questionable aid of false labels.

Sincerity wins respect so that the person immediately affected is the greatest gainer; he is gainer because of the prestige that is won; he gains because of the logical approval his own conscience must pass; he has no reason to fear exposure since there is nothing to expose. That which is true defends itself by the very fact of its veracity. That which is false or an affectation, a sham, an imposter, derives little satisfaction from the fact that it may, and sometimes does, deceive the unwary; but in the final analysis, even to the signifier, this must be apparent: a lie is always a lie and therefore reprehensible, being utterly unworthy of a place in the characteristic make-up of a man. No one needs to look for an apologist for sincerity. Honesty of purpose is superior to dishonesty of intent. Thus, it isn't a mystery to the thinking person how come habitually put on a lot of affectation. The moral weakling indulges in self-deception primarily because he is a weakling as far as real thinking goes. He imagines that all folks are suckers for "a front" however phony that front may be. By the very fact that he puts on a front he reveals his own uneasiness, being aware of the innate weakness of his cause; but, he thinks he can fool a lot of people by hiding behind a smoke screen of insincerity.

Now sincerity, like honesty, must always be the castigator of insincerity, or dishonesty, because the former is undeniably superior, having on its side the mighty support of Principle, lacking which nothing can be of value.

One of the most amusing, as well as revealing traits of the average inmate is his propensity to "put on a show," to affect, to signify—something which he never was or is. His ethical (?) education has suffered serious atrophy somewhere along the line. Thus he is evidently in dire need of a reorientation as far as his outlook on life in general and his true place in the vast scheme of things in particular is concerned. One is reminded of the following.

Two fellows were locked in disputation on the true nature of things. Said Sam to Rufus: "All I want to know is, why do you try to impressionate me with your signifying?" To which Rufus responds with: "You know I am what I am. I don't try to be what I'm not, but I put on a show for emphasis to get proper attention. After all, a sucker is one who gets hisself hooked, only you have to use the right kind of bait."

Well, the ethics behind that is apparent. However, many act on identical motives. For such it isn't a question of sincerity or fair-dealing; it is the unethical desire to get ahead of the other fellow, to outsmart him. In the process it may be found necessary to do a lot "signifying," to apply an over-dose of affection, think-the other fellow isn't hep or lacks intelligence to recognize motives.

Make no mistake, affectation is a mean, contemptible critter that means us little good. It brands its victim and indicates that something is lacking in his moral nature which can become disastrous if not corrected. In other words, don't "signify!"

———:———

There is a story of Daniel Webster well authenticated and worth the telling. After a long and arduous session of the Senate he had returned to his home in Boston and quite worn out, gave order that in no circumstances was he to be disturbed.

Now it happened that he had scarcely reached his room and prepared to retire when some men from the little town in New Hampshire which had been his boyhood home called and said they must see Mr. Webster, that a man's life was at stake.

They had come to Boston as friends of a youth from the Senator's old home, who, as they believed, was falsely charged with murder. There was only one man in the Nation, as they saw it, who could save the boy, and he was Daniel Webster.

The olive-complexioned statesman came downstairs, his face darker than usual. To the appeals of the men he replied, "Gentlemen, it is impossible. I am worn out. I am not fit for the service, and cannot go."

That seemed to end the matter, but the spokesman of the group rose up, shook his head desparingly and said: "Well, I don't know what the neighbors will say." That struck home. "Oh well," said Webster, "if it is the neighbors, I will go." And he went.

Commenting on this decision of Webster, Woodrow Wilson in a notable address on Robert E. Lee said: "There came to his mind the vision of some little group of old men in that village where he had lived as a boy whose comments he could surmise, and that was the particular condemnation he could not face."

Thomas Jefferson once said "Love your neighbor as yourself and your country more than yourself."

WHAT IS FATE?

By Henry Nitzsche

Fate! This is a bugaboo handed down from ancient times. In those days men were in constant fear of their surroundings and habitually invented gods and goddesses whom they supplicated for protection from the mysterious and the unknown. Of course, that was and is pure superstition; but would we, if our light were as dim as theirs, have acted otherwise? Human nature is human nature and is one of the most difficult things to understand, much less to transform.

If anything happened to them, they ascribed it to "fate" and let it go at that. Alas! that was the best explanation they had for unfavorable effects. They charged it to "bad luck." They made no allowance for cause and effect; that is, the generality of men did not.

Now Plato and Aristotle, when studied closely, were not very strongly in favor of luck or chance because they were altogether too well versed in correct thinking to stand in awe of improbabilities. For them, there was no luck or chance in the evidence of the creation, although the generally accepted notion among the Grecians was that everything evolved out of Chaos; that order came out of disorder, all of which now seems highly improbable. And this imposter, "fate", was merely a figment of the imagination conveniently handy for the myth writers who had vainly tried to explain the unexplainable which baffled their powers of deduction and induction. Something had happened but they couldn't fully understand why it had happened. So they just marked it off the books in favor of another imposter—"chance." Fate and chance and luck form a vicious triad of improbables which have done much to becloud the thinking of men for ages and it is this trio which have much in common with ignorance.

Fate, like luck and chance, seems altogether to rule out of serious consideration cause and effect. But can we accept their verdict? Does it really seem likely that they are right and that cause and effect are wrong? The illogicality is apparent. Indeed, the honest exercise of reason—the use of ordinary common sense—tells us there is no truth or reality in what is so often thoughtlessly termed "fate."

Then why should one give credence to something so obviously unreliable? This appears to be one of those instances where the quality of man's thinking is below par.

Fate, superstition, luck, chance, illusion, frustration, despair and loss all belong to one classification, namely: voluntary or involuntary ignorance. For all these are not real, being just so many false suppositions which ignore the real point in question—that in reality there is no such thing as fate because whatever is, is because of some antecedant cause. We misinterpret effect and by force of habit call it, "fate, luck, chance." We forget that every effect, even the finding of a fortune, is consequent on some prior cause (as, for instance, picking

up a pocketbook full of bank notes. The antecedant cause is the loss some one sustained in dropping the wallet: the posterior effect is: the finder happening to come along just at the right moment to find the money). But it still isn't luck. Not in the philosophical sense, anyway.

The fellow who gets himself into the unfortunate situation where he has to face the hangman's noose, is facing what his thinking conditioned, what his overt act demanded to balance the scales of justice. Ordinarily, we say he faces a "sad fate"—that is, in the common method of thinking by ordinary people.

In conclusion, our "fate" or destiny is based primarily on our own conduct; on our thinking because it is our thinking that governs our conduct no matter how much we may try to hide that fact from ourselves. It is true!

———:———

NO ROOM FOR CHISELERS.

The tremendous raft of free publicity matter showered upon every newspaper publisher, sometimes by established advertising agencies but largely by manufacturers, asking for publicity which is really free advertising, has become a national scandal, and the nation ought to prohibit it in the conservation of paper.

We get rafts of it every week, and it's a nuisance that we have to dump in the waste basket. Hereafter we are going to put it in the postoffice waste basket and let Uncle Sam who brings it, get rid of it. We have no use for cheap, chiseling tricks of this kind sent by people who want to beat their way through life.

To all legitimate advertisers who send their copy for what it is and buy space and pay for it, we like to be very liberal in giving them all the free space we can afford, to help them along. Their money comes into this community and is spent here. Why not?

A newspaper is a business proposition and cannot run unless it makes money. If all the newspapers would throw out the free publicity from the British Board of Trade, or whatever they call it, from the various cults, creeds and religions who flood them with clip-sheets, then they would get more paid advertising. The chiselers will never pay for what they can get free.—Coastland Times.

THE WAY TO PEACE

The Tie

We cry for peace, but no assurance of peace come to us. We desire to think of America as the hope of the world. From all directions come the timid, hopeful yearnings that the United States will point the way of peace and lead in walking that way.

In this month of our Independence Declaration Americans may well take stock of our patriotism and appraise afresh its implications and applications. The times are perilous. The tasks are stupendous. The confusions are baffling. No nation can now survive for long except in the spirit and practice of genuine internationalism. Every nation, to win at all, must take its place in one family of nations. Independence must be reoriented to the realm of interdependence. A Chinese statesman has challenged the United States to erect now an "Interdependence Hall" to share our enthusiasm and our loyalty with our Independence Hall. Can the vast home of the United Nations projected for New York City become for us such an Interdependence Hall? If it does become this it will be the Hall of Independence for all nations.

Once we fought and won a war of national independence and freedom. Can we now lead a campaign of reason, of spiritual evaluation, of human brotherhood for the freedom of all peoples from oppression, for the independence of all nations from fear of imperialism and war?

We can do this only if we humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God; only if we commit our way unto God and learn not upon our own understanding. The way into the hall of peace must lead through the house of God—"the house of prayer for all nations." We need now to take membership in the human race; and we will do this only in the measures in which we take citizenship in the Kingdom of God. Here is the calling of the church; here is the summons for the preacher.

Church and preacher are summoned to prophetic ministry—prophetic in the true sense of declaring the council of God. "The Day of the Lord" is upon us, the day of judgement and the day of hope. Whether it is to be a day of doom or a day of deliverance depends upon what spirit controls men in this "day of visitation."

———:———

God hath not promised skies always blue, flower-strewn pathways all our lives through. God hath not promised sun without rain, joy without sorrow, peace without pain. But God hath promised strength for the day, rest for the laborer, light on the way; grace for the trial, help from above, unfailing sympathy, undying love.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

A PASTOR'S PRAYER FOR HIS PEOPLE

The Evangel

"Great Father, hear a pastor's prayer for his people. Thou knowest that at the sight of this multitude, our soul is bowed within us. Oh God, Thy servant feels his own inability every day, more and more, till sometimes his heart is ready to break with a sense of the overwhelming responsibilities which Thou hast laid upon one of the weakest creatures whom Thou didest ever honor in Thy service. But wilt Thou not be the Pastor of this people? Wilt thou, Jesus, not be the great Shepherd and Bishop of these souls?

"Help the brethren who help us. Stand by the church officers in all that they seek to do for Christ, and grant them that they, being good shepherds of the flock, may have a good reward. Keep our members. Some of them are very poor. Oh, let them not lack any good thing. Supply their wants out of Thy fullness. Some of them are very young. Keep them; let not early temptations be too strong for them. Many of them are very weak in faith, comfort and strengthen them. Some, Thou knowest, are very much tempted; every day they are tempted; and perhaps they are tempted by their besetting sin. Oh, keep them; some of them are going back; they are backsliding. Gracious Father, rouse them. Besides these there are some that are sick, and some that are despondent in spirit, and there are some who have lately had to mourn over sad bereavement. Do Thou visit every aching heart, and give consolation to every troubled spirit this day. Feed the whole company of Thy children with bread to the full.

"We feel even more anxiety for the unconverted part of our congregation. Oh, God, save them we pray Thee. Those who listened to the Gospel till it has become an old thing with them; those who listened to it, and yet never feel its power—by the blood of Christ, we beseech Thee, to save them. Save them! Aye, save them this day!

"We have nothing, Lord, give us Thyself. We have no power, Lord; clothe us with Thy power. And as of old Thou didest make Thy prophet speak words that moved the heart and made men feel the terror of Jehovah's presence, so do Thou speak today through us."

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world.—James Freeman Clark

DISTURBED EMOTIONS

The Home Chronicle

We have enrolled here over 100 boys and girls from broken homes, meaning that these children have both a father and a mother at variance with one another, some of them several fathers and mothers in turmoil. These children offer us our greatest challenges. Many of these youngsters do not understand why they cannot live with their parents in view of the fact that when some of them come to visit them they come in attractive cars, clothed in glaring garments, sometimes decked with jewelry, and fill the laps of the youngsters with gifts. Sush tends to set up a false impression of the financial ability of certain worthless parents, whose worthlessness we cannot discuss with their children. To be sure, there is a constant attempt to regulate this annoyance but at times we have had parents who would not co-operate very well, sometimes meeting their children on the edges of the campus or even over town.

Children coming to us from broken homes have been accepted because of parental desertion, parental discord sometimes extending to decided violence, and because of the insistence of certain civic agencies tending to show that parents are decidedly incompetent to raise children. Such children are often worse off than children without parents. It is our responsibility to soothe the wounds of the little youngsters, attempt to clarify the situation the youngsters are in and to guide their confused minds into balanced thinking.

Sometimes youngsters in their gropings for a way out of the situation in which they are in leave the campus without permission, catch a bus and go to where they think they can find the satisfaction they earnestly crave. While such procedures are annoying to us, they do serve to be convincing to the youngsters after they have returned. After each vacation we have a season of "departures", most of which tend to serve some good purpose. Numbers of boys who have given way to their wanderlust have been mighty glad to be accepted on their return to good food, good beds and good neighbors..

We think we have received more than 100 requests this summer for the admission of children from broken homes. In many instances the parents stop providing a home for their children and give themselves to public work or public nuisance, the children being left with one of the other parents or with no parents at all, of course we cannot accept several hundred children from broken homes when in doing so we would deny the admission of children from our own constituency. Our first obligation is to children coming under the influence of the Methodist Church, whether they be full orphan, half orphan or from broken homes. The children thus accepted offer us our greatest respononsibility as we try to unravel their tangled minds and lead them along into purposeful endeavor. We shall do our best at assuming this responsibility.

MANKIND AS IT SHOULD BE

Alabama Baptist

Some people don't seem to realize that the historians and philosophers have been showing us for centuries mankind as it is; and that sight many of us now living have seen. The fact that a majority of the more than 2,000,000,000 people alive today have seen the bitter, tragic thing we call Life. They have tested its salt and sickening flavor and not many folk are satisfied with mankind as it is very well. Jesus was not thus satisfied. Instead he tried to lift men up to what they should be and no true follower of his is satisfied with things as they are.

Now, then, the question is this: What would happen to a man or a nation that would simply follow the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ?

The probable answer is that he would have a hard time, or that it just couldn't be done. But would the man or the nation find it more difficult to live as Jesus lived, or as he taught men to live than life is without consideration of him? Is the Jesus-way more difficult and baffling than the way of life without him?

Suppose a man actually tried so to live as to serve and not to rule; tried to help others and make them happy. Most people say that such a man would be devoured by human wolves. But is not the man who lives contrary to the Jesus program also devoured? How is Germany getting along today? How are all the nations which in selfishness drew the sword? Have they not perished by the sword?

All worldlings assert that the Christ life is an "iridescent dream." But is not the life of the men and women of the world a dream, and not even "iridescent," but drab and troubled? Go through the city of Birmingham today and observe the distorted humanity found herein, the suffering, the poverty, the violent miseries, and deaths, and then ask the cause of all this.

Whoever does so will find that they are martyrs to the doctrine of selfishness and greed; to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life; to immorality, strong drink and sin. That gets them. And all of it is the opposite of the doctrine of Christ. Yes, we know about mankind as it is. We have seen its wreck and ruin, its misery, its physical and spiritual tortures. So we need something different from that. We want mankind as it should be in Christ.

———:———

Trouble is the next best thing to enjoyment; there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joy or sorrows.
—Longfellow.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD HYMN

From "Stories of Wonderful Hymns"

It was one cold winter's day that a miserable middle-aged man stumbled into a mission in the slums of New York during the singing of "Rescuing the Perishing." Stupefied with liquor, unkept and unwashed, he huddled into a corner.

The hymn woke a dormant cord in his memory; then his dulled reason suddenly returned. When the preacher mentioned the soldiers in the Civil War, the poor outcast shed tears. He, too, had been in that war.

Now thoroughly aroused, he arose and going close to the preacher asked, "When were you in that company you spoke of?"

"Why, all through the war," said the preacher.

"Do you remember the battle of?"

"Perfectly!"

"Do you remember the name of the captain of your company at that time?"

The preacher recalled the name of the captain.

"Yes," said the ragged man, "I am he! Look at me—everything has left me through drink! But the hymn you have just sung speaks to me of hope, hope even for a wretch like me!"

And there was hope. The old man was lifted from sin's gutter by the mighty power of the Christ who came to rescue the perishing.

And thus glitters another star in the crown of Dr. Doane who composed the music for such an inspiring song, and in the crown of a blind hymn-writer who has made immortal the following words:

Resuce the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

(Chorus)

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

(The Watchman-Examiner)

A man walking in the woods was caught in the rain. He crawled into a hollow log and went to sleep. When he woke, he found the log had swelled in the rain and he was stuck fast. He called and called, but no one answered. At last he resigned himself to his fate and began reviewing his life. He thought of his family and friends. He remembered good times at his club, and happy vacation experiences. Then he began thinking about his church and how much it meant to him that his family were all members and had profited from the Sunday school, the worship, and all the social activities. This led him to think about his gifts to the church—and as he realized how little he had given, he began to feel smaller and smaller until at last he was so small he crawled right out of the log! He headed for home as fast as he could go, and the first thing he did was to triple his pledge.

Do you know this man? He is a cousin of the fashionable lady who was sitting beside a small boy in the pew when the offering was taken. She began fumbling in her purse for a coin small enough to suit her idea of an offering, when suddenly the little boy reached his nickel up to her and whispered, "Here, you take this and I"ll crawl under the seat." She did some thinking, too, on her way home!

Do you know this woman? She was a sister, perhaps, of the man who was talking with Mark Twain about a certain mutual friend of considerable wealth. "What a shame," said the woman, "that his money is tainted." To which Mark Twain replied, "It's twice tainted—tain't yours and tain't mine."

Now how about the money that is yours, and that is mine? These days, wise men everywhere are telling us that religion is democracy's last line of defense. The church is the organization of religion. The church is people—you and me.

In 1941, it was reported that women in Germany were selling their jewelry and pooling their diamonds in support of Hitler's war machine. In Japan, men were having the gold fillings taken out of their teeth to support the armies of the emperor. All they gave is wasted now, gone forever down the rat holes of history.

The church stands for those things which are unseen and eternal. Multitudes have given their lives for the church. Eleven of our own missionaries and the small son of one of them died, beheaded as martyrs in the Philippines at Christmas in 1943. The foundation of goodwill, honor, justice, mercy, and faith established through the years by the church is the only sure foundation on which a decent world can be built for our children. Unborn generations are asking us, right now, how much we are willing to give that the church we support may grow stronger and stronger as a foundation stone for tomorrow. How shall we answer them?

DOG MAIL CARRIER

Dumb Animals

James Melton, a substitute mail carrier during World War II, was given a route in the suburbs of Nutley, N. J., where the houses are some distance apart. While standing a little confused the first day regarding how he should find the first house, a police dog whose name he later learned was "Duke" came trotting up to him.

The dog then started down one street, turning his head to see that Melton was following him. The carrier waited while he walked down the path to the house, and then continued to walk beside him while he delivered the mail.

Some blocks farther, Duke ran ahead and started across a vacant lot. When Melton did not follow him the dog turned and barked, and then trotted a few yards farther and repeated this performance. Melton decided to follow him and when the path came out on another street, Duke went up the walk of the first house on the left. Sure enough, this was the next house on his route and the short cut across the field had saved Melton from walking the long blocks.

A block farther Melton says that he had an experience which left him speechless. Having no mail for one of the houses, he went past it and continued on down the street. But Duke ran down the path and up the steps of the house and started barking. Thinking that the people who lived in this house owned the dog, Melton went up the steps and rang the bell. When nobody answered and Duke continued to bark and nose the door, he opened the door and found a package waiting to be mailed.

On his return to the post office, Melton learned that it was the custom of war workers living in this house to leave packages to be mailed in this manner. They had neglected to tell him about it and he would have never known about it, if it had not been for Duke.

As long as Melton remained on this route, Duke met him every morning and continued to escort him around. The carrier never learned to whom the dog belonged or where he lived. When they came to the last house on the route, Melton says that Duke would bark once or twice as if saying goodbye and then trot off across a field and disappear.

———:———

On my first evening back from overseas, my girl's understanding parents left us alone in the living room. Naturally we didn't talk all the time, and in the midst of a kiss I noticed her little sister watching us from the doorway. "If you'll be a good girl and go to bed," I said, "I'll give you a quarter."

Without asking the bride or saying a word she ran off, but soon was back again. "Here's half a dollar," she said. "Let me watch."

—Sgt. H. S.

SMALL CHANGE, BIG BUSINESS

(Everybody's Digest)

Wanna buy a duck? Or a hot dog, or French fries or a complete meal? Just put the nickels in the slot, push the button and there it is, freshly cooked and neatly wrapped in cellophane.

This view of the brave new world is not as far away as you think. Mario Caruso, head of C-Eight laboratories in Newark, predicts a life of freedom from waiting in line and peeling potatoes for all Americans.

It's all done by electricity as Caruso explains it. Currently distributing their own electrically operated cigarette vending machine, C-Eight forsees a multiplication of coin vending machines in the near future.

"The present Electro cigarette machines saves time and wear and tear on the muscles and temper. But our next machine will do everything but smoke them for you." Caruso notes.

The potential of the automatic vendor is unlimited. A natural for small groceries and department stores, these machines will revolutionize life as we know it. For instance, stockings, handkerchiefs, neckties, and other ready-to-wear items can easily be sold in machines. Dial your size and number of your selection, insert coins, and there you are.

Many drug supplies and packaged foodstuffs can also be sold this way. Crackers, toothpaste, aspirin, cereals —all lend themselves to the treatment, Caruso claims.

Other sterling predictions include machines which begin to operate the minute you drop in the coin. Included in this group are machines which pop corn while you watch and deliver it to you in a grease proof bag seventy seconds after you insert the dime.

Another Goldbergian creation selects two oranges, cuts them, squeezes them and delivers the juice fresh into a paper cup while you watch.

New uses will also change the picture, Caruso claims. "At present, with radar, you can take a hot dog from icebox to bun in nine seconds. Steak takes a little longer—50 seconds at least. In a matter of time, you'll be able to walk into a restaurant, choose your meal, and have it pop out of the slot in two minutes, freshly cooked and neatly wrapped."

Deep freeze developments have made many of these innovations possible. Supermarkets will be able to sell frozen foods or whole meals from coin operated machines. Air lines and railroads will be able to offer a vast variety of menus even in cramped quarters.

Machines to give change to those who don't have the right combination of nickels are already in operation in many localities. One company had a machine for vending cigarettes which would give one, two, three, or four cents in change for twenty cents, depending on the brand chosen. Although it has been proven simpler to stuff the pennies under the cellophane wrapper, the more complex vending machines may utilize this mechanism shortly to make change on multiple-priced items.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The religious services at the school last Sunday were under the direction of Rev. John Carper, pastor of the Kerr Street Methodist Church. As usual, Mr. Carper's message was very helpful, being presented with great earnestness and sincerity.

The Scripture lesson was read from the fourth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, beginning with the sixteenth and extending throught the twenty-second verse. The preacher used for a topic these words: The need for Spiritual Vision.

It was explained that Jesus had returned to his home town of Nazareth, which was described as a typical small, cross-road's village. On the Sabbath He attended services in the synagogue. Present for the occasion were His mother, His brothers and sisters, and other boyhood acquaintances. As Jesus came back, there was no band to greet Him nor was there a great celebration with a parade.

Jesus had been out in the towns and the country-side of Palestine healing and teaching, and he had been joyously received by the masses throughout the land.

In the synagagoe He was recognized and called upon to take charge of the services. Jesus was certain that the spirit of the Lord was upon Him. He felt that He had been anointed by God, that He had been sent to carry the gospel to the poor. He had a "ringing" message.

Mr. Carper stated that every one has a right to hear the gospel and that in his own right each one can stand in the very presence of God. The message which Jesus came to bring was a gospel of love. It was His mission to bring comfort to the broken-hearted, to bring freedom and liberty to the captives in the bondage of sin, to make them sons of God. It was His purpose to bring enlightenment to those in darkness and to set at liberty them that are bruised. Jesus proclaimed that time as the day the day of salvation; it was the acceptable time for the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven in the hearts of men. It was explained that each person, each boy can have a part in bringing God's Kingdom to pass, and that each can do his part in his own special way.

———:———

STOLEN LAUGHTER

A man obviously in bad condition from the night before stepped up to a bar and sputtered through trembling lips, "Give me something for a hangover."

"What do you want?" asked the bartender.

The sufferer could only blurt: "Tall—cold—and full of gin."

"Sir," snapped a drunk standing next to him, "you are referring to the woman I love!"

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

—:—

No man was ever written out of a reputation but by himself.—Bentley.

I am unaware of anything that has a right to be called an impossibility.
—Thomas B. Huxley.

The books that help you most are those that make you think the most.
—Parker.

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.
—George Eliot.

"To be angry with a weak man is proof that you are not very strong yourself."

—:—

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.—Swift.

—:—

Man's liberty ends, and it ought to end, when that liberty becomes the curse of his neighbors.—Farrar.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

—:—

Be busy in trading, receiving and giving, for life is too good to be wasted in simple living.—J. Sterling.

Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecil.

—:—

My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants.—Joseph Brotherton.

The bird that soars on highest wing builds on the ground her lowly nest.
—James Montgomery.

We know accurately only when we know little; with knowledge doubt increases.—Goethe.

—:—

Covetousness swells the principle to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes.—Jeremy Taylor.

Where two discourse, if the anger of one rises, he is the wise man who lets the contest fall.—Plutarch.

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

—:—

Men will be men. They are divided into two classes—the found-out and the not-found-out.—Julian Ralph.

—:—

It is a much shallower and more ignoble occupation to detect faults than to discover beauties.—Carlyle.

As for enthusiasm, it is worth more than money and learning put together—as a producer of happiness.
—Bradford Torrey.

No true and permanent fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.
—Charles Sumner

—:—

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool, but it has been said that herein lies the difference: the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—Colton.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

The wife of a hen-pecked husband hasn't much to crow over.

—:—

Quite frequently, when money talks, the answer is "not guilty."

—:—

Friendship is the magnanimous art of overlooking shortcomings.

—:—

Setting an endurance record in flying is just plane torture.

—:—

The fact that Americans chew a million dollars' worth of gum weekly shows how much work we will do for practically nothing.

—:—

A real test—a fellow who would leave a baseball game in the ninth inning with the score tied, to keep a date with his sweetie.

—:—

A fond mother was worried—Her little boy had just swallowed a bullet, and she was afraid to wallop him for fear it would go off.

—:—

An inventor claims to have produced a mechanical man that can talk without thinking. That's nothing new. We've heard lots of them.

—:—

Just think how many poor people were denied a horse and buggy in the old days because nobody had thought of this dollar down idea.

—:—

Service Station Attendant: "Where is your radiator cap?"

Motorist: "On the front end of my car, but don't call me Cap."

—:—

Some one has suggested a sledgehammer campaign against slot machines. Well, that's the only way you can get a nickel out of them.

Prison wardens are more likely to have felons on their hands than are men engaged in any other occupation.

—:—

A justice of the peace in one of the Western states recently offered to give a quart of honey to each couple he married. This may be taken either to portend a future filled with sweetness or to symbolize that somebody is getting stung.

—:—

Englishman: "My great-grandfather was made an earl by the king whose head is on the back of this coin."

American: "That's nothing. The Indian whose head is on back of this coin made an angel out of my great-grandfather."

—:—

The doctor asked this question of a lady who wanted him to examine her husband: "When did you first suspect your husband of being mentally deranged?" "When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples," was her reply.

—:—

Little Tommy was sent to the pantry to get some fly-paper. He was gone so long that finally his mother called, "Tommy, hurry up with the fly-paper. Have you got it?" There was a pause, then Tommy answered, "No, mama, the fly-paper's got me, but we're both coming."

—:—

Up in the mountains we met old Granny Brown, an inveterate smoker. In fact, she was never seen without her large homemade corn-cob pipe clamped between her toothless jaws. When asked what she was doing when she was not smoking, she replied, "Fillin' an' lightin', son."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 4th, 1947.

RECEIVING COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Paul Church
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
James Jones
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Julian Commander
Ransom Edwards
Billy Holder
Melvin Radford
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Kenneth Holcomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Woodrow Norton
Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
Wayne Millsaps
James Seken

COTTAGE No. 4

Judson Finch
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Robert Milton
William Smith
Robert Thompson
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Cain
Jimmy Cauthen
William Hinson
George Patterson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Edward Ingold
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southernland
Melvin Ledford

COTTAGE No. 7

J. D. Ashley
Billy Brown
Glenn Davis
Edd Gwinn
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Bobby Shepherd
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jimmy Delvechio
Marvin Guyton
Clifton Kerns
Charles Stanley
Waylon Gardner

COTTAGE No. 10

Bynum Ammens
Charles Angel
Charles Autry
Roy Gaskins

George Marr
J. C. Mickeal
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Herbert Stewart
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Conley Haney
Robert King
Benny Riggins
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Hyatt
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Nathan McCarson
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Avery Hogue
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Charles Robertson
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Shepherd
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Donald Ross

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barns
Carlyle Brown
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Bernie Houser
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Chas. McDaniel
Roy Orr
Bobby Poplin
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Francis Thower

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

———:———

The new tenant met her six-year-old neighbor of the apartment below and smiled at him in her friendliest manner. He smiled back broadly, and then eagerly, "Do it again!"

"Do what, dear," she asked.

"Look at me that way," he urged.

She blushed and dimpled and smiled obligingly, whereupon he laughed outright.

"You do!" he said delightedly, "you do look like a chipmunk!"

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 18, 1947 No. 42

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Let's oftener talk of nobler deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones;
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief raps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by:
This life is what we make it.

—Selected.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
COAL OF DEEP RIVER USED BEFORE REVOLUTION	(Selected)	11
FRAME OF MIND	By Henry Nitzsche	13
LOVING KINDNESS	By Rev. Percy Foster Hall	15
POLITICAL PUZZLERS	(Daily Independent)	16
THE COMMUNITY OF THE CONFIDENT	By Umphrey Lee President Southern Methodist University	18
TRICK OR TREAT	By Sibyl Lelah Templeton	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE TWO SINGERS

A singer sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept,
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years
And the hopes which the dead past kept;
And souls in anguish their burdens bore,
And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled,
For he sang of the love of a Father dear,
And the trust of a little child;
And souls that before had forgotten to pray,
Looked up and went singing along their way.

—Author Unknown.

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

When Jesus of Nazareth lived in the flesh, when He dwelt upon the earth, it was said of Him that He went about doing good. Whether He was among the throngs of an oriental city, or walked by the seashore, or traveled the crude roads across the Judean hills, the purpose, the dominant objective of His life was to enrich and elevate the lives of those about Him. Through the Scriptures, the followers of Jesus are admonished to "Let this same mind (spirit) be in you which was in Christ."

Naturally, it is impossible for one of the followers of Jesus in these modern days to perform the miracles which He performed. Time after time He healed the sick, opened the eyes of the blind and raised the dead. These were great miracles, possible only for Jesus or for those who labored at His side.

Again, it was said of Jesus that He was a man without sin, that in Him there was no guile, of Him it was said that He was perfect even as God in heaven is perfect. In all of His relationships towards God

and towards His fellowmen He was without fault, He was perfect.

In these modern times, wherever there are followers of Jesus, those who believe in Him and have faith in Him, they may not, they cannot perform great miracles, equal to His, nor can they claim for themselves the perfection that was His. They can, however, have in their hearts the same spirit which He had, and they can do as much good as is humanly possible; they can work to bring in the Kingdom in the hearts of men.

The story is told of a woman who, one day, as she walked along the sidewalks of a big city, beheld a cripple as he begged for alms. He was sad and despondent in his heart, and the music which he made on his shabby fiddle was gloomy and doleful. In his cup there were no coins. As the woman passed she observed this and her heart was touched. She was a violinist.

The woman took the fiddle into her own hands, and charmed the passers with the sweet music. They clustered about her because of her music and her charming personality. After she played her concert, she passed the cup herself and it was more than filled in a few moments.

This young woman, possessing the spirit of the Master, gave of her talent, she gave of her very life. And by her good deed she led those about her to enter into the good cause. By her act the life of the cripple was blessed and the world became a better place in which to live.

During World War II, many heroic and inspiring deeds happened throughout the world, events which in themselves seemed very small but which, on the other hand, represented the spirit of the great Christian movement in the world.

The story is told of a young couple who were happily married about the time the war started. They, of course, had high hopes and made great plans for their own happiness and for the perpetuation of the home which they had established. As time went on, however, the husband in the home was drafted into the armed forces, and eventually it fell to his lot to be stationed in the Pacific Theater, far out in the vast stretches of the Orient. He bade his young wife farewell and went on his way to fulfill the obligations of a faithful soldier. He, of course, looked forward to the day when the war would end and he would return to his native land.

Destiny, however, fashioned a different course of events, and one day there came that tragic news report that he was missing in action, that he had made the supreme sacrifice. This sad news came to the young wife with all of its shocking and stunning effects, and to her now the high hopes which she had once had in her heart seemed to have been dashed to pieces at her feet, because there was no longer any anticipation of that happy day of the return of her husband.

The question then arose in the mind of the young woman as to how she would react to this tragedy, of how she would spend her days from that time forward. To her there seemed to be different channels through which she might extend her life in the days ahead, and as she meditated on these things the plan that was finally evolved in her mind was that she could best maintain her own equilibrium and best serve the memory of her late husband, and best serve her Creator, if she would go as a missionary to take a gospel of love to the benighted people in the very theater where her husband lost his life. She set out then to prepare herself as a missionary and as a messenger of the gospel of love. Thus, she guaranteed for herself that henceforth her life would not be embittered by the tragedy that had come to her, and that her life would be a blessing and a benediction to those who needed the gospel most.

This simple story is a manifestation of the spirit of service which should reign in the hearts of Christian people everywhere. In essence, it represents "the law of the heart" which transcends the spirit of wrath and vengeance. It is the spirit of the Master.

* * * * * * * *

MR. DAVID DAHLGREN, SUPERINTENDENT, AND MR. SARRAT, BUSINESS MANAGER OF MILNE-MUNICIPAL BOYS' HOME, VISIT THE SCHOOL

We were delighted this week to have as visitors at the school the superintendent and business manager of the Milne-Municipal Boys' Home in New Orleans. These visitors spent two days at the school studying the school program and making an inspection of the school's facilities. They reported that on their trip other institutions at Marianna, Florida, and Milledgeville, Georgia, had been visited, also. We were greatly delighted to have these men to spend

some time here at the school, and we hope that their visit may be of some help to them in their work. It is very profitable for the officials of one institution to visit other institutions and find out what is being done at other places, with the view of finding out what some of the good points in the program are, and making such adaptations as may prove helpful to their own institutions.

Mr. Dahlgren seems to be greatly interested in his work and gives the impression of one who is deeply interested in doing such things as will elevate and enrich the living of the boys who come under his supervision.

Mr. Dahlgren seemed to express particular interest in such things as the wide variety of work activities or trade training departments for the boys at the school here. He seemed to be impressed, too, with the school department and with the recreation program which now is in operation. He commented favorably also upon the free and happy attitudes of the boys, and he stated he was delighted that they seemed to have good attitudes and that there was not too much of regimentation or repression.

We wish to say again we were delighted to have these men as guests of the school, and we hope that sometime later on it will be possible for them to come back for another visit. This institution, as we realize, is far from perfect, but it is our ambition to improve it as the years go by. We feel a particular need for such things as better indoor recreational programs; better health programs, covering particularly more thorough medical examinations.of boys who are just entering; and also the expansion of the trade training courses to include a strong manual arts department. These and some other things are urgently needed at this institution.

* * * * * * * *

IT TAKES SO LITTLE

Fathers who never get to know their sons miss one of life's most precious experiences, one they can ill afford to lose. They go lonely all their days, and their boys go through life with an aching emptiness that nothing ever quite fills. Even the healing touch of Time fails to comfort the longing of a child for his father. "If Father had only—"

A father needs the renewal of youth that keeping step with his

son's growth must inevitably bring. It is simple enough. All that is needed is a day-by-day sharing, listening, helping—a father's seasoned soul lending power to his son's budding growth through shared experiences that give the boy a feeling of security in his father's sustaining love.

There are many occasions when a father can play special providence to his boy and knit himself still closer in affection. When the first pair of real boy's pants, that symbol of his masculinity so anxiously awaited, are to be bought, Father himself takes the boy, clinging to a finger, to the men's shop. He helps select the color and the style; he counts the pockets and admires the fit. The event becomes a high holiday, and Father its particular patron saint.

The next occasion comes as a surprise. One evening Father says with careful casualness: "I got something for you today. Just get that little package you will find in my overcoat pocket. See if you like it."

A scrambling rush, an instant of silence, then a shout of delight. "For me? Father! How ever did you know I wanted a knife?" Proudly he strokes its single blade. Butter would give it trouble; but to him it is a blade of Damascus. It is the first of a long line, but none other, however smart its gadgetry, will ever compare with this. And it was Father who thought of it.

When the first "longies" are to be bought, of course Father goes along. If he remembers and misses the little hand clinging to his finger, he shows no sign of it, but enthusiastically enters into the selection of this all-important suit. He tries to be very matter-of-fact when the self-conscious young man stands before him asking: "Think this blue is all right on me?" Father approves the color, praises the fit and the style. He likes it all immensely, and two men walk out of the shop and up the street, shoulder to shoulder, swinging along in time. 'Tis a perfect day.

By and by Father takes the boy to college and leaves him there, knowing that he has said goodby to the boy that he has walked beside for eighteen years or so. But he goes home smiling, knowing well that when the young man returns, he will come as one nearer than a friend, closer than a brother. He will be a son.

It takes so little, to make all the difference. If fathers only Knew.—Angelo Patri.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

New Eighth Grade

By Hugh Ball, 9th Grade

On October 3rd, there were fifteen boys placed in the eighth grade of our school. At that same time, the boys of the 11th grade started their work for the new term. Their teacher is Mr. Braswell. The boys of the eighth grade come to school in the afternoon, and those of the eleventh grade in the morning.

The following boys are in the eighth grade: Jimmy Cauthen, Floyd Canady, Jack Griffin, Herbert Stewart, Calvin Matheson, William Jenkins, Donald Ross, Robert Hinson, Silas Orr, Kenneth McLean, Jack Melvin, Bobby Billings, Bobby Ellers, and Glenn Davis.

I hope that all of these boys do fine in their grade, and I know that they like their new teacher.

Gray Owl's Neighbors

By Charles Woodrow, 9th Grade

The picture we saw Thursday, October 9th, 1947 was entitled "Gray Owl's Neighbors." It showed Gray Owl when he was riding in his canoe. He saw a moose which was very shiny and very shy. He tamed the little moose, and he caused them to eat out of his hand. It showed the birds and the squirrels eating out of his hand, too.

When Gray Owl was returning from one of his trips, he met some beavers. He stopped and let them eat out of his hand.

Some people, who were Gray Owl's friends, came out to visit at Beaver Lodge, and they saw the beavers working away, building a dam. The visitors let the beavers eat out of their hands. When Gray Owl's friends had to go back, they got in their canoes and left.

Everyone enjoyed this show very much.

Party for First Grade

By James Christy, 5th Grade

Mrs. Hawfield, the teacher of the first grade, gave the boys of the first grade a little party last Wednesday. The boys all enjoyed it very much. She gave a contest to see who could win in it. There were seven boys who won in it. They were Jimmy Sehen, Roy Orr, Carl Jenkins, Paul Allen, Robert Mace, Elbert Gentry, and Russell Seagle. All the boys enjoyed the party very much.

Radio Program

By Howard G. Riley, 9th Grade

The radio program last Tuesday, October 7th, was given in commemoration of Columbus Day. First, there was the introduction to the program by Mr. Hawfield on the subject of Columbus Day, and this was followed by a song by six boys. The name of the song was "O, Sing to Columbus." After the song, Julian Commander

gave a talk. It was "The Boyhood of Columbus." Bobby Joe Duncan gave a musical reading, and "The Three Ships" was given by Earl Gilmore. Then six boys sang a song, which was about Columbus. The last talk on the program was by Harold Sloop, and it was "Land at Last."

The boys of the seventh grade had prepared this program with the help of their teacher Mr. J. F. Caldwell. Mrs Frank Liske had directed the music. We all enjoyed this program.

JTS Drops Spider Jayvees By 14-12

Two pretty evenly matched teams, the Concord High School Junior Varsity and Jackson Training School, fought it out yesterday afternoon in a football game at Jackson Training School with the Yellowjackets of J. T. S. coming out ahead 14-12.

Concord accounted for the initial score of the game in the first period when Ray Green ran thirteen yards for the touchdown. "Duke" Hoffman had set up the score when he recovered Moore's fumble on the J. T. S. 31 yard line

J. T. S. came back to score in the second quarter as Hooker went over from the eight, climaxing a drive which began on their own 33 yard line. Peck added the extra point on a quarterback sneak, and later this point proved to be very valuable.

Concord again took the lead in the third quarter when a 19 yard pass, Mabrey to Hoffman, and a 31 yard run by Mabrey took the ball over from the mid-field stripe.

The winning touchdown for J. T. S. came midway in the last period when Bob Billings, J. T. S. right guard, broke through the juniors the goal. Gene Hooker added the extra point, and the scoring for the afternoon was over.

Jack Mabrey and Ray Green made the most outstanding plays for the juniors in the backfield and "Chuck" Sapp and Tommy Goodman made the best showings in the line.

For J. T. S., Hooker and Leonard gave good account of themselves in the Yellowjacket backfield while the line played on about even terms as far as individual play was concerned.

line, blocked Mabrey's pass and carried the ball from his own 33 over

The lineups:

C. Jayvees	Pos.	J. T. S.
Crisco	LE	McElvin
Swaringer	LT	Peterson
Jones	LG	Arnett
Airheart	Center	Ray
Sapp	RG	Jones
Goodman	RT	Billings
Hoffman	RE	King
Greene	QB	Peck
Jordan	LH	Moore
Mabrey	RH	Leonard
Braswell	FB	Hooker

Officials: Deaton; Phillips, C. Phillips, N.

Substitutes: Concord — Braswell, J., Spears, Suther, Kiser, Llewellyn, Hull, F., Widenhouse, Smith, Davis, Roberts and Waterfield. J. T. S. — Hughes, Orr, Peavy, Barnes, King and Bumgardner.—Concord Tribune.

Banjo on My Knee

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The show that we enjoyed Thursday night was "Banjo on My Knee." It showed how a family who lived on a shanty-boat got along together. A

young man, who had recently married a girl, had to leave her on account of getting into a fight with a man who insisted on kissing the bride and who did. At last, after getting into four more fights on account of his wife, he found his wife and his father, who played a banjo in New Orleans. He went back home, but without his wife, and he was planning on marrying another woman. But after going through a storm, he got back with his wife again.

The picture was enjoyed by all the boys who saw it, and we want to thank all who made it possible for us to see it.

———:———

THE MOST SERIOUS SIN

Judge W. H. S. Burgwyn, who is pretty well-known in Albemarle, but evidently not so well known in Lumberton where attorneys for the young wife who arranged to have her husband shot pleaded nolo contendere in the Judge's court, handed down some observations on human nature from the bench last week.

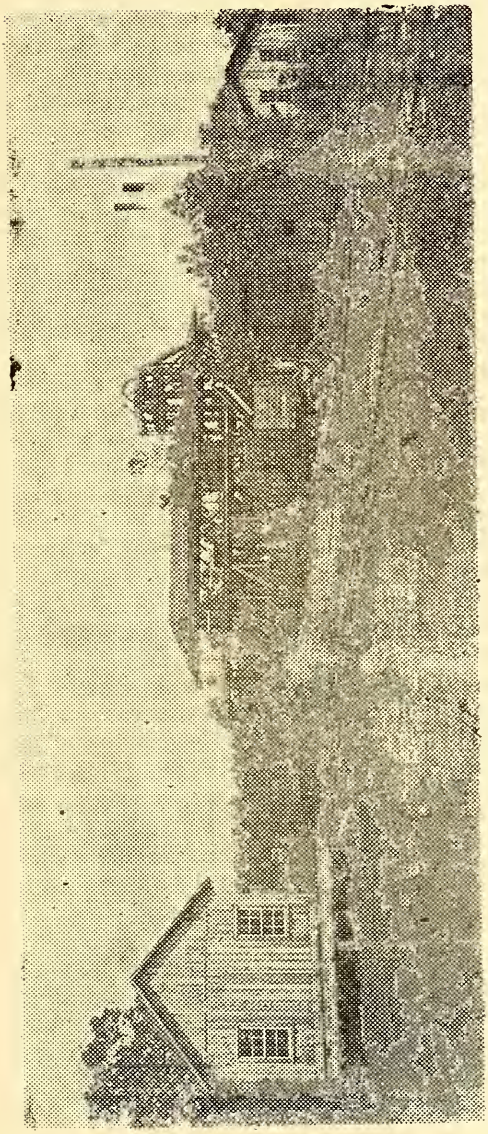
The judge was holding a hearing on a court order relating to a "girlie show" at a carnival showing in Lumberton, and he remarked that there was nothing new about such shows.

Many years ago, according to Judge Burgwyn, he and another youth were sorta hanging around one of the shows down in the Judge's home county, but they hesitated to go in for there were three deacons in the vicinity of the show. Finally, he and his friend slipped around back of the tent, and got in. Imagine their surprise when they found the three deacons seated on the front row.

There's nothing strange about that story, for it has likely happened in every part of the country where "girlie shows" have appeared, but it goes to show that we have a man on the bench who gives the impression that he thinks that deacons are not human—that they should not and will not yield to temptation.

All we want to say is that most church officials are guilty of sins of various degrees, but that the most serious sins is an indifference and a failure to meet the obligation that their positions in the church carry with them.—Stanley News and Press.

COAL OF DEEP RIVER FIELD USED BEFORE REVOLUTION



Old Cumnock Mine, Now Abandoned. Left, Store House. Right, Fan House.

Mines whose coal helped melt bullet lead and cast cannon for Confederate armies during the Civil war and that was picked up from surface outcropping by Negro slaves before the American revolution will see the beginning of their largest-scale development this week as the Raleigh Mining corporation begins work in the Deep River field on Wednesday .

The field, lying on both sides of Deep River which twists its way through the corners of Lee, Moore and Chatham counties, has in recent months been proven to have almost twice the reserves of coal that previous estimates indicated. A report made in 1943 by the H. A. Brassert company and C. C. Morfit coal consultant engineers of New York showed an indicated reserve tonnage of 46,000,000 tons. This quantity, never dreamed of by the slaves who picked up coal outcroppings and hauled it in carts to Hillsboro, Durham and Raleigh for blacksmiths to use a century and half ago, may now be approximately doubled, according to recent surveys.

Crude mines were established at the field as early as 1800, but it was not until 1855 that the Cumnock mine was organized and a vertical shaft was sunk. It was this mine that was used during the Civil war. It lies on the opposite side of Deep River from the Carolina Slope mine that is to be rehabilitated by the Raleigh Mining company.

The period of reconstruction retarded the development of the South to such a degree that it was not until 1889 that the Cumnock mine was put into commercial production. Beginning late in that year, production in 1889 was 192 tons and rose to 26,896 tons in the year 1899. It was then known as the "Egypt mine." Production continued for the first few years of the 20th century, but was retarded by two accidents.

In 1920, the Carolina Mining corporation began operations, tunnelling the shaft now known as the Carolina Slope mine—the location of first rehabilitation work beginning this week by the new company. John R. McQueen was president of the company; the late Bion Butler, newspaperman and longtime resident of the Sandhills, was vice-president; and C. M. Reeves of Sanford was secretary. The Norfolk and Southern railroad, whose line runs near the mine, consumed almost the entire output which amounted, at its height, to about 300 tons daily.

The first big set-back to this venture came on May 25, 1925, when an explosion killed 53 men and damaged the mine heavily. After this calamity operations were halted. Thousands of dollars were spent in recompensing the families of the deceased miners and much was expended to forestall further accidents. But two years later, while convict labor was being used, there was another, though less serious, disaster.

In the early summer of 1928, the company took over the Cumnock mine on the other side of Deep River, but the mine was twice flooded by rising river waters, through a ventilation shaft, and operations were abandoned.

In 1942, the Coal Products company of Sanford started pumping out the old workings at the Carolina Slope mine, but for various reasons the operation lagged and the interest of this company were taken over by the Walter A. Bledsoe company, one of the owners of the company beginning work at the Carolina Slope this week.

———:———

Someone once put it this way: The difference between the country and the city is that in the country you go to bed feeling all in and wake up feeling wonderful, and in the city you go to bed feeling wonderful and wake up feeling all in.

FRAME OF MIND

Henry Nitzsche

Attitude is the major factor in any man's life. Indeed, it is his attitude toward life which conditions his social, economical and political status. A man can have a wrong attitude towards his fellow man, and this will lead him to trespass on the rights of others. He has a wrong attitude because his ethical nature has undergone deterioration, either through unfavorable envirnoment or because of an unhappy choice in associates who were friends in name only.

Now attitude, or frame of mind, is of vital importance primarily because of the fact that this plays so large a role in one's dealings with other people. It is important even as far as directly concerns himself, for a man goes in the general direction in which his characteristic attitude leads him; in other words, he follows his cultivated impulse and does this altogether naturally, even as water naturally seeks its own level.

One has a good attitude when this is ethically controlled; and this controlling impulse comes from correct thinking and a genuine education. Thus, a good citizen becomes an asset to a community since he accepts the normal system of rules governing the game of life. He knows his place in the social organism and does his best to further the common interest of the municipality in which he happens to live. When others are like-minded we have a "going concern"—a prosperous community; a mighty nation. Each citizen plays his part and puts his shoulder to the wheel. In whatever line of endeavor he is or may be interested, he habitually does his best for the common good of the group is also his own interest, and the wise man does nothing to injure himself or others.

Some have a bad attitude. This is reflected immediately in his conduct. It cannot be hidden because it is the man himself "on parade" before the sharp eyes of his fellow men. A bad attitude originates in chaotic thinking processes. But what has led to this manner of thinking? Many things, foremost among which is his ethical nature which has evidently not been properly trained. It has not been properly trained because of his acceptance of a materialistic philosophy which deals solely with the normal world in which men move. Environment, associates, family life all play their role in developing men.

Attitude sometimes precludes correction which might, if accepted in the proper spirit, redeem the man. A churlish attitude reduces its victim to the rank of a common brute and repels all who would work to the individual's proper interest.

The average man understands better what is meant here when the phrase—"frame of mind" is substituted for attitude. For it is generally the frame of mind at the moment which is largely responsible for the character of the thinking which can lead either to good results or the opposite, depending on the individual thinker. He has free choice in his thinking. He also has a knowledge

of right and wrong, being able to distinguish between them because of his reasoning faculty. The ethics comes in when he makes his selection.

If someone points out to me the error in my way of thinking, or acting, my attitude either toward that person or toward correction determines what I shall do about the matter. The consequences are not at the moment in consideration because men act and think afterward. But that is beside the point.

By attitude we mean the following: If any individual has become involved in shady dealings which, if revealed, could lead to a definite loss of prestige. Now if, after being admonished, that person still ignores good counsel, if he rejects sound direction then he can be said to have an unfavorable attitude toward the issue at hand. The consequences, for him, will be that he will stumble on until disaster overcomes him. That's wrong attitude!

HOW THEY PRAYED

George Whitefield, the famous English evangelist, said, "O Lord, give me souls, or take my soul!"

Henry Martyn, missionary, kneeling on India's coral strands, cried, "Here let me burn out for God."

David Brainered, missionary to the North American Indians, 1718-1747: "Lord, to Thee I dedicate myself. O, accept of me, and let me be Thine forever. Lord, I desire nothing else, I desire nothing more." The last words in his diary, seven days before he died, "Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen."

Thomas A Kempis, 1371-1471: "Give what Thou wilt, and how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt. Set me where Thou wilt and deal with me in all things just as Thou wilt."

Dwight L. Moody: "Use me then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose and in whatever way Thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with Thy grace."

Martin Luther, a few words from his great agony of prayer on the night preceding his appearance before the Diet of Worms: "Do Thou, my God, stand by me against all the world's wisdom and reason. Oh, do it! Thou must do it. Stand by me, Thou true, eternal God!"

John McKenzie, a prayer of a young missionary candidate as he knelt on the banks of the Lossie: "O Lord, send me to the darkest spot on earth!"

"Praying Hyde," a missionary in India: "Father, give me these souls, or I die."

Mrs. Comestock, a missionary in India, a prayer of parting when she sent her children home: "Lord Jesus, I do this for Thee."

—Wesleyan Methodist

LOVING KINDNESS

Rev. Percy Foster Hall,

What but the Spirit of God could have guided the men of King James' day to use this excellent compound world?

You won't find it in the French, German, Latin or Greek bible.

It is pecularly an English treasure, and is found thirty times in the Old Testament, mostly in the Psalms.

Love is a virtue so high, deep, broad and long, that we sing "Love Divine" and repeat adoringly "God is Love."

And kindness is so near and dear, so human, so concerned with little as well as with big things. It is homely and cozy.

Joined together, Lovingkindness they make a beautiful word for a wonderful mystery.

It is a word to begin the day with. "To tell of Thy lovingkindness early in the morning."

It is a word to carry with you. "Thy lovingkindness is ever before mine eyes."

It is a word of sharing. "I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness from the great congregation." Every preacher should be able to say that on Sunday night.

It is a word of prayer. "Hear me according to Thy lovingkindness."

It is a word of triumph. "He crowneth thee with lovingkindness."

In a world where hatred, indifference, pride and disdain flourish, there is surely healing and peace in lovingkindness. "Thy lovingkindness is better than life itself!"

Who reverently ponder history and experience, "Thy shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

FAULTS

If we were faultless we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. —Fenelon

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—Whitely

We may feel wounded by our own faults; but we can hardly afford to be miserable for the faults of others. —Mary Baker Eddy

Great men are very adpt to have great faults; and the faults appear the greater by their contrast with their excellencies.
—Charles Simmons

What an absurb thing to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities. —Addison

POLITICAL PUZZLERS

Daily Independent

General Eisenhower is being taken more and more seriously by the politicos as a Republican presidential possibility. "General Ike" has publicly speculation about him, but doesn't say he would reject the G.O. P. nomination if it came his way. At the same time, some Democrats are talking about Eisenhower as vice presidental candidate with Truman. The fact is that nothing in the present Chief of Staff's past shows whether he is a Republican or a Democrat.

That is not surprising in the case of a professional soldier. Until recently, the laws of many states withheld the franchise from soldiers or sailors among their citizens. Even without such laws, the professional military or naval man would have found it difficult to vote in the era before absentee registration and voting were allowed, because he was seldom in the state of his citizenship on Registration Day and Election Day.

General Grant said when nominated for the presidency by the Republicans in 1863 that he had voted only once for president, in 1856, and then he had voted Democratic. General Zachary Taylor, nominated by the Whigs in 1848, said that he he had never voted for president.

After World War I there was as much doubt on General Pershing's political persuasion as on General Eisenhower's today. When talk arose about Pershing as a presidental possibility in 1920, one side argued that he must be a Democrat because he had been named to head the Army by a Democratic president, while another side argued that he must be a Republican because he had married the daughter of Republican Senator Warren of Wyoming. At all events, the talk about Pershing soon died down—for one thing, his personality was a little too austere for much political appeal.

It wasn't only Pershing whose political status was ambitious after World War I. Herbert Clark Hoover was talked about for president for a time before anybody knew whether he was a Republican or Democrat—he had spent much of his adult life abroad. Many Democrats thought he was with them because he was a League of Nations man, while Hoover's Republican friends were warning him that the Democrats were bound to lose in 1920.

As late as February, 1920, Hoover refused to announce his party. In the following month he came out as a Republican, and let his name be entered in the Republican presidential primaries in California. But his supporters were amateurs in competition with professionals. At the Republican national convention he received only a few votes—the professionals knew they could win with anybody (they did), and were in no mood to give the nomination to a Johnny-Come-Lately.

It had been noted above that Grant had no record as a Republican until shortly before receiving the Republi-

can presidential nomination in 1868. General Zachary Taylor, named by the Whigs in 1848, had first to assure the Whig convention that he really belonged in that galley. On the other hand, when General W. E. Harrison was named by the Whigs as their candidate in 1840, he had had a long previous Whig record. And General Hancock, the Democratic presidential nominee in 1880, had a long record of Democratic affiliation.

Undoubtedly the strangest presidential nomination was that of the Democrats in 1872. After the scandals of Grant's first term, "liberal" Republicans got together and nominated Horace Greeley, the crusading and erratic New York editor, as an independent Republican candidate. Greeley was a life-long Republican, but the Democrats, when they met, could find nothing better to do than endorse his candidacy.

———:———

DO YOUR BEST

Stop complaining,
Nothing gaining,
Find your job
And go to work,
Make an effort,
Though it irk,
Buckle to it,
Do not shirk.

Be a worker,
Not a shirker,
Do your best
With what you know,
Stop your sighing,
Keep on trying,
Strive for fitness,
Not for show.

Do not hurry,
Stop all worry,
There is something
Good for you,
Men believing
Are achieving,—
Know that you
Can win out too!

—Grenville Kleiser

THE COMMUNITY OF THE CONFIDENT

By Umphrey Lee President Southern Methodist University

Recently I remarked to a friend that a certain man would not work in the "off"; but my friend did not know anything about driving horses, and I had to explain my metaphor. I could have said, in the first place, that some people will work only when they can take the lead; but I dropped naturally into a speech understood by many of my age. But I forgot that only those who share the same experiences can share the same language.

Because we live in a different kind of world, different in its streets and roads and in its mechanical contrivances, we miss a good deal of what the writers of the Bible have to say. They lived in a pedestrian world. Their figures of speech are often the mataphors of people who walked, who knew bog and mountain, dust and mud, heat and cold, rain and sunshine, as only people who walk can know them. For them, therefore, the way to be dreaded was not a hard road, nor the long road, but the roads where one could find no certain footing. And when they spoke of difficulty, this was their figure. It was a fit end for the wicked: "Surely thou didst set them in slippery places." And the prayer of a man's heart could be no more earnest than when he prayed. "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." Against the background of the walking men of old, one can understand the exultation of the Psalmist: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock."

It is a metaphor which our generation should understand. For we are preoccupied with people who, as we say in our current jargon, are slipping. It is the common complaint of too many of our contemporaries: "I'm not getting anywhere." And no time has talked so much about the insecure. The future is uncertain; we must secure people against possible poverty. A recent Fortune poll shows that most people would prefer a job with a low salary and security to a higher return and risk. We want to know where we are and where we shall be.

And, if we have been disturbed about economic risks, we are even more disturbed about the mentally insecure. We are a worrying people; we have nervous breakdowns called by all sorts of names. Indeed, within the last few years we have become fascinated with stories about patients of mental hospitals, the treatment of psycopaths, the tortures of alcoholics.

It is as if we were drawn irresistibly to every picture of man floundering in the miry clay. We seem almost to believe that the normal way of human beings is in the pit, that man is made for slippery paths.

Now it is the fashion when we speak of the trouble of our age, either to speak of social and economic conditions, or to diagnosed the diseased soul of man. I suppose that I am doing the latter, although I should like to think that I am only offering

some commonplace but commonsense observations on our mental attitudes.

It is, I believe, unquestionably true that part of our uneasiness is because we feel that the world is changing too rapidly; things slip away from us; we cannot keep our footing in this whirling age. Our father have been accused of morbidity because they sometime talked in the pulpit about sickness and death. "Change and decay in all around I see." What they saw were the big changes of life, and it is not to be wondered that they spoke about them.

We are disturbed but not so much by the big things. Our world has seen millions of young men die, but I am not sure that this has unsettled us more than some other events. We are obsessed with change. Everything has changed, we say; everything will change. You cannot depend on anything. Nothing lasts. If you are rich, you will lose your money. If you are working, you will lose your job. If you are married, you are sure to be divorced. if there is peace now, war is coming. We are not a great people facing possible destruction calmly and with dignity. We, who have just been saved from the overthrow of our entire way of life by the bravery of our sons, are gnawing our finger nails and shivering because the world is slipping out from under us. I think this is partly owing to the superficial changes which are all about us. We go to work in the morning, and the power company has torn up the street for a new line, a new store has been started on the next corner, and the road is plowed up for a new highway, old man Jone's house is being torn down. We are in the midst of a world which, at least on the surface, never keeps still. I asked my son how it feels to jump from an airplane. I wanted to know if the parachutist has a great sense of falling. He said, "No; he seems to be floating." I asked, "Why doesn't he feel that he is falling?" "Well," said my boy, "you know he isn't passing anything."

We are passing too much. It would be remarkable if any man could keep his feeling of security in a word where the scene changes so rapidly. And we have ordered it so that we can feel all the changes that occur the world over. During the recent meetings of the delegates of the United Nations, one was impressed by the difference between this Conference and the Peace Conference at Versailles a quarter of a century ago. Now the convents which are being slowly formed are his feeling of security in a world where the scene changes so rapidly. And we have ordered it so that we can feel all the changes that occur the world over. During the recent meetings of the delegates of the United Nations, one was impressed by the difference between this Conference and the Peace Conference at Versailles a quarter of a century ago. Now the convents which are being slowly formed are certainly "openly arrived at." Then at Versailles the Big Four, Wilson Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, retired to a room, closed the door and fought out their battles. Sometimes they argued in public, but generally we heard the result—not the preliminaries. I am sure the new way is better. But I am not sure it is easier on us. Every time Mr. Molotov

mutters in his whiskers grandfather gets down his squirrel rifle. The stocks have even bobbed up and down according to the amount of noise coming from Paris or from Long Island.

Quite seriously, we must take into account the shock to our nervous systems that is caused by our constantly keeping our ears to the keyhole of the world. Men have always been excitable about politics, but they have not been excited all the time. Men have always been excitable about economic affairs, but they have not been worked up day in and day out. Part of the advantages of our faithers lay in the time lag between the occurrence of exciting events and the reporting of them to the people. There is some truth in the old saw that, if letters are left long enough, they will answer themselves. And there is not quite the urgency about things that happened in Washington last month as about what happened yesterday or today

And we are covering a good deal of territory these days. Good people used to get impatient with the village skeptic when he scoffed at foreign missions. "Why worry about China?" he would say. We rightly condemn his provincialism. But it is possible for us to take on too many of the world's burdens at one time. The man who is worrying about his wife's disposition, his income taxes, his children's behavior and the state of the nation is adding too much when he also bears the burden of Patagonia. It is hard to make this point clear without suggesting that we have no concern with the rest of the world. Nothing is farther from my thoughts. But I do believe that we should keep a scale of feasibilities for our own minds. It is always probable that we can do more for our neighbor next door than for our neighbor on the other side of the world. We know him better, and we are closer to him. It is healthful, then, for us to set immediately about this task of helping the man next door. At the same time let us lend all the aid possible to the neighbor across the world, remembering that we must be less dogmatic about him because we know less about him, and that we shall not help him—or the other neighbor, either—by worrying ourselves to death.

I am emphasizing that part of our modern nervousness about the world is induced by living too close to the changes, by hearing too much about them. I am not suggesting that we turn off our radios and refuse to bring in the morning papers. But we can at least recognize some of the reasons for our feeling that there is no secure footing in the world.

No explanations, however, will change the fact that we are living in an era when some of the greatest changes in history have taken place. No one knows yet how greatly some of these changes will effect us; they have not been with us long enough. Giving man the power to move rapidly over the face of the earth and more rapidly through the air may have more profound influence on our living than any of us can guess. We may, for example, find ourselves subject to other ways of thought and feelings before we are able to assess them properly. It is never wise to take a new born baby into a blizzard. He may get to the place where he can stand it, but he is too young when he

first wanders into this world. Our people may be too young culturally to be exposed to every wind of doctrine. I do not mean that the American people ought to be shielded against the ideas of the Russians. I mean that the Americans and the Russians and all the rest of the people of this world may suffer from being hurled into each other's laps. The majority of the people in this world know nothing about their neighbors in another land. They have no basis of judgment concerning them or their ways. Of course, in the end it may be the best thing for us to have all the world's different ideas scrambled and fed us for breakfast. Time will tell, for that seems to be what is beginning to happen.

In the last quarter of a century, we have passed through two wars and a major economic depression. These have, indeed, been culminations of disturbance much older. But the dislocations, the explosions have been in our time. What these have done to us we cannot tell. We know that we are worse off than before we began this last war. We are not as badly off as we would have been if we had stayed out of the war. But you cannot destroy billions of dollars worth of wealth and kill off millions of young men and then be richer than you were before. We have a better time in this country than they will have elsewhere in the world, but we shall have several decades when life will be more difficult than it would have been if the events of the last 25 years had not happened.

There have been critical times like this before: The Fall of the Roman Empire, the Reformation, the French Revolution. In each of these times there were profound changes. Something old disappeared, something new came to life. It is not to be expected that life with us will not be affected by the changes which have taken place and are taking place all about us. And it will require all the intelligence and character that we can muster to see through these next few years.

But to say that our times are difficult, that we are in a period of great changes, is not to say that the cause is lost, that the fight is over. One does not have to be foolishly optimistic to realize that people—and civilization—survived the Fall of the Roman Empire, the Reformation disturbances and the French Revolution. Indeed, it is a common opinion that civilization may have benefited by all these revolutions. And there is no reason that we must perish in this one.

But in order to do our part and to live our lives with even a minimum of satisfaction, we must stop trembling. We must find some ground on which we can stand. Happy is the man who can say, "Thou hast set my feet upon a rock." Such a man can offer some certitude in an uncertain world; he can give us some sense of security. If we can have men who have found a place to put their feet, who are sure that they can move with confidence, we can meet the changes and be unafraid.

We talk much about the church as a fellowship, emphasizing the need that all of us have for friendship. And this is well, for the loneliness of a crowded world is notorious. We talk much about the church as an active and militant body going up against

the evil. And this, too, is good, for there is need for comradeship in the eternal conflict. But the church is something more. It is the Community of the Confident, the gathering of those who know where they stand, whose feet are set upon a rock.

I do not want to talk in parables or in generalities. Part of our need is for moral confidence. None of us wants to recover the unlovely narrowness that has too often disfigured the church. We do not want people who are arrogant in their assurance that they and their kind have a monopoly on the gospel. We do not want any more people who can-manners and their morals, who are persuaded that every new thing, everything which they and their fathers did not know, is evil. We need none of these things. But we do need moral confidence. We need people who believe that there are some wrongs which must not be committed, that there are some goods which must be protected. The attitude that twitters about moral verities, never sure that anything is right, never positive that any way leads unto death, is poor for our times. The evil are all certain about what they want.

I know that religion is not primaily intellectual, and I am not now thinking about what is called education. But we need an informed confidence. It is not necessary that all our people be theologians; we do not need a church full of scholars. But we do need people who know what they believe. It is all right to say that we must have the faith of a child; but even the child knows something about his parents and his home. There can be no confident living growing out of religion for people whose only conception of their faith is vague good will and a hazy notion that everything is going to be all right. An older generation knew its Bible. They had some ideas concerning God and His Son, concerning salvation and the church. I am not suggesting that salvation depends upon correct ideas—for from it. But our chance to live confidently in these times will be much better if we have given some thought to our religion. The religious man now needs to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him.

It is worth considering, whether part of our national jitters is not owing to lack of control on the part of the individual. The last few years have seen a strange happening in this country. We have had more rigid controls in many phases of life than most of us had known before. They were not the conventional moral controls, but controls of our daily living and spending, of our travel and even of our existence. Yet at the same time we have been an age which deplored above all things what has been called Puritanism. We have laughed at the idea of old-fashioned morality. Now nothing is more certain than that emotional excesses bring feelings of uncertainty, and in these years we have had many people who have chafed at external controls in their business, from the sense of futility and of unpreventable change which come with the lack of self-control.

But what we need most, if we are to have our feet set upon a rock, is confidence that comes from our belief in God. It is a very old idea, but one that must always be combatted, that to believe in the victory of God is to

believe in our own victory. It is very difficult for any man to fight courageously for what he believes to be right and to trust in God for the outcome, without taking it for granted that God will carry on where man leaves off. Our usual attitude, I fear, is to say to the Lord, "I have done the best I could: You take this up now, and be sure You don't forget what I want done." The confidence of the faithful is trust in Him who is beyond our planning and our doing, who is greater than our thoughts and our dreams. We do our best, but we know Him in whom we have believed. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

This, then, is one of the chief functions of the church: to create the fellowship of the confident. If we can bring within the circle of the believers in our Lord Jesus Christ men and women who can learn with us to walk as those who know their direction, who are not hesitant about right and wrong, as they understand it, who know as much as they are able about their faith, and whose trust is in a God who is greater than they are—if we can widen this circle of the confident, we may contribute more to the framing of a durable peace, more to the creating of a better world than we have dreamed.

There are great rocks in weary lands; there are rocks on which men may build their houses, and the storms will not prevail against them. But there are also rocks on which men may plant their feet when they have been delivered from the horrible pit, from the miry clay. And those who know that, however difficult the road, they may have whereon to stand so that they slip not, these are the confident.

———:———

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 19, 1947

Oct 21—James Christy, Cottage 3, 15th birthday
Oct. 21—Calvin Matheson, Cottage 16, 16th birthday
Oct 22—Eugene Grice, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
Oct. 23—Carl Patrick Davis, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
Oct. 23—J. C. Taylor, Cottage 11, 16th birthday
Oct. 25—Gerald Petty, Cottage 16, 16th birthday

TRICK OR TREAT

Sibyl Lelah Templeton in Sunshine Magazine

Scouts, united in a campaign to sub

There had been a concentrated effort on the part of the community to divert Halloween pranksters from destructive activities. School authorities and parents, aided by Boy Scouts, united in a campaign to substitute harmless fun for unlawful acts. A leading newspaper had offered tickets to a movis theater, with special attractions promised, in return for pledges that youngsters would refrain from annoying tricks. Unfortunately, this resurrected the old Halloween game of "Trick or Treat." Housewives filled their cooky jars in readiness to treat so they might rest assured that windows, gates and clotheslines would remain unmolested.

The children did not wait for the eventful eve when elves and hobgoblins are supposed to make their appearance, but began festivities several evenings earlier, ringing doorbells and shouting, "Trick or Treat." All persons concerned, for the most part, were good-natured. The boys and girls were satisfied with a few apples or cookies, or what ever might be handed them. One little girl confided gleefully, "I had so much that I took some home."

But by the time Halloween arrived the patience of homemakers was sorely tried, and cupboards were as empty as Old Mother Hubbard's.

On the morning of All Saints' Day, I was walking in the crisp November air. That hobgoblins and elves had held sway the evening before was apparent by gruesome warnings and markings on windowpanes. By By these markings one could easily surmise where tricksters had been repulsed. Childish voices interrupted my thoughts and my attention was drawn to the conversation of two boys, about five and three years of age.

"I wish I hadn't lost that dime," the elder of the two said pensively "What dime?" queried the smaller of the two boys indifferently. He was busily engrossed in manipulating a toy automobile. "W'y, don't you remember? The dime the dame handed us when we told her, 'Trick or Treat.' If we had it we could buy some candy." The boy's face brighten with inspiration "I'll tell you what," he, "exclaimed, "Let's go there again tonight an' her 'Trick or Treat,' then she'll have to give us another dime, or we'll scare her out of her wits all night long!"

What were the processes of thought going on in the active mind of the five-year-old boy, who by the simple device of the warning, "Trick or Treat," had received a shinning dime with all its purchasing power. His determination to repeat the experinces shows what seed had been planted in his fertile brain. A knock at the door, a challenge to produce a dime or its equal or suffer the consequence—a nice beginning in blackmail —and our very young friend was on the road to an unhappy and certainly precarious career.

Where are the parents of these

small but active-minded youngsters? The "Trick or Treat" way out seemed, to them, to solve the problem. "The children must have their fun!" Perhaps Dad and Mother were entertaining at dinner or were planning to go out for the evening. At any rate, five-year-old Johnnie had been permitted to go out into the alluring darkness and had procured easy money. Elated by his success, he had conceived the idea of repeating the performance.

———:———

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
  And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
  October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
  Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And Golden-Rod is dying fast;
  And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When Gentians roll their fringes tight
  To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
  Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
  In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
  Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the field still green and fair,
  Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
  In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
  Of woods, for winter waiting.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
  Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
  October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, preached to the boys at the service on last Sunday afternoon. He used as his topic, "The Mustard Seed Faith." Rev. Mr. Tarlton read as his Scripture lesson a selection from the 7th chapter of Matthew, beginning with the 14th and extending through the 21st verse.

This particular portion of the Scripture recounts the event in the life of Jesus when he had just been upon the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter, James and John. While there on the mountain, the. Master was Transfigured before their eyes, and the disciples thought it such a grand experience that they expressed a disire to erect an altar there and stay on the mountain where they had been met by Moses and Elijah. However, Jesus led them back to the foot of the mountain where the other disciples were waiting. When He returned there He found that the other disciples had failed in their efforts to cure a boy who was afflicted with epilepsy. He rebuked them for their little faith and explained that if they had faith equivalent to a mustard seed they could remove mountains.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton emphasized how important it is for people at all times to have faith in their own ability, and if they purpose in their hearts to do great things, God will be with them. He illustrated this point by referring to various outstanding events in the history of our country. He explained how Christopher Columbus, at the time he made his voyage and found a new country, had great courage because of his faith, and when others would have turned back he cried out, "Sail on, sail on."

It was explained also that Alexander Graham Bell, one of the great inventors who made it possible to send messages by telephone, was first laughed at by Congressmen and others, They even thought of sending him to an asylum. Others laughed at such inventors as the Wright brothers.

Other men have had great influence on the course of human events. Roger Williams, because he thought a person should be free to preach as he felt in his heart, found himself forced out into the cold. He was forced to go out among the frontiersmen of the New England colony, and there he founded a church.

It was explained also that David Livingstone, because he had great faith, was moved to go out into the jungles of Africa, where he would be greeted by cannibals. His friends advised him not to go, but in his heart he had a call from God, and instead of his being eaten by the cannibals, they learned to love him, and at his death they carried his body many miles out of the jungle. Thus, the faith that David Livingstone had changed the destiny of many thousands of heathen.

Rev. Mr. Tarlton explained to the boys that even God, in His providence and in His plans for humanity, must rely upon the faith that men possess.

When the leper came to Jesus from

the leper colony, he declared that, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole." Immediately Jesus healed him, but as He did so He said, "Thy faith has made thee whole."

It was explained that generally people grow in faith from time to time, and it is through their faith that they may overcome the doubts and fears in life, to the end that through faith they learn to make good, and they learn how to amount to something, and how to be important. They learn how to become strong and noble in life. No one achieves great things who does not have the spirit of faith in his heart.

A FRIEND'S GREETING

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way;
I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only blue;
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.
I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.
I'm wishing at this "special" time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way;
And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be:
I'd like to be the sort of "Friend" that you have been to me.

—Ernest Kish.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties.
—John Milton.

—:—

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become principal in the mischief.
—Sheridan.

—:—

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling laboring man, I am for that thing.
—Lincoln.

—:—

Communism possesses a language which all people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy, hatred and death.—Heine.

—:—

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.—Goethe.

—:—

It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.—Johnson.

—:—

You traverse the world in search of happiness which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.—Horace.

—:—

Rogues are always found out in some way. Whoever is a wolf will act as a wolf; that is the most certain of all things.—Fontaine.

—:—

Worldy fame is but a breath of wind that blows now this way, and now that, and changes name as it changes direction.—Dante.

—:—

There is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question, than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of men.—Tillotson.

—:—

Much depends upon a man's courage when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by detraction; but the brave hold on and succeed.—Aikin.

—:—

There are important cases in which the difference between half a heart and a whole heart makes just the difference between defeat and a splendid victory.—A. H. K. Boyd.

—:—

A good and wise man may, at times, be angry with the world, and at times grieved for it; but no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.—Southey.

—:—

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all the conversation that has come to my ears.—Swift.

—:—

A restless mind, like a rolling stone, gathers nothing but dirt and mire. Little or no good will cleave to it; and it is sure to leave peace and quietness behind it.—Balguy.

—:—

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has done.—Mahomet.

—:—

Be assured those will be thy worst enemies, not to whom thou hast done evil, but who have done evil to thee. And those will be thy best friends, not to whom thou hast done good, but who have done good to thee.
—Lavater.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

The way of a maid with a man—matrimony, testimony, alimony.

—:—

When you breathe you inspire; when you do not breathe you expire.

—:—

If nature doesn't get a start on her, a woman can make a fool of almost any man.

—:—

Many a student is kept from his books by a pair of eyes that speak volumes.

—:—

"Gone with the wind," said little Billy, as he fondled the limp end of a kite string.

—:—

The honeymoon is over when the man eats onions whether his wife does or not.

—:—

If, in carving a duck, it should skid off the plate and land in your neighbor's lap, be very courteous and say, "Duck!"

—:—

Wonder if a fellow keeps a girl's picture in the back of his watch because he thinks she'll learn to love him in time?

—:—

Have you ever noticed how it pleases some people to have one coax them to do something they wanted to do anyway?

—:—

A great philosopher once said, "A work well done never needs doing over." Wonder if he ever tried weeding his garden?

—:—

At the age of twenty we don't care what the world thinks of us; at thirty we worry about what it is thinking of us; at forty we discover that it wasn't thinking of us at all.

Mr. Penny (to butler at a reception): "My good man, please announce Mr. and Mrs. Penny and daughter."

Butler (loudly): "Three cents!"

—:—

"Pop, what does college-bred mean?" asked the youth.

The old gentleman replied, "They make college bred, my boy, from the flower of youth and the dough of old age."

—:—

A minister, at the close of his service, extended the invitation to all those present who desired to be married to come forward. Thirteen women and one man started for the altar.

—:—

Friend: "I suppose you have a number of doubtful bills on your books."

Merchant: "I only wish they were. There's no question about most of them."

—:—

A home talent play was in progress in the old town hall. It was the end of the scene and the heroine was starving. "Give me bread!" she cried. And the curtain came down with a roll.

—:—

While it may be true that people take shorter honeymoon trips than they used to, from reading the proceedings of the divorce courts, we are convinced that they take more of them.

—:—

A fat lady stepped on the scales, not knowing they were out of order, and put in a penny. The indicator went up to 57 pounds and stopped. A newsboy standing by noticed the situation. "Gee Whizz!" he cried, "She's hollow!"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 11th, 1947.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hugh Ball
Albert Cox
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Johnny Myers
Carroll Painter
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Troy Lee Wall

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Bobby Long
Bobby Porter
Franklin Robinson
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Bobby Blake
Ransom Edwards
Woodrow Mace
Billy McVicker
Van Robinson
James Scott
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Joe Duncan
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Kenneth Holcomb
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Francis Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
Wayne Millsaps
James Sehen

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Avery Brown
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Smith
Robert Thompson
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Aaron McCarson
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
J. B. Woodel

COTTAGE No. 6

Lloyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyon
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal

Bobby Shepherd
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmitt Fields
Waylon Gardner
Marvin Gupton
Jack Griffin
Raymond Harding
Herman Hutchins
Paul Hendron
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Charles Stanley
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Angel
Bynum Ammens
George Marr
J. C. Mikeal
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Kenneth McLean
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Grant
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
William Lunsford
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Treva Coleman
Elbert Gentry
Sam Finney
Willie Newcomb
Leon Poston
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Avery Hogue
Carl Propst
Garland Leonard
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Kenneth Rogers
Thelbert Suggs
J. B. Shepherd
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams
Coy Wilcox

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Garmon Hubbard
Harvey Jacobs
Perry Martin
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

Ridicule is the first and last argument of fools.—C. Simmons.

OCT 25 '47

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 25, 1947 No. 43

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
Today itself's too late: the wise lived yesterday.

—Marcus Martialis.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.
ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
SAYINGS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT	(Selected)	9
THE NORTH CAROLINA SANDHILLS	(We the People)	11
THE USE OF FEAR	By W. W. Reid	13
WHAT THE EYE SAYS	(The Orphans' Friend)	15
BLACK CATS, WITCHES AND BROOMSTICKS	(The Strathmorian)	17
CRIME DETERRENT	(Catawba News-Enterprise	18
STREAMLINED		
EVANGELISTIC METHODS	(Baptist Reflector)	19
FOLKS, FACTS AND FANCIES	By Beatrice Cobb	20
THE BUSINESS OF LEARNING	(Selected)	21
MY CHURCH	(Arkansas Baptist)	23
RESISTING ENVIRONMENT	By Henry Nitzsche	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Half-mast the flag, and let the bell be tolled:
A tower of strength he was, whose presence drew
The people around him, and today is rolled
A wave of unaccustomed sorrow through
The land he loved; whatever now be said,
The latest great American is dead.

How true his vision was! And how his voice
Seemed as a breeze does on a sultry day!
Long years ago he made life's master-choice,
Like a brave knight of conscience, and alway
Dared wield the club of language clear and strong
To shield the right and batter down the wrong.

Farewell, great soul! Thou surely wilt fare well
On that mysterious and adventurous way
Which thou hast gone; in those realms also dwell
Truth, right, and honor, and God's love bears sway
To these, as in our bounds of time and place,
Thou art no stranger; they will know thy face.

So lived this man, and died, and lives again—
A white dynamic memory in the land.
Oh, what a heritage, my countrymen!
He'll plead forever now, with voice and hand,
Our righteous causes, and his power will grow.
Cease tolling, bell, and let the bugles blow!

—Samuel Valentine Cole.

THE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

October 27th marks the anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, who became one of the nation's outstanding political leaders. Mr. Roosevelt was born in the year 1858 and lived until January 6, 1919.

Theodore Roosevelt was the twenty-sixth President of the United

States, and, without doubt, he was one of the most versatile men ever to play a part in the American public life, and he became one of the country's most interesting political figures, not merely because he was a statesman, for he was always a reformer. He was a naturalist, and a writer of renown; and he was a hunter and a sportsman. He was an advocate of a busy life. Apparently, there was never a dull moment throughout all his career. For a quarter of a century he was the center of numerous political controversies, but at his death there was only one universal opinion of him, which was that he was progressive and courageous.

At his death there was an interesting newspaper appraisal of the man, which reads as follows:

> The bitter animosities he aroused during his lifetime are dead, not so much because he is dead, too, as because they never had any real life in them. It was a curious thing, and often noticed, that whenever he ceased, for even a short time, to be active in the public mind, animosity died away, and his most virulent enemies began to talk kindly of him. That phenomenon was observable, for instance, when he disappeared in the South American wilds. When he got back and plunged into political controversy again, animosity returned to life. This makes it plain that the enmities he aroused were the enmities of a fighting man, and could last only while he was delivering and receiving blows. When he was not actually in a fight, it was impossible to resist his charm.

Theodore Roosevelt was descended on the paternal side from a sturdy family of the early Dutch pioneers. They were people who had emigrated from Holland, and at an early period in the history of the country they became business leaders, and were soon numbered among the aristocracy of old New York. Mr. Roosevelt's mother, who was Miss Martha Bulloch, belonged to a family as distinguished in Georgia as the Roosevelts were in New York.

As a youth, Theodore Roosevelt had the serious handicap of poor health, against which he had to fight continuously until he reached manhood. The vigorous struggle which he made towards the goal of sturdy manhood caused him to be one of the unique heroes for the youth of the land. Theodore himself said in later years that as a youth he made up his mind that, come what might, he would make himself strong and vigorous.

He enrolled at Harvard University, and he was graduated from that institution. Later he studied law at Columbia University. Apparently, he never seriously considered becoming a lawyer, but rather he regarded his preparation in this field as merely a kind of preparation for wider activities in the field of politics.

Mr. Roosevelt was always affiliated with the Republican party, and throughout his career he held numerous offices at the hands of his party. He was a member of the New York Legislature; he was President of the New York Police Commission; he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President McKinley; he served as Governor of the State of New York, and he served as Vice-President and later as President of the United States. He became President when he was only forty-three years of age, and was thus the youngest man ever to occupy this high position. He not only served out the unexpired term of Mr. McKinley, but he was re-elected for another term.

During Mr. Roosevelt's administration, much important legislation was enacted by the Congress, and most of the legislation was of the progressive type. It was always his ambition to improve the social conditions of the country. His main objective was to promote the program of reformation in government, and especially to promote such legislation as would throttle the great financial trusts that were becoming so powerful in the financial affairs of the nation. He was such an outspoken critic of certain affairs, and even certain personalities, that he was constantly in bitter controversies with others.

Mr. Roosevelt rendered the nation a great service during his lifetime. He was tireless in his efforts; he was courageous in his various campaigns; and was superb in his Americanism and in his patriotic devotion to his country.

His ideals of patriotism were eloquently expressed in one of his literary compositions, which reads as follows:

> Every great nation owes to the men whose lives have formed part of its greatness not merely the effect of what they did, not merely the laws they placed upon the statute books or the victories they won over armed foes, but also the immense but indefinable moral influence produced by their deeds and words themselves upon the national character.
>
> It would be difficult to exaggerate the material effects of the

careers of Washington and Lincoln upon the United States. Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of jangling little communities, drifting toward the type of government prevalent in Spanish America. Without Lincoln we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won; and even if, as is possible, we had kept it, both the struggle by which it was kept and the results of this struggle would have been so different that the effects upon our national history could not have failed to be profound.

Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of October 26, 1947

Oct. 26—Marvin Guyton, Cottage No. 9, 12th birthday
Oct. 26—Jimmy Scott, Cottage No. 13, 16th birthday.
Oct. 27—William H. Smith, Cottage No. 4, 15th birthday.
Oct. 28—Chas. Edw. Morgan, Cottage No. 11, 18th birthday.
Oct. 29—Jack Jarvis, Cottage No. 3, 14th birthday.
Oct. 29—Melvin Ledford, Cottage No. 6, 13th birthday.
Oct. 30—Earl Wood, Cottage No. 5, 15th birthday.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Cub Scouts Attend Circus

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Mrs. Liske, our Cub Scout den mother, took the Cub Scouts to the circus at Concord. It was raining and very muddy, but we had a good time. We saw clowns doing funny tricks. Girls were riding the horses, and the horses bowed to us. The monkeys rode on little ponies. A cowboy rode a black and white spotted horse. Some men jumped over three elephants. Some of the men danced. The girls did some tricks on the trapeze. We also saw camels, donkeys, elephants, zebras, rats and lions that growled at us. We saw a colt, too. We had a very good time. We are glad that we are Cub Scouts. Mrs. Liske bought us cotton candy. It was very good!

Mrs. Hawfield took some boys from the first grade to the circus, too. They had a good time.

Visitors at the School

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Recently, we had some very interesting visitors here at the school. They visited us during our history class, and we were glad to have them. Mr. Hawfield brought them. One of them was the superintendent of a training school in Louisiana, and the other was an officer there.

During the time they visited our class, they told the boys that they would be glad to answer questions if any of the boys had questions to ask them. We learned much about their school. We were glad to have them come, and we hope that they enjoy the rest of their stay here.

The Radio Program

By Charles Angel, 9th Grade

On October 14th, the boys in the second grade of the Jackson Training School went over to the radio station and gave a program. It was based on the life of Stephen Foster, who was born July 4, 1826 and died in 1864. He was one of the greatest American song writers. When he was only two years old, he could play tunes on his sister's guitar. At eight years of age, he played well upon a flute. At sixteen he had written and published a song. He loved to go to negro meetings and to their camp grounds. Many of his songs are written about them. The boys sang three songs, which were "Old Black Joe," "Old Dog Tray" and "Uncle Ned." All of the boys enjoyed giving the program, and they want to thank those who made it possible for them to go.

Allan Lane Visited the School

By Charles Angel, 9th Grade

On October 11th, the Jackson Training School had Allan Lane for a visitor. He is the one who plays the part of Red Rider in the movies. He told the boys about different

things in the movies. He said that he had played football at Notre Dame before becoming a movie actor. He stated that every boy had a chance to do something worthwhile and to make something out of himself.

All of the boys really enjoyed having Allan Lane visit the school, and they want to thank all who made it possible for him to come.

Chapel Program

By Julian Commander, 7th Grade

Friday morning, October 10th, the seventh grade gave a program about Columbus.

First on the program, we had devotional by Emmett Fields. He read the 23rd Psalm. Next, we had a reading entitled "The Boyhood of Columbus," given by Julian Commander. Two songs were sung by a group of six boys. They were accompanied by Mrs. Liske at the piano. We had a poem by Billy Ray Day. Then we had a reading, "The Three Ships," by Earl Gilmore, who was also the boy that announced our program. W. L. Steele gave a poem, "Columbus." Harold Sloop gave a reading entitled "Land at Last." We had a musical reading by Bobby Joe Duncan. Roy Eddings gave a poem, "Little Christopher." We had a reading, "Sailing Back to Spain," by Melvin Radford. We concluded our program by singing "America the Beautiful," sung by the group.

Our teacher is Mr. James F. Caldwell, and he is the one who helped us prepare our program.

ETERNAL

Everyone living today is the honored trustee of the ceaseless struggle, unmeasured sacrifice, and unrequited effort of life made in its upward climb during all the millenniums gone by. The life which throbs in us is the same life that incarnated itself in the lowliest forms on an ancient day. We are, therefore, something infinitely more than individuals who began at a certain moment, and who will end at another prescribed moment. Indeed, we are the soul and body of humanity, focused, concentrated, and condensed into a brief span of time and matter. Verily, we are the distilled quintessence of the universal past!

And yet, we are more: here in this mind and body of ours slumbers all of the future that is eternity. Gods are we who can determine whether there will be a future radiant with hope or black with despair. Episodes are we in an experience greater than ourselves. If we pursue merely selfish, individual ends, we are incidental and without importance. But when we realize ourselves as co-workers with Eternal Life, we discover the infinite greatness of our apparent insignificance, and feel the thrust of a dynamic motive for creative living.—W. Waldemar W. Argow.

SAYINGS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Selected)

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards.—From the "Life of Benton."

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.—From "The Strenuous Life."

One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile fighting qualities of the fighting edge. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives, there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into their manliness of fibre. The barbarian, because of the very condition of his life, is forced to keep and develop certain hardy qualities which the man of civilization tends to lose, whether he be clerk, factory hand, merchant, or even a certain type of farmer.—From an Address at the University of Berlin.

So long as I have any influence left I shall protest against arbitration between this and any other country which will not keep its agreements. Arbitration is all well enough under favorable conditions, but not otherwise. It isn't right to arbitrate with a country when you know that that country will not keep an agreement if it comes to pinch. I have no use for liars, national, international, or those found in private life.—From a Speech at Arlington Cemetery.

America is not to be made a polyglot boarding house for money hunters of twenty different nationalities who have changed their former country for this country only as farmyard beasts change one feeding trough for another. America is a nation. No man has any right to come here and no man should be permitted to stay here unless he becomes an American and nothing else. Be loyal to the principles established by Washington and his fellows in 1776 and perpetuated by Lincoln and his fellows in 1861 and 1865. We must have in this country only one flag, and that flag the American flag; only one language, the English language, the language of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, and the second inaugural; but one loyalty, that to the United States.—From a Speech to Munition Workers, at Bridgeport, Conn.

As regards Americanism, we must insist that there be in this country but one nationality, the American nationality. There must be no perpetuation in this country of separate national groups, with their separate languages and special loyalties to alien overseas flags. There can be no fifty-fifty Americanism in this country. There is room here for only 100 per cent.

Americanism, only for those who are Americans and nothing rlse. We must have loyalty to only one flag, the American flag; and it is disloyal to the American flag to try to be loyal to any other, whether that other is a foreign flag or the black and red flag which symbolize either anarchy or else treacherous hostility to a war for which the nation stands.—From a Speech at a Republican Convention at Saratoga.

———:———

REALIZATION

Let me walk with morning
In a new sense of goodness.
Let me feel the exultant well-being
Of all a new day can give.
May my heart be opened wide
To all beauty and wisdom.
May I be a chalice
Gathering the good
From each moment of the day.
Let me live this day
As if it were the only one
Of its kind. May it hold for me
And for all those whose lives touch mine,
A special dream of magnificence,—
A realization of something perfected
In grandeur of love.

—Grace Sayre

THE NORTH CAROLINA SANDHILLS

(We the People)

Halfway between New York and Florida, halfway, too, between New England Winter and tropical lushness are North Carolina's Sandhills, where the sun shines both up and down.

Most visitors know the Sandhills as the Winter golf capital of the Nation—site of two famous resorts, Pinehurst and Southern Pines. They see too, scattered here and there in patches, or even covering whole ridges, the "granulated sugar" piles, coarse, very white, rain-washed sand which reflects light and heat much like a mirror. Just a little bit of Winter sun is doubled, even trebled, by this natural reflection—and the health-giving rays stay in the sunlight.

But they do not know, nor do the scientists, just how the Sandhills came about. Best explanation is that the area once was a great inland sea or perhaps a great sea in its own right, a theory much heightened in the ears of riders through the longleaf pine forests who often comment that the murmur of the wind in the trees is like the distant roar of an ocean.

The Sandhills' mild, bracing winter climate does not derive as much from the sun as is popularly supposed, for the everlasting sand is a factor. The deep sand acts as a great natural sponge—within minutes after a hard shower, it has absorbed the moisture, and outdoor activity may be resumed.

These and other factors make the Sandhills a distinctive habitat for both man and vegetation. Once great forests of long-leaf pine, that most notable of the species, covered the area. Burned and lumbered off, the pine now is coming back through planting and protection. Dogwood and peaches favor the area, too, and give it an early Spring season of color, while the quick growing holly is a winter wonder.

Development of natural advantages rather than creation of artificial attractions has been the objective in the Sandhills since the original purchase by James W. Tufts of Boston of 5,000 acres of the land in 1895. He thought the dry, warm atmosphere would make this land of the long leaf pine an ideal health resort. His son, Leonard Tufts, who was responsible for the actual development of what is now Pinehurst, saw even greater possibilities in this area, and he set out to build a community where people could come to stay well by keeping in physical trim even during the months when outdoor recreation was heavily curtailed in the ice-bound north.

Pinehurst's altitude is 536 feet above sea level and its all-year population is barely 2,000 but from November until April, its hotels and several clubs are brilliant sports and social centers. The No. 2 course at the Pinehurst Country Club is listed among the ten best golf layouts in the world. There are two other Pinehurst courses open to visitors, and tennis and riding are popular sports with ideal facilities for both. Pinehurst is still an unincorporated village, with a country club informality, yet within

easy access are shops and other conveniences of a modern city.

Older than Pinehurst, nearby Southern Pines is an incorporated town of nearly 3,000 all-year inhabitants. This population more than doubles in the March-April season. Southern Pines offers many of the attractions and appearances of Pinehurst, with the difference that it is on main highways and rail routes and has more the atmosphere of the typical American town whereas Pinehurst is essentially a village with an English country life environment.

The Mid-Pines, Pine Needles and Southern Pines country clubs are widely known. There also are 11 hotels in Southern Pines.

Architecture of the Sandhills resort is a distinctive modification of the Georgian Colonial. Aymur Embury II, a New Yorker, is credited with setting the architectural style of Pinehurst. The village was landscaped by Frederick Law Olmstead, who also laid out the formal gardens of Biltmore Estate, another North Carolina showplace near Asheville. The two are studies in contrast. The Pinehurst treatment is as informal as Biltmore is elegant.

U. S. Highwag No 1 bisects the friendly Sandhills, passing through Southern Pines (which also has Seaboard Railroad trunk service) and within six miles of Pinehurst. Federal Highways Nos. 15 and 15A, 220 and 501 also bring North-South traffic directly into this resort center. There is a network of connecting east-west highways, and Pinehurst has its own airport with charter airline connections available at Charlotte, Greensboro and Raleigh.

Tourist accommodations are also available in or near the Sandhill region at Raleigh, Sanford, Aberdeen, Lumberton, Laurinburg, Fayetteville, Hamlet and Rockingham.

Deer and quail hunting are enjoyed in season, and fresh water fishing is to be found in a few nearby lakes.

The Sandhills lies in the South central portion of North Carolina ranging from a few miles south of Raleigh to the South Carolina line. In it is included the huge Fort Bragg reservation, largest artillery post in the nation where hundreds of thousands of Americans have been trained.

It is famed also as one of the finest fruit producing belts in the United States, the sandy loam soil particularly suited to peaches, berries and grapes. Tobacco and cotton are also important sources of farm income. Sandhills' watermelons, the smooth pale green ones, are favorites on most eastern markets.

———:———

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose aims are generous, whose truth is not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal sympathy for the great and the small.—Thackeray.

THE USE OF FEAR

By W. W. Reid, in N. C. Christian Advocate

Friday morning in many Cleveland homes marks the arrival of "the Epworth-Euclid Outlook," a newssheet of the Methodist parish of which Dr. Oscar Thomas Olson is minister. And Dr. Olson's weekly editorial is always stimulating and helpful. Recently he spoke there "On Being Afraid," from which we qoute:

"Fear, as the psychologists are telling us, is an elemental drive of life and therefore cannot be eradicated, and we ought not to try. Not a few of the defeats and unbalances in living come from the effort to repress or obliterate fear.

"Many people are in trouble because they live by pretending that fear is not in their experience. Far better to admit that we are horribly afraid, but that we are, in spite of it, ready to face the thing we fear than to tell ourselves that we are not afraid, when our very insistence proclaims that we are.

"One of the fascinating things about Jesus was that he knew how to handle the drives of life. He was never afraid of the wrong things. He never allowed fear to control his judgment or deflect his purpose or prevent his meeting life's demands and enjoying its gifts.

"Most of us are rightfully afraid of being struck by a passing car as we cross the street. But we do not let that fear do more than perform its proper duty, which is to make us careful. We do not allow it to obsess the mind, or to keep us from going about the city on our business or pleasure. It is a servant, never a master. That is, perhaps, as good a picture as any of the place fear had in the mind of Jesus as he faced the world.

"There are many things of which most of us are afraid and which have the power to destroy our inner serenity or influence our decisions. Jesus knew and felt the full force of these things. He was, more than we, sensitive to suffering and pain. He was quite aware of the destructive power of earthquakes and plagues, the things that many of our legal documents call "acts of God." He knew as well as we know today the ruthless cruelty of men when the war-fever takes them, or when they become fanatically-minded and hold human life very cheap.

"Jesus knew and realized, far more clearly than any of us, what a wild and apparently heartless place this world is for children and young people, so that a father and mother looking around on life might easily be haunted by fear. He knew that death does not always come gently like sleep to tired eyes. In his day, innocent men were sometimes nailed to crosses till the life was torn by their young bodies in agony.

"Jesus was aware of the fact that it was possible for human personality to be captured by evil purposes. One time he had a forthright rebuke for Peter when Peter tried to dissuade him from his plan of action. He said

to him: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'

"The only thing we ought to be afraid of is the power of evil to dominate our lives. Jesus said that this was the only fear that should be allowed to influence us. 'I tell you whom ye ought to fear. Fear him who is able to cast both soul and body into hell."

———:———

THROUGH THE YEARS

God be with you in the Springtime
When the violets unfold,
And the buttercups and cowslips
Fill the fields with yellow gold;
In the time of apple blossoms,
When the happy bluebirds sing,
Filling all the world with gladness—
God be with you in the Spring!
God be with you in the Summer,
When the sweet June roses blow,
When the bobolinks are laughing
And the book with music flow;
When the fields are white with daisies
And the days are glad and long—
God be with you in the Summer,
Filling all your world with song.
God be with you in the Autumn,
When the birds and flowers have fled,
And along the woodland pathways
Leaves are falling, gold and red;
When the Summer lies behind you,
In the evening of the year—
God be with you in the Autumn,
Then to fill your heart with cheer.
God be with you in the Winter,
When the snow lies deep and white,
When the sleeping fields are silent
And the stars gleam cold and bright.
When the hand and heart are tired
With life's long and weary quest—
God be with you in the Winter,
Just to guide you into rest.

—Julian S. Cutler

WHAT THE EYE SAYS

(The Orphans' Friend)

What percentage of people read the newspapers and magazines that continually flood the mails, overrun countless bookstands or are delivered by bright young boys who begin their business careers in that manner? The answer is that no one knows as a matter of statistics, but it is quite well known that the reading public fails by a great deal to see eye to eye. The news of the day, the funny papers, stock market reports, sports happenings, bargain counter advertising and a miscellanea of mental pabulum have various appeals with various people. Some people love to sit down and read long articles on their favorite topics; others detest them and say bring on more jokes and wise cracks. Love stories and books of mystery attract certain sections of the public in droves, and the numerous movie magazines are so many bibles to their clientele. New pulp magazines constantly break out like a rash and there are always customers ready to employ this method of getting away from reality. The salacious purveyings with their suggestive, but not pretty glamor do not suffer from lack of attention.

There is, however, an ever-growing appreciation of the increasing amounts of good literature. The self-improvement publications are steadily growing in popularity and are of great cultural and instructive value. Of course the fraternal, religious and trade publications have, and always will have, tremendous influence in human affairs.

The printed word is a mighty weapon. When it is stamped on white paper it speaks with authority in the overall picture. Commentators, analyists, columnists and observers have huge followings and all these unremitting impacts upon the public consciousness are changing world thought. Radio has horned in enormously, but the ear can never seriously invade the realm of the eye.

There is a great stimulus in the exercise of both these senses as there are in the cases of the other three. Taste, touch and smell are stimuli of another kind. The mind does not get as much from them in the matter of expanding the consciousness and raising the mentality as it does from sight and sound.

One can get a vast deal of inspiration and information by close attention to the ear, but there is much less work than in using the eye. Reading requires a little more active attention; there is less passivity in the use of the eye than in the use of the ear. The reading man is a little more of a digger for what he gets.

Congreve said: "Read and take your nourishment at your eyes; shut up your mouth and chew the cud of understanding."

Desultory reading or reading while the mind is muddled by fugitive thoughts is not good for the mind. Thought has to be a component part of every educative process. Aimless reading naturally creates aimless reactions, for everything produces after its kind.

Many people fall into the bad habit of reading only the literature that confirms their opinions and expresses their prejudices. In such cases there is a back fire that is hostile to breath of thought and sympathetic understanding. When the thoughts of another through the printed page say of your own thoughts: "You are right. You needn't bother; go on and play marbles and enjoy yourself." That is stagnation. The writer who makes you mad is at least a stimulant; you want to break loose and express yourself in some satisfying way. Relaying our own thoughts under quotes of another is the foundation of smugness and stagnation. The writer who merely makes you shake hands with yourself and dream pleasant and convenient dreams is not your next best friend by any means. Whether you like him or not, the one who in proper manner suggests that your own, really does youa gests that there is another conception turn. It is often far better to stimulate others to think things through than to dispense pre-digested facts.

———:———

THE COST OF CRIME

Dr. James M. Hepborn, Baltimore criminologist, directs the attention of the people of the United States to the fact that part of every dollar they spend goes to pay for crime.

"Hotels must charge an extra 50 cents a day simply because many guests walk out with towls and other articles," he said. And he might have cited hundreds of other examples.

Automobile theft insurance rates are almost prohibitive because so many automobiles are stolen and every big store in the nation figures thousands of dollars worth of merchandise will be stolen annually—and markes up its price accordingly.

Taxpayers spend huge sums to operate courts of justice and to build and maintain large penal institutions, in which convicted prisoners are confined.

Law-abiding citizens who are the victims of crime pay most of the cost of crime. Criminals, on the other hand, make a so-called profit from crime.

It's a parodoxical situation—but we don't see what can be done about it except to keep on fighting crime.—The News Herald.

BLACK CATS, WITCHES AND BROOMSTICKS

Adapted from The Strathmorian, in Sunshine Magazine

The Eve of All Hallows, or the Eve of the Festival of All Saints, falls on October 31st and is commonly known as Halloween. Its origin lies back in the middle ages, in the days when belief in witches, goblins, evil spirits, and other mischief-making beings were much more common than today.

By some strange coincidence these evil beings were supposed to have special liberty to run riot before All Saint's Day. Perhaps the reason for this was that they were making the most of their opportunities, for on the morrow the holiness of All Saint's Day would keep them from putting in their appearance.

But whatever the exact origin of the supposed orgy of evil spirits on the night before All Saint's Day, it is, nevertheless, interesting to review some of the superstitions and customs, past and present, connected with Halloween. Here are some of the superstitions:

Children born on that night were believed to have the gift of seeing in the future. What is more, the most common superstitions connected with Halloween have always concerned themselves with looking into the future, usually to get a clue on the "better half" to be.

What superstitious maiden has not walked down the cellar stairs backwards with a looking glass in one hand and a candle in the other, in the hopes of seeing her future husband reflected from behind her shoulder in the looking glass?

A famous Scotch custom practiced at Halloween concerned itself with burning nuts in an open fire. By naming two nuts, placed side by side in the fire, after a certain lad and lass —these superstitious people believed they could tell by whether the nuts burned quietly together or started from one another whether the courtship, and possible marriage, would run smoothly. Try this out at your Halloween party along with the bobbing for apples.

Another custom observed by genial "Bobby" was this: Sneak out unnoticed to a beanstalk and walk around it three times. The last time around you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future wife or husband, as the case may be.

And so we might go on and on, relating the strange and laughable customs of the old Scotch folks—there are literally hundreds of them—interesting indeed not only in themselves but also in the light they throw upon the "Tomfoolery" of our present-day Halloween tricks.

And now girls, just because we've told you about it, you needn't try walking down cellars backwards looking in your mirror, because, if you break your neck, we won't be responsible for any ideas put into your pretty heads. So there!

CRIME DETERRENT

The Catawba Enterprise

The darkest day on record in the history of North Carolina in executions last Friday, the day on which five men, white and colored, paid the supreme penalty for convictions of crimes, has brought forth considerable comment both for and against capital punishment.

Sometime before the day of the five executions, a voice in the press of the state warned against undue relaxation of the spirit of the law because the five executions happened to fall on one day—and reminded that each case had to be treated as an individual case, and with that thought we are in full accord.

Without permitting persausion either for or against capital punishment to influence the thinking as to whether taking a life by the State is the best crime deterrent, a point raised forcibly by the Greensboro Daily News offers food for thought to a citizenship that should be concerned primarily with wiping out the causes that lead to capital punishment, rather than concentrating to much attention on the punishment itself.

It was brought out by the editorial in point that circumstances beyond the control of the criminal contributed mightly to his delinquency in at least one of the five men executed last Friday. The man in question said to have been of mixed blood, was more or less an outcast and thus deprived of opportunities available to the average boy of any color.

One wonders, if the truth were known in all cases that lead to the gas chamber, how much society has contributed to the delinquency in failure to meet the mental, physical, moral, and social needs of the person convicted. There is no way to measure the lives saved from a similar fate by enforcement of the compulsory school laws, by supervised playgrounds, hospitals for the mentally and physically ill, churches, Sunday schools, welfare departments, and the hundreds of other agencies that administer to the wants and needs of humanity.

It is not a question that can be solved by a debate on the efficacy of capital punishment as a crime deterrent. The real problem lies in the formation of character, and its solution is not as simple as prescribing a punishment to fit the crime—for the criminal seldom thinks of his debt to society until it is too late.

———:———

Mirth is God's medicine; everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life—ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth.—Orison Swett Marden.

STREAMLINED EVANGELISTIC METHODS

Baptist and Reflector

A speaker said that if mass evangelism is to succeed in these modern days, "We must streamline our methods."

That depends upon the meaning intended by the expression. In the hand of a Biblical conservative, the principle might be used to advantage. In the hand of a radical, it might do untold harm.

Under the guise of streamlining, a few evangelists go into the show business in the pulpit. They put forth nonsensical stunts and statements befitting the vaudeville stage rather than the house of God. And the proposition to "decide for Christ" is so phrased and presented that commitment seems to involve little more in the realm of the soul than coolly deciding to go to the post office means in the realm of the flesh.

The excuse for vaudevillian tactics in evangelism is usually that they are intended to "attract people to the preaching." This brings up Paul's reminder that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Carnality cannot be made to serve spirituality except professedly.

What passes for "preaching" in meetings streamlined in the radical sense is commonly only a rapid-fire tirade or mere moralizing with little or no solid Bible truth in it. There have been churches which, after "streamlined" evangelists had done their work, felt it needful to secure some solid gospel preaching to ground the people in the teachings of the Word of God; In contrast, the New Testament evangelism was rich in Bible doctrine.

The grave danger in such meetings is a large list of "converts" who have not been converted. We have known churches which required years to recover from the effect of such meetings. Of course, there may be a few cases in which grace brings to fruition gospel truth previously heard or tibits of gospel truth which the streamliner may happen to toss out. If so, these few conversions are in spite of carnally streamlined tactics and not because of them. Carnally streamlined evangelism may be more impressive statistically than Bible evangelism, but it is not as impressive redemptively in the sight of God.

Blessed are those Christians and their ministers who have faith enough to depend upon prayer and the Word of God and the power of the Spirit and the witnessing of saints for the conversion of sinners!

———:———

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.—Sophocles.

FOLKS, FACTS AND FANCIES

By Beatrice Cobb

Every fall I get confused about which is "Harvest Moon" and which is "Hunter's Moon"--the full moon in September known by one of the names and that in October by the other. Trying again last week to find some information on the subject since at that time the full moon was in full glory, I learned from one of the books I consulted that astronomers usually regard as the harvest moom the full moom nearest in date to the autumnal equinox, which—this book stated—is September 23rd.

(I thought the equinox was usually given in almanacs as occurring on the 21st, but for several days about that time the days and nights are equal in length, or so nearly equal that a minute more or less wouldn't make a lot of difference). This same authority went on the explain that country people, however, are more likely to regard the next full moon after September as the harvest moon; namely the full moon that occurs about the middle of October. At this season, according to this writer, the path of the moon, especially in high latitudes, passes quite closely above and below the horizon at the time of the full moon, causing it to rise early at sunset for several nights in succession. Thus the havest moon prolongs the natural twilights and permits tardy farmers, so it is said, to complete their belated harvesting before the coming of winter. The moon that follows the harvest moon, whether that is considered to come in September or October is usually called the hunter's moon in November if the harvest moon is the October full moon), alluding to the fact that the hunting season generally does not begin until after the harvest

THE JOY OF ASSISTANCE

Buddha said: "The charitable man is loved by all; his friendship is prized highly in death his heart is at rest and full of joy, for he suffers not from repentence; he receives the openning flower of his reward and the fruit that ripens from it. The charitable man has found the path of salvation. He is like the man who plants a sapling, securing thereby the shade, the flowers and the fruit in future years. Even so is the result of charity even so is the joy of him who helps those who are in need of assistance."

—Masonic Historiology.

THE BUSINESS OF LEARNING

(Selected)

Autumn is here, good folks. The calendar says so and the crisp coolness that is beginning to dominate the air adds its sign manual. Do not think for a moment that summer has no more to say during the current year, for it has reserved some of the most disagreeable hot weather for September and October. You will experience the proof of that when on a Saturday afternoon you attend a football game or engage in some equivalent diversion or job of work. When the team you definitely are not pulling for wins the game, the ardor of Old Sol will seem all the meaner.

But even a more important matter in connection with the entry into autumn or full (autumn for poets and philosophers; fall for me'n you) is reopening of schools all over the land. The home and the school are the bedrock of social life. Humans—and animals too—have inherent gifts that have to be disciplined, cultivated and trained in order to bring them from latency into actuality. Book "larnin" does not work out one hundred percent in all individuals. Every now and then we find men and women with a long section of the alphabet trailing their names who are dunderheads at the actual businesses of life. That has caused some of the so-called self-made people to snort at the mention of a college degree, but the preponderance of evidence is that education and "know-how" are winners in the battle with ignorance and its natural complement, poverty, almost every time.

It is to be observed in this connection that many of the successful supposed illiterates are far from being uneducated. Close study will bring out the fact that under the whiplash of their own needs, their strength of will and willingness to pay the price, these successful people are decidedly disciplined, trained and cultivated for the purpose at hand. The truth is that if the teachings in the formal school room are not supplemented regularly and generously with the extra-curricular factors in social, business and religious life, one cannot get but a smattering of good from the books. A man may take the literate cringe by the assault and battery on the English language, or be lacking in social amenities and graces, and yet be a perfectionist in his chosen work or calling. One side of him, the know-how and do, has gone forward, while the cultural still lags, but no one can dodge the fact that he is educated on the practical side. No one, however, can nearly attain to the ideal until every side of him has been polished to the highest degree.

The parent in the home begins the process of education. These plastic years are of the utmost importance in the life of the child from the day he is born to his dying day as man. The teacher then takes over, though the parent's time as teacher has yet many years to run, and group relationships with all their implications, set in. What the parent does vastly helps or hinders the teacher; what the teacher does is a most important factor

with further education, in which self-education increasingly plays a greater part. In the course of time, the student becomes his own teacher, his own disciplinary agent or inspiration. The time always comes when each has to stand on his own bottom.

———:———

A DARK CLOUD AND ITS SILVER LINING

In the minister's morning sermon he told of the primal fall,
And how, henceforth, the wrath of God rested on each and all;
And how, of His will and pleasure, all souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to eternal torture, and held in the way thereto.
Yet never, by Faith's unreason, a saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson a tenderer heart belied.
And after the painful service, on that pleasant, bright first day,
He walked with his little daughter through the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him its tinted petals the blossoming orchard hung.
Around, on the wonderful glory the minister looked and smiled
"How good is the Lord who gives us these gifts from his hand, my child.
"Behold in the bosom of apples, and the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old lost beauty of the Garden of the Lord."
Then up spake the little maiden, treading on snow and pink,
"Oh, father, these pretty little blossoms are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden, there never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed God would have loved us all."
"Hush, child!" the father answered. "By His decree men fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness but He doeth all things well.
And whether by His ordaining to us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow, we must fear and love Him still."
"Oh I fear Him," said the daughter, "and I try to love Him, too;
But I wish He were kind and gentle—kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit, as the tremulous lips of pain,
And wide, wet eyes, uplifted, questioned his own in vain.
Bowing his head he pondered the words of his little one.
Had he erred in his life-long teachings, and wrong to his Master done?
To what grim and dreadful idol had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human, the God of his worship shame?
And lo! from the bloom and the greenness, from the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter, he had read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies the vision of God he saw.
And as when, in the clefts of Horeb, of old was his presence known,
The dread, ineffable glory was infinite goodness alone.
Thereafter his hearers noted in his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the message of hatred burned in his lips again.
And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, and the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime, grew soft in his warmth and light.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

MY CHURCH

The Arkansas Baptist

Before I was born my church gave to my parents ideals of life and love that made my home a place of strength and beauty.

My church enriched my childhood with romance and religion and the lessons of life that have been woven into the texture of my soul. Sometimes I seem to have forgotten and then, when else I might surrender to foolish and futile ideals of life, the truths my church taught become radiant, insistent, and inescapable.

In the stress and storm of adolescense my church heard the surge of my soul and she guided my footsteps by lifting my eyes toward the stars.

When first my heart knew the strange awakenings of love my church taught me to chasten and spiritualize my affections, she sanctified my marriage and blessed my home.

When my heart was seamed with sorrow, and I thought the sun could never shine again, my church drew me to the Friend of all the weary and whispered to me the hope of another morning, eternal and tearless.

When my steps have slipped and I have known the bitterness of sin, my church has believed in me and wooingly she has called me back to live within the heights of myself.

Now come the children dearer to me than life itself and my church is helping me to train them for all joyous and clean Christly living.

My church calls me to her heart. She asks my service and my loyalty. She has a right to ask it! I will help her to do for others what she has done for me. In this place in which I live, I will help her keep aflame and aloft the torch of a living faith.

FELLOWSHIP

The pines define the endless round,
Encircling this hallowed ground.
Quick and vital underneath,
The steadfast roots draw living breath:
Roots that intertwine for strength
And achieve a mutual length.
Dark and light may come and go,
Summer softness, winter snow:
In a circle firm they stand,
All the branches holding hand:
Every season growing higher,
Stretching up toward their Desire.
And their voices on the breeze
Bless the Maker of the trees.

—Virginia E. Huntington.

RESISTING ENVIRONMENT

By Henry Nitzsche, in The London Prison Farmer

There can be little doubt that environment does play a large part in a man's development, mental as well as physical. Its influence is subtle, and is active often before one realizes that he is under pressure. The early environment of childhood maintains its influence long after the boyhood days have gone by or submerged in the encroachment of adolescence.

In many of our large cities certain sections within the urban area detrimental to the upbringing of young citizens. They are detrimental because everything that is unfavorable seems to gravitate to these slums which reek of poverty and disease; and as the city grows such sectors are more and more relegated to what in time comes to be called the very heart of the city. Formerly they were in the suburbs.

In the old days folks had grown accustomed to these eyesores. They had been educated to regard slums as inevitable—inevitable because of the fact that every community has its working class district, its business sector, and its residential areas. We have the rich, the middle class, and the working class. These all are the product of our modern civilization which, therein, differs little from the Greco-Roman out of which our culture has largely been envolved.

The environment of the slums has always been poor as regards the effect it has had and has on the succeeding generation. Filth, poverty, crime have all their most favorable breeding place therein. The ramshackle shacks, the shanties and hovels—aren't they the landmarks of everything one would identify with that which is unbeautiful? Does not crime largely thrive best where poverty is most in evidence? For where poverty teems ignorance also flourishes. Where ignorance is in the ascendant, the whole community suffers. Such an environment is not conductive to the building of character in the citizenry. And the nation depends on the character of its citizenry for survival.

We do not say that men have not, in times past and in spite of such environment, risen to the limelight with their names emblazoned on the pages of history as great in character and eminently wise in the general conduct of their affairs. They did this in spite of the handicap of unpleasant surroundings: and one might add, that in a way they were impelled by the challenge of environment to rise above environment, to overcome that which subtly work against them.

Whenever we are placed in an environment unfavorable to us, we ought to forget about following "the line of least resistance," natural indeed as this might be; building up a resistance against such an environment is the logical step. No environment can overwhelm a man if he does not condition himself and permit himself to become a victim of such an avalanche. Every man to seek to rise superior to environment because this shows, in unmistakable manner, just what his mettle is.

The saying is, "The rose rises out

of the muck." Real men are the direct product of adversity. And for some, poverty is an incentive to eliminate poverty. Ignorance is a challenge for the wise to reduce ignorance by the normal process of sound education. But—

There are times in a man's life when he has to get along in whatsoever environment he may be placed by circumstance. Should he permit the environment to reduce him to moral and physical degeneration? Can't he, as an intelligent agent, do something about it? On the latter point—of course he can and should control his own attitude as this effects him and his surroundings. If the environment is against him, he ought to resist it with all the power at his command.

You know, no one can force you against your will to accept that which a particular environmental influence may deal out. The ability to accept or reject remains. It is only necessary to exert a little will power, to use the faculty at hand and assert the courage which is ours and thus repel the influence which is offensive. That is resisting an environment.

———:———

FRIENDSHIP MAKES A POOR MAN RICH

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings.

Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover kindly, unpermanent relationship.

Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill-report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days.

Friendship has not the iridescent joy of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity of faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the school last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 10:30-37, and the title of his message to the boys was "Loving Our Neighbors."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt stated that the love of God and the love of man completely summed up everything Jesus taught during His ministry on earth. These are the two hinges on which hang all that is worthwhile in life.

The speaker then asked the question: What does it mean to be a good neighbor? He answered by saying that it means taking advantage of those circumstances which put it in our power to help those less fortunate than we

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then explained what loving our neighbor does not mean, as follows: (a) It does not mean that one is compelled to like his neighbor. Like is a personal feeling of the heart. There are those people around us we like to be with, while there are others we do not like to be with. (b) It does not mean that we have to associate with our neighbor. Even though we may not particularly care for his company, we must accord him the same rights and privileges as we enjoy.

The two parties in the parable just read, said the speaker, were far from being friends. One was a Jew and the other a Samaritan. They were members of races of people who hated each other. However, when the Samaritan saw the Jew lying by the side of the road, badly wounded, he immediately realized that the unfortunate man needed assistance. He bathed and dressed his wounds and took him to an inn, where he made arrangements for him to stay until he recovered.

Jesus told this story to a great crowd of people. When He had finished, He asked them who they thought had acted as a good neighbor. The reply was, "he that showed mercy." The Master then issued a command, not only for the people of that day, but for all mankind down through the years, when He said, "Go thou, and do likewise."

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then stated that those words of Jesus are ringing in our ears today. We are told daily of the sad plight of hundrdes of thousands of starving people in Europe, as a result of the recent war. Our government and our churches are asking us to help them. Some people may say, "I do not like those Europeans," and refuse to render any assistance. That is not the attitude of the good neighbor. Although a vast expanse of ocean separates them from us, those unfortunate people are our neighbors. If we are financially able—and most everybody can give a little—it is our Christian duty to help those suffering Europeans as much as possible.

The next question raised by the speaker was, "How Are We to Love Our Neighbors?" which he answered in this manner: (a) Jesus tells us to love our neighbors as ourselves. If we would take time to study our own lives, we would find some things about ourselves which we do not like. Most

of us do not find it very difficult to forgive ourselves of any shortcomings. Therefore, we should always be as ready to forgive our neighbors as we are to forgive ourselves. (b) We should love our neighbors as Christ loved us. He made the greatest scrifice the world has ever know for the purpose of helping us. We should be willing to make sacrifices in order to help our neighbors.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then explained what loving our neighbor will do for us by calling attention to two familiar stories. He first told of the boy, Jean Val Jean, in that wonderful story, "Les Miserables." This lad had greatly wronged a kindly old bishop who had befriended him. Instead of punishing the boy for his evil acts, the bishop forgave him and treated him kindly. This kindness changed the boy's entire life, and he developed into a good man.

The other story was about a nurse. When but a young girl, she saw a Turkish soldier kill her brother, and she would have been killed herself had she not escaped into the woods. Some years later, she became an army nurse. One day, among the patients brought into the hospital, she recognized the soldier who had murdered her only brother. Her first impulse was to let him die, but she decided to treat his as a Christian should treat an enemy, and nursed him back to health. When he had recovered, the soldier said, "Nurse, you certainly must have recognized me as the man who killed your brother. Why didn't you let me die?" She replied that she had learned through the teachings of the Master to return good for evil. Hearing this, the soldier's life was changed, and he became a Christian.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt told the boys to always remember the words of Jesus: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and to act as a good neighbor toward all people.

———:———

"FRIENDSHIP"

A friend's a friend though rich or poor, in plenty or in need.
The name is but an idle word, if flattery pen the creed.
A friend will drink from hardship's glass as well as victory's cup
And back a comrade when he's down; not only when he's up.
Some call it friendship when they run a conqueror home to cheer.
Crowds always line the streets to see some famous man appear,
But friendship is a deeper trait; it wears though thick and thin.
It stands by comrades when they lose; not only when they win.
Some turn their backs on shabby dress and pleas of need rebuff.
The scorn of pride in post and purse is truly bitter stuff.
But friendship clings to friends of old and bids them in to sup,
And stays the friend when friends are down; as well as when they're up.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

All cruelty springs from weakness.—Seneca.

—:—

A courageous foe is better than an unworthy friend.—Allen.

—:—

He who has not forgiven an enemy has not yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—Lavater.

—:—

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Johnson.

—:—

When you are afraid of anything remember this: it may not happen: and if it does, your being afraid makes it twice as painful.—Franklin.

—:—

The devil has at least one good quality, that he will flee if we resist him. Though cowardly in him, it is safety for us.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

The man who speaks his positive convictions is worth a regiment of men who are always proclaiming their doubts and suspicions.—Pliny.

—:—

A great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.—Addison.

—:—

Nothing gives such a blow to friendship as detecting another in an untruth. It strikes at the door of our confidence ever after.—Hazlitt.

—:—

In order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it.

—Ruskin.

The brave man needs no charms to encourage him to duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from doing it.—Bulwer.

—:—

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—W. Irving.

There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.—Burke.

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by and by." Life is like that; one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.—Holmes.

—:—

For as I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young; and he who follows this maxim, in body will possibly be an old man, but he will never be an old man in mind.—Cicero.

—:—

Failure is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid.—Keats.

—:—

Such is the force of envy and ill-nature, that the failings of good men are more published to the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues will with praise.—N. P. Willis.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

A wise man thinks all he says; a fool says all he thinks.

—:—

My watch is a wonder. I look at it and wonder what time it is.

—:—

Some men are like wheelbarrows. They go aroud as they are pushed.

—:—

No one has accused prosperity of speeding while rounding that corner.

—:—

You will find fools enough during the day without hunting the main herd at night.

—:—

What you don't know may not hurt you, but it provides a lot of amusement for others.

—:—

The most inconsiderate person is the one who wants you to listen when you want to talk.

—:—

It is pretty generally the case that a man puffed up with pride does all the puffing himself.

—:—

The only way to cure a man of the itch to run for office is to scratch him at the polls.

—:—

Uncle Sam seems to have a pretty good constitution despite the fact that somebody is always finding fault with it.

—:—

Wife: "George, what do you think? Mother wants to be cremated."
Husband (rising briskly): "Fine! Tell her to get her things on."

—:—

Some of our learned men argue that the pre-historic 30-inch fly became extinct. They are mistaken. It was transformed into a mosquito.

Superstition is what makes a man liable to be run over by a truck while he is out in the road trying to see the new moon over his right shoulder.

—:—

Remember the good old days when men put their shirts on over their heads, and all they expected from the government was a free package of garden seeds?

—:—

A reporter asked the city editor, "Boss, what shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the baseball game?" After careful study, the editor replied, "Just say that the bleachers went wild."

—:—

An Irishman, employed at an observatory, was watching a learned professor who was peering through a large telescope. Just then a star fell. "Man alive!" exclaimed the astonished Irishman. "You're a fine shot."

—:—

"Yes, sir," panted the new sheep herder as he tried to talk to his boss. "I got all them sheep in but I had to run pretty hard to get them lambs." "Lambs?" replied the boss. "I have no lambs. Let's see what you have rounded up." Looking into the shed the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.

—:—

Autoist: "I had the right of way when this man ran into me, yet you say I was to blame."
Officer: "You certainly were."
Autoist: Why?"
Officer: "Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I'm engaged to his sister. So, shut up or I'll knock your block off."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 19, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Johnnie Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Eugene Womble
Earl Wood

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Hubert Brooks
Floyd Canady
Woodrow Mace
Billy McVicker
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Robert Jarvis
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
Wayne Millsaps

COTTAGE No. 4

Billy Ray Daye
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Smith
Robert Thompson
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Jimmy Cauthen
William Hinson
Aaron McCarson
Evan Myers
Billy Paschal
Glenn Rice

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Bobby Shepherd
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmett Fields
Marvin Guyton
Jack Griffin
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Robert Hinson
Clifton Kerns

COTTAGE No. 10

George Marr
J. C. Mickeal
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Roy Eddings
Curtis Helms
Robert King
Kenneth McLean
Bill Ray
Benny Riggins
James Rogers
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Earl Grant
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Treva Coleman
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Ray Lunsford
Boyd Morris
Willie Newcomb
Leon Poston
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippey
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Bass
Cecil Butcher
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Edens Chavis
Harvey Jacobs
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Francis Thomas
Roy Orr

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
Harvey Honeycutt

The more gross fraud the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily be swallowed, since folly will always find faith where impostors will find impudence.—Colton.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 1, 1947 No. 44

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

NOV 1 47

WEALTH

To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendships pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbribed, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

—Samuel Johnson.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
HICKORY, STATE'S FASTEST GROWING AND BEST BALANCED CITY	(Chamber of Commerce Booklet)	12
AUTUMN TIME	(The Junior Citizen)	21
BAD BOYS ARE MY SPECIALTY	By John Dallavaux	22
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
PHOOLOSOPHY		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ROOM AT THE TOP

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Nor fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for all that,
To him that doth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad—
But there's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience!
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you'll find, lad,
The farther along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair nor drop;
Be sure that your path points upward—
There's always room at the top.

—George Thomas Dowling.

GRATITUDE IN THE HARVEST SEASON

With the arrival of the month of November, thoughtful people begin to think of Thanksgiving and all of the sentiments that go along with the harvest season. This does not mean, of course, that they have not been mindful of the favors and the benefits which they have enjoyed throughout all the other months of the year, but it is a traditional custom implanted in the American conscience to begin to be more aware of the sentiments of gratitude during the month of November than at other times.

In this connection, it should be remembered that the spirit of gratitude is something that must be cultivated and nourished in the hearts of people. Unless there is, from year to year, a new em-

phasis upon the proprieties of giving thanks, there is a tendency to become thoughtless and indifferent, even in the face of great blessings. In the human heart there is an eternal conflict between the spirit of selfishness and the spirit of gratitude. The person who becomes so proud in his selfishness that he loses his spirit of gratitude has degenerated into a poor companion and a sorry citizen.

Here in America we have been so bountifully blessed and have enjoyed such an outpouring of blessings that we have tended to become greedy and selfish. There are many people who have become so greedy, even though they have accumulated much, they gripe and complain because they do not get more. Too many are constantly demanding more and more, and the more they get the more they want.

In our social life the test of a person's culture and refinement is whether or not he or she remembers to express thanks for any and all courtesies. One of the certain earmarks of good culture is when people remember to express gratitude to others for any favors that may be extended to them. On the other hand, one of the surest signs of a crude, unpolished person is the fact that he forgets to express his thanks for favors. Generally, it leaves a very bad impression, if some courtesy is extended to another, and the recipient seems to accept the favor merely as the thing that was to be expected and which he thought was really his due.

In olden times when slavery prevailed in the land, it occurred that slaves toiled day in and day out, without any words of gratitude. As a consequence, the slave holders brought a curse upon themselves because they destroyed the sentiments of gratitude in their own hearts. Even the humblest child or the poorest workman is entitled to due thanks when any task has been well done.

Henry Ward Beecher once wrote the following: "Pride slays thanksgiving, but an humble mind is the soil out of which thanks naturally grow. The proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves."

Shakespeare wrote also: "God's goodness hath been great to thee. Let never a day nor night unhallowed pass but still remember what the Lord hath done."

Seneca, a Roman philosopher, wrote the following: "It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To

find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so. If I only have the will to be grateful, I am so."

* * * * * * * *

ANNUAL MEETING OF SOCIAL WELFARE INSTITUTE

The 28th annual Public Welfare Institute was held in Raleigh October 20-22 of this week. The theme of the program was "Community Responsibility For Developing Adequate Social Resources." Dr. Ellen Winston, the State Commissioner of Public Welfare, is to be commended for the excellent program which had been arranged for the county Superintendents of Welfare and other welfare workers.

Interesting discussions centered around such pertinent topics as taking a thorough inventory of social resources in the community, publicizing the need for social resources, and the role of organized groups in providing social resources.

In the discussions emphasis was placed on the fact that in operating an efficient welfare program in any community it must be remembered that there is no set pattern that will meet the needs of each and every community. While it is true that there are certain things in common in all communities, it is likewise true that social workers must be aware of the fact that there are certain community attitudes and traditions which must be observed. In this connection, however, stress was placed upon the fact that all welfare programs should be sufficient and adequate for the needs of each community. It was pointed out that the job of modern social workers has become a rather specialized type of activity. It is no longer something that can be delegated to some person who may need help, but rather it must be delegated to people who have adequate training for their work.

Much stress was placed upon the fact, too, that all social workers, from the Superintendent of Welfare on down, need to work diligently to secure intelligent interpretation of the welfare program. The interpretation oftentimes can be made through the newspapers, before various civic groups, and before various clubs and organizations. The average layman is not always familiar with certain technical terms with which welfare workers are conversant. For

instance, to most laymen, such terms as "procedures" and techniques" have very little, if any meaning at all.

For instance, at the present hour some person might think there is no occasion for anyone to be in need of social benefits from the state or county government, but such an assumption is erroneous when it is remembered that oftentimes there is unemployment because of illness, old age, physical handicaps or other social conflicts.

It was pointed out in this connection that the welfare departments, local and state, have attained for themselves a high measure recognition and esteem so that today, when there is an individual or community need, there is a strong tendency on the part of the public to turn towards the organized forces of the local welfare department. Sometimes there is urgent need for provision for additional recreational facilities for youth and for adults, and also there is need for more adequate health care. The welfare departments are better able today to meet such needs than ever before, through their cooperation with other organized agencies.

Finally, much emphasis was placed on the fact that planning to meet social needs must be done on the local level rather than on the national or state level. Today there is a strong tendency to look to local agencies or local resources for the amelioration of bad social conditions and for meeting whatever emergencies may arise within local communities. The local agency, after all, is the permanent continuing agency within the local community, that does its work year in and year out.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 2, 1947

Nov. 6—Coy McElven, Cottage 4, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

There Are Many Ships A-Sailing

(An Original Poem)

Original Poem by John D. Gupton, 9th Grade

There are many ships a-sailing,
Far out across the sea.
They take in goods. They carry out goods.
They go for you and me.
There are many sailors aboard these ships.
They on the ocean trod.
But it will be so very good
If they will sail for God.

B. T. U. Starts Again

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Sunday, October 19th, the Baptist Training Union work started again at our school. Mr. John Puckett and Mr. Harold Sofness, from the First Baptist Church of Concord, came over to the school to help with the meetings. Again this year as last year, Mr. Hines is going to help with the meetings, too. He had the boys of his cottage, Cottage No. 3, to prepare a very good program last Sunday.

The boys heard Jimmy Sehen give a short talk and sing a song. Then five boys had a dialogue. James Arrowood gave a talk, "Worship Gives Strength." Leroy Shedd gave a talk, "Worship Brings Us Closer to Jesus." J. C. Littlejohn and Bernard Webster gave a talk on the topic, "Worship Helps Us Overcome Temptations." Kenneth Halcomb's talk was "Worship Builds Christian Fellowship." The last part on the Juniors' program was by two boys, David Gibson and Claude Sexton, and it was "Worship Builds the Church."

Immediately after the Juniors had finished their program (which was given in the auditorium), the Intermediates made talks as follows: "Introduction", Bobby Joe Duncan; "Training in Church Membership," Clyde Wright; "A Co-operative Program," Talmadge Duncan; "How Much Am I Worth," Woodrow Norton; "Accepting an Honor," Jack Jarvis; "The Topic Discussed," Robert Jarvis; "Nothing Planted, Nothing Reaped," Glenn Evans; and "Plant Good, Reap Good," James Christy.

We all enjoyed giving this program, and we hope that our next program is as good.

How To Study

By Robert Jarvis, 9th Grade

Thursday, October 23rd, the boys saw a show entitled "How to Study." Tom was the boy in the picture. He was studying in his study hall. He wanted to prepare his civics theme in the study hall, but before he began to study, he figured out how much time to use to study science and how much to use to study civics. He figured that he would use 15 minutes for science and 45 minutes for civics. By

skimming over the science lesson, he would be able to do that.

When he began studying the civics lesson, he jotted down the facts that he already knew, and he wrote down some things he was not sure of and wanted to find the answers to them. He used the library and the reference books, but they did not fully inform him about the questions he wanted to be able to answer. So he went to see a lawyer who was able to tell him all that he wanted to know about that particular subject. By the time the bell rang, he was ready for his next lesson. He had learned the secret of how to study and how to study effectively and save time.

This picture taught us how to use our time wisely. It also taught us that the ones in the study hall who had wasted their time did not know their lesson when they went to class. It pays to use the study periods wisely, so no time will be wasted.

Spelling Is Easy

By Robert Jarvis, 9th Grade

The name of the show last Thursday was "Spelling Is Easy." It taught how to be a good speller. The first thing to do in learning a new word is hear the word. Then the second thing is to see the word. Then repeat the word. After that, write the word. Finally, check the word. This picture taught us that we can improve in spelling and be good spellers. It showed that a good way to learn the spelling is to make a personal dictionary.

We all enjoyed this show immensely. We appreciated the opportunity of seeing it. Mr. Hawfield has ordered us some other pictures in this same series, and we thank him for it.

Fifth Grade Has a Teacher Now

By Howard G. Riley, 9th Grade

The fifth grade has a new teacher now, and the fifth grade has started back to school. They were happy to get back to school, so they could get an education.

Mrs. Liske, the 10th Cottage matron, has now started teaching school. We are happy she has accepted the work, so the fifth grade could come back to school.

We hope she will enjoy working with the boys. If the boys do their part, I am sure she will like her work.

There are 32 boys in the fifth grade, and they were surprised to get this good teacher. They started back to school Thursday, October 23rd.

Football Game

Jackson Training School's Yellowjackets set the Gastonia Bantams down yesterday afternoon on the J. T. S. field by a score of 13-7. Garland Leonard, J. T. S. left halfback, broke through the line on the fourth play of the game and went 25 yards for a touchdown. The try for the extra point was no good, and the score stood 6-0 until the latter part of the second period when Bobby Peck, J. T. S. quarterback, on an off tackle play, ran 40 yards for a score and then made the extra point good on a quarterback sneak.

Gastonia's only score came on the last play of the ball game as Beheler plowed over from the six-inch line,

and then added the extra point on a line plunge.

Leonard, Peck and Moore sparked the J. T. S. team. "Pat Patch" and Dickey Trevarthan showed up well for the losers.

Patch and Trevarthan set up the Bantams' score with a series of passes that took them from their own five yard line to the score.

Lineups:

Pos. Gastonia	J. T. S.
LE—Hanna	King
LT—Myers	Angel
LG—White	Jones
C—Howe	Ray
RG—Keisler	Hughes
RT—Fulbright	Ammons
RE—Beaver	McElvin
QB—Jones	Peck
LH—Broadway	Leonard
RH—Trevarthan	Davis
FB—Meheler	Barnes

Sub. Gastonia—Long, Monroe, Queen, Patch, Gilbert, Hinson, and Anderson; J. T. S. Poston, Peavey, Stewart, Autry and Peterson, and Gordon, Smith, Arnette, Baker,

Officials: Deaton, N. Phillips, and C. Phillips:

Score by periods:		T.
J. T. S.	6 7 0 0	13
Gastonia	0 0 0 7	7

—Concord Tribune

Program Last Saturday Night

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Last Saturday night, we were glad to have two entertainers from Los Angeles, California come to our school to present a program for us.

The program consisted of juggling, unacycle riding, dogs dancing dogs jumping through barrels, hoops, etc., and other interesting things. The dogs were dressed up like people.

We wish to thank Mr. Hawfield and others who made it possible for us to have this program.

Radio Program

By Charles Angel, 9th Grade

Mr. Hines, the principal of our school, was in charge of the radio program last Tuesday. He presented a group of second grade boys, who sang two songs, "When He Cometh" and "Bring Them In." Mrs. Liske accompanied them at the piano. One of the boys from the seventh grade, Bobby Long, gave a poem, "Man-Making." Two 9th grade boys were on the program, too. Jerry Rippey gave a reading which was entitled "Out in the Fields with God" and Marshall Beaver gave a musical reading, "America the Beautiful." The last thing on the program was a talk by Mr. Hines, and it was entitled "Spirit of Service."

Boys See Car Races in Gymnasium

By Robert Jarvis, 9th Grade

Last Tuesday night, the boys of the school saw some little cars that were driven by gas. The boys Club of Concord gave this show in the gymnasium at the school. Several boys from Concord entered their cars in the races.

Announcement was made before the races that the boys of our school would vote by applauding for the boy whose car did the best in the race. Three winners were selected, and they

received tickets to the theaters of Concord.

All the boys of the Training School enjoyed this show very much, and they appreciated the fact that they could see it. They wish to thank all who made it possible for them to see it.

Our 9th Grade Health Work

By Waylon Gardner, 9th Grade

Lately the 9th Grade has been studying "Health and Human Welfare." The boys all enjoy studying this book. They can learn about the brain, the bones, and other parts of the body. The boys realize how important it is to learn about the human body. They like this study, and they are anxious to learn more about health.

A Good Comedy

By Billy Kassell, 9th Grade

Thursday night, we saw a comedy about a little mouse that was chased by a cat. The comedy was entitled "Trap-Happy." The cat stuck a firecracker in the hole where the mouse was. About the same time, the mouse stuck a stick of dynamite under the cat. This made the cat angry, and he called the mouse exterminator. The exterminator, another cat, came and pulled off his gloves. He put them in his hat, washed his hands in a fish bowl, and started to work. First of all, he painted a nut and sprayed the scent of cheese on it. Then he rolled it into the hole where the mouse was. The mouse smelled it and swallowed it. The exterminator stuck a magnet to the hole and brought out the mouse.

He laid the mouse down and started to kill him. The mouse saw what he was up to, so he put the other cat's tail where he (the mouse) was supposed to be. Once the cats tried to blow him out, but instead they were blown out. Finally they tried gas, but the mouse came walking out of the hole, wearing his gas mask. The other cat was amused because of the way the the mouse was escaping, so the exterminator became furious. He marked through the word "Mouse-Exterminator," and wrote "Cat-Exterminator," on his case. Then he got a gun and chased the other cat, shooting four times at him without reloading his gun. The mouse climbed up in the window and watched the chase.

Easy To Wed

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The show for last Thursday night was entitled "Easy to Wed," starring Van Johnson and Lucille Ball. It showed how a certain girl sued a newspaperman for two million dollars and how Van Johnson, playing as Bill Chandler, fell in love with her. Finally, he got her to drop the lawsuit. Then after a while, he married her, but another woman claimed him as her husband. The picture ended with them fussing at each other.

This picture was very good and was in technicolor. We boys are looking forward to more pictures like this one.

Why I Enjoy Health and Physical Education I

By Fred Whitley, 9th Grade

I like health and physical education,

because we are learning about health and human welfare. I enjoy studying about different parts of the body and how to keep healthy. In physical education we can play games and have fun. We will receive a high school unit for Health and Physical Education I.

Football

By Charles Angel, 9th Grade

The boys of the Jackson Training School play a lot of football. Each cottage has a team, and the games are played on Saturday afternoon. The two cottage teams that have not lost a game yet are the teams of Cottage No. 3 and Cottage No. 10. All the boys of the school are trying hard for their cottage team to win the championship. All the boys really enjoy playing football, and they are glad that they have such an opportunity.

———:———

Keepers of the Light

You may recall that the message of the poem, "In Flanders fields," is that strong hands shall hold high the torch. It was the message of men who had given their lives that the torch they carried should light the onward way.

The purpose of a torch is not simply to light the way, but also to give courage to those who walk in its light.

What is the flaming torch that we should hold so high?

It is a deeper faith in God and His power to help us in bearing burdens that are hereby; in His power to sustain and hold us lest we fail; in His power to give to use the clear vision that shall enable us to realize that with Him all things are possible.

In every home in our great land and on every battlefield we need the courage that may come as the torch that is held high shines with a light that comes from God.

To us from men who have given their lives that freedom shall not die there is given a lighted torch.

Shall we be keepers of the light?

—Nicholas Frost

HICKORY, THE STATE'S FASTEST GROWING AND BEST BALANCED CITY

(Excerpts From a Booklet Published by the Hickory Chamber of Commerce)

A Scene in Hickory's Carolina Park

An Unsurpassed Location

The city is located 80 miles east of Asheville, 54 miles northwest of Charlotte, and 80 miles southwest of Winston-Salem. Hickory lies on the state's main central route, Highway 70, and on the Greensboro-Knoxville branch of a proposed Super Highway. A network of modern highways, two railroads, bus and motor freight lines, and two airlines make it accessible to all points in the country.

"This witness is positive," wrote the late Irvin S. Cobb, "that North Carolina has on her Piedmont Plateau the most equable and agreeable climate of temperate North America."

With an elevation of 1164 feet, located at the foot of mountains which rise to the south, west and north, Hickory enjoys a year-round climate that is unexcelled anywhere, free from the rigors of northern winters and the extreme heat of summers farther south.

The mountains shield the area from winter winds and provide cooling summer night breezes, the temperature usually ranging 20 degrees lower than at mid-day. The result is an ideal,

evenly balanced year-round climate. The average annual temperature for the past ten years has been 60.2 degrees, with over 300 days of sunshine a year.

Pennsylvania Dutch Background

In Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1747, young Henry Weidner — born in Coburg-Saxony, Germany, 20 years before—shouldered his long rifle and with two dogs as his only companions, set out on foot to find a new home to the south. Reaching the point on Catawba River where Adam and William Sherrill had become the section's first settlers shortly before, he rested with them, then pushed on westward.

Some 25 miles from the Sherrills' homes, Weidner selected a fertile home site on the South Fork of the Catawba River and made friends with the Catawba Indians who had a settlement there. Each spring for the next two years he carried back to Pennsylvania a full load of pelts. In 1750 he married Catherine Mull and with his brother-in-law, Adam Mull, returned to North Carolina and took out a land grant.

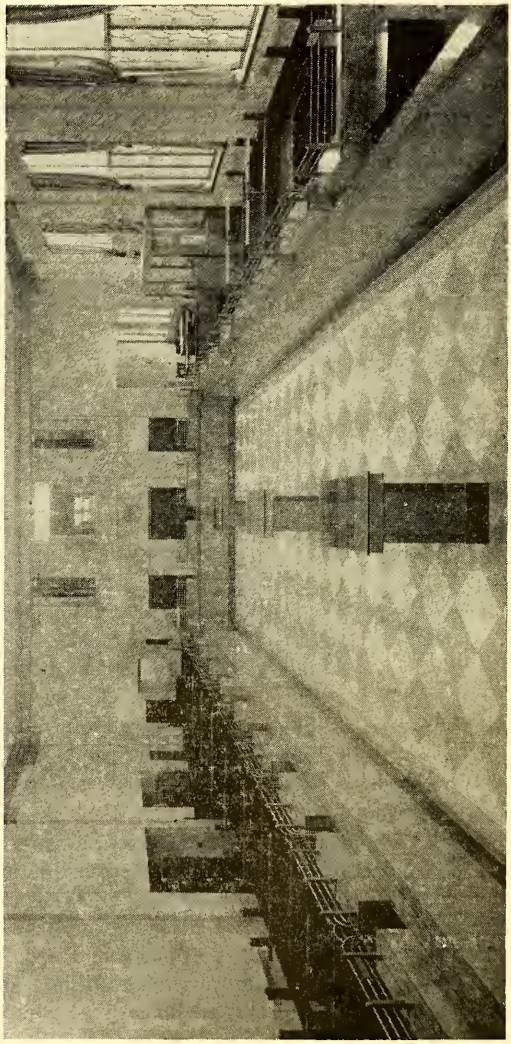
Cherokee Indians from the mountains ravaged with fire the homes of Weidner and Mull, scalping Mull and his child. For two years friendly Catawba Indians kept the trunk of a tree painted red as a sign to Weidner that it was unsafe for him to return from South Carolina, where he had had to seek hiding. But after the Cherokees were quelled, pioneer settlers, many with descendants in the Hickory area today, arrived in increasing numbers from Pennsylvania.

The lands of Weidner (now spelled Whitener) embraced thousands of acres. Several miles northwest of his home was a point where two Indian trails, those of the Cherokee and Catawba tribes, once crossed. Later this spot was located on the stage coach turnpike between Fayetteville and Asheville.

In 1846 William Hale opened a store at this point and established a post-office under the name of Chestnut Oak. Henry Robinson, descendant of Hendy Weidner's son-in-law, built a tavern of logs there beneath a huge hickory tree during the 1850's. The inn was known as Hickory Tavern, a name applied to the community until it was changed to Hickory in 1876.

The Western North Carolina (now Southern) Railway had been extended as far west as Hickory a decade before the community was incorporated in 1870, and thus this has been a shipping point from the first. In the 1880's a flourishing tobacco manufacturing industry sprang up here. But while tobacco manufacturing waned, Hickory's industry gradually took on the remarkable diversity that characterizes manufacturing here today.

Enterprize has marked the history of Hickory from the time in 1871 when Dr. James R. Ellis counted 100 houses and decided the town was ready for a newspaper. When this was little more than a village, citizens built an opera house that was a show place in this part of the South. Ever since then Hickory people have tackled civic projects that often seemed extremely ambitious for a town of the size and have displayed the same initiative in establishing new industries.



Interior View of First National Bank, One of Hickory's Three Banking Firms.

The business and industrial development of Hickory has brought here many residents from other parts of the country. Today the population represents a blend of these people with the sturdy stock that originated in Pennsylvania. Visitors often comment on the cosmopolitan nature of citizenship here.

Model City Government

Hickory's strong spirit of enterprise is well demonstrated in the fact that its municipal facilities have been extended to the point that it is one of the most complete and best managed of the small cities in the country.

In 1913 it became the second city in the United States to adopt the City Manager form of government. At that time the original charter was replaced by one providing for a Board of Aldermen consisting of a mayor and six aldermen. This body delegates to the City Manager authority and responsibility for the efficient operation of all departments.

Hickory's first public library was established in 1893. The city became the first municipality in North Carolina to vote a special tax to support its public library when the Worth Elliott-Carnegie Library was established in 1922.

The last grant made by the Carnegie foundation was the fund donated to the Worth Elliott-Carnegie library after Mrs. Worth Elliott had given the lot in memory of her husband.

The library now has 23,652 books on its shelves, receives 135 magazines and other periodicals in addition to eight newspapers. Its record year to date as to circulation came in 1941-1942 when 111,920 books were loaned. The Twelfth Street Library for colored citizens had a circulation of 9,560 for the 1944-1945 fiscal year.

George F. Ivey, Hickory manufacturer, has donated $40,000 toward the erection of a new building for the Worth Elliott-Carnegie Library, in memory of his son, the late Elbert Ivey.

An Important Industrial Center

Diversity is the keynote of industry in Greater Hickory where 180 plants manufacture more than 100 different products. Plants vary in size from small plants employing only a few workers to those with hundreds of employees. These plants give the city an annual effective buying income of $20,775,000 and turn out products worth over $85,000,000 a year.

Moreover, Hickory has become the hub of a major manufacturing section. Within a 30-mile radius there are 355 plants with an invested capital of well over $100,000,000, producing a dollar volume of over $200,000,000, employing 38,700, and with annual payrolls of $45,000,000.

Products of Hickory plants include: confectionery, dairy products, flour and feed, beverages; household, church and theatre furniture; seamless and full-fashioned hosiery; shoe laces, yarns, cordage and twines; products of meat packing and processing plants; lumber and building materials; wooden and paper boxes; pottery, farm wagons, apparel, chemicals, products of dyeing and finishing plants; metal springs, venetian blinds, tools, machine and railway shops.

Three outstanding industries in the city are due special mention: hosiery, cotton textiles, and furniture manufacturing.

A Major Trading Center

Hickory's location has given it prominence as a trading center from the days when Hickory Tavern was the westernmost terminal of the Western North Carolina (now Southern) Railroad.

Even then trade was not confined to the immediate vicinity. Watauga cabbage, apples, kraut, Linn honey, dried beef, and at times venison and bear meat, poured into Hickory from farms of Catawba Valley and the mountain country to be shipped or sold. Storekeepers of that day often exchanged their wares for produce raised by their customers.

Situated near the corner of four counties—Catawba, Burke, Caldwell, and Alexander—Hickory now has 212 retail establishments which serve an area comprised of these and adjoining counties in which there are over 250,000 people. This is the largest community in this rich area.

Increased wealth for the section through growing farm income and swelling manufacturing payrolls has been met by Hickory merchants with added quality and diversity of merchandise. Today the city's stores are among the most complete and attractive in North Carolina.

Outstanding Daily Newspaper

In the summer of 1915, when Hickory was a town of about 4,000 and World War I was raging in Europe, a group of business men gathered with the late A. K. Joy, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, to discuss the possibility of establishing a daily newspaper. Since the town already had a weekly and a semi-weekly, some suggested another semi-weekly. But J. C. Miller, a leader in the movement, held out for a daily or nothing, and won.

With Mr. Miller as general manager and Sam H. Farabee as editor, a four-page journal, turned out on a hand-fed press, made its appearance September 11, 1915. Skeptics gave the paper six months to live but "The Hickory Daily Record" was a success from the beginning. L. C. Gifford, who had previously been Northwestern editor of the Western Newspaper Union and co-publisher of the "Dispatch" in Kokomo, Indiana, purchased the paper in 1929.

In 1936 the paper moved into a new home that is considered one of the most modern and attractive in the Southeast. Now equipped with Associated Press teletype facilities and a 24-page press capable of turning out 24,000 complete papers an hour, the paper has a circulation in excess of 12,000 and has routes in more than a score of surrounding towns and communities. The paper has done much to awaken local civic loyalty and has also helped materially in building up a feeling of cooperation among communities of the area.

Excellent Educational Facilities

Good public schools, a Grade "A" college and a business college provide Hickory with unusually well-rounded educational advantages.

With an average enrollment of

Home of "The Hickory Daily Record."

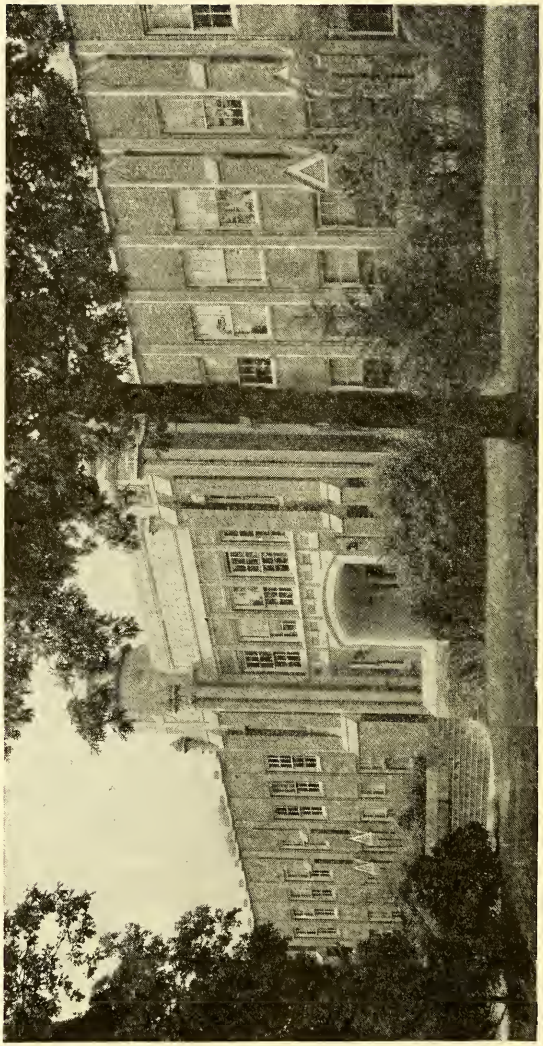
4,000 students, Hickory public school's rank among the leading systems in a state that holds fourth place nationally in teacher training requirements.

The system now includes seven elementary schools, one junior and one senior high school for white students, an elementary school and a high school for colored students, and employs 132 teachers. The grounds of all schools have been landscaped and a school nursery containing several thousand plants, provides the schools with a wide variety of flowers and shrubs. Twelve grades and a nine months school year are provided.

From the time of its founding in 1891 Lenoir Rhyne College, a co-educational institution, has exerted a strong influence in keeping cultural advancement apace with industrial and commercial expansion in the area.

Although operated by the Lutheran Synod of North Carolina, its doors are open to young men and women of all denominations and attracts many students from other states.

Lenoir Rhyne is a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the Association of American Colleges, and is registered by the U. S. government for the reception of foreign students. Standard college courses are offered in the following fields: general liberal arts, fine arts, public school teacher training, pre-professional and commercial courses. The college now has an enrollment of 614 in the regular term. Two sessions of summer school are regularly conducted with an enrollment of approximately 300 at each session.



Administration Building — Lenoir Rhyne College.

Abundant Recreational Facilities

Located near lakes and mountains, with excellent theatres and a year-round schedule of sports events, Hickory offers unusually complete recreational opportunities.

Well-equipped playgrounds are conveniently located in various parts of the city. The programs are conducted by a fulltime director assisted by experienced supervisors.

A modern swimming pool and a wading pool for tots are located in Carolina Park, and other swimming pools are found in suburban areas.

A Church Going Citizenship

A census made by the Hickory Ministerial Association has revealed that over 93 per cent of the city's population has a denominational preference and that 80 per cent has affiliated with some church.

Almost every denomination in the South is represented among the 38 churches for white people and 10 for colored citizens—a total of 48 churches in Greater Hickory.

Hickory's first church, the Corinth Reformed church, was established in 1868, two years before Hickory Tavern was incorporated. As early as 1860 Dr. Jeremiah Ingold held religious services in the city, at a time a community was beginning to grow up around the tavern. For some years the Reformed synod operated Claremont College in Hickory. Operation of the college having ceased, this valuable property was donated to the city and is the present site of the central high school.

Hickory churches have long been known for their friendliness toward visitors and their excellent music. The larger congregations have well-equipped Sunday School buildings which serve as places of recreation and meeting places for organizations such as the Boy Scouts.

Modern Hospitals

Within a 20-mile radius of Hickory there are eight modern hospitals which together have over 300 beds and care for more than 15,000 medical cases yearly.

These well-equipped institutions provide the area with such facilities as complete operating rooms and laboratories, X-ray and short wave diathermy, electocardiograph equipment and radiology. Serving these hospitals are several Fellows in the American College of Surgeons and staffs include expert technicians and well-trained nurses. Plans are now under way for greatly expanding the hospital facilities in Hickory.

A Superb Community Spirit

Hickory's long list of civic accomplishments offers evidence aplenty of the ability of its people to pull together, but it took an infantile paralysis epidemic during the summer of 1944 to bring this remarkable community spirit to national attention.

Time and again the way in which citizens met the crisis was referred to as "The Miracle of Hickory". The fact that the city itself had only a few cases made the accomplishment all the more unusual. What took place is told in a booklet issued by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis:

"Like a tidal wave the plague swept

through Catawba River Valley. What was one day a summer camp for underprivileged youngsters was, only 54 hours later, a functioning hospital, receiving patients. Repeatedly the reason for Hickory's incredible success in handling the epidemic was made clear—everybody pitched in and helped."

An architect worked all night preparing plans. Mills gave blankets; stores gave sheets, funiture, endless items; lumber yards with depleted stocks gave lumber. The telephone company ran in trunk lines, the water company ran a new mains from Hickory, three miles away, the gas company piped in gas.

Women became char women and voluntary nurses; men became volunteer carpenters. The National Foundation sent some of the country's greatest polio specialists and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars during the epidemic. From Hickory and other cities came countless donations of supplies and, despite the drain of war drives, a $62,000 building fund.

"By her sacrifice Hickory became a great city—for all times," ran a lead article in Coronet Magazine, Life Magazine and various news services gave much space to the epidemic and the National Foundation produced a "Miracle of Hickory" film, featuring Greer Garson.

SUCCESS

No man is a success for more than a minute—the minute in which he completes a successful job.

You may make a successful speech or be the author of a successful sales drive or play a successful round of golf. But as soon as the applause dies down, the world raises the ante on you and says, "Now let's see you do it again—and better."

The is no such thing in life as standing still. You are either on the way up or on the way down.

These thoughts are borrowed from a leaflet, "Thou Can't Coast," put out by one of the country's largest advertising agencies. Their application to business is obvious.

Up? Or down?

One thing is certain. If you try to "coast" by resting on past achievements, good as they may be, it is a foregone conclusion in which direction you will move. The man who gets ahead is not the one who is satisfied merely with what he has already done, nor is he necessarily dissatisfied. But he is unsatisfied.—John Clark.

AUTUMN TIME

(The Junior Citizen)

"The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done."—Keats

These lines suggest bare trees, with only a few russet leaves here and there, and purple clouds and shadows. Some of the days are mild, but there is not much warmth in the sun, as a rule, and more often then not we are apt to have the penetrating chill previous to a snow storm, when the ground becomes hard and frozen. The days are short, and darkness spreads her cloak almost before we realize it.

It is a time to be prepared in more ways than one. Remember the Aesop Fable of the grasshopper and the ant. The grasshopper spent all summer playing, with no time for work, while the ant collected his supplies for the winter and was able to live comfortably when the cold days came. We have not the hardships and problems to contend with during the long winters as those who lived here a few generation ago. True, there are certain things that we must all be prepared for, but present day living is so well organized that we have these things reasonably under control.

Now that we cannot be out of doors for such long periods, we should be prepared for our intellectual life to awaken more fully. Aside from our school work, we can particularly enjoy the radio, since it has finer musical programs to offer during the winter months, and the reception is better. The pleasures of reading, creative writing, and lectures, are easier to pursue during this season than during the summer, when a lackadaisical laissez-faire is apt to overpower us if we don't watch out. And all of these subjects can be approached in a way that is really fun. In the winter when you are thrown more on your own resources, without the help of the long summer days, your intellectual curiosity can be aroused by small details, such as an aria from a certain opera; eventually you will want to know more about the entire opera, and then the life of the composer. Possibly you will be interested in hearing about what part of the world he came from, and then a new section of history or geography opens up before you. A great deal of time can be pleasurably spent in "the pursuit of elarning," and it need not be dull!

———:———

Do you know worry has manufactured more caskets and erected more marble slabs in the cemetery than all the skilled workers in this vicinity? Worry has killed more of the race than the white plague and cancer combined. When worry moves in to live with you, happiness and contentment leave without giving notice. Worry has never purchased a meal or paid a debt. Keep worry as a companion and one walks with death.—Driftwood.

BAD BOYS ARE MY SPECIALTY

By John Dallavaux, in The Rotarian

I have the most interesting job in the world. I'm in the business of turning bad kids into good ones. When I see a dissipated, drunken brat of a boy turn into a useful, cheerful citizen, I get the same thrill as you merchants get when you see that miserable little business you bought blossom into the finest on Main Street.

How do I do it? Well, it depends upon the boy. Each one requires a different technique. For instance, there was Jack. When he was fifteen years old, his father appealed to me for help in straightening him out. Husky and handsome, with plenty of personality and energy, he was a boy-gone-wrong because of too much money and not enough parental training. Whiskey was his favorite beverage. He skyrocketed through crowded streets in high-powered cars. He wrecked several of them. When it suited him, he attended school. That wasn't very often.

I liked the boy the first time we met. He was okeh. Just mishandled. So I arranged with his parents—wealthy, well-educated, very respectable people—to have the stage properly set. The four of us had dinner together one night. I was introduced to Jack as an old friend of the family. He was surly and unmannerly, but I ignored him.

When dessert was served, his mother asked me.

"Mr. Dallavaux, don't you think the normal boy likes school?"

"Hell, no," I retorted. "That's only for jerks. Real boys must be broken for school just like you break a colt for riding."

I stole a look at the boy. His mouth had fallen open. He blurted out:

"Dad, where did you meet this fellow? He's the first regular guy you've ever had in this house."

Jack seemed to like my act. I swore, blustered around like a movie tough guy, and the poor boy ate it up. Later that night he took me out to "see the town"—just as I had hoped he would. We visited every dive in the city. I bent over backward to make a good impression on his hoodlum friends. Jack was impressed by the fact they liked me even though I never touched a drop of liquor.

Later he learned that I tutored boys for a living. He mulled that over in his mind and then asked me to tutor him.

"Nope," I replied. "I only tutor one boy at a time—and I already have one."

He kept on pleading. Finally, I told him:

"You're too good a kid to have a private tutor. But here's what we'll do: Let's go on a bumming trip. We'll sleep in a station wagon and really rough it. By the end of two weeks I'll know whether or not to take you."

He was so anxious to go that he voluntarily decided not to use liquor or cigarettes.

Following our trip, I entered him

in a good preparatory school. The headmaster gave him little jobs like driving his children to kindergarten or his wife to the station. That showed our confidence in him. Under that kind of treatment he really blossomed. Soon he found newspaper writing and editing interesting. He worked on the school paper and then majored in journalism in college. He is now holding down a good job on a big paper.

Often I am asked for my formula in handling wayward boys—especially the rich, spoiled, cynical ones. I could state it this way:

"Win their confidence by telling them the truth. Make them laugh. Talk their language. Never act shocked at anything they tell you. Above all—be patient."

If it would do any good to lecture parents, I'd preach them a powerful sermon on the use of humor and patience with children. Ill temper, anger, and impatience are great enemies of peaceful parent-son relations.

The oil-rich parents of a drug addict gave me the worst specimen of boyhood I have ever seen. He was only fourteen when I was called into the case. Yet he was so far gone that his father had placed him in a sanitarium. Then his friends smuggled a gun to him and he escaped, returning to his home. Every night he toured the hot spots of the city, usually getting home about 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning. Marijuana and liquor had him so sodden that he looked like a dissipated rake of twenty-five.

His parents turned him over to me. Three years later he was completely through with both liquor and drugs. Now he is married to a fine young woman, served in the Army Air Corps, and ranks as a leading citizen of his community.

How was it done?

First, I introduced him to a beautiful night-club singer. A good friend of mine, she told him in my absence that I was the only man in the world who could straighten out little drunken bums. Coming from her, that statement impressed him. He told her:

"That's fine. Because he's going to tutor me."

The singer widened her eyes:

"Mister, you are lucky. He'll make something of you if you stick with him." That meant more to him than all the preaching and moralizing in the world. So we started out to eliminate drink and drugs from his life.

The boy and I had a rocky road to travel. Six times he tried to commit suicide. I finally stopped that by explaining it would ruin my reputation if he went through with his threat.

"I'll never get another boy to tutor," I told him. "Do you want to make me a laughing stock?"

That presented the matter in a different light. He earnestly told me he would try to bear up under the load.

I managed to stop him from using drugs, but the real problem was liquor.

"Handle your liquor like a gentleman," I urged. "I can't afford to be seen in public with a drunken boy."

Gradually he tapered off. Inside of eighteen months he was through with liquor as well as drugs. Then

came the battle to make a man of him. We took trips. I taught him to play the piano and interested him in foreign languages. Within three years he was ready for college, whereas when he started out he was barely able to pass fifth-grade requirements.

I regard that boy as the supreme triumph of my life. He is one of my most cherished friends. But it makes me sad to think that where this poor, neglected victim of parental indifference was rescued from a life of uselessness, there are thousands of others fated to die a drunkard's death.

If there is one great truth that I would like to impress upon every father reading this, it is:

"Your son will respect you for what you teach him—not for what you give him."

Many fathers give their sons automobiles or motorcycles or membership in the country club. That takes them off their hands. Yes, and into the hands of the police in many cases.

Even the richest man cannot walk into a store and buy ready-made for their sons such things as respect, ambition, hope, enthusiasm, and honor. If you want to make your son a real man, stay at home often enough so that you can work with him. When the two of you are working in the garden, talk over your problems in man-to-man fashion. And when you wash the car together or go for a walk in the woods, see if you can't teach that fine boy respect for authority and the value of good manners.

Think of it this way: Every good habit we acquire wars on some instinct. Nature dumps us here with anger, ill temper, impatience, greed, and so on. To rid ourselves of them or to bring them under control we need training. Our great trouble is, however, that parents let Nature reign too long in their children and then embark upon a campaign of training when it is too late, when the unteaching of bad habits has become a stubborn task. Then they foist their offspring on the schools and leave it to the school people to undo the firmly established wrong attitudes.

That's theory, of course. But I take this story of a youngster I met in a famous preparatory school. His father apparently had never spent much time with him. The boy was hated by teachers and students alike. His classroom grades were low; in many classes he would embarrass the women teachers by indecently exposing himself.

His parents hired me to handle him. I first won his respect and later his confidence. I discovered the lad was starved for friendship and had a desperate longing to play football. One night I sat down beside him. Putting an arm around his thin little shoulders, I said:

"Son, you are a lonely, unhappy boy. What's wrong?"

He began to cry, but refused to answer me.

"Listen, fellow," I said. "Would you like to play football and basketball, pass your school work, and have friends?"

He replied: "I'll do anything you tell me to do. Only please help me. I'm so unhappy."

That was enough for me.

First of all, I convinced him that his schoolmates and teachers would like him—provided he proved friendly. Then we went to work on his

studies. At the end of the year, he finished with an average of 81. He showed some natural ability as an athlete, winning letters in three sports. His entire personality was changed. His chums elected him vice-president of the class and he was voted the most popular boy in school.

There was a lump in my throat when that little guy walked up to the platform to receive his first letter. I only wish his father and mother could have been there.

I don't know what was wrong with that boy's father. Maybe he was afraid of his son—afraid to give him a little of his time and love. Some dads try to buy their boy's love. You can't do it. Love must be earned. And you can't earn it by playing bridge or poker at night while your boy is hanging around the poolroom. Or riding around in a car and picking up girls off the street.

Frankly, the family automobile is a big problem. It keeps the youngster away from home too much. And if you give him a car, what has he got to work for? You can give him all the material things, but you can't give him the pride and satisfaction he would have received from earning them.

It's up to you to decide what to do with your boy's future. And I plead with you to avoid three common mistakes: too much giving, too much "doing for." and backing up the boy when he is in the wrong.

Too much giving destroys a boy's sense of values. If you do everything for a child, he has no opportunity to learn to act for himself. And if you back him up in everything he does, right or wrong, you don't prepare him for shouldering responsibilities.

Every summer I take four wealthy boys and one poor youngster on a rough-and-ready trip into Mexico or Canada. We sleep anywhere, getting our meals at ranches or farms. We do our own washing and pinch every penny. It's a revelation to those wealthy boys to see how far a dollar bill can be stretched. They are so accustomed to lavish spending that it never occurs to them that a dollar has a two-way stretch.

The only drawback to my job is that I'm only doing for those kids what their own fathers should be doing. They are so interested in making their financial investments show profits that they fail to see they are not investing properly in their sons.

Your boy has a wonderful future. Why not invest some of your time in him instead of your dollars? Teach him to know how to invest himself into something instead of always investing in himself. We don't earn dollars by investing in them, but by investing them in something. Create a real interest in the boy's mind in something worth while and he will be useful and happy. The dividends will bring you more happiness and satisfaction that anything else in the whole world.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The regular afternoon service at Jackson Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. J. H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Colossians 3:1-11. His message to the boys was based largely upon certain incidents in the life of the Apostle Paul, and the change Christ caused in his life.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon first pointed out that Paul, the author of the lesson just read, was definitely the greatest leader in the establishment of the early church. He was the writer of a majority of the Books of the New Testament. Many of the world't greatest Bible students have recognized him as being second only to Jesus Christ in the early life of the Christian church.

There is no doubt, said the speaker, that Paul knew from experience how the wonderful power of Christ could completely change a man's life. He then pointed out that the process of making a new man comes about in two ways: (1) It happens at a decisive moment in a man's life. It comes when a man realizes that Christ died for the sins of men. (2) A man experiences this change when he accepts the fact that the resurrected Christ is not a dead Christ, but a living Christ.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon then stated that it is not enough to merely believe these things to be a Christian, but we must experience them in our lives. We must have that inner knowledge and understanding that Christ died for us, and that He wants us to live for Him.

Back in the Bible days, continued the speaker, the clothing that men wore were taken as symbols of what kind of persons they were at heart. Paul tells us that we must "put off the old, and put on the new." In our personal lives, the filthy clothing of sin and evil must be taken off, and the clean apparel of right living put on.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon then called attention to the fact that Paul could have gone back, in his mind, to the day and hour when he was converted. It was on the Damascus Road that he had put off the old life and put on the new, thus starting out on his career as the greatest Christian worker of all time.

Such a change, said the speaker, does not come as suddenly to us in this day and time. Most of us from childhood have attended church and Sunday school, and in that manner have learned something of what the Christian life means. The change from an evil life to a life of goodness may come over us gradually. We may learn much about this from nature. We notice the beautiful trees, especially at this season of the year. Gradually the highly-colored leaves will fall off. The tree in its bareness will appear to be dead. This is not the case, however, for in the spring we will note the bursting of the buds, and a little later the tree will again become a thing of beauty. In spite of its dead appearance, deep down in the roots of that tree there remained life. So it is with men. Deep down in our lives God's spirit is working within us. Although this

spirit may be dormant at times, it is within God's power to have it become the guiding force of our lives.

This renovation, said the speaker, is a continuing process. This does not mean that when Christ comes into a boy's life that he is through with doing the things he should not do. He will, while growing into manhood, be tempted many times, and will sometimes yield to the persuasive evil voice. It is a continuous fight for a man to live as the Master would have him live. It takes all the power of God working within us, and all the power and ability we ourselves possess to keep in the right pathway on the journey through life.

Many people, continued Rev. Mr. McKinnon, want to do what is right, but end up by doing that which they know to be wrong. But so long as they keep trying, with Christ on their side, they will discover that the power is strong enough to keep them on the right course. When Christ really comes into our hearts, the tyranny of sin is broken, and we shall be able to overcome all evil. Day by day the image of Christ becomes more real to us.

Our world has many divisions in it, said the speaker in conclusion, and great gulfs are fixed between the various races of people. Christ's gospel is not for any particular race, but it is for all people. This old world, with all its evil, can be brought together by the Master's teachings. When men accept Christ, they are united in loyalty. They become new, and the world becomes new.

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT,

1. A clean conscience never kept a man awake at night?
2. The responsibility for losing your head is on your own shoulders?
3. You can save a great deal of valuable time by agreeing with some men you disagree with?
4. Not one of the things you have worried about has been helped by it?
5. You never know how many friends you have until you don't need them?
6. Your reputation and character might like an introduction to each other?
7. The man who can smile when things go wrong is the right man in the right place?
8. An untruthful man has the hardest kind of job keeping himself straight?
9. Real gentlemen are as polite to men as they are to women?
10. Many soft answers have proved stiff argument?—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

Ideals are the world's masters.
—J. C. Holland.

—:—

Hate no one; hate their vices, not themselves.—Brainard.

It is not he that searches for praise that finds it.—Rivarol.

—:—

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.—Cleon.

—:—

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.—Sterne.

—:—

He must not laugh at his own wheeze. A snuff box has no right to sneeze.—Keith Preston.

—:—

If you cultivate piety as an end and not a means, you will become a hypocrite.—Austin O'Malley.

—:—

There is often as much independence in not being led, as in not being driven.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

When a great man dies, for years the light he leaves behind him, lies on the paths of men.—Longfellow.

—:—

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he was sensible of this he would not be ignorant.
—Saadi.

—:—

For health and the constant enjoyment of life, give me a keen and ever present sense of humor; it is the next best thing to an abiding faith in providence.—G. B. Cheever.

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you wish to keep them in working order.
—John Adams.

It is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, inventions, and actions of others.
—Lavater.

—:—

Idleness among children, as among men, is the root of all evil, and leads to no other evil more certain than ill temper.—Hannah Moore.

—:—

Our first impressions, whether of persons or things, have great influence on all our future estimates and opinions.—Fuller.

—:—

Be sure you give men the best of your wares though they be poor enough; and the gods will help you lay by a better store for the future.
—Thoreau.

—:—

Ridicule may be the evidence of wit or bitterness and may gratify a little mind, or an ungenerous temper, but it is no test of reason or truth.
—Tryon Edwards.

—

Few things are needful to make the wise man happy, but nothing satisfies the fool; and this is the reason why so many of mankind are miserable.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

The reading of good books, what is it but conversing with the wisest men of all ages and countries, who thereby communicate to us their most deliberate thoughts, choicest notions, and best inventions, couched in good expression, and digested in exact method?—Isaac Barrow.

PHOOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

If one begins drilling the boy while he is in the high, he will never sit in the electric chair.

Gas and electric meter inspectors are the only persons who are paid to do light reading.

—:—

If all the cigarette lighters were ordered repaired there wouldn't be an idle man in the country.

Some people are so dumb that even pouring liniment on their heads would not make them smart.

It horse sense were only equal to horsepower, there would be fewer accidents on the highways.

—:—

It is sad but true, the other fellow always thinks that you are just as big a heel as you said he was.

—:—

It has been said that the first Scotchman to use free air at a service station, blew out four tires.

—:—

The reason so many folks' heels are run down is because they keep them up so late at night.

—:—

And there's the one about the janitor who liked his job in the furnace room because it sooted him.

Some wives will always back up their husbands in an argument—back them up against the wall.

—:—

When you are praying to be delivered from temptation, do not keep peeping at it through your fingers.

—:—

Executive ability is the art of getting the credit for all the hard work that somebody else does.

Marriage is supposed to be a union of two souls, but occasionally a soul finds herself hitched up to a heel.

—:—

Scientists are the men who prolong life so that we may have time to pay for the gadgets they invent.

—:—

People living in our large cities today are confronted with two problems where to park and where to jump.

—:—

The poor man has at least one consolation; he has one thing the rich man wants, and that is nothing.

—:—

A local grammar school pupil, when asked by the teacher to write a composition on "The Effects of Laziness," turned in a blank sheet of paper.

—:—

It has been said that the reason preachers never buy second-hand automobiles is because they don't have the vocabularies to run them.

—:—

Before criticizing your wife's faults, remember that it may have been those very defects which prevented her from catching a better husband.

I wish Einstein would lay off curved space discussions for a while, and explain why a telephone cord persists in twisting up into forty knots.

—:—

No fortune teller has ever been known to be able to tell what sentence the judge is going to give them after they have been arrested for telling fortunes.

—:—

"Help your wife," advises the editor of a home economic magazine. "When she washes the dishes, wash the dishes with her. When she mops the floor, mop the floor with her."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 26, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Billy Kassell
Calvin Matheson
Johnny Myers
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
Earl Wood

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Earl Allen
Harvey Arnette
Floyd Canady
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Gene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Thomas Sheppard
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Kenneth Holcomb
Lloyd Perdue
Dean France Ray
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster
Clyde Wright
Wayne Millsaps
James Sehen

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Avery Brown
Odean Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Billy Ray Day
Judson Fench
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Earnest Kitchen
Coy McElvin
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Smith
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthern
Herman Fore
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Billy Ray King
Evan Myers
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owen
George Patterson
Billy Paschal
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Howell Wilkinson
Edward Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Bobby Galyon
John Ganey
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean

Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Bobby Shepherd
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmitt Fields
Marvin Gupton
Herman Hutchins
Paul Hendron
Raymond Harding
Robert Henson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

J. C. Mikeal
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Robert Billings
Carlton Crawford
Roy Eddings
Conley Haney
Max Herring
Barney Hopkins
Robert King
Edwin Morgan
Bill Ray
Jimmy Rogers
Richard Sandlin
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
William Hyatt
Jack Hensley
Larry Johnston
Nathan McCarson
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Treva Coleman
Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Ray Lunsford
Boyd Morris
Willie Newcomb
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

J. D. Gupton
Carl Propst
Charles Robertson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Hauser
Harvey Jacobs
Robert Poplin
Walter Sampson
Roy Orr
Carrol Painter
ikPyCBy

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

———:———

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.—Francis de Sales.

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL XXXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 8, 1947 No. 45

NOV 6 '47

NATURE

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from
sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—Longfellow.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher.

ALUMNI NEWS REPORTER—Leon Godown.

FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Mrs. J. C. Baucom.

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.

REPORTERS — Thomas Davis, Bobby Joe Duncan, James Dunn, Glenn Evans, Carl Holt, Robert Jarvis, Emory King, Clifford Martin, Eugene Martin, John McKinney.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Gray Brown, Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Julian Commander, James Dunn, Eugene Martin, Silas Orr, Jerry Rippy, Robert Shepherd.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT 3-7

LOCAL HAPPENINGS 8

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS 11

THANKFUL CORALEE
(Adapted From Blanche Sage Hazeltine, in Sunshine Magazine) 13

THE LIGHT FOR SELF-CONFIDENCE (The Monthly Record) 15

MY CUP RUNNETH
(By Lizbeth Kramann, in Sunshine Magazine) 17

WORK AND BETTER STANDARDS OF LIVING
(By J. E. Broyhill, in We The People) 19

INVESTING IN BOYS (Selected) 20

RELIGION IS VITAL (Selected) 21

GOD'S GRACE (The Arkansas Baptist) 22

EUROPE'S OLD HATREDS (The Baptist Standard) 24

HOBBY HITCHING POST (The Rotarian) 26

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL 28

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published By
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor — LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

BOYS WANTED

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power.
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.
Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."
Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.
Though your duty may be hard
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.
In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

—Selected

MR. LEON GODOWN, RESIGNS FROM THE TRAINING SCHOOL STAFF

Mr. Leon Godown, who has served as printing instructor and cottage officer at the Jackson Training School for almost twenty-five years, resigned from his position recently and is becoming a member of the staff of the Concord Daily Tribune.

Mr. Godown has many warm friends at the Jackson Training School among both the officers and the boys, who regret very much to see him leave the institution. He has given many years of valuable service to the school, and a large number of boys have gone out from the school with a feeling that their lives were enriched and

that they had received inspiration from Mr. Godown towards better living. Along with this, many boys have received at his hands valuable trade training which has aided them in making a good living on their own out in the world.

Mr. Godown has at all times taken an active interest in the Sunday School and church services at the school. He has been faithful and has taught a class from Sunday to Sunday, and his work in this respect will always be highly regarded by the boys who have been in his class. At the Sunday School and preaching services he has always led the boys in their singing, and it is doubtful if anyone can ever take his place in this respect.

He has always taken an unusual interest in the boys who have gone through the institution and out into the world. Most of the boys have regarded him as their friend, and they have always looked for him on their return visits to the school. He has always treated these boys with kindness and cordiality so that he is kindly remembered by them.

Mr. Godown's most valuable work, however, has been in connection with the publication of the The Uplift. He has taken keen interest in the publication of the school's magazine, and he has a right to take pride in the fine quality of this publication, to which he has given so much time and effort. He has a very keen interest particularly in poetry and various articles dealing with the fundamental philosophies of life. The magazine, for many years, has carried his selections of poetry and prose, and they have been read throughout the state by the various friends of the institution.

All the members of the Training School staff wish to express for Mr. Godown their very best wishes, and they will look forward to his visits back to the school from time to time.

The following quotation is taken from a recent issue of the Concord Daily Tribune:

Mr. Godown will begin his duties with the newspaper next Friday and will divide his time between the news and circulation departments. His resignation at Jackson School is effective November 5.

The new member of the Tribune staff is a native of Lambertville, N. J., and attended the public schools of that city, serving his apprenticeship in a weekly newspaper plant there while attending school. He followed the printing trade several years after gradu-

ation from high school, and also had several years of experience on a dairy farm in Warren county, N. J.

Returning to the printing trade in 1919, he was printing instructor and supervisor in charge of larger boys at Leake and Watts Orphan Home, Yonkers, N. Y., in 1919-20, and printing instructor and baseball coach at Maryland Training School, Loch Raven, Md., in 1920-21.

He accepted a position with Stonewall Jackson Training School on November 29, 1922, serving as printing instructor, cottage officer and baseball coach, and has been with that institution continuously since that time.

Mr. Godown is a life-long member of the Episcopal church and is at present a member of All Saints church of this city. He is a member of the vestry, and has been a licensed lay-reader for more than 10 years.

* * * * * * * *

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK NOVEMBER 9-15

During the week beginning November 9, American Education Week will be observed throughout the nation. The Schools Are Yours has been chosen as a general theme, and a topic for each day's program has been selected.

This annual observance has come to be recognized as an outstanding period of the school year. It is a time when unusual efforts are made to interpret the schools to the public. Programs are presented, showing through various activities what the schools are doing for the enlightenment of the boys and girls, and what their place is in a democracy such as ours.

Public education has been an activity of major concern throughout the entire history of the United States. The initial efforts to launch and to organize public schools in the various states in the union encountered great difficulties. At first, the policy of accepting the principle of universal education was not generally popular, nor was it accepted by the masses. Education in the early days was regarded mostly for selective groups, for those who lived in the cultured and refined homes, who visualized professional attainments for their children. However, throughout the years there developed a new and different concept about the place and the importance of public education, and today it is generally recognized as being a public responsibility.

In recent years, the policy of having compulsory education has been inaugurated in all the states of the union so that every child, regardless of the attitude of his parents, may have the benefits of public education. Great strides have been made in all the schools of the state and the nation, and today the country is approaching the time when its great objective is to more nearly equalize the opportunities for all the different races and nationalities of people living in America.

Throughout the coming week, various exercises will be presented, giving emphasis to the fact that the schools belong to the people and that they will rise to that level of efficiency which the people themselves demand and expect. In this connection, it is hoped that every thoughtful person in the nation will want for every other child in the way of schools that quality of instruction which he wants for his own child. Only through proper education can we hope to elevate and enlighten the boys and girls of the oncoming generation.

* * * * * * * *

ANNUAL HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL

On last Friday the boys and staff members of the Jackson Training School celebrated Halloween with many delightful and gala events. All work at the school was suspended at the noon hour, and the entire afternoon was given over to sports and games and feasting.

Immediately after the noon hour, all the boys assembled at the school building where the boys of Mr. Corliss' class presented an appropriate Halloween program. This was followed by a bubble gum contest. The first prize in this was won by Bobby Joe Duncan.

Beginning at 2:30 o'clock, the boys of the football team weighing up to 125 pounds engaged a football team from Gastonia. The game was well played and was thoroughly enjoyed by all the spectators. The final score was 20-0 in favor of our boys. Our boys played probably their best game of the season. The football team has shown steady improvement, and all the boys and staff members are really proud of the fine showing the boys make in their games now.

Following the events on the athletic field, the boys, under the

supervision of their cottage officers, made their way over to the bakery where they were served a great feast of Halloween treats, including hot dogs and slaw, peanuts, popcorn, and cakes. Each boy was given two cold drinks. Every boy was given the privilege of eating at least four hot dogs, and some ate even more. They found these hot dogs and accessories to be very delicious and tasteful. Eating hot dogs at Halloween is one of the highlights of the school year, and all the boys really look forward with anticipation to the Halloween festival.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 9th 1947

Nov. 9—Wilbur Earl Bowden, Cottage 14, 13th birthday
Nov. 9—George Patterson, Cottage 5, 14th birthday
Nov. 10—J. W. Sorrell, Cottage 16, 17th birthday
Nov. 10—William Ray Daye, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
Nov. 11—Raymond Kizer, Cottage 14, 16th birthday
Nov. 14—Bobby Walker, Cottage 13, 10th birthday
Nov. 14—Richard Whitaker, Cottage 4, 14th birthday
Nov. 15—Joe Cain, Cottage 14, 14th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

More Boys Released

By John Weaver, 9th Grade

Recently, there have been some more boys released to go to their homes or else to live with someone. The ones who have left for their homes or to live with someone are the following: Hugh Ball, 9th grade; Julian Commander, 7th grade; William Lunsford, 3rd grade; Garmon Hubbard, 11th grade; and Kenneth McLean, 8th grade.

We hope that these boys will make good at home.

New Boys

By Robert Jarvis, 9th Grade

Recently the school has received some more new boys. The boys names, hometowns and grades are as follows: Clarence Groves, Cramerton, 1st Grade; Gary Dudley, Fayetteville, 6th Grade; Joyce Hobbs, Faison, 5th Grade; Frank Fulbright, Morganton, 6th Grade; Richard Wilcox, Statesville, 7th Grade; Gerald Johnson, Charlotte, 11th Grade; Lewis Parris, Whittier, 6th Grade; and Frank Grady, Morganton, 5th Grade. We all hope these boys get along well here at the school.

Little Boys Play Football

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 5th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske have two football teams of little boys. One team is composed of the boys under eighty-five pounds, and the other is composed of boys who weigh between eighty-five and one hundred pounds. The smaller boys are playing a game Saturday afternoon.

The boys who play are from various cottages. They are as follows: Waylon Gardner, Thomas Martin, Billy Brown, Leroy Shedd, Billy McVickers, Harvey Jacobs, Robert Driggers, Woodrow Norton, Ralph Seagle, Kenneth Halcomb, Bobby Joe Duncan, David Gibson, J. C. Littlejohn, Ed Guinn, and Bobby Joe Galyan. "We are going to win," is our motto.

Radio Program

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

On October 28, 1947, the radio program was given by some boys of the 3rd grade. The introduction to the program was given by Mr. Hawfield. Some songs were sung by the group. They were "Indian Harvest" and "Harvest Festival." A poem was given by Ollie Daw. It was "Who Knew when October Came." Indian solos were sung by Dickey Leonard and Glenn Evans.

Some more songs and poems were the following: "Ke Have Katzaru" and "Harvest Dance," by the group; "October Days," by Dickey Leonard; "Autumn Days," by Bernard Webster; Solo, "Jolly Jack Frost," Ollie Daw; and "Song at Harvest Time," by the group.

We know that everyone enjoyed this program very much.

Hallowe'en Program

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

October 31, 1947 the sixth grade took great pleasure in presenting a very good Hallowe'en program. The first thing on the program was "A Ghostly Welcome," by Carlton Crawford. Then Earl Brigman gave a talk, "Hallowe'en," which was followed by a poem, Hallowe'en Doings," by Carl Goard. Donald Stack gave a poem entitled "Hallowe'en for Boys," after which "Spooks and Pumpkin Pie," was given by J. C. Woodell. Raymond Kizer gave a very good selection, "The Lonely Walk of a Widow." Ray Daye then gave a poem called "Unselfish Hallowe'en," after which followed "A Hallowe'en Song," by Billy Clemmons. "A Hallowe'en Solo" was then given by Jimmy Delvechio. The last part was "Hallowe'en is Fun," by Robert Thompson. After each one got through with his selection, he went back of the curtains and there he was met by four ghosts who were Jack Coleman, Carl Davis, Melvin Radford, and James Wilson.

This was a very good program by Mr. Corliss' sixth grade, and it was enjoyed by all the boys.

Hallowe'en Party

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

After the football game on Hallowe'en, the boys at the school had a very good time. The cottage lines assembled in front of the bakery and received four hot dogs, two drinks, an oatmeal cookie, and a bag of popcorn and a bag of peanuts. All the boys want to thank all those who made this very fine treat possible, especially Mr. Liske and the boys who made the rolls, cookies, and other things. We also want to thank Mr. Hawfield for making it possible.

Mr. Fisher, Mr. Godown, James Moore, and Charles Autry did a very good job of serving the hot dogs and Mr. White of serving the drinks. All the boys liked the fine treat.

A Hallowe'en Surprise

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

The boys of the different cottages were surprised Hollowe'en night when the boys of Cottage No. 11 went around and gave a short play. The title of the play was "The Witch's Secret." The characters were as follows: "The Little Black Witch," Johnny Weaver; "Black Cat," Bennie Riggins; "Scarecrow," Max Herring; "Ghost," Carlton Crawford; "The Boy," J. C. Taylor; and "The Girl," Mary Kathrine Trexler.

We are sorry we did not have time to give the play in all the cottages. All the boys enjoyed it very much. Sylvia Ann Peck announced the program.

Bubble-Gum Contest

By Billy Kassell, 9th Grade

On Friday afternoon of last week, after the program in the auditorium, we had a bubble-gum contest to see who could blow a bubble first and also to see who could blow the largest bubble. There were several boys to enter the contest.

The boys in the contest were the following: Earl Wood, Billy Kassell,

Robert Driggers, Ed Guinn, Billy Brown, Kenneth Wells, Elijah Spivey, Bobby Joe Duncan, Alfred Davis, Donald Austin, J. C. Woodell, and Billy McVicker.

The boys who won in the contest were the following: Bobby Joe Duncan, Billy McVicker, and Elijah Spivey.

———:———

DON'T FEAR CRITICISM

The life of a newspaper editor is never dull or boring. With each issue there is something new. After each issue there are critics and admirers who have their say. And that is as it should be for a free press and free speech were among the reasons why we just fought another war.

And so we got a kick out of a clipping which is headed, "Don't Fear Criticism," it says:

"The galleries are full of critics. They play no ball. They fight no fights. They make no mistakes because they attempt nothing. Down in the arena are the doers. They make mistakes because they attempt to try many things.

"Ford forgot to put a reverse gear in his first automobile. Edison once spent $2,000,000 on an invention which proved of little value.

"The man who makes no mistakes lacks boldness and the spirit of adventure. He is the one who never tries anything. He is the brake on the wheel of progress.

"And yet it cannot be truly said he makes no mistakes because the biggest mistake he makes is the very fact that he tries nothing, does nothing except criticize those who do things."

—Pittsylvania Star.

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Henry B. Tucker, aged twenty-seven years, a former student here, called at The Uplift office a few days ago. He was admitted to the school on May 2, 1934 and was conditionally released, August 2, 1935. During his stay at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. His work experiences consisted of employment on the farm and in the library.

For a short time after leaving the school, Henry stayed with relatives in Warsaw. He then went to Burlington, where he was employed in a textile plant for a little more than four years. He later worked for the National Munitions Corporation at Chapel Hill for one year.

Henry was inducted into the United States Army, May 1, 1943, at Camp Croft, S. C. After receiving basic training at Fort Jackson, S. C. he was stationed at Camp Shelby, Miss., Fort Meade, Md. and Camp Shank, Long Island, N. Y.

As a member of an infantry unit, he went overseas in April, 1944. After receiving extensive combat training in England, his outfit participated in the invasion of France and in various campaigns in Belgium and Germany. He was wounded twice, receiving a shrapnel wound at Aachen, Germany, and suffering injuries from concussion at Hertgen Forest, Germany. He spent some time in a base hospital in France. In February, 1945, he returned to the United States, and received further hospital treatment at Camp Puckett, Va. On July 17, 1945, he was honorably discharged from further military service.

Henry told us that after being discharged from the army he returned to Burlington, and was employed for one year by the Western Electric Company, of that city.

For the past six months he has lived in Graham, where he has been employed by an interior decorator. He stated that he liked the work very much, and was getting along nicely in his efforts to learn that trade.

—:—

Porter Stack, aged twenty-seven years, who was once a member of the group in Cottage No. 13, called at The Uplift office last week. He was admitted to the school, August 16, 1930, and was allowed to go to his home in Winston-Salem, September 6, 1934. He was re-admitted, January 5, 1935, and was conditionally released, September 3, 1936.

Shortly after going back to his home, according to Porter's statement, he secured employment with the World of Mirth Shows, and outdoor entertainment outfit, and has been working continuously for that company since that time. His duties consist of operating one of the booths, and of doing some advance booking work.

Porter told us that he had been married nine years, and has a daughter, seven years old. Both he and his wife are employed by the show company. They make their home in Atlanta, Georgia, when not on the road. The little girl attends a parochial school in that city.

—:—

Glenn C. Drumm, formerly of

Cottage No. 5, was a visitor at the school last Sunday afternoon. He entered this institution, February 1, 1941, and was conditionally released, August 11, 1942.

About five months after returning to his home in Newton, Glenn was inducted into the United States Army, at Camp Croft, S. C. He received basic training in an infantry unit at Fort Bragg; U. S. Army Barracks, Vancouver, Wash.; and at Fort Dix, N. J.

Shipping from Camp Shanks, Long Island, N. Y., his outfit, the 106th Infantry Division of the Seventh Army, landed in England just sixteen days after D-Day. He participated in campigns in France, Belgium and Germany.

Glenn returned to the United States on July 6, 1945. After spending a thirty days' furlough at home, he reported to Camp Miles Standish, Mass. Since then he has been stationed at Fort Bragg and at Camp Hood, Texas.

He stated that at the expiration of his present furlough—October 1st—he would report to Fort Jackson, S. C., for re-assignment.

—.—

Earl Hoyle, one of our former students, recently wrote Superintendent Hawfield. He has been in the United States Army for quite some time, and his letter, written at Fort Jackson, S. C., reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Hawfield: Thought I would write you a few lines to let you hear from an old friend, and to let you know that I am well and hope you and Mrs. Hawfield are enjoying the best of health.

"I was home a few days ago and saw my brother, R. C. He is fine, and said to give his best regards to Mr. Corliss and Mr. W. M. White. He is out of the army now, and is doing just fine.

"I like the army very much, but would give anything to be back at the old school again. I want to thank you, Mr. Carriker and Mr. Walters for all you have done for me. I sure miss playing on the football team. We had a boxing bout last Thursday night. I won two bouts, but lost the final, but they elected me the best all-around sport, and I owe it all to Mr. Walters, and want to thank him very much.

"Mr. Hawfield, I would appreciate a copy of The Uplift. Since news is getting scarce, I had better close by giving all the boys at the school my very best regards. Yours truly, Earl Hoyle."

———:———

Lord Kitchener, of England, was once approached by a subordinate officer with an array of excuses for failure to obey orders. Kitchener patiently heard the man's recital, and then said, "Your reasons for not doing it are the best I ever heard; now go and do it!" —Sunshine Magazine.

THANKFUL CORALEE

Adapted from Blanche Sage Hazeltine, in Sunshine Magazine

There goes the first bell. It's time to get ready for the play," announced Miss Morgan, the instructor. It was the Spartans putting on a Thanksgiving play. "The girls may dress in the cooking room, and the boys in the cloakroom."

The cooking room was small, and filled with tables. The girls had scarcely room to don the long costume skirts, and had to await their turn. Coralee looked out of the window and saw Mr. Stidgen's big delivery truck at the curb, thinking he had come to see his daughter perform. "I'll just take my things out there and dress in the truck," she thought. "No one can see me and I'll have plenty of room." She slipped through the door without being seen, and was soon in the back of the covered truck. She found a clear space among the boxes and began dressing. When everything was adjusted to her satisfaction, Coralee lifted her long skirt and began climbing back over the boxes. But it was not so easy with the long skirt on, and her foot slipped down between two boxes. She tried to pull it out but found it was caught tight.

The second bell was ringing. That meant that the program would soon begin. What could she do? Her part was one of the most important in the whole play. They would not be able to give it at all without her. She tried pushing the boxes aside, but they were too heavy. Coralee was getting excited, but now she saw Mr. Stigen coming from the schoolhouse. He did not come for the entertainment after all, she thought with relief, for he would help her out. As he climbed into the seat she called to him. He did not turn his head.

"Oh, dear!" Coralee cried, "I forgot that he is deaf!" She called again, louder this time, but the truck had started, banging so noisily that no one could have heard her cries.

Back at the schoolhouse, the boys and girls were lining up to go out on the stage. "Where's Coralee?" David asked loudly.

No one had seen her since the girls had gone into the cooking room. Without Coralee there could be no play. The schoolroom was crowded with parents and friends. It would be unthinkable to disappoint them. Where on earth could Coralee be?

"I'll bet she's somewhere fixing her hair," said Red. "Isn't it just like a girl to hold up the show?"

"Maybe she got scared and went home," a small boy unwisely suggested.

Kegs turned on him instantly. "Who got scared?" he demanded sternly. "Coralee isn't afraid of anything!"

Just then Miss Morgan came in to see if all was ready.

"Miss Morgan," whispered Cousin Bob, "we can't find Coralee."

"Coralee!" Miss Morgan was startled. "Why, we can't put on the play without her; we'll have to find her. One of you boys better look for her at once. We must start in a few minutes!"

"I'll go," Andy was dashing through the doorway.

"Aw, she'll be back in a minute," said Chink, a hopeful Spartan.

"Sure," agreed Kegs; "we can depend on Coralee."

Coralee was being jounced roughly in Mr. Stidgen's truck. She was on the verge of tears, when she happened to remember that she was a Spartan. Suddenly the truck hit a bump that jarred the boxes and freed Coralee's foot. That would have been lovely if it had not bounced her straight out of the back of the truck. When she caught her breath, she found herself sitting in the middle of the street, with the truck disappearing around a corner. Getting up slowly, she shook the dust from the folds of her Quaker skirt. Her only thought was to get back to school. She started running, holding high her long skirt.

"Well, well, if it isn't a Spartan!" It was Mr. Carter, who had so often befriended the Spartans. "Hop in," he said, opening the door of the car.

Coralee explained her predicament, and Mr. Carter did his best to get her back to the school in a hurry. Soon they saw a "Pilgrim Father" and a dog scampering down the street.

"It's Andy and Bige—looking for me!" exclaimed Coralee. "Am I late, Andy?" she called excitedly.

"Just in time!" replied Andy.

"Do hurry, Coralee!" commanded Miss Morgan as Coralee crashed into the room.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" whispered Coralee.

"We knew you'd get here in time," Chink assured her, feeling relieved.

"Isn't your name 'Prudence'?" whispered Kegs.

Coralee nodded. Kegs began to giggle. "What's so funny about that?" Coralee asked.

"Do you thing Miss Prudence would have climbed into a delivery truck to dress?"

Coralee smiled. "I ought to change with Jenny Lou."

"Why?" asked Kegs.

"Her name is 'Thankful,' and I'm certainly thankful that I got back in time." Then Coralee stepped onto the stage.

———:———

CREED FOR LIVING

Humanity is no empty word. Do not be taken in by the claptraps of this troubled epoch by the runnersamuck, by the St. Vitus dancers and the howling dervishes of whatsoever creed they may uphold. To be true, to be simple, to be gentle of heart, to remain cheerful and collected in sorrow and in danger, to love life and not to fear death, to serve the spirit and not be haunted by spirit—nothing better has ever been taught since the world began.

—Bruno Frank.

THE FIGHT FOR SELF-CONFIDENCE

(The Monthly Record)

Did you ever think of it as being true, that an attitude of, "I can and I will," is a sure way to success; and on the other hand , "I can't I'm not good enough" attitude is an equally sure way to failure? You've heard it said—but even knowing it deep down is the conviction that you are somehow unable to get what you want of life. If this is true about you, you are the victim of an inferiority complex—something almost all of us have at one time or another.

What causes you to feel inferior? Do you concentrate on some physical shortcoming, such as an imperfect feature or baldness? If so it might interest you to know that one of the most famous modern stars of radio and screen whom I myself the writer have worked with, is completely bald and wears a toupe, loathes having to do so but he is worshipped as a great character player.

Do you feel that if people know your true self they would dislike you? If that thought troubles you, remember that you don't know the innermost thoughts and desires of other people, any more than they in turn know yours. All humans are prone to the same weakness.

Do you compare yourself, to your disadvantage, with the people you know? If so remember that while Bill may be better looking or Jim has wonderful curly brown hair, neither of them has certain good qualities you have. They also do some comparing to your advantage.

The roots of your inferiority complex are founded, not in anything tangible, but merely in your own fear of inferiority. And you, and only you can remove that fear by building up your own selfesteem, your own self-confidence. How?

Day by day you must take steps to correct one fault you possess. It may be the wrong attire, or even a bad habit of being too sensitive to things you hear or what you speak of. No matter what the fault is it makes no difference. But by improving yourself day by day you build up and increase your self-confidence.

Dress up yourself, and infericrity complex is frosted when you see yourself looking your worst. To show self-respect take care to have your home or room, your surroundings and appearance tidy and attractive when you are alone.

Of course we all know conceited people who annoy others by their endless self-praise. But you are not one of these. You need to boost yourself to yourself. Make at least one good remark a day about yourself, it need not be over done; but a remark such as, "I'd rather share myself than have the barber do it because I get a much cleaner shave," or "my car looks better when I polish it because I take pride in my work when I do it." These habits and praises emphasize your good qualities to others, as well as yourself.

List all the good qualities that you

possess, from loyalty to friends to the selection of your ties. As you search for things to like about yourself, you find a large number, and your confidence grows. Work at mastering some work or art to the degree that you do it better than the average person can. Whether it be painting a portrait or painting a wheelbarrow, the knowledge of expert efficiency is a morale booster.

Buy at least one outfit from shoes to hat which you look good in and feel your best. The feeling of being ready for any occasion will give you a marvelous lift. Do something to improve your health, see that you drink plenty of water and get your correct amount of exercise and fresh air. Too often lack of self-confidence is the result of poor elimination, or some other health condition.

Talk, think, and act as if you had already achieved what you want to achieve out of life. This is a hard rule to follow, because it has to have thought control as well as outer manifestations of thought. ,

It can be done if you remember that to every human is given the power to achieve that which he is able to see for himself.

If you are the average sensible man you have no dreams of becoming a Clark Gable or the President of the United States. All you want is to be successful, a desired companion and a sought-after person as friend.

You won't get rid of an inferiority complex in a day,, week or even a month. But if you work at it, you will day by day eliminate the doubt and fears and build the self-confidence that will eventually bring you a much happier outlook on life.

BE WIDE IN YOUR SYMPATHIES

Be wide in your sympathies! If people have faults, failings and weaknesses try and overlook them. A good deal of self-righteousness gets in at times between us and our opinions of others. If half the world could see themselves as the other half see them, there would be a universal compromise on the basis of common faults, and everybody would be shaking hands with everybody else.

We should cherish sentiments of charity toward all men. The Author of all good nourishes much piety and virtue in hearts that are unknown to us; and beholds repentance ready to spring up among many, whom we consider as unworthy.

That every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed. But let us not attend only to mournful truths: if we look impartially about us we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

—Chicago Scottish Rite Magazine.

MY CUP RUNNETH

By Lizbeth Kramann, in Sunshine Magazine

"John, there's a couple here to see you." Sophie's voice faded away almost instantly, and there was the unmistakable click of the screen door.

The Rev. John Allen Bates laid the saw down carefully, ran a hand through his thinning hair, and stepped out of the woodshed into the bright, hot sunlight. He passed the wall overrun with morning glories without seeing them. A couple! Goodness knows the customary fee would come in handy! Maybe it would buy those new curtains Sophie wanted so much, or help pay for the tire he just had to have. He stopped at the back porch and sloshed cold water on his face.

The minister grinned quietly to himself as his wife's voice came to him from the living room. "Well now," she was saying," you certainly have a lovely day for your wedding." Sophie always said that, rain or shine. She figured even if the heavens were pouring forth a stream of water, the soon-to-be-newlyweds would probably think it was a beautiful day. They usually did, too.

When the minister went into the room, he found a timid and ill at ease couple sitting nervously on the edge of the faded and sagging sofa. How young they looked. But, then, they all did. He could feel his jaw shifting into a firm, straight line. Didn't these youngsters know what they were getting into? Was marriage such an unimportant thing to them that they would pick an unknown preacher on a country road to perform the ceremony that should be the most important of their life? Out of the corner of his eyes he saw Sophie's warning glance. She had listened to him sputter about it often.

"Don't they give it any thought, Sophie?" he had often said to her. "In sickness and health"—are those just words to them? "Til death do us part"—what does it all mean to them. I want to sit down with them and talk for hours about life, but all they want is to get those important words said and be on their way. I've as much on my conscience making them man and wife as they have in not being more in earnest about it!"

And always she answered him, "Shush now, John. How do you know they aren't in earnest about it? Might be some special reason they just happened to come to our door. We're not supposed to question. A man of God is intended to do what is expected of him."

Well, she was right. How did he know they weren't in earnest? Today had just been a bad day, that was all. He had hit a nail with his best saw, and the tomatoes needed rain, and he had forgotten to get the dust for the rose bushes in town the day before. No need to take it out on the young couple.

The minister put on his best smile, and his voice was steady and impressive as he spoke the beautiful words. Surely nothing was more solemn than the words from the marriage vow. Maybe if he spoke them real slowly, some of them might be like the seed

that fell on fruitful ground. After the vows were given, the minister prayed—briefly but earnestly, conscious of the drone of the bees right outside the open window where the roses were.

After the ceremony, the minister walked with the young folks to a dilapidated old car. The boy handed him a white envelope, which he slipped into his pocket.

"Nice garden you have here," the boy remarked as he helped his young wife into the worn-out seat. And the minister bade them Godspeed.

Back in the presence of Sophie, John slit open the envelope. Inside he found, not the customary five-dollar fee, but one lone, wrinkled dollar bill, and a neatly written note: "Sorry, but this leaves us just three dollars. Please pray for us."

Tears were welling in Sophie's eyes. And John's heart was suddenly as light as his faith was strong.

CAMPAIGN STORY

With an election year coming up, it is altogether possible that a great many of our readers will be making campaign speeches. We know how rare are good political jokes, so we are glad to pass this along to all who may find use for it:

I expect there will be the usual amount of mud slinging during this campaign. I don't object to it at all. If anyone has anything against me I certainly would want to hear it. As a matter of fact, I would suspect that something was wrong if I didn't get some dirt thrown at me. It is something like the story of the grave digger who was hard at work. As he shoveled each spadeful of dirt he became more absorbed in his own thoughts and before he knew it, he had dug the grave so deep he could not get out. Came night, and with the evening chill his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk. "Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold!"

The drunk looked in the grave and said. "No wonder. They forgot to put any dirt on you.—Selected.

WORK AND BETTER STANDARDS OF LIVING

By J. E. Broyhill, in We the People

Someone has very well said, "Work is the yeast that raises the dough." We might also say that "Work well planned and well executed is the one thing that has made possible the high standard of living enjoyed by the American people today."

When our forefathers, who left the poor living conditions of Europe and stood on the Eastern shores of our great country, looked Westward across the plains and hills, they perhaps had a desire to work and to build.

The great highway system, the railroads, the great factories, the small factories, the big farms and the little farms, have all been hewn from the forested areas of the new land by work. It was work that was not shirked but was done by workers who were willing to roll up their sleeves and prove to a backward world that men who were willing to give something had a right to expect something.

In this great land of ours where men are allowed to think, to plan, and to use their own initiative, great mass production has been brought about. This has made it possible for the man, who formerly could wear only homemade jeans, to buy a suit of clothes; for the man, who formerly wore hand-made brogans, to enjoy the comforts of the best machine-made shoes; for the man, who formerly was forced to eat what he could raise in his own back yard, to enjoy the fresh fruits and vegetables grown in great orchards and farms in far distant states.

What has made such progress possible? Again we must re-emphasize: it is work—work of hand and work of head and work of money.

How can we afford to buy oranges grown in California? Because the orange grower works and produces and is able to sell his merchandise at a low price, because workers on railroads and trucking lines make it possible for a low cost of transportation, and because our local wholesalers and retailers provide an economical means of distribution.

If the orange grower, transporter, distributor, or seller should shirk his work to the point that the price would be raised enough to prohibit our buying the oranges, then all would lose, because there would be no consumer. They would lose the business and we would lose the enjoyment of fresh fruit. In order for us to buy, the other fellow must work and produce efficiently.

By the same token, he is our customer and buys the things we produce. He can only continue to buy what we make if we produce efficiently and sell at a price that he can afford to pay. This gives us business and affords him the enjoyment of fine furniture.

Our country was founded and built to the present standard of living by honest work and honest pay. National decay is the sum of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice. National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness.

INVESTING IN BOYS

(Selected)

Several years ago an Italian boy named Tony was engaged every morning to shine the shoes of William Rich, a mannufacturer and business man. Mr. Rich liked Tony, and one morning while the boy was shinning his shoes, moved by a sudden impulse, he said to the boy, "Tony, if you could do one thing, the thing that would please you most, what would it be?"

"Oh," replied Tony, "I'd rather go to college and be a doctor more than anything else, Mr. Rich, but I can't afford to do that, for I'm keeping my mother."

"Well, what would you say if I told you I would give you the money not only to keep your mother, but to go to college and medical school also?"

"I'd say that you wouldn't do it!" exclaimed the boy with a smile on his lips and a gleam in his eyes.

"But I will do it!" said Mr. Rich. "Find out what it will cost, plan to go next fall, and I'll pay the bills."

"Is it a deal Mr. Rich?" almost shouted Tony in great joy. Mr. Rich grasped the young man's hand and shook it heartily.

Fifteen years later, a bronzed young Italian doctor drove up to Mr. Rich's office in Boston, parked his car at the curb, and asked to see Mr. Rich. When that fine old man came out, Tony handed him a check which paid back all the money with interest which Mr. Rich had advanced for his education.

Mr. Rich took the check, endorsed it, and handed it back to the young doctor. "Tony," he said, "when I invested in your education, I didn't expect to have it returned to me in dollars and cents. And I don't want it now. Take this and send some other boy through school, just as I did you."

Tony eagerly grabbed his benefactor by the arm, led him over to the window and pointed down to his new car at the curb. "See that boy in my car?" he said "He is the boy I will send through college with this money. The good that you did for me will live on. He's the boy, Mr. Rich, who shines my shoes every morning, just as I used to shine your shoes. And my guess is that when he is through, he will pay the money back to me, and I shall send him off to give another boy of his generation a chance.

Life is strangely dramatic, even in the most ordinary walks and among the most ordinary people. The boy who was second in this golden chain of sharing went to school. In the last year of his medical education the Army grabbed him, for he was a well-trained doctor in Oriental diseases in the South Pacfic. On his chest he wears every decoration that the Army can pin on a boy, and he has invested his education and skill in a manner that Mr. Rich, if he had lived, would have rejoiced. And the end is not yet in sight for any man to see.

———:———

Man cannot be judged beyond our knowledge of him and how woefully small is our knowledge.—Ex.

RELIGION IS VITAL

(Selected)

A man who lived without eating! Facts prove such a person never existed, for food is necessary to keep life in the body. All humans, even the tinest baby, seek to fill the craving that only food can satisfy. Food is natural to man; it is so tied up with his very nature that it is absolutely necessary to him. By using the same process of reasoning, one can prove the necessity of religion.

A search of history down through the ages and in all parts of the world discloses the fact that every race and tribe believed in some superior Being who had the power to help or to injure man and to whom were owed certain obligations and duties. These primitive religions, morever, postulated certain precepts or laws that all had to obey, and included also prescribed acts of worship or ceremonial rites to petition or to thank the Being who guided their fate.

Roman pagans felt the need of religion so urgently that they were not satisfied with one Deity but multiplied divinities. Even the modern pagans who hoot at the idea of religion indirectly attest to its necessity by putting their faith in the stars or in tea leaves or in the ouija board.

The question here is not whether the primitive religions were the true religion, for that point is not under discussion at present; rather they are pointed out as historical proof of the universality of the fact of religion. They prove that from the very earliest days of the world men have professed belief in the existence of a higher Being with whom it is necessary for man to have relations if he is to attain the goal to his existence. They demonstrate, moreover, that the concept of religion must include dogmas, precepts, and rites or acts of worship.

History thus stands as an inviolate and unprejudiced witness to the fact that religion has existed in all places and in all times. There can be only one reason for the universality of the fact of religion, just as there is only one explanation for the universality of food. Every man eats because he needs food; likewise every race and tribe has had a religion because man needs religion. If religion is necessary to all men, then religion is vital to man.

———:———

A cheerful temper joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Joseph Addison.

GOD'S GRACE

(The Arkansas Baptist)

The ocean of God's grace is so vast that it will require an eternity to explore its limitless expanse; it is so abundant that the cumulative total of all human needs can never exhaust its resources; it is so free that no degree of human poverty, material or spiritual, may prevent its appropriation by the human soul; it is so effective that no human depravity is beyond its power to relieve.

God's grace cannot be purchased, it must be received as a gift, because it exceeds in worth the combined values of the world; it cannot be merited, it must be bestowed, because it is unmerited favor; it cannot be taken by force, it must be received willingly, because no force can wrest from God that which He freely gives.

The operation of grace is first to redeem. The classic statement of this phase of the work of grace is found in Ephesians 2:8,9: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Man is saved by grace or he is not saved at all. There is no other means by which an omnipotent God can save sinful men. He cannot save sinful men upon their own merit, because they have no merit. He cannot save them on the basis of a barter system, because they have nothing with which to barter. But that which man cannot earn, God can freely give; and that which man cannot buy, God can freely bestow.

Grace not only redeems but also infills the redeemed. One of the most picturesque and meaningful statements in all the Bible is found in John 1:16. Referring to Jesus as the eternal Son of God who "was made flesh, and dwelt among us—full of grace and truth." John continues, "And of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace."

Grace is the term used by the New Testament writers to designate specific gifts from God, and also to sum up the whole fullness of Christ's indwelling in the believer. Here it is used by John with this two-fold meaning—of His whole fullness we have all received and also the grace of every specific gift of God through Christ: "grace for grace."

Our life in Christ Jesus may become a life of growing richness in the grace of God. Every day we may extend our explorations in the realm of His gracious gifts. We shall always be finding new "wonders of His grace." richer veins of His abundant wealth, and unfathomed depths of his inexhaustible resources. Therefore, if we live a starved, pinched, impoverished spiritual existence, it is because we do not explore and appropriate these riches of God's grace which lie at our finger tips.

The operation of grace is not completed by redeeming us and infilling us. The full work of grace is completed by its reaching out through us in gracious ministries to those about us. Grace overflows our lives to touch and bless all life about us. Jesus asked His disciples, "what do

ye more?" This "more" is the overflow of a grace-filled ilfe.

This extra or overflow is but something tacked onto the surface of life, but something from within which has come to the surface, it is not mechanical, but vital; it is not studied but spontaneous; it is not a coloring applied, but the natural tints of the soul brought to light and developed under the power of redeeming and infilling grace.

This life of grace is the abundant life of which Jesus spoke. One lives abundantly because his heart is filled with God's abundant grace. One must love, because his heart is full of love. One must be courageous, because his heart is full of courage. One is loyal, because his heart is full of loyalty. One will do good for evil, because only good can come from a grace filled heart. One will do more good than others, because he has more life than others.

WIPE OUT THE PLAGUE

Killed: 33,500. Injured: 1,150,000.

Cold facts that represent the annual toll of traffic accidents on our streets and highways.

Those who consider the implications of these tragic figures are impressed by them and at the same time are appalled by the proof that a dreadful plague has settled over the nation. For our annual traffic accident rate is indeed a plague. It sweeps over the country every day and leaves in its wake twisted, lifeless bodies or painfully mangled limbs.

Translated into terms of grief, physical and mental suffering, frustrated hopes and economic loss, this ravaging plague overwhelms the mind. Just as cancer and infantile paralysis can snatch children from their families, so can the unsafe driver behind the wheel of a powerful automobile. Just as disease can and does take fathers and mothers away, leaving children without protection and wards of the state, so can the traffic accident.

Yet, people who shudder at the mention of cancer, heart disease or any other sickness continue to take needless risks while driving. People who cannot bear the sight of an injured kitten at the same time carelessly walk in front of vehicles at risk of their own limbs.

It is time we waked up to ourselves. It is time all the people unite in responsible effort to save the lives and homes of themselves and their neighbors.

Wipe out the plague. Make America safe.—News Herald.

EUROPE'S OLD HATREDS

(The Baptist Standard)

A barber in Copenhagen made a most significant statement to an American customer. "You Americans amaze us," he said. "When you are at war you fight like demons, but when you conquer your enemy you are ready to lift him to his feet, smile, and give him your lunch. We do not understand you. Over, here, we hate and hate and hate, until we are fighting before we know we are at war again."

That is the way the every-day citizen feels about conditions in his own country, and which condition is all too common throughout Europe. Churchill expressed it more critically but not more graphically in discussing the "Highway of the Future." "Europe's old hatreds burn on with undying flames. Skeletons with gleaming eyes and poisoned javelins gleam at each other across the rubbled heaps of what was once the august Roman empire and later a Christian civilization."

Europe is divided geographically into 29, separate nations each with its traditions, cultures, customs, languages, and so forth. None is independent of others. All are interdependent. All of which calls for common understanding and unity, but hatred and envy invariably creates and cultivates friction. Milton was right when he said, "Hate is of all things the mightiest divider, nay is division itself."

What is the real trouble with Europe? The words of the barber, 'We hate and hate, until we are fighting before we know we are at war again," are but symptoms of something deeper—a disease. Byron defined hatred as "the madness of the heart." That's it; and it will require more than packages of food and clothing or even gifts of money and materials to heal Europe's hurt. There are Christians in Europe—some of the finest to be found on earth—but they are in the minority.

Dr. C. Oscar Johnson tells of a fine European Christian who recognized the deepest need of his countrymen. now all but destitute of food. "Doctor Johnson," he said, "tell the Christians of America to send us food; but please do not cheat us, we need the gospel of Christ; please do not cheat us at the cross." It may not be easy for the average American to understand, but Europe needs the transforming power of the gospel of Christ even more than she needs food and clothing.

We repeat, there are genuine and devout Christians in every nation in Europe; but the vast majority for generations, yea, centuries back, have known nothing about Christianity except the mere formalities of state churches, where people are taught that religion is something done for the individual by the church, its sacraments, and priests. The vast majority know nothing about the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, a genuine experience of Grace. That explains the statement made by con-

servative Europeans that 95 per cent of Europe's population has no vital connection with the church, despite the claims made by the state church priests.

Dr. Thomas A. Hansen, a native of Denmark, and now pastor of the Main Street church of Jacksonville, Florida, says, "Christ in the heart, his spirit moving, motivating, and mastering every area of human life and all of life's relationships is the only hope for Europe and for the whole world." He is right.

We can and must feed and clothe the people of Europe, but if we stop there they will go right on hating and fighting until we send our men to win another war. It is cheaper and certainly more Christian for us to send the gospel of Christ with food and clothing now, than it will be to send food, guns, and men to use them later.

———:———

CAMPAIGN STORY

With an election year coming up, it is altogether possible that a great many of our readers will be making campaign speeches. We know how rare are good political jokes, so we are glad to pass this along to all who may find use for it:

I expect there will be the usual amount of mud slinging during this campaign. I don't object to it at all. If anyone has anything against me I certainly would want to hear it. As a matter of fact, I would suspect that something was wrong if I didn't get some dirt thrown at me. It is something like the story of the grave digger who was hard at work. As he shoveled each spadeful of dirt, he became more absorbed in his own thoughts and before he knew it, he had dug the grave so deep he could not get out. Came night, and with the evening chill his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk. "Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold!"

The drunk looked in the grave and said. "No wonder. They forgot to put any dirt on you."—Selected.

HOBBY HITCHING POST

(The Rotarian

If all the jokes and jibes that have been written about after-dinner speakers and their speeches were laid end to end, wouldn't that be fine? Not so, says one man who collects them.

W. E. Suter, secretary of the Rotary Club of Woodsville, Texas, is the man. Professionally, he plans and constructs highways for the Texas State Highway Department, but avocationally he gathers in quips, wisecracks, and quotes about public speaking. When he meets a fellow Rotarian who has the same hobby bent, he willingly shares his ample store of items like this:

Education is a good thing, but it doesn't go far enough. It merely teaches a man how to speak—not when or how long.

No speech can be entirely bad if it is brief enough.

Some speeches are like warm castor oil—easy to spread, but hard to swallow.

After-dinner speaker: A person who has only a few words to say, but who seldom stops when he has said them.

After-dinner speech: The art of saying nothing briefly, but usually a flood of words and a drought of ideas.

A speech is like a wheel: the longer the spoke, the greater the tire.

A speaker's second thoughts are to be permitted—if they arrive in time.

A paid speaker: One with his hand in your pocket, his tongue in your ear, and his faith in your patience.

A speech is like a bad tooth: the longer it takes to draw it out, the more it hurts.

Big bore: A person who makes a speech of small caliber.

He who speaks by the yard, thinks by the inch, should be dealt with by the foot.

If often shows a fine command of language to say nothing.

If some men's speeches don't reach posterity, it isn't because they aren't long enough.

It took Sir William Ramsey 16 years to discover helium, the Curies 30 years to find radium, and the speaker five minutes to produce tedium.

To be a good speech it should be like a woman's dress: short enough to be interesting and long enough to cover the subject.

Many a speech that doesn't end happily, ends—happily.

Many can rise to the occasion, but few know when to sit down.

The speaker who thinks he is a wit is usually half right.

The world's best after-dinner speech: "Waiter, give me both checks."

Some after-dinner speakers who speak "straight from the shoulder" should try from a little higher up.

Stand up to be seen, speak up to be heard, and sit down to be appreciated.

Some speeches are like steer horns: a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in the middle.

Second wind: what a speaker acquires when he says, "In conclusion."

When a man can read a speaker like a book, he wishes he could shut him up like one.

The rights of the speaker end and his rites should begin when the audience begins to suffer.

The speaker reminded me of a water-bug. He just skated on the surface.

The larger the island of speech, the longer the shoreline of boredom.

After-dinner speakers are always after dinner.

A good speech has a good beginning and a good ending, both of which are kept very close together.

A halting speaker is one who umph-a-sizes every other word.

A woodpecker makes a noise bor-

A woodpecker makes a noise boring. A speaker makes a boring noise.

The speaker diluted a two-second idea with a two-monute vocabulary and delivered for two hours.

He has the gift of distributing the smallest amount of thought into the largest amount of time.

If speeches were made by candle-light, wouldn't it be fine to light the candles at both ends?

Were the speaker's yarns effective? Yes, in no time the room was full of yawns.

A mirror reflects without speaking, some speakers speak without reflecting.

Give a speaker a few facts and he will draw his own confusions.

His speeches to an hour-glass
Do some resemblance show,
Because the longer time they run,
The shallower they grow.

So good a speaker he,
That even this he knew—
However great the applause may be
Stop short when you are through.

———:———

HOPE

Life is not all roses—
Among the blooms of beauty
Is found many a thorn
But beneath the shower of tears
Comes up many a sunny smile
To crown life's achievements,
And with success to adorn.

Today it may storm and rain
Upon your fondest dreams;
But tomorrow the sun may shine,
A nightingale to thrill the woodland,
Flowers to cover the countryside;
Sparkling sun-gold is strewn
Upon the purest streams.

—Mrs. G. Rhode.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.—Brooke.

—:—

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—Holland.

—:—

Oppression is but another name for irresponsible power.—W. Pinckney.

—:—

Satan was the first that practiced falsehood under saintly show.—Milton.

—:—

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Jeremy Taylor.

—:—

Magnificent promises are always to be suspected.—Theodore Parker.

—:—

If you wish to please people, you must begin by understanding them.
—Charles Reade.

—:—

Put this restriction on your pleasures: be cautious that they injure no being that lives.—Zimmerman.

—:—

A rational nature admits of nothing which is not serviceable to the rest of mankind.—Marcus Antonius.

—:—

Our country's welfare is our first concern, and who promotes that best, best proves his duty.—Havard.

—:—

It is common to men to err; but it is only a fool that perseveres in his error; a wise man alters his opinion, a fool never.—Arnold.

—:—

Human nature is not so much depraved as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. We love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.
—Steele.

When men grow virtuous only in old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—Swift.

—:—

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own; to be what no other is, and to do what no other can do.—Channing.

—:—

There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, and all things in succession. That which grows slowly endures.—J. G. Holland.

—:—

No man can ever be noble who thinks meanly or contemptuously of himself, and no man can ever be noble who thinks first and only of himself.
—W. H. Dollinger.

—:—

In all the affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.—Henry Clay.

—:—

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.—Bacon.

—:—

A life merely of pleasure, or chiefly of pleasure, is always a poor and worthless life, not worth the living; always unsatisfactory in its course, always miserable in its end.
—Theodore Parker.

—:—

An ill-humored man is, almost of course, a selfish man, unhappy in himself, and disagreeable to others. His chief pleasure seems to be, to be displeased, if not with himself, yet with all about him.—M. Henry.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

The hardest job for a youngster is to learn good manners without seeing any.

—:—

The fellow who says "What's the use," is not the locomotive; he's just the caboose.

—:—

One may wonder if Thanksgiving wasn't originated by parents whose sons had survived the football season.

—:—

Two housewives were talking. Said the first, "Your husband gets a lot of sentiment out of his pipe, doesn't he?" To which came the reply, "Indeed he does. It's perfectly disgusting to see him clean it."

—:—

"I think the best thing you can do is to return home to your wife," said the magistrate to a distraught little man.

"And what is the second best thing?" asked the little man.

—:—

Customer: "Waiter, are you sure that the sandwich I just ate was fresh?"

Waiter: "Yes sir, it was wrapped in cellophane."

Customer: "Oh, I wish I had known that."

—:—

A Scotchman recently stated that in spite of the fact that he had crossed the ocean several times, he had never been seasick. Further questioning brought out the information that he always held a dime between his teeth.

—:—

"We cannot pay you the twenty-five dollars on this money order," said the clerk, "until you are identified." "That's tough," said the man. "There's only one man in this town who can identify me, and I owe him twenty dollars."

Aunt Matilda says, "The post-war prospect of goin' back to earnin' what they're worth bothers a lot of folks."

—:—

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.—Edwin Stuart.

—:—

It is often surprising to find that heights may be attained merely by remaining on the level.

—:—

Many a woman thinks she bought a dress for a ridiculous price, when in reality she bought it for an absurd figure.

—:—

Said the blacksmith to his helper: "Now, Pat, I'm going to take the horse shoe out of the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head, you hit it hard with the hammer." Pat did—and was fired when the blacksmith recovered.

—:—

"See here," said the Indian inspector, "it is a violation of the law to have more than one wife, and the law must be obeyed. When you go back home, you tell all your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

"You tell 'em," suggested the wise old Indian after a moment's reflection.

—:—

Judge: "The complaintant says you tried to speak to her on the street."

Prisoner: "Your honor, I was looking for my cousin whom I had never seen before, but who had been described to me as a beautiful brunette with a perfect figure, irresistible manner, wonderful clothes, and—"

Girl: "Your honor, I don't care to prosecute the gentlman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 26, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Calvin Matheson
Eugene Womble

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Bobby Long
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Billy Holder
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
David Gibson
Jack Jarvis
Robert Jarvis
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Lloyd Perdue
France D. Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Benard Webster
Clyde Wright
Waylon Gardner
Wayne Millsaps
James Sehen

COTTAGE No. 4

Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Smith
Robert Thompson
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthen
Evan Myers
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Billy Paschal
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
John Ganey
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

J. D. Ashley
Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Thomas McGee

Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmett Fields
Jack Griffin
Marion Ross
Herman Hutchins
Robert Hinson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Carlton Crawford
Bill Ray
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed

COTTAGE No. 13

Jack Coleman
Earl Grant
Carl Goard
William Hyatt
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnson
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Charles Shearin
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Treva Coleman
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Frank Grady
Ray Lunsford
Willie Newcomb
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Kenneth Rogers
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams
Lee Roy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Carlyle Brown
Waitus Edge
Burnie Houser
Perry Martin
Ralph Morgan
Ray Orr
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Bobby Poplin

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith
aGiejuGKoR mhfrw rfrm grm

"The best executive is the one who has sense enough to pick good men to do what he wants done, and self-restraint enough to keep from meddling with them while they do it."—Theodore Roosevelt.

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 15, 1947 No. 46

MY CREED

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill,
And cling to faith and honor still,
To do my best, and let it stand,
The record of my brain and hand;
And then should failure come to me,
Still wark and hope for victory.

—Selected

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Frank H. Braswell
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
RPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.
SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.
PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy. John Weaver.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS		9
EDUCATION	(The London Prison Farmer)	11
OUR SCHOOLS NO BETTER	(Charlotte Observer)	12
ETERNITY IN THE HEART	(The Baptist Courier)	13
TWENTY CENTURY TEMPTATIONS	(The Baptist Courier)	15
RELIGION AND A HEALTHY MIND	(The Reformatory Herald)	16
AN AUTOMOBILE AGE	(The N. C. Motor Vehicle)	17
UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE	(Youth's Evangelist)	18
PERSONALLY	(The Baptist Messenger)	19
THEY HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN HOW	(Selected)	20
THOUGHTS AT THANKSGIVING	(Speakers Magazine)	21
THE LATE WORSHIPPER By Bessie Sawndeis Spencer, in Sunshine Magazine		23
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
A COLUMN OF HUMOR		29
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S, G. HAWFIELD, Editor J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

THEY DO NOT KNOW

They do not know the harm they do,
Who say an unkind thing;
The hasty word, by them forgot,
In some heart leaves a sting.

They never know the ill they do
By some unfriendly deed,
Or what a harvesting of tares
Where they have sown the seed.

They do not know the good they do,
Who speak a heartening phrase,
Or lend a helping hand along
Life's steep and rugged ways.

They never know the good they do,
Who cheer, and laugh, and sing,
And so into a toil-filled day,
A happier courage bring.

O careless ones, think what you do;
Take heed to what you say:
And kindly ones, speak, laugh, and sing,
And cheer us on our way.

—Mrs. Emma A. Lent.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

American Education Week is being observed throughout the state and the nation during this week. This is the time when almost all people have their attention focused upon the public schools and their function in our American democracy. Throughout the nation there is a universal emphasis upon public education and upon its importance in our American life.

Of course, this is the appropriate time, when the public is more

conscious of the public schools, for efforts to be made to determine in what ways our public schools can be improved upon, in what ways they can be made to fulfill their high mission in the training of the boys and girls of the land.

In North Carolina there has been appointed an educational commission which is studying the needs of our schools under expert guidance. This commission was authorized by the last session of the state legislature, and its members have been appointed by Governor Cherry. These are both lay and professional men and women, and they are to have the advice of outstanding experts in the field of education.

It seems obvious to everyone that there is a great need for strengthening the instruction in the high schools of the state of North Carolina. In order to have improvement, it seems necessary to have larger units with more diversified departments. In far too many instances there are small high schools all over the state, which are able to offer only the literary or classical subjects, even though a very small percentage of these boys and girls will ever attend colleges. These small high schools have centered around them much traditional sentiment which has accumulated throughout the years, and in many instances it will be very difficult for the communities to agree to give up these high schools. In the high schools of proper proportion, there should be offered the various vocational subjects, under the instruction of well-trained instructors. These subjects should include manual arts, agriculture, home economics, commercial work, and other similar subjects, in which boys and girls could have exploratory experiences and prevocational training. It is impossible for them to get such instruction in small, three-teacher high schools.

Another urgent need for the schools is much more pupil guidance than has existed heretofore. Only a very small percentage of the boys and girls have been going to college. Yet, all the students, even those who have stayed on the farms and in the homes, have been enrolled in the same subjects as the college preparatory students. In the schools of North Carolina there is a very great weakness in our guidance programs. Without guidance, program planning for each individual child is at the very lowest point of efficiency, and such pupils are groping in the dark.

Every teacher in every classroom should consider himself as a teacher of guidance, and there is a definite need for all teachers to have opportunities for individual conferences and couseling. The most helpful experience that children have in school is when a wise instructor helps them to find their vocation in life.

A third need of major importance is for better-trained teachers—teachers whose scholarship is thorough and who may be able to instruct their pupils efficiently in all their subjects. Unfortunately, the teachers in North Carolina have never been as well-trained as the teachers in some other states and in other countries, even though many have graduated from college and hold the highest class certificates. Of course, teachers need better salaries and more security in their jobs. Teaching needs desperately to be regarded more and more as one of the highest ranking professions. A good teacher is a key to a good learning situation.

Many people who have grown to adulthood have looked back on their experiences at the school and have remembered, most of all, the good teachers that they had along the way. They remember those teachers first of all who took an interest in them as individuals—teachers who had poise and personality, who required thorough preparation, and who were fair in their treatment of pupils.

A prominent Southern woman once gave this vivid impression of a former teacher:

"In my memory chest there is stored away a memory of the teacher who made the greatest impression when I was a child of ten. I do not recall any particular subject that she taught me, but my picture shows her standing before the class, perfectly groomed, glowing with health, always ready with a smile and a word of praise for work well done, and the same smile and a bit of encouragement for the child who had tried and was never allowed to feel that he had entirely failed. She could be firm when occasion demanded, but there were few problems of discipline in her way. The children learned from example, as well as precept, the joy of right living and the value of order, personal neatness, and cleanliness."

Finally, much emphasis should be placed upon the need for teaching upper grade and high school children as much as possible concerning world affairs and current events. In the past, entirely

too much emphasis has been placed upon teaching textbooks only, upon teaching the events of the dead past, in which children found it difficult to muster their interest. Of course, it is important that students of history know about the basic trends and movements that have brought our civilization to where it is at the present time, but there is far greater need for our students to learn about the movements that are transpiring before their eyes and to be able to interpret and understand these movements in terms of modern-day living.

Even in many of the Civics classes, there has been a tendency for pupils to memorize facts that are contained in Civics books and yet not be able to apply the civic principles of everyday life.

At the present hour, our country is faced with some of the gravest problems of its entire history. There is the problem of world peace, of labor and capital, of social legislation, and other similar issues. Likewise, there are vast problems relating to the entire world, such as rendering aid to the impoverished European and Asiatic countries, and these are issues about which the present-day students should be informed. The school that fails to keep step with all these movements and trends is certainly failing in its obligations to its students.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 16, 1947

Nov. 16—Nathan McCarson, Cottage 13, 14th birthday
Nov. 16—Thomas Victor Edwards, Cottage 7, 13th birthday
Nov. 17—Harvey Jacobs, Cottage 17, 15th birthday
Nov. 20—Roy D. Ore, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
Nov. 20—Hubert Brooks, Cottage 2, 14th birthday
Nov. 21—Billy Ray Keene, Cottage 5, 14th birthday
Nov. 22—Carl Propst, Cottage 15, 14th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Armistice Day Program

By John Weaver, 9th Grade

We are busy now preparing for our Armistice Day program. We are going to give it both in the morning and afternoon of Armistice Day. The reason for that is because of the fact that half of the boys here attend school in the morning, and the other half attend in the afternoon. The ninth grade boys, who are to present the program, want all the boys of the school to see the program.

Mr. Hines has copies of the program made, and the following is a copy of the program:

Armistice Day Program—Nov. 11, 1947

1. Favorite Hymns of the Soldiers in World War I—"The Old Rugged Cross" and "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder"—By all.
2. Prayer—By Clyde Wright
3. Talk, "Why We Celebrate Armistice Day," by Glenn Evans.
4. Poems, "In Flanders Fields," by John Weaver and "America's Reply," by William Smith.
5. Songs, "Peace Hymn of the World" and "There Are Many Flags in Many Lands," by 9th Grade.
6. Poem, "The Flag Goes By," by Charles Woodrow.
7. Poem, "They Fought for You," by Billy Kassell.
8. Song, "America the Beautiful," by everyone.
9. Poem, "The Boy from Dixie Land," by Talmadge Duncan.
10. Dialogue, "The Flag and the National Hymn," by Waylon Gardner and Charles Angel.
11. Group of Songs, by the 9th Grade Boys.
12. "Star-Spangled Banner"—1st stanza—everyone.

Radio Program

By Fred Whitley, 9th Grade

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 4, 1947, a group of boys from the 4th grade gave a radio program over WEGO, Concord. Mrs. J. D. Morrison was in charge of the program, and Mrs. Frank Liske accompanied the boys at the piano.

In the program were the following things:

Song, "Autumn Time," by the group; Solo, "In November," by Max Ray Herring; Poems, "November Cheer," Claude Sexton; "Nutting Time," Marvin Guyton; Duet, "When the Red Leaves Dance," Max Ray Herring and Billy McVicker; Chorus, "November, the Gypsy Girl," by the group; Song, "Autumn Spirits," by Jack Hensley; Poems, "The Robin and the Bee," Bobby Joe Galyan, and "Goodbye to Summer," by group of boys.

The Reckless Driver

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

The comedy Thursday night was Woody Woodpecker in "Reckless Driv-

ing," At the first of it, Woody was driving along and happened to see a sign that read, "Get Your Driving License Renewed." He drove on a little piece and thought of it. He turned around and got to town as fast as he could. When he got to the station, the man was asleep. Woody stuck the old man's feet in the stove and he awoke quickly and asked Woody what he wanted. He told him he wanted another driving license. This comedy was very good and funny.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The show for last Thursday night was "Beat the Band." It showed how a man who owned a band could not get a place to have the band play. Another man finally said that if he would find a girl singer, he would give him a place to have the band play. The band left the man because he could not get the money to pay them. Another man let him borrow his band, and he got a girl to sing. At last they fell in love. The picture ended with them singing.

We appreciated this show and are looking forward to other pictures like it.

J. T. S. Swamps Cornelius 39-0

The Jackson Training School Yellow-Jackets added another home-victory to their list yesterday by swamping a 150 pound team from Cornelius 39-0.

The Yellow-Jackets scored three times in the first period and one time in the second, third and fourth periods. Bobby Peck added three extra points to make the score read 39-0.

Long runs highlighted the afternoon of scoring for J. T. S. as Garland Leonard romped down the field three times to score on runs of 40, 10 and 30 yards.

Hughey Barnes went through center and down the field 65 yards for a score. Clifton Kerns made 70 yards and a score on a reverse and Don Baker intercepted a pass and went 55 yards to pay dirt.

"My entire line looked good," Coach Earl Walters said, "even the reserves." We had them outclassed from the beginning," Walters added.

—Concord Tribune.

Football Game

By Bobby Duncan, 5th Grade

Saturday P. M. the weather was cold and, we think, made the setting complete for our first game of the Midget Yellow-Jackets. We played a team from Concord (Gibson Mill Section).

The first team, consisting of Billy Brown, Edd Guinn, Waylon Gardner, Thomas Martin, Bill McVicker, Leroy Shedd, Harvey Jacobs, Woodrow Norton, and Bobby Duncan played for about five minutes.

The boys on the second team were put in. They were J. C. Littlejohn, Kenneth Halcomb, David Gibson, Bobby Galyan, Woodrow Norton, Waylon Gardner, James Swinson, Frank Spivey, Elijah Spivey, Jimmy Tomkinson, Russell Seagle, Ralph Seagle, Leroy Shedd, and Robert Driggers.

For the last quarter we picked out

the smallest boys from the first and second teams. The boys who made the touchdowns were J. C. Littlejohn, Edd Guinn, Robert Driggers, Thomas Martin, Leroy Shedd, Waylon Gardner, and Bobby Joe Duncan.

The score was 62-6.

———:———

NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

We were delighted on Saturday, November 1, to have two former boys visit the school. They were Flay Pearson and Calvin Tessneer, both of King's Mountain.

Flay reported that he has been married about seven years, and that he and his wife have two fine children, one six years old and the other one year old. The older child is now attending the public schools over in King's Mountain. Flay was in the army for a period of about five years during World War Two. Twenty-eight months were spent in overseas duty in North Africa and Italy. He was discharged from the army on September 20, 1945. At that time he held the rank of a corporal. He is now employed in one of the textile mills in King's Mountain, and reports that he is getting along just fine.

While he was here he worked most of the time in the laundry. He was released from the school on February 25, 1933.

—:—

Calvin Tessneer reported he had been married about three years, and that he and his wife have two children, ages two and almost one years. Calvin served in the navy during World War II, and he spent almost four years in the service. Since his service was on board ship, he travelled over a good part of the world.

When Calvin was at the school he worked in both the dairy and the laundry. He was released from the school on July 28, 1941, and is now employed in one of the textile mills in King's Mountain, and he reports that he is getting along just fine. He expressed appreciation for all the good the school did him when he was here as a boy.

—:—

On November 10 Earl Hoyle one of our former boys from Catawba County, and who was released on Apirl 24, 1947, was a recent visitor at the school Earl was first admitted to the school on February 1, 1941. While here he spent most of the time in Cottage No. 5, and during most of the time he worked in the carpenter shop.

On July 2 Earl enrolled in the army for a period of three years, and he is now a member of a tank division of the armored forces. Since his enrollment he has been stationed at Fort Jackson, but he is now on his way to Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Earl is a brother of R. C. Hoyle, who has been in the army, too, and was discharged after eighteen months on October 23, 1947.

We were delighted to have Earl come for a visit, and we give him a cordial welcome to come back whenever he can.

On November 10 Rudolph (Rudy) Hardy, of Laurinburg, came to visit the school. Rudy was first admitted to the school on July 28, 1943, and was released December 4, 1944. During his stay he was a member of the group in Cottage No. 3. He was given a final discharge on February 21, 1946.

Rudy was in the United States Marines from August 14, 1946 to October 13, 1947. He now lives with his mother in Laurinburg. Prior to his enlistment in the Marines, he worked for the Western Union and for the Jordan Bottling Company. He also worked some in a textile plant in Laurinburg. Rudy reports that he is getting along fine and that he has tried to make a good record all the time. The school has had good reports from the welfare department of his home county.

We were glad to have Rudy come for a visit, and we give him a cordial welcome to come back any time.

———:———

SEED THOUGHTS

The heart is a garden,
Where thought flowers grow;
The thoughts that we think
Are the seeds that we sow.
Every kind loving thought
Bears a kind loving deed,
While the thought that is selfish
Is just like a weed.

We must watch what we think
Each minute, all day;
We must pull out the weed thoughts
And throw them away.
And plant loving seed thoughts
So thick in a row,
That there will be no room
For weed thoughts to grow.

—W. M. Walker, Paunene, **Maui, T. H.**

EDUCATION

(The London Prison Farmer)

Education. How often we hear this word thoughtlessly used. Generally it implies that a person is highly learned; that he is wise in the ways of men; that he knows how to manage his life with a view to success. Furthermore, it implies the absence of illiteracy; and to some people it means plenty of "book learning." It is, however, quite clear that education is more than this.

Education, or training of the intellect, is a lifelong process most assuredly not terminated at the graduation exercises. It is far more than mere book learning because book-learned men sometimes become dullards in that larger and more important school called life.

The term "education" is a Latinism. "Educare" means, in English, to draw out. But what do we draw out? Or rather, what are we going to train? The intellect, of course. Yet if we do no more than that we fail ignominiously because one can be educated and by that very fact become a monster.

To develop all the latent potentialities within a man is futile if we concentrate only on making the individual smart and capable to cope with any situation. We can train a person to be a philosopher; teach him to become a doctor; develop him into an architect; broaden him out as a statesman, and teach him to become a good citizen. The first mentioned is guided by what is termed "ethics," or correct thinking and conduct. The next three rank as professionals. The last mentioned, the citizen, is indeed one of the most important because he is the unit in the organized state. Upon him depends the rise and fall of the nation. He too, must be educated, or trained, to become a good citizen because no nation can long survive if its citizenry is morally and spiritually corrupt.

Our rational faculties were given us to enable us to discern the good from the bad; to differentiate between what is true and that which is false; and to help us unfold, or develop most favorably to both our individual well-being and the good of others. These faculties are of great help in the educating process. The normal individual has little trouble in rising in accordance with the degree of the talents that he possesses.

By no stretch of the imagination can education be limited to mere schooling, but must continue as long as the intellectual faculties are sound, or as long as the individual lives. After he leaves the school, college or university he enters that greatest of all schools, namely, the school of experience in which matrix the character of a man is molded. Only he can be called "educated" who has learned to be humble; has found the value of truth as opposed to falsehood; who has learned to live in harmony with his fellowmen.

By all means get an education. Then, after you've got it use it to good purpose. A truly educated man is first of all a gentleman. Secondly,

he is a broad-minded man. Thirdly, he is humane. Such a character is outstanding no matter what his environment.

OUR SCHOOLS NO BETTER

(Charlotte Observer)

When Dr. Ralph McDonald told the Southeastern district of the North Carolina Education Association that this state had dropped to 39th place in teacher's salaries and is now spending only 1.7 per cent of its income on education, he emphasized a deplorable situation that has been steadily getting worse because the last General Assembly stopped short of providing the minimum needs of our schools.

We do not know the source of Dr. McDonald's figures, but they seem to be reasonably correct, because this newspaper received last January the information from a highly reliable statistical source that North Carolina in 1943 and 1944 spent only 1.55 per cent of its income for schools, compared with 3.33 per cent in 1937-38.

Inasmuch as income payments to individuals have increased steadily since that time, it is doubtful that the larger school funds voted by the last General Assembly did much to overcome the advancing costs. Hence, we believe that Dr. McDonald's figure of 1.7 per cent must be about correct.

It is reasonable also to suppose that he is correct in saying that we have dropped from 32nd place in teacher's salaries in 1940 to 39th now, because the report of the National Education Association showed that we had declined to 36th place by 1944-45.

Since our General Assembly fell short of increasing teachers' salaries in the same proportion as other states were doing at the same time, it is not at all surprising that we are now in 39th place.

In short, instead of improving our public school system, we are allowing it to drift farther and farther below the national average, and that at a time when our people are earning more than ever before in their history.

When the General Assembly was asked to check this decline, it pleaded inability of the State to pay the bill, while at the same moment it was setting aside $15 million to increase an already large surplus.

In the first three months of the present fiscal year, revenue collections for the general fund have been $4,368,723 more than for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. At that rate the increased collection alone, without levying another cent of taxes, would have paid nearly 82 per cent of the maximum that the General Assembly was asked to add to teachers' salaries.

And the teacher shortage continues. The turnover at the end of last year was 15 per cent, and 600 teachers were known to be leaving the profession for other work.

North Carolina is spending $200,000 a year in an advertising campaign to attract new industries to

the state. But new industries mean new people to manage them. One of the first questions that these new citizens will ask is what advantages, educational and otherwise, their children will have in North Carolina.

After promoting our state in all other respects as a land of opportunity, must we continue to tell these people that the best we can offer their children is a school system that ranks 39th?

———:———

ETERNITY IN THE HEART

(The Baptist Courier)

I have recently been reading, at intervals, "Ecclesiastes" and "The Confessions of Augustine," both recognized as great books in the literary world, books almost totally dis-similar yet fundamentally closely akin. Both the Preacher and the Christian Saint had drunk deeply of the pleasures and ambitions of life and found them all a disappointment. Augustine would agree with the Preacher in pronouncing them all vanity of vanities. Both are decidedly pessimistic in their view of this mortal life of man on earth. Both also are geniuinely religious men. They believe in God and in the immortality of the soul and of man's responsibility to God, and both agree that in his religious life is man's only hope of attaining or accomplishing anything abidingly satisfying to the human soul.

But just here begins the divergence between the two: in Ecclesiastes the spirit of pessimism casts its shadow over this hope, while in the Confessions this hope has become the one sure, profound experience of life.

Each man puts his philosophy of the religious life in a single sentence:

Ecclesiastes: "He (God) hath set eternity in their heart, yet so that man can not find the work that God hath done from the beginning even to the end."

Augustine: "Thou hast formed us for thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in thee."

The first sentence is an accurate statement of the philosopher's purely intellectual approach to the religious problems of life. He finds two positive facts of human nature: (1) Man is religious by creation—"God hath set eternity in their hearts;" and by that fact, man is impelled to seek God and the solution of the problems of life involving eternity and infinity.

(2) But man is finite, intellectually limited, incapable of understanding the infinite and eternal; therefore, doomed to disappointment in his search for God. There is no sure knowledge for him. Man is necessarily religious but doomed to failure in his search for his soul's full satisfaction. "Yet so that man can not find out the work God hath done from beginning even to the end."

The second sentence is a soul-satisfying statement of a devout Christian's understanding and experience of man's relation to God. The philosopher and the Christian agree in the

assertion that man is by creation a religious being and also the fact of man's intellectual limitations, but disagree wholly in their interpretation of the facts.

(1) The Christian's statement is in terms of persons and personal relations and purposes: "Thou hast formed us for thyself." That makes all the difference in the world. Man can not comprehend eternity and infinity but he can know a person and understand purpose and enter into fellowship with him howsoever far he may be removed from him in possessions and capacities.

(2) He speaks in terms of personal experience: "Our souls are restless till they find rest in thee." There is a sure knowledge and experience that reaches far beyond the capacities of the intellect. The limitations of man's intellectual capacities do not apply to his capacities for personal association and fellowship. Augustine's book is the outpouring of the full satisfying experience of such sure knowledge of the goodness of God.

The Christian's assurance of certain knowledge rests on the soundest basis of fact and reason, if it rests on personal knowledge and experience.

TWO BUILDERS

Reputation—he raised its shaft
In the crowded market place;
He built it out of his glorious deeds,
And carved them upon its face;
He crowned its towering top with bays
That a worshiping world supplied;
Then he passed—his monument decayed,
And his laurels drooped and died.

Character—he built its shaft
With no thought of the pillar to be;
He wrought intangible things like love
And truth and humanity;
Impalpable things like sacrifice
And sympathy and trust;
Yet steadfast as the eternal hills
It stood when he was dust!

—Daniel M. Henderson

"TWENTIETH CENTURY TEMPTATIONS"

The Baptist Courier

Temptations have been common to all ages of mankind. Our first parents yielded to temptation. Jesus was tempted but did not yield. While the same temptations are common to all times, some temptations are more acute and more predominant during certain periods of history, and there are temptations which are regnant with danger in this, the twentieth century.

There is the temptation to discard contentment and accept the abnormal. This has produced a restlessness that is much in evidence. It is seen in the speed craze. Cars rush by each other on the highways, and there is a veritable slaughter of life by accidents. It is seen in discontentment in homes and in family, life resulting in divorces and in juvenile delinquency. It is also seen in industrial life, in dissatisfaction with positions, resulting in strikes, confusion and material losses. Surely the race needs to listen to Paul's words, "I have learned that in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Another temptation is the craze for entertainment. Every age has had its desire for pleasure, which is natural and good for man, but there is undue craze for entertainment in our age. This is seen in the radio programs, the rush to moving pictures and to ball games, and there is a demand that club speeches and addresses of practically every kind must have their store of jokes. This craze has gone so far that trivial, unclean and dangerous elements have been crowded into much of our literature and into pictures to attract and entertain the public, and the public, is quite willing to pay the bill. Even church members want the music and the sermons, above all else, to be entertaining.

Still another temptation is that of carrying liberalism to the extreme. Everywhere we hear the exhortation to be broadminded. It is well said that there are two extremes—fundamentalism and modernism, puritanism and ultra liberalism. I am glad that there is a safe and happy mean. We should be just as narrow as the teachings of Jesus, and just as broad. When Jesus says, "Ye must be born again," we should be narrow enough to teach and emphasize the necessity of the new birth. When He says, "Go ye into all the world and teach all nation" and "Do good unto all men," we should be just as broad in our Christian services.

———:———

Here is the way to tell which friends are true: not those whom you must urge to visit you when you are prosperous, but those who will come without asking when tough luck befalls you.—Tony Wons.

RELIGION AND A HEALTHY MIND

(The Reformiatory Herald)

A healthy mind is much to be desired. One's success in life and one's health of the body, and one's real enjoyment depend upon a healthy mind. The English word, health, means wholeness, soundness. A healthy mind is a sound mind, facing the wholeness of life, the complete and the good.

The injuction of Paul is, Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus. The mind of Jesus was pure, clear, sound and perfect. His was a perfectly healthy mind. He had a strong, healthy body, clean and beautiful. "He had the strength of ten, because his mind was pure." To have this kind of a mind is a guarantee of strength and beauty.

One of the chief ends of true education is the healthy mind. A distorted mind, or a diseased mind, a narrow mind, a closed mind a biased mind, is not a healthy mind. Such a mind can be responsible for irreparable damage. Note what havoc was caused by the unhealthy mind of a narrow, fanatical leader, as was the case in the World War. Contrast the unhealthy mind of a Judas Iscariot with the healthy mind of John the beloved Disciple.

Today much is being said about the need for the restoration of the fundamental values of life, moral health faith in God, faith in man, and faith in living, faith in civilization. This restoration can come only as the mind of man is properly educated in the things which make for the healthy mind. The soil which is the mind, to use a figure of speech, must be properly tilled, and the right kind of seed sown. The growth must be guided, and the weeds of evil kept down, controlled, so that there may be a healthy environment for the plant. Good soil, good seed, good care, good nourishment, and the fruition is certain to be good, and healthy. What can be more important than a healthy mind?

Now religion, properly understood and used, makes for the healthy mind. Faith in God and obedience to Him, creates a sense of well being. It creates trust and drives out fear. It devoleps the good and drives out the evil. To trust in God with all the heart means that our paths are open before us. The whole of life becomes more meaningful, and a healthy outlook is apparent. We do well to study the scripture text above. Proverbs, chapter three.

"O glory of the lighted mind.
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt."

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.
—Garfield.

AN AUTOMOBILE AGE

(The N. C. Motor Vehicle)

We live in an automobile age! Our grandfather did not.

In 1895 there were four gasoline automobiles in the United States—a Haynes, a Ford, a Duryea and an imported Benz. People were shocked because these cars could be driven at "the ungodly speed of 11 miles an hour."

Today there are approximately 37, 164,405 motor vehicles in the United Stated. In 1935 Sir Malcolm Campbell attained his goal of 3oo miles an hour! On August 23, 1939, John Cobb, another Englishman, broke the former record of 357.5 miles per hour by attaining the unprecedented speed of 368.9 m.p.h. The automobile has had a phenomenal development in 45 years.

In 1900 there was an automobile for every 9,500 inhabitants in the United States. Today there is a registered car for approximately every fifth person. In fact, there are so many cars, with so many drivers, that every man, woman and child in the country could be riding in an automobile at the same time.

Because of the automobile, greater changes have occurred in transportation in the last three decades than have occurred in the entire previous history of the world. We have come to depend on automobile for a large percentage of our transportation. One half of the families of our country look upon the car as a necessity. There are approximately two and one-third times as many cars in the United Stated as there are in the rest of the world put together.

No other single invention has so speeded up the tempo of American civilization as the automobile. For business and for pleasure, we have accepted it as a necessary part of our daily life. Our streets and highways are becoming increasingly loaded with cars of every description.

But this Automobile Age has brought us pressing problems. In 1946, 33,500 persons lost their lives in motor accidents, and thousands of other were injured. This means that, in a year's time, in our use of motor cars we are wiping out the equivalent of the entire population of a fairly large city.

Our most pressing motoring problem has become: "Can we learn to manage and control our motor vehicles?"

The responsibility for solving this urgent problem lies with the individual driver. There are a lot of drivers to shoulder this responsibility.

Approximately every third person in the United States drives a car. Our total population runs over 140,000, 000. We have more than 45,000,-000 drivers of automobile.

The automobile is a remarkable machine. It moves by itself because of the power produced by combustion within. It is self-moving, self-propelled. It is a mechanism which is constantly being improved. But it is never complete until the driver is added. With a poor, inefficient driver at the wheel the automobile can be one of the most dectructive mechanisms known to man. Statistics prove that the human element in driving cause 70 per cent of our fatal accidents yet with a good driver, one who is

courteous toward other motorists, watches his speed, and remains ever safety-conscious, the automobile prove that it is what it was intended to be—a safe instrument of general good, rather than a weapon of destruction.

PERSONALLY

The Baptist Messenger

I have been asked again to say who is the greatest preacher in Oklahoma. Surely I made myself plain the other time, but here goes.

There are dozens of great orators in Oklahoma, but not a single one of these is a great preacher every time he preaches, even though he might be most of the time.

It is doubtful that in God's affairs, among his children doing the best they can that there is a superior and an inferior. He sees men for what they are responsible. One who slights somewhat his heavy responsibility might not be near so superior as one with little responsibility who lives and preaches to his maximum.

So far as I am concerned a man's greatness as a preacher is on trial every time he stands up to preach.

If he rehashes and browns over last year's experiences and serves me what he not really looked at until he places it before me, then I pray for him and me too. We have wasted an hour together.

But if he has been with the Lord and has a message hot from the hearth of heaven, then be he big-name or crossroads preacher, I find myself calling him a great preacher, and that he is, at least, for the hour.

So there you have, and let me confess what is a better truth that all preaches, myself as much as any, fall far short, much too often, in fulfilling even this broad definition of great preaching.

If you are poor I will tell you how you can become rich—richer than any millionaire: Learn to love good books. There are treasures in books that all the money of the world cannot buy, but the poorest laborer can have for nothing.

My heart goes out to all the great, the self-denying and the good—to the builders of homes, to the inventors, to the artists who have filled the world with beauty, to the composers of music, to the soldiers of the right, to the makers of mirth, to honest men, and to all the loving mothers of the race.—Ingersoll.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE

Youth's Evangelist

A girl was once traveling on the train with her father. It was one of those raw, gloomy days when there is a general feeling of uncomfortableness. There was a crying baby on the train and a cross lady who found herself sitting in a draft from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back.

A passenger has left his bag in the aisle, and a trainman, stumbled over it, kicked it and muttered ugly words under his breath. A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled it out and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father the question: "What is unconscious influence?" As the father began to think of the best way to define it, he saw a young man come into the car. He was evidently a traveling man. He shook off the rain and sleet from his overcoat and looked pleasantly round on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He smiled happily at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world. He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man by the open window put it down and the old lady who had felt the rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, which made it willing to sit on the seat while its mother rested. The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the trainman and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

"What a nice young man!" she said.

"Yes," answered her father, "he has been exerting an influence of which he is not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it."

When we are filled with the Spirit of God, and obey the Word of God, a strong influence for good emanates from us, even though we may be unconscious of it.

Encouragement is oxygen to the soul. Good work can never be expected from a worker without encouragement. No one ever climbed spiritual heights without it. No one ever lived without it.—George M. Adams

THEY'VE ALWAYS KNOWN HOW

(Selected)

Long before man ever thought of such a thing as controlling temperatures by special types of insulating materials, the praying mantis was making thermos bottles to protect her eggs from the weather. She surrounds the eggs with a frothy mass of bubbles. This mass works on the same principle as our thermos bottles. No matter how cold or how warm the air gets, the tender eggs within are protected.

It is common practice with the orb weaver spider to attach a "telephone line," a thread pulled tight, to the center of her web. She carries this line to a hiding place and goes to sleep. The instant the web is struck by an insect the silk line vibrates and wakens the spider. She then uses the "telephone line" as a bridge over which she runs first to the center of the web, then to the captured insect, which she subdues.

Honey bees have a system of air conditioning. They maintain a constant temperatures and specific condition of airflow in order that their larvae may be properly reared and the honey successfully cured. Muscular exertion of certain bees produces heat from their bodies. Other bees—the fanners—anchor themselves to the floor of the hive and vibrate their wings at just the right speed to create and maintain the exact amount of air circulation needed.

Without refrigerators or ice, spiders and some wasps preserve meat for weeks. Spiders need live meat to eat and they cannot depend upon getting a sufficient supply every day. So they preserve the surplus of a catch by injecting a liquid into insect victims which stupefies but does not kill them. Many wasps do the same. Their babies must have live meat, so the wasps inject their paralyzing fluid into spiders and caterpillars which they catch and save for their babies food.

WORD POWER

A word may band a stubborn will
And bind a friendship closer still;
A word may soothe as vesper song
Or wreck one's faith, or right a wrong.
Too, it may rankle; it may gleam
And be the groundwork of a dream.
Lord, let my words be gentle things
That shine and lift on peaceful wings!

—Selected

THOUGHTS AT THANKSGIVING

Speakers Magazine

No back is without its burden; that man shall carry a cross is a universal law. We sometimes look at some of our fellows and envy them the ease and comfort and happiness in which they live. They seem to be always in the sunshine—everything seems to go right for them. If they fall they fall on their feet; if they hope they realize; if they attempt they achieve; they endure little pain, suffer little loss, sustain little disappointment. We say of them that they will never die of a broken heart—the lines have fallen unto them in very pleasant places.

We forget that often the heaviest burdens of life are invisible burdens, and the severest sorrows of life are secret sorrows. The more we come to know such men, the more we find their life is not free from care. There are sorrows in every heart the world knows nothing of. We must not estimate any man's burden by the number and weight of his complaints. It is not necessarily the machine that makes the most noise that does the most work. Each of the hundred looms in a factory often makes more noise than the turbine that supplies the motive power to them all. Rather, it is frequently the very reverse—the severest poverty does not strive nor cry, "neither is its voice heard in the streets.". The heaviest burdens are not to be found paraded in the market-place, or exhibited in the sanctuary but are often carried in the seclusion of the home life, unrecognized by those who sit at the same table. The heroes of the quiet home are far more than those of the battlefield, the heroines of domestic life are far nobler than many who receive the approval and applause of the world.

The burdens of life are not equally distributed; but no life is without them. There are men who seem to live in clover; but the clover field is the favorite cover of the fox, and among the flowers may be found thistles and thorns. All lives are alike in this. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." The chief difference between us lies here —while one man gets him to his burden and carries it, another frets and murmurs and magnifies it. We think all we want is to be relieved of our load; what we really want is the will and the strength to carry it. The well-harnessed horse will draw more with less fatigue than the one that is insufficiently harnessed and loosely buckled to his load. The horse that rears and is restive only chafes and punishes himself—he does not lessen his load. The first effort is the great effort—once get the load moving it will soon seem lighter.

No life is without its burdens and no life is without its mercies. In every life the mercies are far more than the burdens. Some men think most of the burdens and some think most of the mercies. We see what we look at. "Do you see the clouds on yonder mountain top?" "No; I am looking at the sunlight playing upon the water." There is more philosophy in

this than we are wont to think! How many men are miserable, crippled, incapacitated for the necessary activity of life because they will look on the dark side of life and look on it through dark spectacles. Half the burdens of life that wear and worry us are either wholly imaginary or largely magnified. We will cross the bridge before we come to it and see the flood before it is there. Now, thankfulness, perhaps more than anything else, helps us to keep our eye fixed upon the brighter side of life. If every night as we retired to rest we added up and recorded the mercies of the day, and started each following morning with the record in our hands, what a transfiguration of our life there soon would be! Our countenance would be changed as the face of the earth is changed when the sun breaks out upon it; our sobs and sighing would be transformed into songs of praise; our daily task would be done with increased vigor, as though some fresh motive force had come into our lives. The gloom around us would be scattered, the trees would seem to clap their hands, the mountains and the hills to rejoice together, and the meadows to break out into song.

We have been looking at the burdens of life through the mind's microscope, and so have seen far more than we have had to bear; we have been looking at life's mercies through the wrong end of the telescope, and so have seen far less than we have received. Let us for the future look at life with the naked eye, realize its difficulties and its burdens, and overcome and bear them; realize its joys and mercies, and accept them and be thankful. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

———:———

REALIZATION

Let me walk with morning
In a new sense of goodness.
Let me feel the exultant well-being
Of all a new day can give.
May my heart be opened wide
To all beauty and wisdom.
May I be a chalice
Gathering the good
From each moment of the day.
Let me live this day
As if it were the only one
Of its kind. May it hold for me
And for all those whose lives touch mine,
A special dream of magnificence,—
A realization of something perfected
In grandeur of love.

—Grace Sayre.

THE LATE WORSHIPPER

By Bessie Saunders Spencer, in Sunshine Magazine

The midmorning sun was warming the crisp November day as Matthew White turned in at the roughbarred gate, and looked into the strained, bewildered face of a little girl. He placed his musket and bundle against the rail fence, reached for the bucket of water she was drawing from the well, and set it on the ground.

"Ann Mary, how are you this fine day?" He asked the question cheerily, but there was deep concern in his eyes.

"Very troubled, Neighbor Matthew," answered the child, looking up into the big man's face. "Mother's in bed. I've a little brother, you know."

"But your father, Ann Mary," asked Matthew, "where's your father?"

"He was in the cart and the bridge gave way. He broke his leg. Hurt the ox, too."

"That's too bad. Maybe I can help. I can ease the pain and reduce the swelling. I'm a bonesetter you know. And Ann Mary, look." He held up two partridges. "We'll cook them for dinner. I brought along a bit of tea, too. Won't mother like that?"

"Oh, exclaimed the child, "she hasn't had any tea for a long time! Father didn't have money to go over to the store for the winter things. And she likes partridge—we all do!" The child's face was beaming. "Neighbor Matthew, I'm so glad you've come!"

The man took the child's small, brown hand in his and they walked toward the house. Soon the injured limb was treated, the partridges cooked, the fretting baby quieted, and at dusk, peace had descended on the distraught family.

Matthew brought in a goodly supply of wood, and when the autumn evening began to turn cold, he and Ann Mary sat by the leaping fire. He surveyed the neat log cabin. It was quite spacious. It had two rooms, and a loft that was reached by a laddery stairway. He wondered if the chimney heated the loft. He'd find out when he slept there tonight.

"Are you on your way to town for Thanksgiving, Neighbor Matthew?" asked the child, smoothing back her dark hair with both hands.

"Yes, I'm going to spend Thanksgiving with my grandmother," Matthew answered. "I like to go there to worship in the church that grandfather built."

"I've heard about your grandfather," said Ann Mary. Mother has told me of her wedding in the church —you know he married her. She's told me how he spoke beautiful words and did beautiful deeds."

"Yes, he did, Ann Mary," responded Matthew.

"Didn't you wish to preach, too?" The child stopped abruptly, a distressed look on her face, as though she had said the wrong thing.

Matthew smiled. "It's all right, you've not hurt my feelings. Yes, since I was your size, I longed to do as my grandfather before me, but you see nothing has cured my slow speech. When I stand before people, I'm often entirely speechless."

"Oh, I know, Neighbor Matthew!" said the child understandingly. "I'd like to sing the Lord's hymns, but I can't keep the tune at all."

"You're eleven, Ann Mary, and as long as you live, if you cannot sing the Lord's hymns, keep them in your heart." Just then a brisk wind drew the flame very high in the huge fireplace, and after a moment, Matthew asked, "Can you keep a secret, Ann Mary?"

"Oh, I love secrets—and I can keep them, too," Ann Mary replied happily. She sat up very primly on the homemade chair, with both feet close together and flat on the sod floor, and her hands cupped in her lap.

"I've the money for a bell for grandfather's church," confided Matthew. "He always wanted a bell and there has never been one."

"Oh," exclaimed Ann Mary, "a beautiful bell!"

"I'm going to buy it from Revere down in Boston," said Matthew.

"Paul Revere?" Ann Mary's dark eyes were wide as she asked the question.

"Yes, Paul Revere, and I'll tell you why—there's a little story." Matthew's sentences were better now. "During the war, grandfather took me down near Boston and left me with my Aunt Hopeful and my two small cousins. Uncle Benjamin was going to the war, and Aunt Hopeful was alone, with no one to help her. Once when we needed things from Boston, she let me go for them. That fall we had fine cabbage and potatoes, and the corn for grinding was good. All these were scarce in Boston, so Aunt Hopeful decided to fill the cart with some of them and send them as a gift to Paul Revere, for he had once done my Uncle Benjamin a great service." Matthew paused, then added, "As the time to go drew near, I was little afraid of the long journey."

"Were you afraid like I was today?" Asked the child. "Yes, I think I was, Ann Mary," answered Matthew. "But Aunt Hopeful's words were reassuring, for as she kissed me and helped me onto the cart she said, 'Remember, Matthew, you are never alone.' That gave me a warm feeling." After a serious moment, Matthew continued the story. "The second day I reached Revere's house. He was delighted with the vegetables, but he wouldn't take them as a gift, he insisted on paying for them. Then he helped me buy and pack my supplies. As we were passing along one of the streets, we saw an old ship's bell. It was cracked. I told him I wished we had even a cracked bell for grandfather's church. Then he showed me the bell was poorly cast, and he told me about bells as we walked on. So you see, Ann Mary, I'm sure his bells are as fine as people say they are."

Matthew started on early the next morning, and as he went through the familiar country, his thoughts were filled with memories of his beloved grandfather. He had dreamed so long of this last remembrance for the dear, old man, and now there would be no chiming bell! The money was safely in Ann Mary's father's hands. He had loaned it to him in his time of need. Oh, he would repay it. There might be a bell some day, but anyway, it was what grandfather would have done.

It was growing dusk on Thanksgiving Day when Matthew finally en-

tered the town. Since he must pass the church on the way to grandmother's house, he decided to go in. He loved it in the quiet of early evening. Matthew did not lift his eyes to the slender, latticed spire. He walked slowly into the small entrance and through the wide doors into the church.

The interior was quite dark in the twilight of the late autumn day—but someone was there! Someone was sitting in the pew where Matthew had sat as a boy, so he went quietly up the aisle.

"Dear Matthew, I knew it was you by your step. I was sure you would come before the day ended." It was grandmother, waiting for him!

"And I'm late," said Matthew heavily.

Grandmother laid her hand gently over his. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," he answered. "This year I had the money for the bell, but—a neighbor needed help. I loaned it."

While they were talking, someone entered the outer door, and before grandmother could reply, the clear, resonant tones of a bell came from the steeple.

"A bell!" gasped Matthew.

"Yes," said grandmother, "a Revere bell! I have the letter here from Paul Revere. He talked to Aunt Hopeful in the summer, and learned that you were still hoping to get the bell for grandfather's church. So he sent one —and the letter reads, 'To the fine courageous lad, Matthew, who brought the vegetables to Boston."

"Oh, I'm so thankful for the bell! How I wish I could carry on grandfather's work from his pulpit!"

"Matthew," said grandmother tenderly, "do not speak again of your handicap. Since you do not talk so much, all things are the more deeply in your heart. You were a fine boy, you are a wonderful man—O Matthew, your great heart is mirrored in your face."

Matthew sat very still, listening to the tones of the bell, thinking of Ann Mary who could not sing the Lord's hymns. Then the bell stopped ringing, and the old sexton came through the little church, lighting the lamps. And suddenly there was a brightness in Matthew's heart that far outshone the lamps.

———:———

Those who call men fools and jest at the simple ones are not themselves wise. No man, when he knows how little he knows, will puff himself out. If there be such a thing as a fool it is he who puts on airs of being a man of superior wisdom.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The regular Sunday afternoon sermon to the boys of the school last Sunday was delivered by Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord. In his usual way, Mr. Summers brought a message that was full of inspiration and help to all who were present. He read as a Scripture lesson the first nine verses of the Thirty-Fourth Psalm, which is described as one of the Psalms from the pen of David, who was described as a man after God's own heart.

Mr. Summers used as his topic for his message the Open Eye. In this connection he emphasized that the Eye of God is always open and that God never sleeps or slumbers.

Mr. Summers reviewed the time in his life when, as a country boy living out on the farm in the state of Kentucky, he obtained the family Bible from which he read. This book had some pictures in it, too, and in it there was the picture of an eye—the artist's conception of God's eye. This experience occurred in his life on a cold, rainy lay that was too bad for a boy to get outside. He said he had no toys and the question was always present as to what to do with himself on such occasions. Contemplating the picture which he found, he seemed to note that the artist, in his conception, had tried to portray an eye of kindness, sympathy, beneficence and helpfulness. When he did not understand the meaning of the statement that the Eye of God never slumbers, he naturally went to his mother to get an explanation.

Mr. Summers explained to the boys that since that eventful day in his life until the present day, whether as a boy or an adult, there has never been any question as to whether God knows and sees all things. He explained that when he had committed any wrong he knew that his misbehavior was seen by God, whether it was in the daytime or darkest night. He realized, too, that God sees not only the visible things of the world, but He sees the inner thoughts of a person's mind. Since God sees, He knows. He knows the inner motives, longings, and envyings of the mind. He knows not only the evil tendencies but He knows the longing towards goodness and towards God.

It was explained that God knew that when David longed for that which is good and best there was a conflict in his spirit against the things that were evil. Sometimes the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

It was explained to the boys that as God always sees His children on the earth, so must they always keep their eyes on God. Only as people keep their eyes on God may they hope for His blessing. When the prophet of olden times looked out on the hills and saw the armies arrayed against the enemy, he exclaimed that "those who are for us are far more than they who are against us." This is what he saw, because of his feeling of strength in the Lord.

Here in America, with so many benefits, we have tended to take our minds off God and have thought of

ourselves and the nation. Yet, in this very hour the leaders in America seem to find themselves powerless in their efforts to make a permanent peace plan for the world. In this connection it was explained that only as people get their strength from God, and only as their lives are dedicated wholly to Him can people hope to be powerful and forceful in the spiritual realms of living. A person may come from a fine home of culture and refinement, and may have the benefits of an education and great wealth, but these are not the sufficient means for accomplishing great things for the establishment of God's kingdom in the earth. For people to be helpful in God's program, they must lift up their eyes unto the Lord.

They must look to Him for the strength which they need from day to day.

———:———

THE WAY TO LIVE

Trying to be happy
  When the day seems long;
Trying to be cheerful
  When everything goes wrong.

Trying hard to do
  The very best you can;
Trying not to binder.
  But to help your fellow man.

Trying to look pleasant,
  Trying not to frown,
Trying to prepare
  To wear a starry crown.

Trying to be thoughtful,
  Learning how to give;
Trying to be perfect—
  That's the way to live.

—Selected

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.—Colton.

One loses all the time which he might employ to better purpose.
—Rousseau.

—:—

Life's evening will take its character from the day that preceded it.
—Suttleworth.

—:—

The way to be honest is to study to be what you wish to seem.
—Socrates.

—:—

A guilty conscience is a hell on earth, and points to one beyond.
—Beaumont.

—:—

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.—Prentice.

—:—

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; it is better to be alone than in bad company.—Washington.

—:—

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should both be hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear.—South.

—:—

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one.—Colton.

The heart never grows better by age; I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older.
—Chesterfield.

The wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.
—Deluzy.

—:—

Eighty per cent of our criminals come from unsympathetic homes.
—Hans Christian Andersen.

—:—

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater.

—:—

Bad habits are as infectious by example as the plague itself is by contact.—Fielding.

Mine honor is my life: both grow in one; take honor from me and my life is done.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity, than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

—:—

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without earning it.—Horace Greeley.

—:—

He is not dead who departs from life with a high and noble fame; but he is dead, even while living, whose brow is branded with infamy.—Tieck.

—:—

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.—Carlyle.

—:—

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other weapons of the devil, it is always cunningly ready to our hand, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point.—J. R. Lowell.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

Training Supervisor: "You can't sleep in this class!"

Trainee: "I know it. I've been trying for half an hour."

—:—

If he can remember so many jokes,
With all the details that mold them,
Why can't he recall with equal skill,
How many times he's told them?

—Lee Arvin

—:—

Policeman: As soon as I saw you come around the bend, I said to myself, "Fifty at least."

She: How dare you! It's the hat that makes me look so old!

—:—

Joe: "Do you know why they call their marriage a beef stew?"

Blow: "No, why?"

Joe: "She's always beefing and he's always stewed."

—:—

"My son is specializing in speech and languages in school."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, I got a bill that said $20 for French, $50 for Spanish, and $200 for Scotch."

—:—

Youngman: "How's the razor cutting? Does it go easy?

Fish: "That depends on the operation. If you're trying to shave me, it goes hard; but if you're skinning me it's going fairly easy."

—:—

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Two men swindled."

Passerby: "I'll take one—Say, there isn't anything in here about two men being swindled."

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Three men swindled."

—:—

A tourist entered a village store and asked, "Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"

"In the shape of automobile tires" replied the store-keeper, "well, we've got funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts."

—:—

Papa glared sternly at his young hopeful. "Another bite like that, young man," he said, "and you'll leave the table."

Sonny looked up. "Another bite like that," he agreed, "and I'll be ready to leave the table."

—:—

An aviator flying over a city had to take to his parachute because of engine trouble. On the way through space he met a man floating up. "Hey!" he shouted, "Have you seen a plane going down?" "No," replied the man. "Have you seen a boiler going up?"

—:—

Mactavish and the railroad conductor had a heated argument over the fare. Finally, in disgust, the conductor threw Mac's suitcase off the train just as they passed over a river.

"Mon!" screamed Mac, "it isn't enough you overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy."

—:—

"My first turkey!" exclaimed the bride proudly, as they sat down at the table.

"It looks swell, darling," said her husband. "What did you stuff it with?"

"Stuff it with? Why, honey this one wasn't hollow."

—:—

His secretary was just comfortably ensconced on his lap when the boss looked up and saw his wife entering the office. "Mile High Furniture Company, he dictated rapidly. "Gentlemen: Shortages or no shortages, how long do you think I can run my office with only one chair?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 9, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Billy Best
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Floyd Canady
Billy Holder
Billy McVicker
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
James Scott

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Wroodrow Nortor
Leroy Shedd
Clyde Wright
James Sehen

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Avery Brown
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Smith
James Wilson
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Herman Fore
Danny Mack Hayes
Evan Myers
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
Billy Paschal
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Howell Wilkinson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Robert Galyon
Earl Halloman
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southernland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Robert Shepherd
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmett Fields
Marion Ross
Marvin Guyton
Herman Hutchins
Jack Griffin

Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Robert Hinson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Joyce Hobbs
George Marr
J. C. Mikeal
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billings
Conley Haney
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Earl Grant
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Charles Shearin
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Sam Finney
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Arey Hogue
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Kenneth Rogers
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Edens Chavis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Roy Orr
Bobby Poplin
Carroll Painter
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its west. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets.—John Ruskin.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 22, 1947 No. 47

NOV 22 '47

SCATTERING SMILES

Scatter a little happiness,
Along your path today;
Just a bit of sunshine,
When you stop along the way.

Your smiles in kindness given,
Will often chase the gloom;
For the seed that's sown with gladness,
Oft sprouts a lovely bloom.

Just scatter your bit of sunshine,
And smile along your way;
And the smile you give for others,
Will soon begin to pay.

—Donald Dollinger.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Frank H. Braswell
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.
SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.
PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy. John Weaver.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-8
LOCAL HAPPININGS		9
HERE ARE NO SELF-MADE MEN	(Selected)	12
WHAT IS MONEY	(The Christian Index)	14
THE WORTH OF A CHILD	(I. G. F.)	15
JUST A MESSAGE FOR DADDY	(Selected)	16
PHYSICAL VERSUS SPIRITUAL	(The London Prison Farmer)	18
A LAYMAN SPEAKS TO YOUNG PREACHERS	By Josephus Daniels	19
BOOKS OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT	By Beatrice Cobb	22
THE UNITED STATES FLAG	By John A. Gleason, in New Age	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
A COLUMN OF HUMOR		29
HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S, G. HAWFIELD, Editor J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Winn E. McGawan, Friendship, Wis.

Dear Father, as we gather at this table,
  Filled with lavish bounty of Thy hand,
We ask Thy help that we be better able
  Thy loving care to feel and understand.

Grant that, as, round this board we take our places,
  Our heads be bowed in deep humility;
And may we, feasting, think, with happy faces,
  Of all Thy many gifts we do not see.

For Thou dost give us care and love supernal,
  And strength to smile in spite of pain and loss,
And faith to follow on to realms eternal,
  Where we shall find a crown beyond the cross.

Then teach us, Father, to be meek and lowly,
  Be near us as we bow our heads to pray;
Thus in our prayers we'll find communion holy,
  And in our hearts we'll find Thanksgiving day.

THE SACRIFICES OF THANKSGIVING

The American people, according to custom, will, on November 27, observe the anniversary of Thanksgiving Day. The observance of this holiday has become firmly established in the American philosophy and it is on that day that the people, with their hearts full of gratitude and with an outpouring of the sentiments of their hearts turn their faces towards the great Creator of the universe and render unto Him their sincere thanks for their material and spiritual blessings.

The Thanksgiving occasion arises out of the finest sentiments of the heart. It is an occasion when people, without coercion or without directives from high authorities, voluntarily offer their praises and thanksgiving. Of course, the Thanksgiving occasion is intimately connected with the harvest season, with all that is implied in it. But, primarily, it is a spiritual event, and the foundations for the proper observance of Thanksgiving lie in the spiritual realm.

The Psalmist of old, when his heart had been touched, uttered for us a beautiful proclamation appropriate to this season, in these memorable words:

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: His mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.

And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the most High;

Therefore He brought down their heart with labour; they fell down and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

For He hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing.

In America the pilgrim fathers first gave to us the custom of celebrating the harvest season with a day of Thanksgiving. The first Thanksgiving proclamation was issued by Governor Bradford, and the day was observed on December 13, 1621. However, George Washington issued the first general proclamation for a day of thanks in the year 1789. It was in 1863 that President Lincoln called upon the nation to observe the last Thursday in November as a national holiday.

America, as a God-fearing nation, owes much to that little band of Christian souls who, on that long ago Thanksgiving Day, under the cold canopy of a December sky, with the windswept pine forest about them and with the thunder of ocean waves down in the bay, reverently bowed their heads above their crude altars, and with Elder Brewster gave humble thanks to the Giver of all good. We can picture that distant time of rejoicing when at last there was corn and other foods in the cabins to tide the remnant of the settlement over the cold winter ahead, and when game was again plentiful in the woods. Desperate days were in the background, and faith was strong again. Their stout hearts were sealed with gratitude to a benevolent Providence, as they marched up to the little log church.

In The Uplift of 1944, at the Thanksgiving season, there was written this significant paragraph:

"Of course, it is impossible for anyone at this time to put into the first Thanksgiving a meaning which it really did not possess. However, there are some very natural implications about which one may contemplate. In the first place, the Pilgrim fathers rendered

their thanks to God because of the feeling that his Divine Providence had safeguarded them in their direst circumstances. They came to this new country with an indomitable courage and abiding faith in God, and even through the ordeals of their first bitter winter months they held steadfast to their faith. There were moments when there was great travail in their spirits, and no doubt a temptation to turn their backs upon God, but they did not. They endured hardships beyond description and even beyond our imagination. The future was dark and the shadows were thick and heavy, but their faith shone with a lustre that was unlimited in its brilliance.

Today, in America, the people, as usual, have many, many things for which to be thankful. The have been abundantly blessed with a great abundance of the essential elements of life. At the present moment the people of this country are enjoying "the fat of the land" in what seems to be almost superabundance, and this is occurring at a time when many of the ill-fated nations of the world are enduring the horrors of hunger and poverty, when they are enduring the bitterest hangovers of the devastations of war. In many lands there is widespread suffering among all groups. Many small, innocent children are being denied their life's heritage because the adults of another generation became so deeply involved in devastating warfare, and this occurred because the world had no moral equivalent greater than the forces of Satan.

At this time, when people are turning their hearts towards God in Thanksgiving, the true religion of the American people will be tested and measured as it has probably never been measured before in the history of the world. We in America are being called upon to share our abundance with those less fortunate than we. Out of their suffering and poverty, out of the cruel needs of the hour, other nations are calling to the American people to come to their rescue. Out of our goodness and our abundance, we will either turn to them or in our greed and selfishness we will withhold that which we could easily spare. Therefore, as we go though the Thanksgiving season, we should endeavor to let our conscience be our guide. We should strive to lay aside all our vested or selfish interests and work earnestly for the good of the world. If we fail to do this, we will be unfair to the thousands of soldier boys from this and other nations who gave their lives upon the altars of peace

that human justice and freedom might prevail throughout the world.

Today we live in probably the most critical moment of the world's history. We find that there is great dissension and confusion in world councils which are endeavoring to formulate peace formulas for the world. We find that the forces under the domination of Russia are arrayed in desperate struggle against the United States and the other weastern powers. Unfortunately, we seem to be destined to encounter desperate struggles in the day ahead—days that will call for faith, courage, and devotion to the highest principles of Christian living. Let us hope and trust that our leaders may face the struggles ahead with the same stout hearts that characterized the pilgrim fathers in the initial days of our history, and as we at this time find our hearts filled with gratitude we shall likewise find our souls have been inspired to meet all changes of this hour.

* * * * * * * *

OTHER SUPERINTENDENTS AND STAFF MEMBERS VISIT OUR SCHOOL

On Tuesday of this week we at the Training School were very happy to have the Superintendents of the other training schools in the state, and a number of their staff members to spend the day with us.

Representing the various institutions as Superintendents were the following: Mr. W. D. Clark, Eastern Carolina Training School; Miss Reva Mitchell, Samarcand; Mr. P. B. Brown, Morrison Training School; and Miss Katherine Holmes, of the Dobbs Farm.

Attending the meeting were Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, State Commissioner of Correction and Training; Miss Mildred Creech, Secretary in Mr. Leonard's office; Miss Juanita Noland, State Psychologist for correctional institutions; and Mr. Richard Clendenin of the Children's Bureau in Washington D. C.

All the people at the Jackson Training School were delighted to have these visitors. The superintendents spent a part of their time in their usual conferences and a part of their time was spent in touring the various departments here at the school. We hope that they all enjoyed their visit, and we wish to extend to all of them a cordial invitation to come back to the school whenever they can.

Among the topics discussed at the Superintendents' Conference were the following:

1. Progress Reports
2. Insurance on institution property.
3. Guidance for boys and girls.
   (1) Educational.
   (2) Religious.
   (3) Vocational.
   (4) Social.
4. Report blank forms.
5. Phases of an adequate health program.
   (1) Sterilizations.
   (2) Glasses.
   (3) Dental treatment, etc.
6. The various aspects of an adequate recreational program.
7. The problem of admitting and treating the young boy or girl to our institutions.
8. The problem of dealing with extreme behavior problems in the open type institution, involving mass treatment.
9. The treatment of cases of low mentality in our present programs with limited staffs as to numbers and specialized training.
10. The advantages and disadvantages of a central dining hall.
11. The problems of probation and recidivism.

* * * * * * * *

MR. J. E. FERGUSON HERE TO ACCEPT OTHER WORK

Mr. J. E. Ferguson, who has served as Budget Officer here at the school for almost two years, resigned his work here to enter the employment of the Propst Construction Company in Concord. We regret to lose Mr. Ferguson from our staff. He proved himself to be efficient in his work, and he was a great help to the institution.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to him for all of his courtesties and to wish for him in his new work the very best of success.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Chapel Program

By John Weaver, 9th Grade

On Tuesday, Nov, 11, 1947 the 9th grade boys gave a chapel program. The features of the program were as follows: Scripture, 100th Psalm, by Moody Hamrick; Song, "Dust on the Bible," by James Sehen; Favorite Hymns of the Soldiers in World War I, "The Old Rugged Cross" and "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," by all; Talk, by Mr. Hines; a prayer, "George Washington's Prayer for Peace," by Clyde Wright; Talk, "Why We Celebrate Armistice Day," by Glenn Evans; Poems, "In Flanders Fields," by John Weaver and "America's Reply," by William Smith; Songs," "Peace Hymn of the World," and "There Are Many Flags in Many Lands," by 9th Grade; A poem, "The Flag Goes By," by Charles Woodrow; A poem, "They Fought for Yoy," by Billy Kassell; Song, "America, The Beautiful," by everyone; A poem, "The Boy from Dixie Land," by Talmadge Duncan; Dialogue, "The Flag and National Hymn," by Charles Angel and Waylon Gardner; Group of Songs, by the 9th grade Boys; Song, "Star Spangled Banner"—1st Stanza—by everyone. This concluded the program, and we hope all the boys enjoyed it.

Radlo Program on Armistice Day

By Charles Woodrow, 9th Grade

November 11th, 1947 was the day that the boys of Mr. Hines' 9th grade had the radio program. Mr Hawfield announced the program, and Mrs. Frank Liske accompanied the boys at the piano.

A group of boys sang first. They sang "The Peace Hymn of the World." A talk, "Why We Celebrate Armistice Day," was given by Glenn Evans. Next, there were poems, "In Flanders Fields," by John Weaver and "America's Answer," by William Smith. Talmadge Duncan recited another poem, a long poem entitled "The Boy from Dixie Land.". A dialogue was given by Charles Angel and Waylon Gardner. Charles Woodrow said "The Flag Goes By," and Billy Kassel said "They Fought for You." The last thing on the program was a song, "Over There," by the entire group of 9th grade boys.

I think that this program was enjoyed very much, and we boys of the 9th grade hope to have the opportunity of going back to the radio station to present another program.

Reveiving Cottage News

By Alfred Perry, 9th Grade

On Nov. 3rd, Mrs. J. T. Phillips, owner of the Gospel Book Store in Greensboro, gave to the Receiving Cottage library eleven books by Paul Hutchins. The books are about the Sugar Creek Gang and are providing interesting reading. The boys of the Receiving Cottage want to thank Mrs. Phillips for this lovely gift.

Dr. E. R. King, the school's physician, recently gave a quantity of bananas to the boys of the Receiving Cottage. Our matron, Mrs. Adams, made the bananas into a pudding. Each of us received a large and delicious serving. We would like to thank Dr. King and Mrs. Adams for this treat.

On Sunday night, the boys of Cottage No. 1, Cottage No. 15, and the Receiving Cottage attended services at Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. Mr. Hardee, pastor of the Mocksville Methodist Church and a former chaplain in the armed forces, preached. Revival services, will continue through the week. We enjoyed the services very much and hope to attend more during the week.

On Halloween night the boys of the Receiving Cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Thomas went to Wildwood Cottage for a party. Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield were guests of the evening. After playing games and doing stunts, we ate peanuts, roasted marsh-mallows, and had a Pepsi Cola. Before leaving, we inspected the new range that had been installed in the kitchen. We enjoyed the evening and look forward to going again some time.

Boys Sing and Recite at Sunday School

By Fred Whitley, 9th Grade

On Sunday, November 9, 1947 at the Sunday School Hour, some of the boys of the 1st grade gave poems and sang songs. The following things were on the program: A poem, "This I'll Do for Jesus," by Eden Chavis; A poem, "A Tiny Soldier," by Elmer Sutherland; Song, "Smile and Sing," by Elmer Sutherland, Eden Chavis, Sam Finney, and Donald Forbes; Song, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story," by the same four boys.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Thursday night, the boys enjoyed the show entitled "Johnny Comes Flying Home." A pilot (Johnny Martin) was told by the doctor that he must not fly a plane again for a year on account of his nerves. At first he had a job driving a bus, but he went so fast that he got angry and gave up his job. He got in with two of his friends and started a job of flying freight, although he did not fly himself. One of his friends got a job of flying a jet plane. That was to be his last dive.

When Miles went to make a telephone call to his wife who was in the hospital, Johnny locked him up in the telephone booth. Then Johnny put on his mask, got in the jet plane, and took off. When Miles got out of the booth, he went out to the airport, and they found out he was not the one who had made the flight. In the meantime, Johnny's girl friend told Miles to go to the hospital to see his wife. She wanted to see him. He went to the hospital.

Johnny's girl friend went up into the control tower and told them to get Johnny down, because the doctor said for him not to be flying. He refused to come down, saying that he had gone up to make a dive and that he was going to make it. They said,

"You can't do it." He replied, "I've got this far, and I might as well go the rest of the way." Ann began to talk to him and tried to dissuade him not to make the dive, but he said, "Even though I love you, I am going to make this dive." When he had got 34,000 feet, he began to dive. He blacked-out at 700 feet, but the plane leveled off. He landed safely.

Visitors Come to Our School

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Thursday morning, and again Thursday afternoon, we were very fortunate to have Rev. Mr. Harbison, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, bring Rev. Mr. Hardee, pastor of the Mocksville Methodist Church, to speak to the boys at the assembly period. Mr. Hardee, who was a chaplain in the war, reached the rank of major.

All of the boys surely did enjoy having these visitors come, and the talks were appreciated immensely. One of the boys said, "We enjoyed his talk very, very much and wish to thank them for coming."

New Boys Enter the Day School

By Billy Kassell, 9th Grade

On November 15, 1947 there were five new boys to enter the school department. Their names and grades are as follows: Charles Johnson, 4th grade; Homer Fisher, 5th grade; Jimmy Rhodes, 6th grade; Junior Blackburn, 9th grade; and Billy Best, 9th grade.

We hope that these boys will make a good record while they are at the school.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 23, 1947

Nov. 24—Thomas Collins, Cottage 6, 10th birthday
Nov. 24—Marshall Beaver, Cottage 10, 14th birthday
Nov. 25—Carol Teer, Cottage 15, 15th birthday
Nov. 27—Raymond Harding, Cottage 9, 14th birthday
Nov. 28—Joseph Blackburn, Cottage 13, 16th birthday
Nov. 28—Leonard Dehart, Cottage 14, 14th birthday
Nov. 28—Raymond Cloninger, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
Nov. 28—Moody Clifton Hamrick, Jr., Cottage 3, 9th birthday
Nov. 29—J. Paul Church, Cottage 1, 16th birthday

HERE ARE NO SELF-MADE MEN

(Selected)

One of the things to give a fellow a pain in the neck is the oft repeated assertion by some successful egotist, "I am a self made man." No man has right to call himself a self-made man. There is no such thing. God almighty has endowed from time to time, or circumstances or chance or mis-fortune or ill-fortune, or storm, or tornado, flood, fire or brimstone, or any other agency you might choose to accredit, has created a lot of men of tougher, moral, mental or physical fiber, or a combination of all three, than is the lot of the average man. By reason of this stamina, or some great lesson driven into their brain, or some compelling desire to rise to the heights, they have advanced above their fellows. By their superior talents given them in trust by learning than their neighbors, they have risen higher in the public favor, or they have raked in a few more dollars than those less ably endowed have been blessed with and often. These men reach such pinnacles of fame, as to make fools to fawn in folly at their feet.

And as the years roll on, they live out their little span of life, and wise old Omar would have compared them. "Like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two and is gone," they too go down with all the other Napoleons, "Into the tonguless silence of the dreamless dust, leaving their heritage to be fought over, and divided among those who in turn have become smart enough to take from other great men's weak, foolish or incompetent offsprings.

There are no self-made men. To get down to brass tacks, there can be no more self-made men, any more than there can be self-made blue-ribbon bulls, pedigreed sows or prize billy goats. Like these familiar barnyard animals, they are the out-growth of forces with which they had nothing to do. If you have risen to a high place in knowledge, in riches, in happiness or public esteem, it is something that has been given you in trust, and thank God for it.

The giving of something in trust presupposes wise management and profitable use. The so-called self-made man owes a mighty big lot back to somebody somehow. He has in hand more talents than his fellowmen. He has been rewarded in advance for duties he should be expected to discharge. He has had shouldered upon him a responsibility that is appailing. He has accepted a charge that Atlas like burdens him with the weight of the world.

In this world, contrary to the vain imagining, the pompous beliefs, or the probable parring to overcome a subsconcious inferiorty complex of our forefathers, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, all men are not born free and equal. Maybe they should be, or are such in theory but in actual life and practice, nothing could be physically further from the truth. Chance or circumstance, or birth or breeding, environment, or

misfortune changes all that, and makes of it an empty boast.

It remains therefore for those self-made men, who have been born or otherwise endowed with strong minds and muscles, with great force of character, and abnormal determination, and trancendant egotism, to lend to the utmost their talents, their wealth and their prestige to overcome to misfortunes, to soothe the heart-aches, to relieve the pain and discomfort, and to set at rest the troubled minds of their less fortunate brothers.

For those poor unfortunates are not to blame for their lack of endowment, their dearth of talent, their misfortunes apace that made them burdensome to society. They too, fill a place and purpose in life. It is they who set a negative example, who by contrast warn us away from danger and into higher and more hopeful and happier paths.

It seems that after all, it must be a terrible, frightful thing to be a "self-made man," as they often call themselves. It is hardly likely that anyone, upon close scrutiny of the idea, can believe humanity capable of developing such enduring material as that so necessary to faithfully discharge the appalling burden that most of a certainty, belongs upon the shoulders of the so-called "self-made man."

———:———

ADJUST YOURSELF

The hardest task put before the average boy today seems to be that of adjustment to his surroundings. Through shyness, lack of interest, or a well defined obstinacy, several months are wasted before even a partial adjustment is made. And why does it cause so much trouble? If it is going to be such a supreme effort to adapt plans to conform to ordinary rules—what would be the results on a job?

Each new adventure, and each new enterprise involves varied aspects which have never before been evidenced as a reality. By meeting calmly, and with a little effort, obstacles are quickly and easily removed. Those then who have taken several weeks or months to accustom themselves to the standard of the school and shop would be more than behind when it came to a job. Certainly no employer would condescend to pay an individual several month's salary and use up an extra amount of energy trying to make him conform to his way of office procedure.

Therefore, in disguise, each one is an important subject added to his school and shop program. An improvement along this line will receive equally as much consideration.

When one has acquired the ability to quickly and easily adjust himself to his surroundings, half the battle is won.—Selected

WHAT IS MONEY

The Christian Index

The banker would call it 'a standard of value." The economist would call it a "commodity,"—having a value of its own. The merchant would call it "a medium of exchange."

The Christian likes a more vital definition, namely; "compressed life." Money is just that. A man toils all the week long, putting the sweat of his brow into his job; and the long, long thoughts of his brain; and the impulses from the deep places of his soul! and the dream stuff he has nurtured from his youth up. At the end of the week all of these things are evaluated and bought. He is given money. He looks at this money, and says: "That is one week of my life."

So saying, the Christian man will have a more reverent feeling for his money. He no longer thinks of it as mere metal, or a smooth-surfaced piece of paper. This money has personality, his own personality, his own life. It must not be squandered, because it cannot keep on coming. All nature rises up to bear solemn testimony to this. While it lasts, therefore, this money, this "compressed life" must be handled reverently and invested in things that do last.

So thinking, the Christian gets new conceptions of the possibilities of money. When the Divine breath is blown upon money it is transmuted into sermons of salvation, into hospitals for the healing of the people, into orphanages of opportunity for the homeless, into colleges for annihilating the curse of ignorance, into clothing to keep the naked warm, into Testaments which can take away sin.

Some years ago this writer heard the Christian experience of a young Japanese. Everybody was thrilled by his simple, unctious narrative. While he spoke he held a small New Testament in his hand. In concluding he held up that little Testament and thanked God for its story, which led him to Christ. Then he thanked God for the missionary who gave him the Testament, which he guessed had cost somebody about 25 cents.

"When I get to heaven," the little preacher continued, "I shall want to greet my Saviour first of all, and thank him; then I shall ask him where I can find the missionary, to thank him, then I shall ask my Saviour to tell me who in America gave the 25 cents, that bought the Testament, that brought me to Jesus, for I shall want to look him up and thank him too."

Each one of us wishes he had earned and given that 25-cent piece which was transmuted into salvation. But we can earn and give others, many others. Nobody knows what a dollar can do when God gets into it. Our investments in life and character are the only ones that last and satisfy.

Often the most helpful thing you can do is to keep out of the way.—Ex.

THE WORTH OF A CHILD

I. G. G.

The value placed upon childhood increases according to the progress of civilization. Lycurgus, the greatest of Spartan lawgivers, reflected the attitude of his age toward childhood in the laconic answer he gave a group of elders who inquired as to what disposition they should make of certain children. Said he: "If they can make good soldiers for Sparta, feed them; if they cannot make good soldiers, fatten the beasts of the arena."

It was left for the Galilean to place upon childhood a price that surpasses all other values when He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Since His day we have thought of children in more sacred terms than ever before, and even the man without creed or religion can now be touched by the needs of the child.

You remember the crude yet beautiful touch in one of John Hay's Pike County ballads. The old plainsman left his team in front of a store. The horses took fright and ran away in a blinding snow storm, taking with them his four year old boy, Little Gabe. Late at nights they found the horses submerged in a snowdrift, dead, but Little Gabe could not be found. They continued their search and hours later found Little Gabe snug and warm in a sheep-fold where the lambs were kept at night. The father said:

"Fellows, there's something I don't understand; my horses were killed, but Little Gabe was saved." Said the shepherd, "Begad, the angels saved Little Gabe." But the father replied, "I thought the business of the angels was to loaf around the throne and sing songs of glory." And then Hay wrote:

"And I think that saving a little child,
and fetching him to his own,
Is a darned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."

The Christian religion is the only religion that ever proposed to snatch from the wrecks of live boys and girls to make out of them leaders. James says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Genius knows no nationality, no race, no prejudice, and makes its home as readily in the alley as in the palace, on the mountain as often as in the valley, among the poor more often than the rich, the homely than the handsome. It illustrates the equality of democracy and preaches the aristocracy of it.—Edward Coursin in Judy's Magazine.

JUST A MESSAGE FOR DADDY

(Selected)

It was a message from Daddy, but Daddy, was dead and gone. He would never come home again to them, he would never feel their little arms about his neck. He had been taken away by some brainless idiot who did not know how to drive perhaps, and who at any rate was driving too fast with no place to go.

"Tuesday morning there was a fatal accident on the Minterburn Hill and when the medical examiner was going through the pockets of the dead man—a telegram was found. It was not very long, just the ordinary ten word length, but it was a message that would make any father happy. It read: 'We miss you daddy. When are you coming home?"

"That was all. It was a message sent by one of the children of a man who was killed. He had received the message and was homeward bound. The clothes were minus money but in his pocket he carried that message.

"Those who have little children, and those who were once little children, can think of the great blow to the child when the father did return home —dead.

"Daddy" will be missed by those children in the years ahead. No longer will they have his support, his earnings, and more important, his companionship.

"If ever there was a reason for people driving more carefully on the road, it is that they might get in an accident and deprive their own child or some other child of their 'Daddy'.

"More might be written, but just let us repeat those words: "We miss you Daddy. When are you coming home?"

CRITICISM

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.—Johnson.

Justly to discriminate, firmly to establish, wisely to prescribe, and honestly to award—these are the true aims and duties of criticism.—Simms.

Criticism is the child and handmaid of reflection. It works by censure, and censure implies a standard.—R. G. White.

It is our pride that makes another's criticism rankle, our self-will that makes another's deed offensive, our egotism that feels hurt by another's self-assertion.—Mary Baker Eddy.

You do not get a man's most effective criticism until you provoke him. Severe truth is expressed with some bitterness.—Goethe.

ging the dog."

How do we know that we DO exist? The body cannot tell us anything. The vital principle within us is: and because I think I am. Now thinking is definitely a function of an intelligent agent and is evidence that that agent exists as a factor. An agent, however, is not a physical thinking machine because, as the thinker realizes, thinking is not the function of anything materialistic. So while the physical framework undoubtedly has its place in the scheme of things, it is on the spiritual plane that sentient agents exert themselves and are known. Thus the physical, in contradistinction to the spiritual, is a secondary phenomenon, not a primary one.

———:———

GREAT BATTERS

Batter up! The batter stands at the plate with the ball speeding toward him at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles per hour. In a third of a second he must size up the throw and decide what to do about it.

No wonder batters in baseball fail to hit more often than they succeed. Even the best hitters in baseball, with batting averages of .300 to .400, hit safely only three or four times out of every ten times at bat. Time after time they step up to the plate and hit a grounded to an infielder, or fly out to an outfielder, or strike out. They are great batters because their averages are high.

Life often throws problems at us. We have to make lightning-fast decisions. Many of us lose interest in the game of life because we fail so often. The great batters will help give us courage. Although they fail more often than they hit, they always come to bat with determination to knock the ball over the fence.

If we meet our problems with courage and determination, our averages will break pretty well, too. Remember that great inventors have dozens of failures before they perfect their inventions. Great ball-carriers in football often are stopped for no gain. Great chemists try hundreds of experiments for each important discovery. The great records are made only by those who never stop trying.

PHYSICAL VERSUS SPIRITUAL

(The London Prison Farmer)

To most men only that which can be seen with the eyes is real; the intangible is generally thought of as being in the realm of pure imagination that is, imagination only and therefore unreal. But didn't some one a long, long time ago state that the visible is but a shadow while the invisible is the real force behind a veil of materiality? For, "the visible things of this world are the evidence of things not seen."

We see the Grand Canyon— a mighty chasm in the bosom of the earth, and marvel at this wonderful sight. What is the connection between our "knowing" and our "not knowing?" There is a connection. The world outside of ourselves must be brought into correspondence with the world within, and this is done through physicial means but by mental. The thoughts of a man can transform him. Surely, it would be folly to mantain that our muscles think; that our cerebral convolutions open up the broad avenue of philosophy; that it is through material aids alone that we move and have our being.

Altogether too many pass over this question lightly, as though itwere to no effect; and still, who dares say that he rose in the business world or in the professions solely through physical effort? Isn't it clear that his mentality had a lot to do with it; that his thinking and his speaking and acting, all from an intellectual impulse, caused him to act in accordance with the conditions necessary for success? This is activity on the spiritual plane.

One cannot even walk across the street without a conscious mental efford which is made primarily on our faith that we can go where we will by means of our ambulating appurtenances, or legs. Every phase of our lives is based, principally, on our thinking. We create the conditions.

Just what makes a living organism click? Is it the material framework? But how can a purely material force function along mental lines, seeing that mental impulses are not naturally a function of inanimate materials? There must be something within the material frame of a creature that is responsible for that creature's actions and mode of living; something that is not materialistic but rather, spiritual; for all thinking, regardless of its quality, is a mental function. First we think; then we, if the occasion calls for it speak; and lastly we act according to the nature of our mental impulses. But we can control the thoughts and accordingly our speech and our actions. By reason of our faculty of reason we are responsible agents, that is, we are responsible for whatever consequences ensue because of the peculiar nature of our thoughts, our spoken words, and our deeds all of which follow a psychological law.

Our physical frame or body is affected by our mental activity; but conversly, our intellectual activity is not altogether dependant on just what kind of a body we carry around for that would be a case of the "tail wag-

A LAYMAN SPEAKS TO YOUNG PREACHERS

By Josephus Daniels

In a life spared beyond the Scriptural threescore and ten I have been privileged at Monticello to read the Declaration of Independence from the shrine of my political mentor; to stand in City Road Chapel in London in the pulpit of my religious patron saint; to serve as delegate to the General Conferences of our Church and have part in the election of great souls to the office of bishop; to sit in council with America's chief official apostles of peace in two wars. All these honors were beyond my deserving. But I speak sincerely when I say to you that no honor has come to me, unworthy as I am, that so humbles me as to be asked to give counsel to the young ministers called of God to minister at holy altars. I protested my inadequacy when Bishop Peele gave me this appointment. Two things, however, compelled acceptance of the appointment.

(1) One was that if my sainted Methodist mother were alive she would say to me, as I have heard her say to not a few young preachers: "God guides the Bishop in sending men where He needs them and where He will crown their work with His favor."

(2) My mother's chief disappointment in life was that her one unanswered prayer was that one of her sons was not called of God to preach the gospel. She would have felt more highly honored by such service than if either had inspired listening senates or been elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. And I shared and share the belief that you young Wesleyans are coming into the most exalted station among men at a time that will challenge all that is within you. I can truly say that if the voice of God had called me to the ministry in my young manhood, I would then have gladly said, "Here am I; send me."

Not called to the ministry, I have sat at the feet of a beloved pastor, Bishop Peele, and other Christian leaders in the holy office which you are entering this day. I cherish the hope that I have been directed in some measures to advance righteous causes with the pen.

It may be more than a coincidence that today you take the vows in a section early blessed by the ministry of Asbury. That Prophet of the Long Road preached in Elizabeth City in 1804. He it was who spread the gospel in North Carolina as an itinerant—to listening pioneers along the Pasquotank River; in the State Capitol Building; presided over the first Methodist Conference in this State on April 20, 1785, at the home of Green Hill in Franklin County; and left his footprints on the shores of Lake Junaluska, traveling 270,000 miles and preaching 16,275 sermons.

Methodism in the New World went with the pioneers as they felled the trees to make dwelling places in the wilderness. The circuit riders did not wait for the erection of church build-

ings but preached to the people in the open or in their temporary homes as they trekked from the seaboard on their way to building a democratic republic on Christian principles in the South and West. Is there not here a lesson to the preachers of our day when many people who most need the healing of the gospel do not enter the doors of the church? If the people do not go to church, the call is for the preacher to carry the message wherever they stand in need of its saving grace in the crowded streets and in the byways. That was the call your predecessors in the gospel heard and answered. Perhaps the greatest blunder of Methodism in England was that if failed to see the fields white unto the harvest that beckoned a dynamic Methodist, General William Booth, to service among the down and out. That failure made the Salvation Army the great independent agency which challenges the church today to a like carrying of the gospel to the unchurched.

Perhaps, instead of affirmative counsel, a layman should suggest from the pew a few Don'ts as you enter upon your ministry:

(1) Don't be afraid. In spite of the physical prosperity of today, the world is in the throes of fear. This is not only true of the frustration about world conditions; the church has caught the contagion. I bid you cast out all fears as you go forth as pastors of people needing a courage that will inspire faith in today and all the tomorrows. Have faith in the future, in yourselves, in your fellow men, and believe that as long as God reigns in his heavens all may be made well with the world tomorrow, no matter how dark are the clouds today.

(2) Don't be afraid to ring out clear for unpopular causes even if it cuts across the views or interests of some members of your church. Asked the road to political success by an ambitious young man, a wise statesman said: "Attach yourself to a righteous unpopular cause." The great preachers who have lived have never asked, "Is it popular?"—but, "Is it right?"

(3) Don't be afraid to tell your board of stewards and your congregation that you have come to call sinners to repentance, to comfort the bereaved, to give cheer to the poor, to minister to the sick, to touch the lives of those needing the help of the gospel, and not to "serve tables." Suggest the re-introduction of the Biblical division of duty in the church. Read to the congregation Acts 6:1-6, where the disciples declared "it is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables," so we "will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word."

(4) Don't be afraid of innovations or the use of modern agencies. The part of life. They have come to stay. radio and the talking picture are a Do not condemn them. Convert them. Put them to spreading the gospel. Moving pictures depicting Bible scenes and missionary enterprises and Christian progress should be utilized in the churches and Sunday schools.

(5) Don't preach to empty pews. If the people do not come to the church, the church must go to the people. It must mix with men who sweat and hope and suffer, wherever they can be found. The command of the Master was not to "Minister in a consecrated church;" it was "Go ye

into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This means to you those who live on the other side of the tracks.

(6) Don't fail to bring in your sermon a message that will compel the attention of your congregation. Dullness is the only unforgivable sin in the pulpit. I sometimes think that the lay official was right who, when asked what is the only unforgivable sin in the pulpit. I sometimes think that the lay official was right who, when asked what should be done if the congregation was indifferent, listless and sleepy during the sermon, said, "Go into the pulpit and wake up the preacher." Unless the preacher can hold the attention of his hearers he needs to be aroused himself.

(7) Don't be afraid of being called a sensationalist, revivalist, or evangelist. The most sensational utterance of all history was, "Ye must be born again." It was beyond the understanding of the Sanhedrin and of the lawyer who sought an interpretation from Jesus. There is danger that some preachers will be so afraid of being called exhorters or revivalists that they fail to arouse the interest or hold the attention of their congregation by declaring and stressing the plan of salvation laid down in the Bible.

(8) Don't be afraid of appealing to the emotions. I have never known a man to be converted unless his heart was touched. If there is one pitfall today for young preachers more dangerous than any other it is to believe that the only way to reach the people is through logic and reason. No preacher can safely neglect appealing to the intellect. But we are told in the Scripture: "Out of the heart come the issues of life." If you can use only one barrel of the two-barreled gospel gun—logic or emotion—I beseech you as a minister of the gospel first to seek entrance into the hearts of the people.

As for these don'ts from the pew by one who ventures to give counsel without feeling a sense of worthiness, I pray you will give them only the consideration they deserve. I am sure the godly admonitions of Bishop Peele, based on his experience that has made him an elder brother to all in the ministry, will be a lamp to your feet, while what I have said in comparison will be only a flickering torch. But with a sense of responsibility I have spoken what I trust has at least the merit of long consideration, given with sincerity and devotion to our Church and with the sincere prayer that you may be guided and strengthened not by the word of man but by the Spirit of the head of the church.

———:———

Be small enough to walk with the lowly and not feel superior. Many will agree with this but few will follow it. Those few will carry the light of ever-lasting sunshine on their countenance, and man and God will walk with them.—Masonic Pocket Magazine.

BOOKS OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT

By Beatrise Cobb

During my school days, in "day" school there were three or four memorizing requirements, including the states of the United States and their capitals, the counties and county seats of North Carolina, and the presidents of the United States. At Sunday School one of the "musts" was to learn the books of both the Old and the New Testament, in order. No doubt we would have found the latter task easier if we had had then the rhyming lines I clipped this week from Herbert Peele's column in the Elizabeth City Advance. I pass them along for the benefit of any Bible students or Sunday School teachers who may be interested in clipping, making use of or preserving them:

Books of the Old Testament

In Genesis, the world was made
By God's Almighty hand;
In Exodus, the Hebrews marched
To gain the promised land.
Leviticus contains the law,
Holy and just and good;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled.
All sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses in Deuteronomy
Recounts God's mighty deeds;
Brave Joshua, into Canaan's land
The hosts of Israel leads.
In Judges, their rebellion oft
Provoked the Lord to smite,
But Ruth records the faith of one
Well pleasing in His sight.
In First and Second Samuel
Of Jesse's son we read
Ten tribes, in First and Second Kings
Revolted from the seed.
The First and Second Chronicles
See Judah captive led,
But Ezra leads a remnant back
By princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion,
Nehemiah builds again.
While Esther saves her people
From the plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith can live
Beneath affliction's rod.
And David's Psalms are precious songs
For every child of God.
The Proverbs like a goodly string
Of choicest pearls appear;
Ecclesiates teaches men
How vain are all things here.
The mystic Song of Solomon,
Exalts sweet Sharon's rose,
Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King,
The rapt Isaiah shows.
The warning Jeremiah
The apostate Israel scorns,
His plaintive Lamentations
Their awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel tells, in wonderful words,
Of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst kings and empires yet to come,
Daniel in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy, too,
Hosea loves to tell,
Joel describes the blessed days
When God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen

Amos received his call,
Whilst Obadiah prophesies
Of Edom's final fall.
Micah pronounces Judah last—
Lost, but again restored.
Nahum declared on Nineveh
Just judgments shall be poured,
A view of Chaldea's coming doom,
Habakuk's visions give.
And Zephaniah warns the Jews
To turn, repent, and live;
Haggai wrote to those who saw
The temple build again,
And Zechariah prophesied
Of Christ's triumphant reign
Malachi was the last who touched
The high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show
The coming of the Lord.

Books of the New Testament

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Tell what by Jesus was said and done;
Acts both of the Apostles tell
And how the Holy Spirit fell.
Romans, Corinthians and Galatians
Hard by Epsesians take their stations;
Then the Philippians hand in hand
With Colossians take their stand
By Thessalonians; each and all
Claim for their author great St. Paul;
Who next writes twice in Timothy,
Then Titus and Phileman see;
While Hebrews the last letter claims.
Next comes the Epistle of St. James,
While Peter, John and good St. Jude
With Revelation both conclude.

TEMPERED

Before the builder's cherished dream comes true,
The steel must tempered be in every line
Through crucial test, and only then
Can it be used in architectural design.

In graceful outline, loftly spires arise
To etch their beauty on the evening sky.
The steel holds all in rightful place,
From deep foundation to pinnacle on high.

At times, my soul, thou too must tempered be
Through trial, which thy hidden strength will try;
That faith and love may carry thee
Aloft on towering spire, into celestial sky!

—Tabitha Marie Ritzmann

THE UNITED STATES FLAG

By John A. Gleason, in The New Age

One hundred and sixty-nine years ago our founding fathers created in this universe a new constellation that has come down through the years a banner of hope to the desparing, freedom to the enslaved, and succour to the wounded.

On June 14, 1777, George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, together with Colonel George Ross and Robert Morris, visited a little upholstering shop located at 239 Arch Street, in the city of Philadelphia. There they talked with the proprietor, Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, a widow. At and during this meeting the colors and design of a flag were discussed, but, as the tradition has been handed down to us, a center of argument took place regarding the shape of the stars to be included in this banner. The point in question was whether the star should have five or six points. As is so usual with the little ladies, even in these enlightened days, Betsy Ross had the last word and the final agreement was that the stars of our flag should be the five-pointed star as it is today.

Betsy Ross worked throughtout the night to finish that flag and, when it was delivered, it was so designed that the thirteen stars were formed into a complete circle within a field of blue. We of today call this banner the "Betsy Ross Flag," and the Continental Congress by resolution, Resolved: that the Flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field. representing a new constellation." Thus was born the banner that has in the past and, with God's help in the future, will always be the only ray of light for many in a world filled with darkness and despair.

The flag of the United States of America was first honored by a salute from a foreign power on February 14, 1778, when the French Navy saluted the banner as it blew from the masthead of the United States Ship-of-War, Ranger, commanded by John Paul Jones.

Many are the stories that have been handed down to us of our flag, and one that I like to repeat is that where the British suddenly appeared in force before Fort Stanwix (now Rome, New York), the American forces at this post had no flag, but, rather than not show their colors, hastily constructed one out of strips of white sheeting, bits of scarlet rags, and the field of blue from the camlet coat of the commanding officer, Captian Abraham Swarthout.

After the Revolutionary War was over and new states came into the Union it became the practice of adding a new star and a new stripe to the flag so that at the time of the War of 1812, there appeared that famous flag which to all Americans is remembered as "Old Glory" and of which Francis Scott Key, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry in Baltimore Harpor, on January 11, 1813, wrote those stirring words, "Oh, long may it wave; o'er the land of the free, and the home of the Brave."

After the war of 1812, when new

states were admitted, the plan of adding the stripes and star was discontinued and just a star was added. This practice has been followed down through our history until today we see the flag with its thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars, one for every state, and we can see and know which star represents which state. Let me illustrate. In the top row of the stars in the field, counting from the left to right, the first star represents Delaware; the second, Pennsylvania; then New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, and so on, each star representing a state down to the last two in the last row, New Mexico and Arizona.

What is this flag we are so honoring today, what does it mean, and what do we see in it? Allow me to point out to you the answers to these questions as I see them. First, I see in that Flag the symbol of everything that we as a people are or ever hope to be. It means, to each and every one, freedom —freedom of action and freedom of movement, freedom to challenge the very government itself should that government overstep the limits we have ourselves placed upon it, freedom to challenge by means of that peaceful revolution, "the ballot box," that form of revolution that might be called the "Holy of Holies." These things are in that flag.

Again looking into the folds of our starry banner I see Education—universal education, education for every child, every man and every woman to advance as far as his or her capacity for learning may extend. With the knowledge that "the wish" to know may not always have the faculty to acquire." I still see education, the American Public School System, nonpartisan, efficient and democratic, for all of the children of all the people. I see behind that flag, the symbol and the ideal that has caused each of you to leave your paths of peace and seek the horror of the battlefield. I see in the same measure as each of you the flag for which heroes fought, and bled and died. Not for gain, not for an imperialistic whim; but rather for benifit of others, to walk upright as free men.

For one hundred and sixty-nine years our flag has waved its folds to every breeze, confident in the power it represents, upholding right over might, freedom over slavery, using its armed might where necessary to aid the distressed and overburdened.

Let us here and now fully resolve that we as soldiers of that glorious emblem, as men who have fought its enemies and conquered for the right, ever inculcate the spirit of patriotism, respect for law and order, and remain now as ever, undyingly loyal to the Constitution and Flag of the United Stated of America, so that in the time to come even in another one hundred and sixty-nine years from now, others may say as we now say:

I pledge allegiance to The Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

A polite smug refusal is harder to take than a sharp bark of denial, even when you're young.—Ex.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Dr. S. W. Hahn, pastor of the St. James Lutheran Church in Concord, preached to the boys last Sunday. Dr. Hahn's message was full of interest and very appropriate to the occasion. Everyone felt it had been a long time since he had heard such a fine message and one so well adapted to the ages and the needs of the boys.

Dr. Hahn read as a Scripture lesson some verses from the 25th chapter of Matthew, beginning with the 14th and reading through the 30th verse.

The topic of his message was, "The Man Who Makes the Best of Himself," and he referred particularly to the man with two talents in the parable which was proclaimed by the Savior.

It was explained to the boys that in the parable the one man with the five talents seemed to get more than his just share. He was at one end of the scale with five talents, and another man was at the lower end of the scale with one talent. When the one talent man saw what had happened, he became so disgusted that he not only did absolutely nothing with what he had, but he went so far as to bury his talent in the earth so that it could be of no use to anyone. Then the two-talent man who was in the middle class accepted his opportunity in life and made the best of what he had.

Dr. Hahn showed the boys that there are some people in the world who rank among the great. These are the five-talent men. However, most people fall in the average group, and those in this group should feel at home because in it they have so many companions. The two-talent man who did the best he could with what he had ranks as a 100% individual because he took what he had and doubled it in value.

The minister then asked this question, "How did he do it?" and he gave three answers, as follows:

1. He discovered what his special ability or talent was and applied himself diligently. Examples were given of other men who have done this, such as Beethoven, who ranks as an outstanding writer of music, but he did not rank high as an engineer. Likewise, it was explained that Herbert Hoover was an illustrious engineer but no one thinks of him as being a musician.

It was explained that oftentimes in school there are students who are not interested particularly in the total school program, and it is for this reason that they need guidance. Dr. Hahn told of a personal observation in which he knew of a high school boy who had great interest in drawing, but he was poor in other subjects. His school principal realized that the boy had talent, and he encouraged him, with the result that the boy became highly successful as a commercial artist. The boys here at the school were advised to confer with their teachers and officers about life's vocation, and they were urged most of all to ask for God's help in their quest in getting into their most suitable life's vocation. It is always true that God has for each person a particular work to do, either as a

carpenter, a merchant, a teacher, or a doctor, or some other such profession.

2. It was explained to the boys that each and every person has the same amount of time at his disposal, from the lowliest worker to the President of the United States. All have just the same twenty-four hours in which to do valuable things. In this conection it was explained that time really belongs to God, and, therefore, it is too valuable to be wasted with trivial things. It was explained that the two-talented man improved himself most of all. Because of his ambitious. He learned to work and never drifted from one thing to another. In fact, no one ever drifts in life into positions of greatness. Greatness can only be achieved through merit.

3. It was asserted by the minister that each person, to be a success and improve his talent, must be always willing to take God into his life. Every person who hopes to be successful must be willing to start at the lowest point and work his way up through merit and worthy achievement.

In this connection, Dr. Hahn told of coming in contact with a fomer training school boy in Winston-Salem, and he explained that this boy, whom he knew from personal observation, went straight as a die. There was never a question regarding his character. He determined to make the best of what he had, and with God's help he became a successful printer in a newspaper job. Dr. Hahn told the boys it would be possible for every one of them to do likewise, if they would only be willing to pay the price.

———:———

WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SCORED

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and the English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Benjamin Franklin was a guest at a dinner given in honor of the French and English ambassadors. The ambassador from England arose and drank a toast to his native land. He said: "To England—the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, filled with his own national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous remark, offered the following: "To France—the moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Then rose old Benjamin Franklin and said in his slow but dignified way: "To George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Contemporary Exchanges, Books and Elsewhere)

"Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master."—Ben Jonson.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.—Quintilian.

—:—

Whenever a separation is made between liberty and justice, neither, in my opinion, is safe.—Burke.

—:—

If there is any person whom you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak.—Cecil.

—:—

Right intention is to the actions of a man what the soul is to the body, or the root to a tree.—Jeremy Taylor.

—:—

High office is like a pyramid; only two kinds of animals reach the summit, reptiles and eagles.—D'Alembert.

—:—

The world consists almost exclusively of people who are one sort and who behave like another sort.—Zona Gale.

—:—

It is not enough to have great qualities, we must also have the management of them.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

He that takes time to think and consider will act more wisely than he that acts hastily and on impulse.
—C. Simmons.

—:—

Fine manners are a stronger bond than a beautiful face. The former binds; the latter only attracts.
—Lamartine.

—:—

Every young man would do well to remember that all successful business stands on the foundation of morality.
—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

There never was a person who did anything worth doing that did not receive more than he gave.
—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them; power flows to the man who knows how.
—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

Show me the man who would go to heaven alone, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there.
—Feltham.

—:—

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavoring to be so ourselves.
—Goldsmith.

—:—

Half the spiritual difficulties that men and women suffer arise from a morbid state of health.
—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.
—Richter.

—:—

There is always hope in a man who actually and honestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.
—Carlyle.

—:—

A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was.—Bishop Hall.

—:—

Do today's duty, fight today's temptation; do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.
—Charles Kingsley.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased everything from the blackboard.

—:—

Bill Jones, a country storekeeper, went to the city to buy a stock of goods. The goods were forwarded immediately and arrived before Bill.

—:—

Voice on the phone: "There are two mice fighting up here in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Well what do you expect for a dollar room, a bull fight?"

Psychologists say that in the process of thinking blood is drawn from the feet to the brain. This perhaps explains why, if we think very long about a proposition we get cold feet.

—:—

The teacher was testing the knowledge of a kindergarten class. Clapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What's that?" Instantly a voice in the back row called out, "Tails."

—:—

As his wife looked at the large box she gave a shriek and rushed for a hammer. A neighbor, coming to her assistance, asked what was the trouble. Pale and trembling she pointed to the notice on the lid: "Bill Inside."

—:—

Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the thoughtful but persistent saxophone player.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors talking about it," said the man next door, "but now I don't care what happens to you."

—:—

Visitor: "Look at that man swimming out there. Isn't he afraid of sharks?"

Native: "Oh, no, he's got 'Texas is the best state in the world' tattooed on his chest, and even a shark won't swallow that."

—:—

Closer to the truth than he meant to be was the schoolboy who wrote on an examination paper: "The Armistice was signed on the 11th of November in 1938 and since then every year there has been two minutes of peace."

—:—

While it has often been said that a cat has nine lives, it can only be skinned once. A man is supposed to have only one life, but he gets skinned many times. He seems to be the only animal that doesn't know when he has had enough.

—:—

"Yet," said the old timer, "I've had some terrible disappointments in life but none stand out like the one I had when I was a boy. I crawled under a tent to see the circus, and found out it was a revival meeting."

—:—

An auto had knocked a man down. The victim loudly demanded compensation. "Good heavens," gasped the motorist, "two hundred dollars for a damaged foot! My dear man, I'm no millionaire." "Maybe not," came the reply, "and I'm no centipede either."

—:—

A young man bought a new shirt and on the inside he found a slip of paper, giving a girl's name and address, with the words: "Please write and send photo." He did so. In due time a letter came and with heart aflutter, he opened it. It said: "I was just curious to see what kind of a looking fellow would wear such a funny shirt."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 16, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Calvin Matheson

COTTAGE No. 1

Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
James Jones
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Floyd Canady
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Christy
Joe Duncan
Talmadge Duncan
Robert Jarvis
Woodrow Norton
James Sehen
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Bumgardner
Glenn Cunningham
Billy Ray Daye
Frank Fullbright
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Coy McElvin
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Jimmy McCollum
William Smith

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
Donald Austin
Aaron McCarson
Billy Paschal
Charles Pinkston
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Tommy Collins
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Gregory
Bobby Galyan
Melvin Ledford
Richard Missick
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
John Ganey

COTTAGE No. 7

Jimmy Armstrong
J. D. Ashley
Bobby Shepherd
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jimmie Delvechio
Gary Dudley
Emmitt Fields
Marion Guyton
Jack Griffin
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Robert Hinson
Clifton Kerns
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Joyce Hobbs
George Marr
J. C. Mickeal
Howard Riley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billings

Earl Brigman
Roy Edding
Bill Ray
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Joe Cain
Treva Coleman
Claude Crump
Elbert Gentry
Frank Grady
Boyd Morris
Willie Newcomb
Carl Rice
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackman
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Avery Hogue
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Charles Robertson
Kenneth Rogers
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Troy Lee Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Edens Chavis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Perry Martin
Carrol Painter
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

BY THE WAY

Those who play their parts most skillfully never give the impression that they are playing a part.

You will be surprised how many will step out from the crowd and stand beside your banner, if you just step out first.

The clock that ticks the loudest doesn't always keep the best time.

Learn to say, No, and it will be more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

One man's rights end where the rights of another begin. And it is the same with nations.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 29, 1947 No. 48

HANG TO YOUR GRIT

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down,
Grab a spar or something — just refuse to drown.
Don't think you are dying just because you're hit,
Smile in face of danger and hang on to your grit.

Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away;
Make a little error and give up in dismay.
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit,
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep up his grit.

—Louis E. Thayer.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher
FACULTY ADVISERS—J. W. Hines, Frank H. Braswell
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.
SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.
PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy. John Weaver.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-6
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		7
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA		9
NEED FOR STAMINA	By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper	13
NEW GADGETS BRIGHTEN WORLD	(Christian Science Monitor)	15
IF I WERE THE DEVIL	By Gerald Speedy	17
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE (From an advertisement of Nash-Kelvinator Corp. in Our Paper)		19
THE CHAPLAIN'S PAGE	By Rev. Lester Peter	21
WARNING SIGNS	(Our Paper)	23
CIVIL RIGHTS AND SEGREGATIONS	(N. C. Christian Advocate)	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
A COLUMN OF HUMOR		29
HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S, G. HAWFIELD, Editor J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

THE TEACHER

I deal with the most potent, the most elustive, the most interesting thing in the world—the human mind.

Without me there would be no progress; future generations would relapse into savagery; civilization would perish from the earth.

Of all the professions mine is the least paid in money and the most richly rewarded in satisfaction.

I am soon forgotten because what I achieve is written, not with ink on paper, but in human lives.

I am a builder, but I do not build bridges. I build the builders of bridges.

I am often unpopular because I must try to please so many people.

My work is often undervalued because it is not understood.

The beginning of my work is service; the essence of my work is service; the reward of my work is service.

I am the teacher.

—Connecticut Schools.

DECISIVE MOMENTS IN LIFE'S FORTUNES

In the lives of all individuals there occur one or more decisive moments; there are moments when each person stands at the crossroads in life, and the decisions that are made or the event that transpires has a very profound and everlasting effect upon the ensuing course of events.

It is a well-known fact that when a person is critically ill and when there is doubt in the minds of attendants as to whether or

not the patient will survive, there comes that critical moment when there is a turning point. It is the moment of crisis, physically speaking, and once this point is encountered the patient either begins to improve or becomes weaker and weaker.

In the case of John Dillinger, who ranks as one of the worst desperados in criminal history in this country, it has been said that when he committed his first crime, it was the robbery of a filling station. Up to that time he had not indulged in crime, but for this offense he was sentenced from three to five years in the state penitentiary. It is said that he and other people of his own village were embittered because of the severity of the sentence. Of course, crime should never be condoned, but, apparently, in his life this represented that critical moment, and from that time on he had great contempt for the law and courts of justice.

Likewise, in the history of every nation there are those critical and decisive moments when the continued existence of the nation seems to hang in the balance. In American history there were the critical moments of Bunker Hill, Yorktown, and Appomatox, and in World War II there was the critical hour of the Battle of the Belgian Bulge, when the stakes were high and when the forces that were fighting for freedom and liberty encountered the critical moments and turned what seemed to be defeat into victory.

In sacred literature there is the account of Joseph, who as a lad dreamed a dream which he told to his brothers. The story ran about as follows:

"Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and your sheaf stood round about and made obeisance to my sheaf." And his brethren said unto him, "Shall thou indeed reign over us?" And they hated him yet more for his dreams and for his words.

In the life of Joseph, this was a critical time. For both him and his brethren it was a decisive moment, and the course of destiny for each one was greatly influenced by what transpired at that very moment.

The story is told that once a great football player whose name was Jipp and who played under the famous Knute Rockne, played a game against the advice of his doctor. As a result, he became

desperately ill and in his struggle to live he lost. When Mr. Rockne visited this boy in the hospital, Jipp in his last words to the coach said: "If some day you find the outcome of a game in doubt, just tell my story to the boys and ask them to win this one for Jipp."

In later years when Notre Dame was pitted against one of her most powerful rivals, that critical moment came, and in order to boost the morale of his players it is said that Mr. Rockne dramatically told to his players the story of Jipp, and in the second half of the game they went out on the gridiron and won a glorious victory. This was one of those critical, decisive moments, and it was a time when Mr. Rockne, who was one of the greatest psychologists ever produced in this country, used his psychology to the fullest advantage.

In the life of every youth there are decisive moments. There are times when their elders need to be very careful about what they say to encourage or to inspire the youth. It is a great tragedy when an adult person, a teacher, a supervisor, or someone else says the wrong thing to a boy at the wrong time. If the boy is in his moments of doubt and confusion, and if his life has been frustrated and disorganized and if he feels there is no one to whom he can turn for security, he is in desperate plight. The adult person who says the wrong thing is in danger of causing the very spirit of the youth to harden and congeal, with consequences that are devastating. Hence, whatever efforts are made to help the youth in these decisive, critical moments should be made with caution and with utmost discretion, and the spirit of kindness and tenderness. Then it probably will occur that where there has been doubt and fear and frustration, there will be self-confidence, self-reliance, courage and hope.

The words of the following poem should represent the spirit and the attitude of those who would help others:

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

"When over the fair fame of friend or foe
  The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of fame, or proof of thus and so,
  Let something good be said.

"Forget not that no fellow-being yet

May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

"No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

"And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!"

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of November 30, 1947

Dec. 1—Elbert Gentry, Jr., Cottage 14, 14th birthday
Dec. 5—Kenneth Rogers, Cottage 15, 14th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Mr. Hines Resigned at Training School

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Mr. J. W. Hines, Principal and cottage officer, left the Training School to return to his home in High Point, Friday morning. Mr. Hines had done very good as both Cottage Officer and Principal here at the school. The boys were sorry to see him go but appreciate what he did for them.

Cottage No. 3 is closed and the boys have gone to other cottages.

The Visit of the Bookmobile

By Glenn Davis, 8th Grade

All the boys are looking forward to the next visit of the Concord Public Library because it will bring books of adventure and exploration, which all the boys like. It will also bring athletic books. All the books are worth while and interesting. Many books are made available by the courtesy of the Concord Library. Of course, we have a very good library but there are still books which we don't have. The Public Library comes every two weeks and we thank Mr. Hawfield for making it possible for the visits of the Library's Bookmobile.

Boys Receive Games

By William Jenkins, 8th Grade

Recently Mrs. Horne, the matron of Cottage No. 7, wrote to some people telling them that the boys needed some games and a few days later they wrote back and told her that they would try to send her some. And one day an express man came out to the Cottage and told Mrs. Horne that there was a big box over at the express office, and that it weighed 102 pounds. Some of the games are Bingo, checkers, dominoes, puzzles and others. All the boys want to thank them for being so kind to us.

A man over town told Mrs. Horne that if she didn't have a radio for the boys to write him and he would send us one for Christmas. All the boys want to thank him also.

Basketball Practice Begins

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Basketball practice has begun. A few of the Cottages have been going to the gym to practice. The school is going to have a team, the first in its history. The school has planned to inter a team in the newly organized City League of Concord. There will be a regular schedule of 16 games, regular play will begin about January 1st. Several practice games will be played in our gym before the regular season begins. Mr. Frank Braswell is going to coach the team. This will be new for some of the boys, but all will enjoy playing.

There will be much activity around the school since each Cottage is going to have a team. A silver

cup will be given to the Cottage that wins. Each Cottage will try hard to win this cup.

No Football

By Jimmie Cauthern, 8th Grade

All the boys that play football were unhappy for the past two weeks because they couldn't play football. It has been raining and football fields were muddy. All scheduled games will be played as soon as the weather permits. Mr. Walters had the games scheduled to play last Sunday afternoon, but the weather did not permit. All the boys will be very happy when the grounds dry up.

Six Boys Chosen for All Star Team

By Robert King, 11th Grade

Football season is rapidly coming to a close and in every section football fans are looking forward to the selection of all star teams and the teams to play in the various bowls. We are very delighted that several of our football players have been selected to participate in a high school all star game, sponsored by the Concord Kiwanis and Lions Clubs, to be at Webb field Friday night, December 5, 1947.

The following boys will play with the Lions Club: Garland Leonard, back field, Bill Ray center, and Charles Angel. On the Kiwanis team are as follows: Robert King, right end, Hugh Barnes, full back, and Harvey Arnette.

The boys will start practice December 1st at Webb field and Winecoff School. We are glad that these boys have the opportunity to play with boys from other teams. We hope they will give a good account of themselves.

FRIENDLY MISTAKES

There are about three things a fellow can do when he makes a mistake. He can resolve that he will never make another, which is fine, but impracticable. He may let that mistake make a coward of him, which is foolish; or, he can make up his mind that he'll let be his teacher and so profit by his experience that if the situation comes his way again, he'll know just how to meet it.

Think it over. Each one of us must decide whether he will let his mistakes remain his enemies or become his friends. Why should we let a mistake, or even two or three break our spirit and sap our fighting strength? A lad who showed that kind of disposition on the gridiron or on the baseball diamond would never make the team. We all make mistakes, but if we let them be our teachers, counseling us, advising us, admonishing us, in due time we shall acquit ourselves all the better in life.—Selected.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

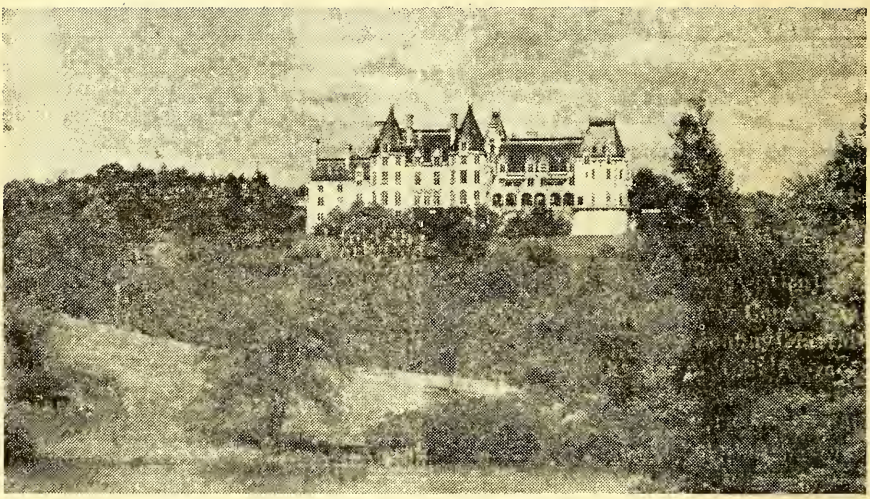
Surrounded by the highest mountains in eastern America—scores of peaks rising more than a mile in the sky—lies Asheville, the eastern entranc to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and the metropolis of 10,,000 square miles of mountain vacation land.

To know these mountains is to love them—huge but friendly, their ruggedness softened by their forest covering. Probably no resort area has a greater proportion of "regulars" among its visitors than these southern highlands.

Asheville has every type of accommodation to offer its visitors including resort hotels, excellent commercial hotels, guest houses, dude ranches, guest farms and resort inns. For further information write the Asheville Chamber of Commerce for accommodations folder.

In Asheville, alone, there are five golf courses with greens carpeted in bent grass. In Western North Carolina there are scores of others. The climate is such that the game is played practically every week in the year. The nation's best golfers, both amateur and professional, regularly come to play in Asheville's tournaments. Equally as welcome are the less skilled players whose enjoyment

Asheville, North Carolina as the city appears from the slopes of Beaucatcher Mountain. This highland metropolis located at an elevation of 2,250 feet above sea level in the mountains of the Southern Appalachian chain is a year around resort center of great fame. Many thousands of tourists annually make this city their headquarters for visits to the nearby Great Smoky Mountains National Park and other famous scenic points of interest in the Western North Carolina mountains.



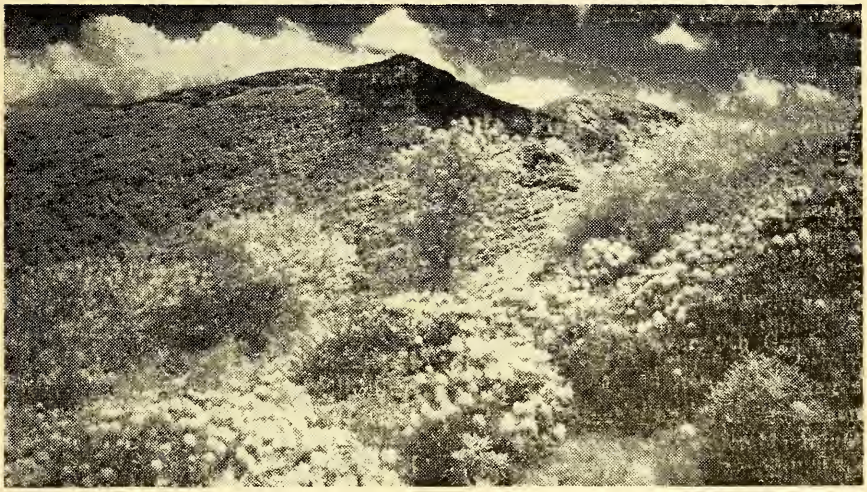
BILTMORE HOUSE, home of the late George W. Vanderbilt, at Asheville, N. C., located in the midst of a 12,000-acre estate was opened to the public in 1930 as a result of the efforts of the Asheville Chamber of Commerce as a memorial to Mr. Vanderbilt. The House (French Renaissance Chateau) and its incomparable rare art treasures and its sourrounding estate and gardens is visited annually by many visitors from all parts of the world.

of the game is enhanced by a beautiful setting and an invigorating climate.

No trip to Asheville is complete until the visitor has seen Biltmore House, its gardens and thousands of acres of landscaped grounds. The late George W. Vanderbilt spent million after million on the house and no one knows how much on the art treasures it contains. This French Renaissance chateau, with its tapestries, paintings, ancient furniture and hundreds of other museum pieces of interest to artist and layman alike, was open to the public March 15, 1930 as a result of the efforts on behalf of the Asheville Chamber of Commerce.

Asheville is not only a vacation resort, it also is an ideal place in which to live and to work. The city's average elevation of 2,350 feet keeps its summers cool while the surrounding mountains protect it from severe winter weather. Among the 84,720 residents of the metropolitan area are natives of every section of America. Asheville's business and industrial opportunities have as much to do with bringing them here as does this section's facilities for play. Thousands of the residents of Asheville came first as visitors and liked it so well that they returned to make their homes.

Western North Carolina's mountains are bound together with a network of safe, hard-surfaced highways.



GRAGGY RHODODENDRON GARDENS—15 miles from Asheville and a mile in the sky. "God made this garden" said a visitor when for the first time he saw the top of Craggy Mountain with its 600 acres, natural growth, of purple rhododendron in bloom.

Over ridges, through gaps and coves, beside lakes and rushing rivers and in one case actually under a waterfall, they spread through "The Land of the Sky". Asheville, through which run five major federal highways, is the meeting point of the scenic route between the north and the south and the most direct route between the Mid-West and Florida.

Literally millions traverse these highways, many going back deep into the coves and valleys, indicating the tremendous appeal of the indescribable beauty of these mountains covered with virgin forests.

As gorgeous scenery as the world affords is found in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park—an area of 687.5 square miles which is within two days drive of more than half the population of the country. A million people a year visit this mountain wilderness, now pierced by paved highways and hundreds of miles of trails. The Skyline Drive to Clingman's Dome culminates in the highest parking ground in Eastern America, from which can be seen 16 peaks, each more than 6,000 feet in height. On the eastern border of the park is the Qualla Reservation of the Cherokee Indians, 3,000 descendants of the valiant tribesmen who successfully defied the federal government's order to move westward. Asheville is less than two hours drive from the park. Visitors can spend one or a dozen leisurely days in this unequalled area, each day choosing a different objective and each night returning to Asheville in time for dinner.

Sightseeing trips into the Smokies are operated by the Smoky Mountain

Tours Company. These tours afford the visitor a carefree trip minus the responsibility of driving and the trip is made in comfort—custom built Packard buses. The roll top gives the sightseer a chance to view the towering nearby mountain peaks as well as the far-flung vistas.

The Blue Ridge Parkway is an elongated park with a scenic motorway designed expressly for the tourist, threading the picturesque mountains between Shenadoah National Park, Virginia, and Great Smoky Mountains National Park North Carolina and Tennessee. The parkway, first of its type and scale, will be 485 miles in length when completed. It averages 3,000 feet above sea level. More than 360 miles of the project had been brought to various stages of completion prior to cessation of new work during the war. Together with complementing receational facilities in a number of wayside parks, 162 miles of the motor-way free from sharp curves and steep grades are ready for use. Flowers in the spring and summer, the gorgeous coloring in the fall and the spruce and other evergreens which cover the mountains throughout the year make this "highway in the sky" one of the most beautiful drives in America.

The vivid fall coloring, the many variety of trees and shrubs and the rarefying quality of the air in the mountains have always attracted visitors through the late fall in the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains, but ef forts will be made now to exploit the season more fully. Winter comes late in this latitude, and autumn has the least rainfall of the seasons. The days are warm and the air is stimulating and clear, aiding visibility in a country known for its distant vistas.

"God made this garden," said a visitor when for the first time he saw the top of Craggy Mountain with its 600 acres, natural growth, of purple rhododendron in bloom. Throughout Western North Carolina this most beautiful of mountain flowers reaches its peak in early summer. But nowhere else can it be seen in such profusion as in Craggy Gardens, 15 miles from Asheville and a mile in the sky.

For years this section has been the home of an ever increasing number of camps for boys and girls. The young people ride, hike, swim, paddle canoes, engage in a variety of sports and have the time of their lives. Recently the establishment of guest ranches opened a similar outdoor life to adults. Features of a ranch vacation are rides over the trails of the national forest and pack trips, some of which require as much as ten days, into the Great Smokies.

Great favorites with those who would "get back to nature" are the Forests, comprising nearly a million acres of mountain wilderness. Picnic areas and camping grounds—with pure water and sanitary conveniences—are available without charge. Mountains to climb, streams to fish and pools to swim in are on every hand. Here is a different vacation for the tenderfoot, a paradise for the woodsman.

———:———

Those who fear the future are likely to fumble the present.

NEED FOR STAMINA

By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper

"You have often heard the expression, "I wish I could be in that fellow's shoes, he has everything to make a success of his life." Riding on a train some few years ago there were two men sitting in the seat behind me. One man said to the other,"The trouble with Bill is he hasn't any guts in his brain." It was not very classic way of expressing an opinion but you and I know what he meant. If a college proffessor were giving his opinion of Bill he would say,"He is utterly lacking in constitutional stamiina in his cerebellum." The down East Yankee would say,"Bill doesn't have the gumption to stand up in his own boots."

"Many centuries ago an old fable was used to express that same thought. The subject of this fable was a mouse which had a lot of fear so he went to a magician and said to him, "There are a lot of cats around here and I am scared that I will get cautgh; I don't like to be a mouse, please change me into a cat that my worries "O,k., I will change you into a cat." In a few days the cat came back and said,"I am very unhappy, there are all kinds of dogs and they are chasing me and worry me. Won't you please make me into a dog?""Very well," said the magician. Later on the dog returned and said, "There are so many tigers in the jungle that I am afraid. Please make me into a tiger." His wish was granted, but a little later on the tiger came back and said, "There are a lot of men in the jungle shotingguns trying to kill me Please make me into a man and I know I will be the happiest living creature of all." This time the magician was disgusted so he said."I turned you from one thing to another but it did not help you; in each of them you still had the heart of a mouse."So the magician turned him into a mouse again.

"The writer of that fable used the story to impress on us that wishes and whims will not get us anywhere if we don't have the gumption to put them across. You remember that story in the Bible about David. When he was a youth there was a war between the Philistines and the Israelites. David's father sent him to the battlefield with a basket of fruit. When David reached there he heard the giant Goliath curse theIsraelites and call them cowards. He challenged them to come out and fight him, with the winner to be made master over all the other nation. When David heard Goliath make this speech he said,"I will accept that challenge." Somebody took word to King Saul that the young man David would fight Goliath, so the King said, "Bring him here." When Saul looked at him, he said,"It is foolish for you to conrend with that great giant out there, the odds are agianst you." But David replied,"I am not afraid; I killed the bear and the libn which attacked my sheep." So King Saul replied,"Very well, go and fight him," and he offered David his helment, his armor and his sword. But David put them all aside. "I am going down to the brook and get five stones, and with my slingshot I will fight the giant." You all know that David slew

that giant in one of the most spectacular duels ever fought in the history of the world. It saved the Israelites from slavery, and David became one of the greatest heroes of all time.

"The difference between men is not clothing they wear, it is in the courage of their convictions, their stamina of mind, body and soul. What is gumption and stamina? It is that dynamic thing that David had when he went in the size of their shoes and in the into that duel; it is what Larence, mortally wounded, had when he shoute,"Don't give up the ship!";it is what Farragut hd when they told him he could not go through the field of torpedo mines and hereplied,"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead."

"A lot of people have a bit of cowardice in them, they do not like to admit it; they do not dare to do right because and they do not have the power to stand up and face them. The world in which you and I live might be likened to the magician in the fable. It gives us try-outs, it is invariable the fellow who conquers one place, who conquers other places higher up. And the fellow who lacks courage in little things is passed by when big things are in the offing.

"Gumption, stamina, stand by in every one waiting to be put to use. The greatest of all dares is"Dare to be a man o f courage, of conscience, of principle." There is no greater dare than that."

THE OPTIMIST

His hoss was dead an' his mule went lame;
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A hurricane came on a summer's day,
And carried the house where he lived away;
The earthquake came when that was gone,
And swallowed the land the house stood on!
And the tax collector he came around
And charged him for the hole in the ground!
And the city marshal—he came in view
And said he wanted his street tax, too.
Did he moan and sigh? Did he sit and cry?
And cuss the hurricane sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call?
When the earthquake came and swallowed all?
Never a word of blame he said
With all them troubles on top his head.
Not him—He clum to the top o' the hill—
Where standing room was left him still.
And baring his head, here's what he said;
"I reckon it's time to get up an' get.
But, heck, I ain't had the measles yet."

NEW GADGETS BRIGHTEN WORLD

(Christian Science Monitor)

The bright new world of gadgets is here once again, minus the old story of the last few years—"for display purposes only."

More than 450 exhibitors at the National Hardware Show in New York's Grand Central Palace, plus about 22,000 buyers, gave ample evidence that United States manufacturers and retailers are in business in a big way to get orders.

Gadgets were exhibited to appeal to all people—from magnificent, precision, power-driven tools, to the minute pieces for making housekeeping, more colorful and easy.

The housewife can choose her colors now in gay floor mops and household brushes, practically all shades of the rainbow, and a combination of shades, if she wishes, are available.

Mr. America, if he can afford it, at last can have his choice of lawn mowers. New power models have been developed which carry a trailer seat separate from the machine itself. He can mow and ride at the same time!

The lawn gadgets also offer many other devices to attract home and professional gardeners. For instance: Electrically operated hedge clippers, a "fertospray" that waters the lawn and fertilizes it at the same time with Aqua Vita, guaranteed not to burn growing things. The Village Blacksmith Company of Watertown, Wis., has developed a "graswip" which cuts border grass and weeds any way you swing it.

Magnesium extension ladders, 24-feet long, that weigh only 30 pounds, and six-foot stepladders that weigh only 11 pounds are going to make house repairs and painting a lot easier, according to the White Aircraft Corporation of Palmer, Mass.

The American doorway is an important institution and manufacturers want it to remain traditional and yet be up-to-date. The "magic mirror" people have developed a brass-on-zinc door-knocker which not only knocks but does "detective" work. Through the mirror a housewife can see her visitor—and talk to him if she wishes —without ever being seen. The knocker is to retail for $4.95 and the mirror-voice tubes without the knocker for $3.95.

Another interesting gadget for the American door is the nonelectric Authotone chimes. Just lift the brass door-knocker and the chimes ring. For those who have apartments or dislike the knocker idea, the chimes people have developed a push-button model. No wires or batteries are required.

As usual, inventors have been busy on new kitchen gadgets. The Alden Speare's Sons Company of Cambridge, Mass., has developed a 30-second knife grinder which will sharpen hollow ground as well as normal-type knives simply by a rolling motion. The gadget is called Robo, and it has been snapped up as a sales item by big stores. It retails for $2.50.

A pretty miss wanted to know if she could show the man buyers how to

make a salad with a new corer—the Kovaces corer. It cores fruits and vegetables and chops them up in slices at the same time. "It will slice your potatoes for you, she said. It will retail for less than a dollar, and will come in two sizes.

The "doubling-up" trend is obvious from the new swing to table top electric and gas stoves (some with ovens) for small and sometimes makeshift apartments. Gas stoves with ovens for the congested kitchen vie with plug-in electric models for the buyers' attention. There are all sorts of new pots, pans, cookers, toasters, and gadgets for making hot drinks. Some of the toasters pop the toast out the top, as usual. Others pop it out the side. One combination gadget, which still is a display item and not in manufacture, is a combination toaster and hot-drink maker.

A home electric dryer for doing everything from drying hair and nail polish to thawing out frozen foods, defrosting refrigators in a hurry, or drying dishes is on the market through the Racine Universal Motor Company. It's a home model of those dryers frequently and commercially.

"Minute minders" and other types of timers are now on the market to eliminate "clock watching." If you want to time a pressure-cooker, a cake, or anything else, the gadgeteers have several types on hand.

———:———

Once upon a time there was a farmer who raised two chickens, took them to the city, sold them to a factory worker, and with the proceeds bought two shirts. So the farmer had two shirts and the city man had two chickens.

Observing the transaction, the "cradle-to-grave" Security Planner, told the farmer he could get more money for his chickens by making them scarcer. If he didn't raise so many he would get more income for those he did raise.

The Planner also told the workingman in the city that he must work fewer hours and get more money for his labor. This would raise the prices on articles he made so he would have more money with which to buy.

So, the farmer brough one chicken to the city market. He got as much money for it as he had previously gotten for two chickens. He felt fine. This was the life. But when he went to buy some shirts, he found that the shirts had also doubled in price. So he got one shirt.

Now the farmer has one shirt and the city man has one chicken, where as if they had not listened to the silvery-tongued, pseudo-economist, they could each have had twice as much.

And this, my children, is called "the more abundant life."

IF I WERE THE DEVIL

By Gerald Speedy

"If I were the devil, naturally my main objective would be to destroy the world. In order to attain that objective I would ask for only one thing: the control of the family. If I could destroy the spirituality and integrity of the family, then the destruction of the world would be prompt and automatic."

This was one of the keynotes of an address by John Stiles, former Executive Commissioner of Scouting in Canada, at the recent National Training Conference for Scout Executives.

We agree with Mr. Stiles. Putting it another way, we believe that any country can be only as strong as the individual family in that country. Further than that, we believe that much of the strength and vitality of Scouting will depend upon the way in which we fit it into the life of the American family.

When our Movement was determining the type of younger boy program it should undertake, one of the earliest conclusions was that it should be tied in most closely with the family life of America. This idea has since become the very core of the Cub Scouting Program. As a result, there can be little doubt that Cub Scouting has enriched the family life of the families which it has touched.

It took a great deal of courage and faith in those early days of the development of Cub Scouting, to build the program around this family emphasis. It was new and different to develop a program which required active paritciption on the part of parents. Naturally, there were folks who felt American parents were to busy to participate on such a basis.

The actual situation was quite different. American parents have always been interested in their boys, but they have sometimes had difficulty in discovering ways of showing such interest. Cub Scouting gives them an opportunity for a natural relationship with their own boys, and it is fair to say it has succeeded beyond the fondest dreams of those who guide the early development of the program. One needs only to visit the monthly meeting of an average Pack to be assured that the American family is still interested in working together as a unit.

Why speak of all this to Boy Scout Leaders? Simply because you may not have realized the full significance of the fact that Scouting's first contact with the boy is through a program which deals not alone with him, but with his whole family. The family learns to work and play together through achievement and rich family activity. The entire family learns it has a stake in the Scouting program, and that it is expected to do its share. The family learns that a Cubmaster and a group of leaders cannot operate a Pack without their help. And best of all parents learn to know their own boy. and he makes the happy discovery that his dad and mother are even more "reg'lar folks" than he already knew them to be.

This family which comes to you and your Scout Troop is a stronger family because of its Cub Scout experience

It's a working family and an interested family, and one which expects to be asked to help. It comes to you fresh from a rich Scouting experience, and your Troop will feel the full weight of that experience if you begin building where Cub Scouting leaves off.

———:———

DELINQUENT MOMS AND DADS

We've heard a lot in recent months
Of delinquent boys and girls;
They're scorned, maligned and called by some
The worst lot in the world.

But, odd as things may seem to you,
They're not so terribly bad—
They do quite well in spite of their
Delinquent Mom and Dad.

When Dad holds up his stein of brew
And blows the foam away,
And son stands by, it would be strange
If that boy failed to stay.

And Mom, with painted lips and toes,
She is a sight, you bet,
As she uncorks a bottle, too,
And lights a cigarette.

Don't be too tough on boys and girls
Who never have a chance;
Who learn at home to curse and drink,
And soon are taught to dance.

Who learn in cabarets and dives
Things that bring hurt and shame;
Delinquent Dads and Moms are those
Who really are to blame.

Let's fill our jails with Dads and Moms
And save that teen-age throng,
By placing all the blame, my friend,
Right where it should belong.

—William A Washburn.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

From an advertisement of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, in Our Paper

I remember the cheers at Okinawa when the word came through. The war was over! Peace had come, this time for keeps.

A wonderful new world was on the way—remember?

I got to thinking about it last night—it's been over two years since V-J Day. And I couldn't sleep.

Beyond our town I seemed to see the lights of all the world.

And as I watched, they were going out one by one.

I saw the glowing foundries grow cold against the moon, the wheels stop in the factories, and the farmer desert his plow.

I saw neighbor turn on neighbor, and I heard the clash of arms at night.

I saw the printing presses smashed, and free people taken away and shot.

I saw the rise of the dictators.

I saw their lines of puppet men jerking to the polls, while bands played and banners waved.

Yes—the disciplined state had come.

"Turn on your radio, comrade. The orders for the day are coming through."

"Turn over your children to us. We will indoctrinate them for the state."

"Your union is no longer necessary. Your hours, your rations and your work have been set by the bureau."

"Tear up the ballot. You have no need for it now."

I want to thank God today that I live in America.

That I can still speak my own mind and do as I please; work as I please and vote as I please—that the way ahead of me is still wide open.

Now I know how easily these priceless privileges can be lost.

For there is no place that a man can stop when he starts trading away his liberties. Step by step it leads into slavery.

There is nothing but misery and want at the end of the road when the people of a nation split into selfish, quarreling groups and classes.

And that has been the law of mankind since the beginning of time.

I have a young son and this is what I'm going to tell him—If you cannot learn to discipline yourself, there will always come a tyrant to teach you.

It takes spunk and sweat to become a good American citizen. Don't let anybody try to tell you differently.

You'll never find peace in any doctrine that preaches violence to prove its point.

You'll never be happy under any kind of government that denies the love of God and the natural goodness of man.

You'll never get ahead in any scheme of life that puts a halter on your initiative and your ingenuity.

Above all, beware the man—whether he is a Right or a Left, or the Middle, or the Proletariat or whatever label he wears—if he tries, under any pretext, to trade you out of any of your rights as a citizen—he is a tyrant, who will take away all your liberties, one by one.

No, I don't think it's going to happen in America.

But make no mistake about it. The danger is still there:

We have been challenged to prove the stuff we are made of—to prove that the way we live and work beats that of any other system in the world.

And there's only one way to prove it. That's to produce the goods—before it is too late.

We've got to bury our little squabbles, and start pulling together.

We've got to set our wheels in a new high—and keep them rolling.

We've got to quit looking back to 1939, or '29—and start building a many-times greater America.

We've got to plant more wheat and raise more corn. Dig more coal and roll more steel. Build more, make more.

It's got to be done—not only to bring, back the lights of Europe, but because it is our only salvation—becaues it is the American way, to ever increase our ability to bring better living to more people.

Because only by being productive can we be strong—and only by being strong can we remain free!

———:———

A FRIEND'S GREETING

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way;
I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only blue;
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.
I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.
I'm wishing at this "special" time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way;
And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be:
I'd like to be the sort of "Friend" that you have been to me.

—Ernest Kish.

THE CHAPLAIN'S PAGE

By Rev. Lester Peter

Passing some mines in Pennsylvania, a man asked a boy why a certain field was so full of mules. "These mules are worked in the mines through the week," the boy replied, "and are brought up into the light on Sunday to keep them from going blind."

Another application of this same theory readily comes to mind. We struggle from day to day with dark problems and the blinding hardship of life. It becomes essential that we occasionally rise above this dimness and take stock of the many enlightening blessings which daily enter our lives. Thanksgiving Day is one such occasion.

To urge men who have been long separated from common society to rise in gratitude for blessings enjoyed in 1947 may seem to some to be an inconsistent request. Part of the cause of that feeling is shown in the illustrated above we have lived so deeply sunken in the mire of our problems and cares that we have been unable to observe the blessing hand of our heavenly Father.

In an interesting manner Henry Ward Beecher has put the proper way to view the daily gifts of God. "If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me that there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them. But let me take a magnet and sweep through it and it will draw to itself the most invisible particles. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no blessings; but let the thankful heart sweep through life, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will the heart find in every day some heavenly blessings."

A grateful heart will find much to be thankful for this year. The blessings of national peace and prosperity —common to us all—must never be overlooked. The blessings of God sent to us in the fruitfulness of the earth must also bring forth expressions of gratitude. If we could but glimpse in person the want and hunger of the destitute nations we would soon forget our personal frustrations and fall on our knees in gratitude for food, clothing and housing provided here.

The greatest blessings which call for grateful hearts are chosen to be ignored by more than half of our institution's and our nation's populace. These are the blessings of personal guidance, individual love, constant watchfulness of a Heavenly Father over those who are His own by penitence and faith. For those who "seek the kingdom of God through faith in the Son of God there is an unending panorama of blessings. "All these things shall be added" unto them is the promise and the Christian heart alone, like a magnet, can be grateful enough to know a measure of true appreciation.

Thanksgiving time can be observed only by him of the grateful heart.

Hence, come up through the light of the world from the dark pit of your personal problems and see what wonderous things God has done for you.

———:———

THINKING IS KEY TO CONTROL

This article is not addressed to any person, or any particular group of persons, but to everyone in general.

Its primary purpose is to make anyone who happens to read it—Think! About the more important things of life, that is.

What, you may ask, is self-control?

Speaking grammatically, it is a combination of two nouns; the first of which means a particular individual of distinct personality; and the second to hold in check or restraint.

The meaning of these words, when combined, is much broader and profound. They mean the ability of the individual to regulate his actions. The individual referred to may be anyone.

The way in which we exercise our self-control, in everyday life, determines to a very large extent what we may amount to whether we mount the ladder to success or sink in the mire, to end up as failures on the scrapheap of life.

Good self-control is a true virtue—not easily acquired.

It must be cultivated with the greatest of care; must be watched with eternal vigilance, for it is easily lost.

Poor self-control may cause us to lose our dearest friends. And a lack of it has plunged men into the darkest dungeons of despair; others to die prematurely.

We who are serving out for the most part, the best years of our lives in this place in shame and remorse, are doing so because we failed to exercise good self-control. We permitted our tempers, our greeds, our insatiable desires to govern our actions—rather than our better judgement. And, in far too many instances, we did not use our powers or reason—our brain.

Had we done so, we would have forseen the dire consequences of the acts we were about to perpetrate. And with such foresight to guide us, we surely would have avoided taking the venture which ended in shame, disgrace, and a miserable existence behind steel bars and stone walls—shut away from family, friends, and loved ones.

Our big mistake was, we failed to think!

When a man enters prison, if he is a normal, intelligent specimen, he usually starts thinking. He has plenty of time that is all he does have time lots of time! What better use can he put it to than deep, constructive thinking?—The Folsom Observer.

WARNING SIGNALS

(Our Paper)

A warning is a tip to avoid trouble. We associate warnings with dangers and disasters. During the past two weeks warnings have been sent out, in the press and over the radio of the possibilities of great destructive fires, starting in tiny sparks, carelessly dropped from a lighted cigarette, or from a discarded match with a bit of fire lingering in it.

Because of the lack of rain, falling leaves have become so dry that a spark of fire can grow almost in a twinkling of an eye, into a great conflagration, with loss of life, destroying thousands of acres of forest timber and millions of dollars in losses to homes and public buildings. Witness the destruction of three quarters of Bar Harbor, Maine, and scores of other towns and cities in ashes.

Spontaneous combustion probably caused many fires. But expert testimony of those qualified to trace the origin of fires, tell us that, "to carelessness on the part of individuals on the highways and in the woods many of the fires can be charged.

We are living in an age of warnings. Wherever we go we come face to face with warnings, set up to safeguard us from harm, injuries, or damages.

We are living today at such a rapid pace that everyone is conscious of impending danger. We have been trained to look for changing lights, and signals of one kind and another. The subway has its warning, 'Third rail alive.' The highways are well posted with such warnings, dangerous curves ahead and others too numerous to mention.

The railroad represents a system of warnings with their myriads of targets, blocks, crossings, flags, torpedoes and warnings to the engineer to avoid disaster.

The Bible is largely a book of warnings, for the safeguard of a man's body, mind and soul. The Ten Commandments are really ten warnings against false belief, irreverence, disrespect to God, intemperance and covetousness.

One of the finest collections of warnings to man is in the Book of Proverbs—Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise. Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord. He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding. Righteousness exalteth a nation. He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul.

He that converth his sin shall not prosper.

Jesus uttered warnings to mankind:

No man can serve two masters.

If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.

Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

And unto God the things that are God's.

No one is too young or too old to pass up, or pass by warnings. The chauffeurs of autos may laugh and jeer at warnings. They can race their automobiles and get to the crossing,

before the locomotive can hit them. Let the undertaker give the answer. They can put pleasure above study in school and still graduate with honor. Ask them to show you their diploma.

They can play fine baseball and football without anyone coaching them. You look in vain for their name in a scrub game. They cannot get to the top in their line of work, without the help or assistance of teachers. You'll find out that they are so near the bottom, they cannot see the top. They can get something for nothing if they keep everlastingly at it, and so on and on.

Great is the multitude of people in modern life who have regrets and their chief regret is that they paid no attention to the warnings set up in their boyhood and girlhood ta safeguard them from disaster to their bodies, their minds and their souls.

Look well to the warnings of home, of school and of church. Don't pass them by as of no consequence. They are of supreme importance. Time will prove the wisdom behind them, and the folly of disobedience. Look well to the wisdom behind warnings.

———:———

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I know I know not what the future hath
  Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
  His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
  To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
  But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have,
  No works my faith to prove;
I can give the gifts He gave,
  And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the silent sea,
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND SEGREGATION

N. C. Christian Advocate

The report of President Truman's committee on civil rights calls for changes in Federal and State laws to guarantee four essential rights:

(1) The right to safety and security of the person.

(2) The right to citizenship and its privileges.

(3) The right to freedom of conscience and expression.

(4) The right to equality of opportunity.

With these four objectives few Americans will find fault. In stating them the distinguished committee, of which President Frank P. Graham of the University of North Carolina and Mrs. M. E. Tilly of the social relations department of the Woman's Society of Christian Service are members, has well represented the thinking of a democratic and freedom-loving people.

Thirty-five more or less specific recommendations are made by the committee. President Truman comments that he plans to study these "with great care" and suggests that everybody else do the same. Thus far the complete report has not been made generally available, which is to beregretted. Among the not so specific recommendations rather unfavorably reported in certain sections of the press is that concerning the right to equality of opportunity: "The elimination of segregation based on race, color, creed, or national origin from American life." That is a large order, to say the least. Aside from the fact that some segregation is voluntary, some perhaps necessary, and much of it based quite naturally on family or interest groupings, the types of segregation by law or established custom which work an injustice to minority groups will be difficult enough to remove. All men of good will hail the growing confidence and success with steps taken toward that end have been met. The recent interstate bus law, for example, was quite a large pill for many conservative Southerners to swallow, but it has gone down the hatch and will stay, despite wry faces and occasional mutterings.

Where manifest injustices are involved further progress can be made and ought by all wise means to be promoted. Whether the elimination of all segregation by races, creeds, and national origins can be accomplished this side of heaven—or whether it ought to be—is a metaphysical question. To those who are interested in it, the study and pratice of New Testament Christianity is highly recommended.

———:———

One must do nothing in private life which will reflect unfavorably upon the organization of which he is part.—Charles R. Gow

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The services at the school last Sunday were conducted by Rev. M. M. Miller, pastor of the Poplar Tent Presbyterian Church. Mr. Miller brought the boys a very fine message, and we wish to take this opportunity to extend to him a cordial invitation to visit the school often in the future.

For a Scripture lesson Mr. Miller read the first twenty verses of the second chapter of Luke's Gospel. This is the story of the birth of the Christ Child. Mr. Miller explained that he selected this Scripture because one of the greatest gifts for which we have to be thankful is the gift to the world of the Christ Child. Among all the things for which people have to be thankful, they should most of all be thankful for the coming of the Master. In this connection he said people should constantly ask this question, "What would the world be like if Jesus had not come?"

Mr. Miller's message was told in story form, and in substance it was as follows:

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was Bob. On Christmas Eve he was in his home with his parents, and in the home was a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, and stockings hung by the fireplace. Bob was particularly careful to prepare presents for each of his parents. On this night he seemed to be eager to go to bed early.

Before retiring he sat on the bedside with his parents and heard the Christmas story retold, and in the story this question was raised: "If I had not come?"

After Bob retired he heard a loud noise and as he rushed out of his bedroom he met his mother. Harshly she repremanded him for getting up too late, and he was puzzled at her angry voice because he thought it was Christmas morning.

In the meantime he heard the sound of a mill horn calling the workers to their work, and he wondered why. Because he could not understand he went down to the mill and asked why it was running on Christmas Day. The operator told him he was mistaken; that this was not Christmas Day.

Bob then remembered that before Christmas he and his classmates in the Sunday School had arranged to take gifts to the children in the orphanage of the village. He then ran as fast as he could where he expected to find the orphanage, but there were no buildings and no children; only over the gate were these words: "If I had not come." This puzzled Bob more than ever. He decided to return to his home.

On the homeward way he found an old man, helpless. The old man needed to go to a hospital in an ambulance. Bob thought he could arrange to get an ambulance, but he found there was no hospital. Then farther on his way home he passed by what had previously been the Rescue Mission of that town. Here, instead of hearing sacred songs and prayers, he heard men cursing and drinking, and as he looked over the doorway he saw these words: "If I had not come."

When Bob arrived at home the first thing he found was the open Bible. In it he tried vainly to find the Christmas story of the coming of the Christ Child. In the Bible where he thought there were supposed to be the words of Jesus, there were only blank spaces.

Then it was that Bob really heard the beautiful chimes in the village church, waking him out of his sleep and playing, "Joy to the World." He found that he had really been dreaming a fantastic dream. The first thing he did was to kneel at his bedside and express his thanks for the coming of Jesus. He was very happy to know that this was Christmas Day and that he and the other people could have all the good things which had been made possible because Jesus did come with His message of love and service to others.

———:———

NO TIME

I have no time to find fault with others,
I have too many faults of my own;
While I, myself, may not know them
I'm sure that to others they're known.

I have no time for idle gossip,
It may all be a lie
And soon the story will die out
If everyone passes it by.

I have no time to believe everything I hear,
And to others the story repeat;
I would rather obey the Golden Rule
And be kind to all whom I meet.

I have no time to listen to those who tell
Something to stir up strife,
Far better to tell of good deeds done
And brighten the journey of life.

I have no time to be moody and lonely,
No time to be gloomly and sad.
It takes all my spare time planning
How I can help to make others glad.

—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.
—Hawthorne.

No man can, for any considerable time, wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which is the true one.—Hawthorne.

—:—

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.
—Bacon.

—:—

Sense shines with a double luster when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—William Penn.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.—Barrow.

—:—

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does; the value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.—Bovee.

—:—

Show me a man you honor, and I will know what kind of a man you are, for it shows me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of a man you long to be.—Carlyle.

—:—

When the object is to raise the permanent conditions of a people, small means do not merely produce small effects; they produce no effects at all.—Mills.

—:—

He that fancies himself very enlightened, because he sees the deficiencies of others, may be very ignorant, because he has not studied his own.—Bulwer.

Guns, swords, batteries, armies and ships of war are in motion by man for the subjugation of an enemy. Women bring conquerors to their feet with their eyes.—S. Smith.

—:—

I hope I shall always posses firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—Washington.

—:—

Few things are needful to make the wise man happy, but nothing satisfies the fool; and this is the reason why so many of mankind are miserable.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the guilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.—Colton.

—:—

He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.—Colton.

—:—

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides—when the moon is at full, and when there is no moon.—Hare.

—:—

Show us the man who never makes a mistake and we will show a man who never makes anything. The only men who are past the danger of making mistakes are dead.—Wayland.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.—Lavater.

Among the attributes of God, although they are all equal, mercy shines with even more brilliancy than justice.—Cervantes.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

(Bits of humor clipped from our exchanges and gathered from various other sources, with an occasional funny-bone tickler picked up locally.)

All the world loves a lover—until he monopolizes the telephone.

—:—

When the roll is called up yonder your bank-roll won't count.

—:—

If people would take more pains they would cause less of them.

—:—

Authentic news misprint: "The motorist approached the coroner at 70 miles per hour."

—:—

An old colored preacher said there were two parts to the Gospel: Believing it, and behaving it."

—:—

Proper epitath for an atheist's tombstone: "Here lies atheist; all dressed up and nowhere to go."

—:—

Judging from the way our courts are handing out divorces, it would seem that the modern girl is finding it difficult to make up her mind whether to have a man for a hubby or a hobby.

—:—

A miser, away on business, sent his wife a check for a thousand kisses on her birthday. The good wife, amazed at his thrift, wrote him this card: "Dear Jim; thanks for the birthday check. The milkman cashed it for me this morning."

—:—

Sportsman, admiring the winner: "I say, Jockey, you upset the race; how did your horse come to win?"

Jockey, bold and daring: "Well, I just kept whispering in his ear, 'Roses are red, violets are blue—horses that lose are made into glue."

—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

The minister had just finished marrying a plumber and a lovely young thing. When the ceremony was over, the plumber sidled up to the parson and whispered in his ear, "I haven't any money, but I can fix your gas meter so it won't register."

—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

Bidding ceased suddenly while the auctioneer examined a slip of paper brought up to him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I understand there's a gentleman among those present who has lost a wallet containing $100 in cash. He is prepared to offer ten dollars for its return."

A voice from the rear spoke up clearly, "I'll make it eleven!"

—Sales Maker.

—:—

Two little flies were strolling along the ceiling of a New York penthouse apartment. "You know," remarked the first little fly, "human beings are so silly!"

"People are silly?" echoed the second little fly. "How do you figure that?"

The first little fly shrugged his wings. "Just take a good look," he chirped. "They spend good money building a nice ceiling, and then they walk on the floor!"

—Sunshine Magazine.

—:—

Vainly trying to collect $40 due him from one of his customers, the colored man consulted his lawyer friend.

"What reason," the lawyer asked, "does he give for not paying you this money?"

"Boss," replied the colored gentleman anxiously, "he's gimme a mighty good reason, sah."

"Well, what is it?"

"He done say, Boss, dat he's been owin' me dat money so long dat de interest has et it all up."

—Boy Life.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 23, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Calvin Matheson
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell

COTTAGE No. 1

Carl Church
Paul Church
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Bobby Rice

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Hubert Brooks
Floyd Canady
Glenn Evans
Billy Holder
Robert Jarvis
Woodrow Mace
Eugene Peterson
James Scott
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 3
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Billy Ray Daye
Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Coy McElvin
Robert Melton
William Smith
Robert Thompson
James Wilson
James Christy
Kenneth Holcomb
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Evan Myers
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
Billy Paschal
Charles Pinkston
Howell Wilkinson
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Earl Holloman
Melvin Ledford
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Bobby Shepherd
Frank Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Marvin Guyton
Jack Griffin
Herman Hudgins
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Robert Hinson
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Joyce Hobbs
Gerald Johnson
George Marr
J. C. Mickeal
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley

Robert Whitaker
Talmadge Duncan

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billing
Carlton Crawford
Curtis Helms
Charles Johnson
Bill Ray
Jimmy Rogers
Benney Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Bill Carswell
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
James Arrowood
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Treva Coleman
Claude Crump
Elbert Gentry
David Gibson
Frank Grady
Ray Lunsford
Willie Newcomb
Francis Dean Ray
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Bobby Poplin
Lloyd Perdue
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

TODAY

I'm tired but happy, now that day is done; I did my best.
Through commonplace things and vexing words, I stood the test;
I did not knowingly hurt a thing, or stoop to lie;
My impulse to add to scandal made me blush—I passed it by.
I'm weary but happy, now that day is done—I lived it well
I'm glad I spoke a cheering word; the wrong I did not tell.
I'm glad I did a kindly act to him who did me wrong.
I wish I might always live each day like this, and be as strong.

—Blanche Tromble Evans.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 6, 1947 No. 49

N. C. ROOM

THE FREEDOM PLEDGE

I AM AN AMERICAN. A FREE AMERICAN.

FREE TO SPEAK—WITHOUT FEAR

FREE TO WORSHIP GOD IN MY OWN WAY

FREE TO STAND FOR WHAT I THINK RIGHT

FREE TO OPPOSE WHAT I BELIEVE WRONG

FREE TO CHOOSE THOSE WHO GOVERN MY COUNTRY

THIS HERITAGE OF FREEDOM I PLEDGE TO UPHOLD

FOR MYSELF AND ALL MANKIND.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher
FACULTY ADVISERS—Frank H. Braswell
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.
SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.
PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy. John Weaver.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA		11
NEW TREATMENT OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY By Herbert D. Williams, Ph. D.		16
THE WORLD ALMANAC	(News Herald)	22
THE LOWLY POTATO	(Our Paper)	24
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
A COLUMN OF HUMOR		29
HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S, G. HAWFIELD, Editor J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

Thursday, December 4th, the Freedom Train of the American Heritage Foundation came to Charlotte for a day. During the stay in Charlotte about 12,000 person passed through the train and viewed the precious documents on which is founded the American Way of Life and on which the freedom of this country is based.

It was not possible for all the people in Mecklenburgh county to see this train and go through it, but what every person can do is take part in the Rededication Week and sign the Freedom Pledge. "Freedom is Everybody's Job" is the slogan of the Foundation. And every person in Rural Mecklenburgh should attend the "Agriculture Day" at the courthouse Saturday. It will be a great day and you will be glad that you are an American. Read, study and agree to live up to it.

FOOTBALL SEASON ENDS

On Thanksgiving Day we had the grand finale of the football season here at the Training School. On that day there were held at the school the semi-final games in the morning and early afternoon, and later in the day the championship game was played by the boys of cottages 4 and 10. There was no doubt but that these two were the strongest teams at the school, and at the end of the game, after a hard-fought contest, the score was 6-0 in favor of the team from cottage 10. James Moore was the player who sparked his team to victory by making a spectacular around-end run for a touchdown.

Throughout all the fall months, football had occupied a large place in the recreational program at the school. Every cottage had its own team, and the competition was keen and spirited.

There is no doubt but that the boys obtained a very great amount of entertainment as well as physical development out of their numerous experiences in this popular sport. At the beginning of the season there were some boys who knew practically nothing about the game and, therefore, they had to start at the beginning; but by the end of the season almost every boy at the school knew many of the fine points of the game. Not only did they follow the competition in the tournament here at the school, but they also became interested in college football, and many of the boys had their own favorite teams and their star heroes among the outstanding players of the nation.

In addition to the tournament played by the cottage teams, the school had a varsity team which competed in about a dozen games with teams from other schools in this part of the state. The team this year was by far the best in the history of the school. Competition was in regular tackle football All competition in the tournament between cottages was in tag football only.

The school's team won four victories on the home grounds, and one game was a tie. Six games were lost. All of them were away from the school. Generally, competition was with players larger and more experienced than our boys were.

On December 5th, six boys from the school are expected to participate in an all-star game to be played in Concord. These boys are: Hughey Barnes, Garland Leonard, Bill Ray, Jimmy Jones, Robert King, Charles Angel.

The boys who participated in tackle football learned many of the the fine points of the game during all of their practice periods and in their games with other schools. These boys were from all the different cottages at the school, and in many instances they taught the other boys in their cottages many of the things that they had learned themselves. This was one of the finest experiences that some of our boys had, and kept the competition between cottages full of interset, because almost every boy had learned many fine points about the game.

One of the outstanding features of the season was competition between some of the small boys here at the school in games with other small boys from outside the school. The small boys were successful in winning their games, and there were many thrills

when our boys raced across the field and on across the goal line, supported by interference from their teammates. The little boys, apparently, had the most fun of all.

All in all, we have been much pleased with the recreational values of the football sport here at the school. The boys have gotten physical development to the end that their bodies have been made stronger and healthier. They have learned to play the game in good sportsmanship with some winning and some losing. They have learned to get along together and to know each other in the competition of this sport. Mentally, they have acquired much information that has stimulated them in their other studies and activities here at the school. We hope we may always have good competition and good sportsmanship, for, after all, the main objective is not winning games but the proper development of the youth.

The basketball season is getting underway, and for the next few months it will occupy the center of the stage. The schedule has been arranged so that there will be competition on the cottage basis for the smaller boys as well as for the larger boys. The plans are for the school to have a varsity team in addition to the cottage teams, and the school will enter competition with other teams in Concord and Cabarrus County during the season. Here at the school we have some players who are very proficient in this game, and with proper practice they should be able to hold their own in competition with other school teams.

* * * * * * * * *

DECEMBER 7 MARKS PEARL HARBOR ANNIVERSARY

On Sunday, December 7, this nation and the world will take note of the passing of the sixth anniversary of the infamous attack that was made upon Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. President Roosevelt declared that this day would live forever in the historical annals of this country as a day of infamy, and it is only fitting and proper that our minds be refreshed regarding this epochal event in the history of the world.

The attack which took place at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 occurred on a Sabbath day. Prior to that time there had been much uncertainty in the minds of the leaders of the world. There was suspicion and distrust on every hand. It was easily apparent to

those familiar with the circumstances that the Japanese nation, in conjunction with the leaders of Germany and Italy, had been infringing and encroaching upon the rights of other nations. They had been disregarding and trampling under foot their sacred obligations and treaties with other nations. They had been deliberately exploiting and subjugating the weaker nations of the Orient, and they had become unscrupulous and brazen in their relationships with other nations.

Naturally, then, there was a vast accumulation of tension, and the world seemed to be headed for some great catastrophe, and this was what occurred at Pearl Harbor. The suspense was ended, and the conflict was brought out into the open. The United States had no choice but to enter into the conflict at once, and when this occurred it meant that the destinies and the fortunes of all American citizens were involved; it meant that many fine young men would be called upon to enter the arena of warfare, and some would have to give their lives as supreme sacrifices.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, Mr. Cordell Hull, then Secretary of State, was negotiating with the Japanese leaders to the end that war might be avoided. Mr. Hull at that time enjoyed the fullest confidence of his fellow Americans. He was then recognized as a diplomat of great ability and of the highest integrity, and he still enjoys this high position, though his health has not permitted him to continue in the field of diplomacy. At the time of Pearl Harbor he was greatly amazed and shocked by the treachery that was exercised by the Japanese leaders. The Japanese nation demonstrated to the world that it could not be trusted in its dealings with honest people.

This year, as the nation experiences a solemn observance of Pearl Harbor, every head should be bowed before the Creator of all mankind and due appreciation should be manifested for all the sacrifices that were made following the attack on Pearl Harbor. This nation has paid a great price in wealth and fortunes and in the sacrifices of lives, and every effort should be made to give assurance that never again in the history of the world can there be a repetition of Pearl Harbor. It should be our sincere prayer and pledge that we shall work diligently for peace and good will among all nations on the globe.

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the history of the School there has been a Boys' Christmas Fund. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they bring much cheer and happiness to the boys here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or small useful gifts. Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

Contributions to this fund to date are as follows:

Mr. Richard Clendenin, Washington, D. C.	$ 5.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust	254.20
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County	30.00

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of December 7, 1947

Dec. 8—James Cartrette, Cottage 11, 17th birthday
Dec. 8—Charles Stanley Cottage 9, 13th birthday
Dec. 13—Billy Teer, Cottage 14, 13th birthday
Dec. 13—Roger Willard, Cottage 1, 14th birthday
Dec. 13—Jack Hensley, Cottage 13, 15th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Chapel Program

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The third and fourth grades gave a Thanksgiving program on November, 26. First thing on the program was a song: "Come Ye Thankful People Come". Which was followed by the one hundreth psalm by the group, and salute to Flag by the group. Three songs were then given by the third grade, three poems: "Autumn Days"—Bernard Webster, "Robin and the Bee"—Bobby Jo Galyan, "Who Knew When November Came,"—Andrew Daw. This was followed by a solo: "Jolly Jack Frost"—Andrew Daw. Billy McVicker and Max Ray Herring, then sang a Duet: "When The Leaves Dance". This was followed by two poems: "Nutting Time" by Marvin Gupton, and "When The Frost Is On The Pumpkin", by Jack Hensley. Three songs were then given by the group: "Harvest Song"—"November Night" and "Harvest Dance". Leroy Shedd and Andrew Daw, then sang a Duet: "Song Of Gold". This was followed by three poems:"Industrious Pilgrim" —John Gainey, "All For Thanksgiving Day"—Richard Messick "Turkeys Lament"—Edward Ingold. Then a quartet: "Over The River And Through The Woods", by Kenneth King, Lester Owens, Oden Chapman and Eugene Peterson. After this came a Solo: "Indian Call" by, Andrew Daw. Then a Duet: "Indian Lullaby" and "Hushaby-Rock-a-By" by Dicky Leanord and Andrew Daw. Two Indian songs: "Harvest Festival" and "Dance With Me Rosetta". This was followed by a song "Rehare Katzare," by the Indian group. This was followed by a Duet by two boys, Andrew Daw and Dicky Leanord, "Harvest Festival". Then a song: "Rehare Katzare" by the group. The last thing on the program was a play: "Spirit Of The Pilgrims".

Radio Program

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The radio program for November 25, was given by the third and fourth grades. First on the program were two songs: "Come Ye Thankful People Come" and "Now Thank We All Our God" by the group, which was followed by a Skit: "Spirit Of The Pilgrims", Pilgrim Boy—Jack Hensley, Boy of Merry England—Earl Hensley, Indian Boy—Frank Spivey, Boy of Colonial Period—Bobby Joe Galyan, Pilgrim—Claude Sexton, Scouts—Billy Brown and Elijah Spivey. This was followed by a song: "Old Time Thanksgiving" by the group. Then Edward Ingold gave a poem. "The Turkey Lament". After this was a song: "Autumn Dreams". The last thing on the program was a song: "America".

Work in the School Library

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The training school has a nice library. The boys are allowed to use the library for general reference,

reading purposes. Most of the books in the library are fiction. In it are found books for all grades from the first through the twelth grade. There is a very nice set of Comptons Encyclopedias for the boys to have for ready references if needed. In the library there is to be found a set of Uplifts made into book form from 1921-1947. We have in the library trophys that certain boys in different cottages and two trophys that have been won by playing baseball and Softball by cottage Number two and cottage Number seven. The two boys who work in the library are, William Jenkins and Carl Rice.

It is well kept at all times. Miss Oehler helps in the library.

Rev. Fletcher Howard and Family Visit Cottage No. 11

By Robert King, 11th Grade

The boys of Cottage 11 enjoyed the beautiful colorful pictures showed on the projector machine by Rev. Fletcher Howard Sunday evening. Many pictures were of the family, beautiful flowers, and wonderful Mountain scenes. We will not forget the historical scenes, such as the home of Betsy Ross in Philadelphia, and many bright and colorful pictures of parades. He also showed many scenes of the Methodist home being built for the aged persons in Charlotte, of which he is the Associate Manager. To him we are greatful for the enjoyable evening and a nice Sunday afternoon service.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

On Thansgiving night the boys of the Training School enjoyed the picture, "Jeanie Gets Married."

The picture developed the theme of how too much interference by the in-laws of both boy and girl can nearly wreck a marriage rather than help the young couple to adjust themselves to the trying roles of husband and wife.

The advice given the young married G. I's by his father falls upon a confused and unsettled mind, caused by the different experiences that the young people of today compared to their parents.

The young G. I. refuses a vacation, and raise in pay, that is offered him by his father-in-law because the G. I. knows he hasn't earned it. The young couple after many misunderstandings declare they will try to stand on their own feet rather than be helped too much by well meaning, but harmful, interference by their parents.

Cottage 10, Wins Championship Game

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

On Thursday November 26, the boys of Cottage No. 4, and the boys of Cottage No. 10, played the football championship game of J. T. S.

The boys of No. 4, won the toss up, and wanted to receive. Peterson kicked to the No. 4, twenty, when Grice took the ball and ran it back to the 42 yard line. Then it was first and ten for No. 4. Grice took off on an end around and gained about four yards. Myers passed to McElvin for no gain, Grice on an off tackle for a first down which placed the ball on the Cottage No. 10, thirty yard line.

No. 10, then took over on downs, Moore, the No. 10, quarterback took the ball from his thirty to the thirty

six. Angel passed to Orr for no gain. It was third and four. Moore again ran to the No. 4, 47 yard line. Here it became first and ten. No. 10, then started a passing attack which was broken up by the speedy No. 4, backfield, and No. 4. took out on their own 47. Grice carried to the 50. Murphy took the ball on an off tackle, and made six yards where it was third and two. Myers played safe, and punted to the end zone, and No. 10, brought it out to the twenty where Peterson suprised No. 4 on a quick punt which went to the No. 4 forty two. McElvin received the ball and ran it back to the No. 10, 45 yard marker, and was stopped. Murphy's pass intercepted by Peterson where he carried it to the No. 4, thirty five. Angel's passing was no good so No. 4 took over, and Grice ran a reverse which gave No. 4, a first down, and placing the ball on the midfield marker. Myer's pass intended for Thompson was interceptd by Angel, who ran it back to his twenty where Moore carried the ball over for the final, and winning score. The whistle blew, and the game was over. Final score No. 10, 6—No. 4, 0.

Here are some outstanding players for No. 4. Grice, Bumgardner, Murphy, and Myers in the backfield, Kitchen, and Thompson on the line. No. 10, Moore, Angel, and Stewart in the backfield, and Autry, and Orr were on the line.

The Starting Lineup

No. 4,

R. E., McElvin; R. T., Daye; R. G., Smith; C., Hughes; L. G., Gilmore; L. T., Kitchen; L. E., Thompson; Q. B., Bumgardner; R. H., Myers; L. H., Murphy; F. B., Grice;

No. 10,

R. E., Ammens; R. T., Gaskins; R. G., King; C., Autry; L. G., Gordon; L. T., Orr; L. E., Johnson; Q. B., Peterson; R. H., Stewart; L. H., Angel; F. B., Moore;

Score by Periods

No. 4, 0 0 0 0 — 0
No. 10, 0 0 0 6 — 6

———:———

A Chicago man who is a great believer in efficiency hung up a sign in his office, saying, "Do It Now." Within twenty-four hours the cashiers had run away with the contents of the safe, the stenographer had eloped with his oldest son, the office boy threw the ink bottle into the electric fan, and the whole force struck for a six-hour day. Now he is looking for a new motto.—Spunk.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

This week we are presenting in THE UPLIFT a special article relating to the City of Charlotte, where occurred the signing of the Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence on May 20, 1775. This is another one of the series of articles being carried by THE UPLIFT to present information regarding the outstanding cities of this state.

Charlotte, which ranks as the largest city in the Carolinas in population, has been one of the fastest growing cities in the state within the last fifty years. In 1900 the population, according to the census, was 18,091, and in the year 1946 the estimated population was over 115,000.

Happily, it is a city that has a rich background of historical interest. It was among the first cities to be established in North Carolina. It was named in 1762 for Queen Charlotte, wife of King George III of England. Originally and historically it was a community of the Scotch-Irish early settlers, and among the leaders of the early history of the state may be found the names of those who resided in Charlotte and Mecklenburgh County.

Today Carlotte easily ranks as the leading financial center in the two Carolinas. It is a center of wealth and industry, and it is likewise a center of religious and cultural activities.

In the year 1945 the bank clearings for the Charlotte banks was $2,303,-316,700, and in the last year or two this figure has advanced rapidly, and today Charlotte is one of the most rapidly growing cities in the entire nation, with a bright future before it.

In a recent brochure regarding Charlotte there occurs the following information:

The story of Charlotte's schools is the story of more and more children receiving constantly better education.

Making up the city's public school system—elementary, junior high, senior high—are 21 white and 8 Negro schools. Each has a well supplied library; each is standard accredited. In the white public schools are 12,-169 pupils and 393 teachers; in the Negro schools 5,727 pupils and 164 teachers. This year, to meet the unprecedented demand for college level work, the University of N. C. is operating at Central High School an "Off-Campus" College, offering first year college work to Charlotte students. Other educational institutions include a splendid parochial school, historic Queens College for young women, The Charlotte Country Day School, Inc. and Johnson C. Smith University for Negroes.

For the city public system alone, the current plant valuation is $5,157,334, and the 1945-46 operating expense stands at $1,329,085—all happily provided to build strong citizenship for a Greater Charlotte of tomorrow.

For long years Charlotte has enjoyed the name of being the greatest church-going city in the world with the exception of Edinburgh, Scotland.

It would be difficult to prove or to refute this statement, but at any rate Charlotte is a city of churches and church-goers.

South Tryon Street—Looking North

This picture shows several of the largest and tallest buildings located in one of the busiest trading centers of the city. These buildings are symbols of the vast economic and commercial activities characteristic of this thriving and progressive city.

In the city are 92 churches representing 27 denomination with nearly 40,000 members. Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians are more numerous. The religious aspirations of the community express themselves not only in beautiful churches, but in spiritual and charitable activities.

Newcomers to Charlotte may be sure of an opportunity to worship as they are accustomed and a warm welcome to go with it.

There are few better ways to judge the people of a community than by their homes.

Two great changes have taken place in Charlotte with respect to residences. The first was the opening of planned suburban developments, beginning some 25 years ago, with the result that a considerable migration from mid-city to the outskirts has taken place. The second was the construction in 1939-40 of two immense low cost housing projects, one for whites, one for Negroes.

A further trend has been a movement to the attractive countryside surrounding Charlotte, where land is reasonable and "elbow room" plentiful.

Home-ownership stands creditably at 38 per-cent, with new residential construction, halted during the war years, adding to existing housing facilities in all residential areas. Supplementing private construction, the extensive barracks and other buildings of Morris Field are being turned into low-rent housing facilities.

A characteristic of the home owners of Charlotte, is pride in their homes, their gardens and their lawns, a fact as true of those in small cottages as

Air view of the Central Business District of the City and some of the outlying residential areas. In this picture may also be seen some of the large warehouses of the city.

of those in the handsomest of homes.

One hundred and fifty-seven white and 12 colored physicians; a hospital investment of more than $4,000,000 with another $1,200,000 construction program underway; 1295 hospital beds at the present with 110 under construction; 625 graduate and student nurses; here, in outline, is the measure of Charlotte's medical status.

Charlotte ranks medically with the top handful of cities under 500,000 population in the United States, and only one of comparable size ranks with Charlotte.

"Work hard, yes—but play hard, too" counsels the average Charlottean.

This sentiment finds expression in the 615 acres of municipal park system valued at more than $515,000, in the play programs which cover the entire city, in the $120,000 city swimming pool, the $100,000 Legion Memorial Stadium, the $200,000 Fair Grounds where are held annually the Southern States Fair and the Charlotte Horse Show, the two Country Clubs, the six golf courses.

Music, art and literature have their sure and enlarging place in Charlotte. Artistically, the city's show place both for its hundred-year-old building of classical lines and its permanent and rotating art collections, is the Mint Museum of Art.

Musically, there is the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra of 60 pieces, now in its fifteenth year. A Society of 600 members serves as patrons for the orchestra. Other musical activities are sponsored by the Community Concert Association of 2,500 members. The city school system fosters the formation of student bands and orchestras.

Within 100 miles of the city, are mills with a total of 10,000,000 spindles, almost half of the total spindles in the United States. Supplying them are numerous branch plants of textile machinery, supply houses, dyestuffs manufacturers and related lines in this center of a textile empire.

Although Charlotte's principal manufacturing is in textiles, scores of establishments are busy turning out widely distributed goods in other fields.

Of 280 industrial plants, 243 are non-textile. They have an important share, of course, in lifting the number of employees to the 14,000 total, and in swelling the value of manufacturing products to the impressive amount of $50,000,000.

Producing a great variety of articles—from plows to pickles, flour to furniture, and so on—they lend helpful diversification to the city's economic structure.

Charlotte is one of the major distributing points in the whole Southeast. A directory of national concerns with offices or factory branches in Charlotte reads like a Blue Book of American business.

Altogether, some 350 national concerns have signified their good opinion of Charlotte by making it an integral part of their distribution systems.

In the character and prestige of its newspapers and radio stations, Charlotte is fortunate. Both media have played their parts in making Charlotte the center of the Carolinas that it is.

The Charlotte News (evening) and the Charlotte Observer (morning) have by far the largest circulation in

their respective fields of all the newspapers in the two states. Both are long-established journals, having been founded well before the turn of the century, and both are up-to-date and progressive.

In the Charlotte Observer of December 1 there occured the following significant editoral, in part, relating to the City of Charlotte.

Charlotte has become a veritable promoters! paradise.

Nor do we mean that this city is any sucker town. We aren't using the word promoters in any derogatory sense. We mean simply that here is the place in which to stage things in a big way.

Put on anything in Charlotte that offers a fifty-fifty chance of being entertaining, and then start dodging traffic on the highways leading into town. Stage a Christmas parade here and spend two hours getting home eight blocks away. Schedule a football game in our already greatly inadequate stadium and rush out and buy your tickets if you want to see it. Let Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey put up the big top in a sea of mud and watch while thousands slosh their way to see the greatest show on earth. Stage an ice show and watch a great throng pay $18,000 for one performance—and sit in a drizzling rain to follow with avid interest the graceful twisting and turning of the skaters.

Charlotte is the center. That's a fact. No longer is it simply a Chamber of Commerce slogan that the Queen City is the center of a tremendous trading area with a population of two million or so. Charlotte is the trading center, but it's also the entertainment center of the Carolinas, and anything produced in Charlotte if it's worthwhile—and often not so worthwhile, at that—will bring the folks fairly flocking here.

———:———

THE GIFT OF YEARS

The years take many a toll I'm loathe to pay;
They line the face and silver-dust the hair,
And yet all silent each year will lay
A gift against some future dark despair—
A gift so hidden in the heart or mind
It lies unnoticed when the fee is paid
But, oh, how many wintry times I find
New courage that some other year has made!
I then remember some old hour as bleak
As this when hope and every prayer was dead,
So now I wait that certain rosy streak
Of light I know will come. New Faith is fed
When one may smile upon forgotten fears!
They bless us quietly, the passing years.

—Dorthy Calloway.

NEW TREATMENT OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

By Herbert D. Williams, Ph. D.

Only recently has there been increasing recognition of the need for educating the public to a better understanding of the impossibility of doing an effective job in training schools for juvenile delinquents without establishing intake policies for training schools which will exclude those children in need of more specialized types of care than can be given in a training school. This is understandable when we see how slow the United States has been in developing institutions giving specialized care. Only about 100 years ago, criminal insane, dependents, neglected and diseased were all cared for in one institution.

Gradually, it was recognized that the insane needed specialized care, so did the feebleminded. Gradually too, there came an acceptance of the idea that adults and children should be separated. Still later, the children were divided into seperate groups for specialized treatment, such as the delinquent, the dependent and the defective. But in far too many states the training schools for delinquent children are still dumping grounds for maladjusted children, comparable with the old almshouses for adults in an earlier age. One still finds neglectel children and defectives children and children suffering from chronic glandular and physical maladjustments in the training schools of a great many states in this country. We studied one training school where almost two-thirds of the children in residence needed to be cared for in an institution for defectives.

Perhaps some of this deplorable condition is due to failure to develop diagnostic clines in those states. No doubt, the relatively recent origin of these clinics and the gaps in their knowledge is also responsible for failure to provide specialized treatment facilities. Mental hygiene clinics for children in institutions are only about twenty years old and they still have much to learn about classification and treatment of the delinquent. But it is not just a matter of diagnosis and classification—it is also a matter of arousing interest on the part of the public in providing the best possible type of care for each group.

The tendency to lump together all children who are labelled as delinquent without recognizing the tremendous complexities of the needs of these children and the tendency to put them away out of sight and out of mind and thus be rid of problems is a characteristic of society, not confined to juvenile delinquents. Another element which is involved in this mass treatment of juvenile delinquents in institutions is the relatively recent development of scientific group work, whereby a knowledge of the individual's reaction to the group and the group's reaction to the individual is evaluated in terms of developing a program of institu-

tional care. Perhaps one of the most important reasons for failure to make progress in the direction of specialized treatment has been the failure of training school superintendents and those interested in training schools to be realistic about the limitations of successful training school treatment on ceretain types of juvenile delinquents.. With the same exaggerated claims that were formerly made of 85%-95% of successful treatment in training schools, there was little need to be concerned about improvement of specialized treatment facilities. More recently, some careful studies have indicated that the training schools are not doing such a wonderful job. We suspect that they never were and that a lot of wishful thinking took the place of scientifically accurate statistics regarding results.

At any rate, superintendents of training schools are beginning to accept the fact that they are not omniscient or omnipotent, that they and their staffs and their program cannot adequately or successfully treat certain types of juvenile delinquents. And that the presence of such types of juvenile delinquents in their training school populations interferes with the successful treatment of a great many other juvenile delinquents. Some of them have begun to insist that specialized facilities be provided to treat certain types of boys and girls. Even assuming that we know the need for specialized treatment of different types of delinquents, the state training schools will still get them until specialized treatment facilities can be provided. If the institution for defectives is full and has a waiting list, the defective who commits some juvenile offense will still be committed to the training school. If there are no available facilities for the pre-psychotic and his behavior becomes unbearable in the community, he will be sent to the training school. So it goes.

To provide these specialized facilities will mean that we will break down our training schools as now known into a number of separate institutional units. Each of them will provide specialized care for that particular type of individual.

In theory, we have given up the idea that juvenile delinquents should be treated on the basis of the offenses they commit. We say they should be treated in terms of their needs.

Unfortunately, theory far outruns practice in this respect. But, if we are going to think in terms of specialized facilities for meeting specialized needs, and if we are going to break down our training schools into a number of specialized treatment units, just what kinds of groups should we consider. Here we are on dangerous ground as diverse opinions are to be found. Special groupings can be considered in terms of age, personality characteristics, vocational aptitude, intellectual level, cultural background, etc. Of course, there is a limit to the various types of specialized treatment units that can be provided. At the risk of over-simplifying the problem, we are going to make some suggestions—at least these can be a starting point for discussion.

Perhaps it would be well to consider taking out of the training school population certain groups which most need specialized treatment and then

come back to consider other groupings in the interest of more effective training. We have already mentioned the defectives who require specialized treatment to meet their needs. It is hardly necessary to list all of the reasons for separate facilities for these individuals. In a group of delinquents with more normal intelligence they may become the tools of brighter boys, they are subject to ridicule, and they find themselves put upon, unhappy, with their problems of adjustment made still more difficult.

Another group which should be considered for specialized treatment is that group composed of highly neurotic, pre-psychotic children who need a higher degree of personalized and professional service, psychiatrists, social workers and psychologists usually not available in a training school. A specialized psychiatric treatment unit should be available for this group.

Still another group for which some kind of specialized care is needed is your asocial or psychopathic group, self-centered, showing an inability to develop loyalties or affectional relationship with people and apparently incapable of learning from experience.

They are described by Dr. Bender in a recent paper entitled, "There Is No Substitute for Family Life," as follows:

"These children show a personalized defect readily recognized, easily defined and which I have called the Socially Deprived Psycopathic Personality. By their deficiencies and defects in personality, they have given us a dramatic example of the significance of the human element in child-parent relationship and the part it plays in making it possible for the inherent capacities of the individual to develop fully so that he can become a mature, forward-looking human being, capable of giving and taking, learning and identifying in a democracy."

"We are impressed with the diffusely unpatterned impulsive behavior of these children. At all levels, it is unorganized and remains unorganized. So far we have found no educational or psychotherapeutic method whereby it can be modified into organized or patterned behavior. The child is driven by inner impulses which demand immediate satisfaction. These impulses and needs tend to charge with physical and chronological growth of the child but the patterns still do not form and, at the same time, there is no means of gratifying the impulses. Motivation, discipline, punishment, insight theraphy have little effect. Controlling the environment in which the child will act, leaving him only the chance to intimate repetitively the socially acceptable patterns of other children is the only know way of training these children."

We doubt if anyone knows at present just what type of facility and just what type of treatment should be given this group. We will need to do a good research job, using the latest discoveries in medicine, psychiatry, psychology, endocrinology, brain pathology, etc. before we can determine the type of facility and treatment needed.

There will undoubtedly be other groupings which will emerge as a re-

sult of experimentation in the use of specialized treatment units.

We are also thinking in terms of differentiation of treatment of the remainder the children now committed to training schools. We must break the training school down still more if our treatment is to be effective. We certainly should think in terms of more homogenous groupings and smaller institutional units.

There is a growing interset in breaking down training schools of 300 to 400 population or over into small institutional units making up a large institutional center. Many of us have been thinking in terms of separating the boys into groups of approximately 120 with their own separate residence and school facilities, each having its own staff and each institutional unit removed from the site of each other such unit. For example, we might break up the training school into three or four separate and distinct institutional units. Let us call them A, B, C, D. A could be in the northwest corner, of a large block of land, B in the northeast corner, C in the southwest corner. In the center there could be a hospital, laundry, storeroom, and other facilities which would not require boys from one group to be in close contact with boys from another group. Each of the units could have its own individual director, its own staff, its own school, its own playground. This would insure more intimate understanding and supervision of each child. Every staff member would know every boy, the housing unit could be small, a director for each one of these A, B, C, D units of 120 boys could give close supervision. A managing director could give overall direction and supervision of the center. There could be flexible transfer within a unit and between units. Groupings of boys on the basis of personalities and on the basis of other factors to achieve homogeneity and better treatment results would be possible. Contamination could be reduced. We think these institutional units should be separated by contour of the land and by distance so that they are not in sight of each other.

One of the long established concepts with reference to training school and other institutional treatment, namely, that the cottage is a substitute home and provides something in the nature of substitute family life is now being questioned. For some years there have been questions raised as to the validity of the assumption that cottages with 25-50 boys or girls can simulate homelife and that cottage parents in charge of large groups can substitute for parents. When the cottage parents were on duty twenty-four hours a day and interested in every phase of the child's life in the institution, the advocates of cottage life as a substitute for home and family life may have had something on their side. Many of us doubted it but at least there was the continuity of supervision and contact which characterizes home life. With the recent trend towards shorter hours, shorter work week, holidays off, longer vacations for cottage staff, there has been greater anxiety about the need for providing intelligent, trained, experienced group leaders in the cottages. After all, most of the children in training schools are adolescent and

that is a period for using group approaches and group leadership. Home and family attachments give way to an emphasis on group relationship, and group workers are particularly needed at this stage in the development of the child. It begins to look as if we can count on a 40-hour week and a work year of something like 230 days for institutional employees. That, of course, means a great many more staff coming into contact with any given child. These contacts in groups will be pretty superficial and there is going to be little opportunity for an exchange of and development of affectional relations of any more that a superficial sort. This has decided implications for our older concept of training school treatment.

There will be, of course, an increasing necessity for providing case workers to spend time in interviewing, counseling, guiding boys and girls, helping to integrate the efforts of other staff memebers on behalf of a given child, to keep him from being too badly bruised by being bounced around from one employee to another while he is in the institution.

We must have trained group workers who have the capacity to understand quickly the child's attitude and reactions while he is in a group. He must have skill in guiding the individual's relationships to a group and the group's relationship to the individual.

Another implication is that salaries must go up. You can't get trained people without paying salaries commensurate with their training and skills.

Still another implication is the provision for better living conditions for institutional staff. The day has gone by when people prefer to live and work in institutions. Institutional living brings with it certain restrictions on freedom which must be compensated for by providing more desirable quarters at a cheaper rate than is available locally. We think too, that the matter of residing on the grounds should be left on a voluntary basis and that the staff be encouraged to live off the grounds.

One other perspective which is slowly but surely developing is that of a better integrated use of the state's resources for the care of its wards. Most of the State's facilities have grown up under the pressure of emergency needs and with little reference to a broad integrated program. In our newer perspectives we see a reduction of barriers between various types of services, various departments, various institutions, so that all of these resources of the state can be brought to bear in the interests of a given ward of the state. This means increasing the flexibility of transfer from one state department to another, or from one institution to another. In other words, it will be possible to transfer a boy from an institution in the Department of Correction to an institution in the Department of Social Welfare or from an institution in the Department of Social Welfare to an institution in the Department of Mental Hygiene or from an institution in the Department of Mental Hygiene to an institution in the Department of Correction, or the reverse. This maximum utilization of the facilities of the state in

the interests of a ward of the state, we anticipate, will increase the effectiveness of treatment, provide better protection of the child and the community. For far to long there have been too many restrictions in the use of available facilities within a state. Each Department of State Government has closed its facilities to other Departments regardless of needs of wards of the state. Frequently, facilities were available in one Department needed by the State wards in another but restrictions in laws or regulations prevented their full use.

New perspectives of institutional treatment of juvenile delinquents indicated the need for restudy of many elements in training school policies and programs, a frank facing of facts, and a refusal to accept the chaotic mass of responsibilities which training shools of the past have carried.

LIFE

Life is a blend of the good and the bad,
  A bit of the glad and a bit of the sad;
A pinch of contentment and a time of unrest,
  A dash of the worst and a lot of the best;
A little of failure and a little of luck,
  A bit of disaster and plenty of pluck;
And who would live long must be willing to know,
  Winter and summer and sunshine and snow.

Life is a mixture of laughter and tears,
  Hope and despair are part of the years;
Someone is born and then someone dies,
  Someone is foolish and someone is wise;
Someone is false to us, someone is true,
  Now it is play and then tasks we must do;
Who grows to manhood must learn how to take,
  Joy with its laughter and care with its ache.

Life is a blend of the good and the ill,
  And we must bear what shall come by his will;
There must come tears to the brightest of eyes,
  Care visits the rich and the strong and the wise;
No one escapes when the rain pelters down,
  Today you may smile, but tomorrow you frown;
So stand to your portion of sorrow and strife,
  And know that it's all in the battle called life.

—Arthur K. Moss.

THE WORLD ALMANAC

(News Herald)

I'm getting ready for a new year: I bought a Blum's Almanac this week and put in order for my oldstandby, the World Almanac. I'd hate to try to get along without keeping both in reach. Blum's has advanced in price from a dime to 15 cents, but I don't know of a better buy anywhere than this 15 cents worth of information and reading matter.

1948 brings another Leap Year, according to calendars and almanacs . . . there will be an extra day in February—Birthdays which fall on February 29th will have a chance at celebration—and "old maids" their proverbial every-four-years opportunity (?) at making the advances.

With Christmas already "in the air" the following old beliefs about predicting weather for the coming year, according to the state of Christmas weather, may prove interesting:

"If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day, there will be a good crop the following year."

(Remember—last Christmas day was sunshiny and the apple crop has been good this year!)

"If ice will bear a man before Chrismas, it will not bear a man afterwards."

"Thunder and lightning Christmas week means much snow the balance of the winter."

"Rain causes more damage than frost before than after Christmas."

"At Christmas if meadows are green, at Easter they will be covered with frost."

"If windy Christmas Day, trees will bear much fruit."

"A wet Christmas means an empty granary and barrel."

"A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard."

"A warm Christmas means a cold Easter."

"A green Christmas is followed by a white Easter."

Incidentally, according to the almanac, Easter comes comparatively early next year—March 28th. Let's hope that will make the winter seem shorter.

The 1948 Blum's also lists a half-dozen or more of the old signs, some of which I have mentioned on occasion heretofore. I have referred to them mainly because of my long-time interest in folk lore and have found among my readers both scoffers and belivers. The "rules", with accompaying observations, following are listed in the 120th issue of the "old Salem" as "How the Almanac Can Help You":

"Make sauer kraut on the increase of the moon or when the moon sign is turned up. You can keep the water upon it this way and prevent it from spoiling."

"Stovewood should be cut during the light nights of the months, so it will burn well."

"Wean the calf when the sign is getting near the feet, unless you enjoy hearing the old crow bawl night and day for a week or more."

"Cut logs for house building between September 1 and January 1.

They will last longer and not be subject to insects."

"Select the time when the sign is below the waist for dental work or other surgical operations about the head."

"Shingle the house or barn when the moon sign is turned down to keep the shingles from turning up."

"Kill pigs about a week after the moon fulls. The meat, when cooked will then get smaller and you will get grease. Otherwise the meat when cooked will get larger and be dry."

DELINQUENT MOMS AND DADS

We've heard a lot in recent months
Of delinquent boys and girls;
They're scorned, maligned and called by some
The worst lot in the world.

But, odd as things may seem to you,
They're not so terribly bad—
They do quite well in spite of their
Delinquent Mom and Dad.

When Dad holds up his stein of brew
And blows the foam away,
And son stand by, it would be strange
If that boy failed to stray.

And Mom, with painted lips and toes.
She is a sight, you bet,
As she uncorks a bottle, too,
And lights a cigarette.

Don't be too tough on boys and girls
Who never have a chance;
Who learn at home to curse and drink,
And soon are taught to dance.

Who learn in cabarets and dives
Things that bring hurt and shame;
Delinquent Dads and Moms are those
Who really are to blame.

Let,s fill our jails with Dads and Moms
And save that teen-age throng,
By placing all the blame, my friend,
Right where it should belong.

—William A. Washburn

THE LOWLY POTATO

(Our Paper)

A much maligned tuber, the lowly potato has done more than any other single food to keep people in Europe alive.

At one time in England a group called the Society for the Prevention of Unwholesome Diet (S.P.U.D.) was formed to abolish all public use of the potato.

The potato once was thought to carry seeds of plague and leprosy, and for centuries it went unused.

However, spuds decorate more tables today than any other food. Fourteen per-cent of the American diet is provided by potatoes, and in Europe the percentage is higher.

In Portland, Germany, France, and Russia the potato has virtually reached the importance of rice in lands of the Orient.

In fact, the spud might be termed the savior of the white world, for it has for centuries been bulwark against the ravages of famine.

In war years and drought years, in depressions and recessions the potato has been the one life-giving substance to remain on the otherwise barren tables of the poor.

It is hardy and cheap and is an extremely nourishing food, giving energy out of all proportion to its cost. Since the human body needs food for only two reasons, to repair body tissues and to provide energy, the importance of the potato in the diet of the poor can easily be seen.

Ireland was probably the first country to recognize that fact, for it was there that the potato was cultivated until it became the favorite food.

But this one-crop existence nearly led to Ireland's destruction. In 1846 and 1847 a blight descended on the potato fields, destroying the crops and nearly the Irish nation. It was then that so many Irish immigrants came to America.

Many Americans have so associated the potato with Ireland that it is generally believed to have originated in that country.

The potato actually crossed the Atlantic four times before reaching Ireland. The white potato was developed in this country after much experimentation and a species was then taken to England, where its cultivation became general.

Many years before that, the Spaniard, Francisco Pizzaro, found that the Incas had been growing the "batato," or potato for hundreds of years.

The Incas originated and successfully developed the spud until it flourished in more than 100 different varieties, some of which were used to manufacture dyes.

By combining the red sweet potato with lime juice, the Peruvians produced dyes that cannot be manufactured even by chemists.

When the Spaniards had conquered the Incus they carried the potato back to Spain—a step that in future years proved more valuable than all the gold and silver in the Aztec and Peruvian empires.

The potato then passed from Spain through Italy to Belgium and then to England. The poor welcomed it eagerly because it grew freely and in abundance.

Continuous development since then has resulted in about 200 varieties, used for everything from food to fuel.

Farmers in the United States in 1946 produced a bumper crop of 476,000,000 bushels. Since this is 1,000,000,000 bushels more than we ordinarily consume, much of the surplus is turned to other uses.

A million bushels are going into the nation's school lunch program to build up the bodies of youngsters. Many more bushels are being diverted to starch mills and live stock pens.

Distillers have taken 20,000,000 bushels for the distillation of alcohol, and an additional 6,000,000 bushels are being used for the making of industrial alcohol for the manufacture of synthetic rubber, anti-freeze, and other products.

Also, much of the surplus has gone to feed hungry Europe.

---:---

BELIEVERS

There is no unbelief;
  Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
  He trusts in God.

  Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
  Trusts the Most High.

  Whoever sees' neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
  God's power must know.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live his life in spite of woes,
  God's comfort knows.

  There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny;
  God knoweth why.

—Tyndall.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Fletcher E. Howard, pastor of the Moore's Chapel Methodist Church and Associate Manager of the Home for Aged Methodist Ministers, (situated in Mecklenburg County), preached to the boys at the Training School last Sunday. The boys greatly enjoyed his very excellent message, and all were very happy to have Mr. Howard for this occasion.

A Scripture lesson was read from the second chapter of Luke, beginning with the 49th and extending through the 52nd verse. This is an account of the time when Jesus as a lad twelve years old was in the temple hearing and answering questions from the learned men of his day.

Mr. Howard used as a topic for his discussion the following, "Well-Balanced Growing." In his message he stressed four important points in a well-balanced program of personal growth, relating to mental, spiritual, social and physical growth.

Mr. Howard stressed the fact that it is highly important for each person to keep in balance within his own life so that he may not excel in one respect and be poor in another to the end that his life will be lopsided.

In developing his first point, it was explained to the boys that a person's body should be regarded as a temple and as a home of the soul. It is that physical and material dwelling, so to speak, where each one lives. It was pointed out that it is, therefore, a sin to abuse one's body with such things as drinking whiskey or being intemperate in other ways. Everyone should try to eat the right kind of food, take exercise, and, in general, take good care of his body so that he may be able to do well the work which he has at hand.

In the second place, it was pointed out that Jesus as a boy grew in wisdom that is, he improved his mind. Although a lad of only twelve years, he was associating with the elderly people of his day with the purpose of finding out something more than he knew then. In this connection it was emphasized that no person should ever think that he knows it all; there are many things he can learn from others, especially those who are older. After all, a person's mind is the directing agency of his whole life. Jesus was particularly eager to know all he could about the Bible and religious literature.

In the third place, it was emphasized that Jesus increased in favor with man. All through His life He had to be able to meet and mingle with all classes and conditions of mankind, and it was found that He was able to associate not only with the humblest and poorest person of His time, but even with those who were wealthy. After all, a person who learns to live with other people has acquired a great advantage in life. The person who knows how to have many friends has learned how to make his own life rich and full.

In the fourth place, it was pointed out that Jesus as a lad developed spiritually. A person needs most of all to develop in this respect because his accomplishments in the other three phases of life fail to make a proper balance, and it is always needed for spiritual growth. It has been said

that each person's life is a bundle of possibilities and that those who are wisest attempt to pattern their lives after the life of the Master. Through His teachings and His high plane of social living towards His fellowman, He has been the inspiration of millions of followers throughout the centuries. He has been the world's greatest spiritual genius of all times. His life was well-balanced because He grew mentally, spiritually, socially and physically.

———:———

Are you interested in "averages" and statistics? Then consider these "just average" facts:

The average man in the United States is 5 feet 8½ inches tall and weighs 152 pounds, while the average woman is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 133 pounds.

The average life of a dollar bill is six months.

The average pound of sugar contains 2,260,000 grains.

An average American consumes 5.8 pounds of rice a year. In Hawaii and Puerto Rico the average is 128 pounds a year.

The average vocabulary of a 2-year-old child is 272 words and of a 6-year-old 2,562 words.

On the average a man's daily shower takes $7.50 worth of water a year, while a tub bath uses up only $3 worth.

The average income of all Americans (children included) in 1946 is estimated at about $1,179.

The average height of a new-born baby is one foot and eight inches.

An average white-mother in the United States gives birth to 2.7 children, while an average Negro mother has 3.5 children.

The average person is taller when he awakens in the morning than when he retires at night (cartilage and joints expand when the weight is off them).

At the average walking speed it would take a man thirty years to travel all the streets and roads in the land.

In an average year Americans consume 15,000 tons of pepper.

To light the average home for a year, 600 pounds of coal must be burned in a power house boiler.

The average State Governor is 51 years old.

An average cubic mile of Atlantic sea water contains 128,284,403 tons of sodium chloride or common salt.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Whitewashing the pump will not purify the water.

—:—

The teeth may be false, but let the tongue be true.

—:—

You don't need references to borrow trouble.

Share your joys with others. It always takes two to be glad.

—:—

Temptations from without have no power unless there be a corresponding desire within.

—:—

The price of everything else may go up or down, but the price of success remains steady.

—:—

When a man begins to realize the truth about himself, it reduces his desire to reform his associates.

—:—

After all, life is simple. All you need is a comfortable bed and a comfortable pair of shoes, because you are in one or the other practically all your life.

—:—

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years; meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbuliez.

—:—

A wise man has well reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for truth, and have begun striving for ourselves.—Carlyle.

—:—

Encouragement is oxygen to the soul. Good work can never be expected from a worker without encouragement. No one ever climbed spiritual heights without it. No one ever lived without it.—George M. Adams.

—:—

If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will.—William James.

—:—

The head, truly enlightened, will have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart; and the heart really affected with goodness will much conduce to the directing of the head.

—Sprat.

—:—

Lying is like trying to hide in a fog. If you move about you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth. And as soon as the fog blows away you are gone anyhow.—Hazlitt.

—:—

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. Nothing can take its place. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of every sort.

—T. T. Munger.

—:—

A hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion; he finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day to talk familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.—Pope.

—:—

If I ever reach heaven I expect to find three wonders there: first, to meet some I had not thought to see there; second, to miss some I had expected to see there; and third, the greater wonder of all, to find myself there.—John Newton.

—:—

He who recognizes no higher logic than that of the shilling may become a very rich man, and yet remain a very poor creature, for riches are no proof of moral worth, and their glitter often serves only to draw attention to the worthlessness of their possessor, as the glowworm's light reveals the grub.—S. Smiles.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Latest German communique—Four of our gallant cruisers destroyed numerous Allied torpedoes.

—:—

Bread—When I was in Indianapolis at the State Police Barracks, I saw a machine that would tell when a man was lying.

—:—

Babe—I saw Sue yesterday and we had the loveliest chat together.

Nancy—I thought so. She wouldn't talk to me today.

—:—

Son—Dad, what's a matrimonial bureau?

Dad—It's a bureau, son, with drawers packed full of women's fixings and one man's necktie.

—:—

"What's the cat's name?"

"Ben Hur."

"How'd you happen to choose that?"

"Well, we called him Ben till he had kittens."

—:—

Mother—What makes you think Junior is going to be a successful politician?

Father—He says more things that sound well and mean nothing, than any person I ever heard.

—:—

A man was fishing recently and caught a big lake trout, the biggest he had ever landed in his long and busy life. He was so jubilant that he telegraphed his wife.

"I've got one. Weighs eight pounds and it is a beauty."

Answer. "So have I. Come home."

—:—

An ocean liner, westward bound for New York, was overtaken by sudden disaster, and in a matter of minutes, all that was left on the surface of the sea were two Englishmen.

Not having met formally, they swam about for hours in stoney silence. The sun began to sink; darkness crept over the waters.. Finally, in desperation, one swam toward the other, "I say, old fellow," he shouted, embarrassed but determined, "I say, dash it all, which way is London?"

—:—

Then there was the tramp who knocked at the door of the George and Dragon Tavern.

An acid-faced lady appeared.

"Spare a sandwich?" the tramp asked.

"No," she snapped, slamming the door.

A few minutes later he knocked again.

"What do you want now?" she demanded.

"Could I have a few words with George?" the tramp inquired.

—:—

A colored soldier of Camp Blanding was busy around the business end of an army mule when it suddenly let go with both feet and sent him sailing. As he hit the ground, his comrads called the stretcher bearers, who put the unlucky fellow on a stretcher and started to carry him off.

The colored boy came to, opened his eyes, and gazed at the reeling sky overhead. Feeling around below the stretcher with his hands, he encountered nothing but empty space.

"Lawdy, Lawdy," he groaned, 'I ain't hit the ground yet."

—:—

The father decided to give special attention to the development of his poultry yard, and he undertook the work carefully and systematically. His hired man, who had been with him for a number of years, was instructed among other things, to write on each egg the date laid and the breed of the hen. After a month, the hired man resigned.

"I can't understand," the farmer declared, surprised and pained, "why you should want to leave."

"I'm through," the hired man asserted, "I've done the nastiest jobs, and never kicked. But I draw the line on being secretary to a bunch of hens."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 30, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Calvin Matheson
Alfred Perry
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggles

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
James Martin
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Ransom Edwards
Glenn Evans
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Thomas Martin
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Thomas Shepherd
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Odene Chapman
Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Robert Melton
Richard Whitaker
James Christy
Kenneth Holcomb
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 5

Billy Best
Lewis Parris
Billy Paschal
Charles Pinkston
Jimmy Sehen

COTTAGE No. 6

Tommy Collins
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
John Gregory
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Lewis Southerland
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Clyde Leonard
Jerry Peavey
Bobby Shepherd
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmitt Fields
Marion Guyton
Jack Griffin
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Robert Hinson
Carl Jenkins

Jack Jarvis
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
Claude Sexton
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Joyce Hobbs
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Carlton Crawford
Bunnyan King
Carl Lowman
Bill Ray
Jimmy Rogers
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter
Jesse Peavey
Russell Seagle
Charles Sherrin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker
James Arrowood
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Treva Coleman
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Frank Grady
Ray Lunsford
Boyd Morris
Willie Newcomb
Leon Poston
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Lloyd Perdue
Bobby Poplin
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

How often do we discount or refuse an idea because it is old? If we could think of life as a circle rather than a straight line, we would soon understand these ideas, when old enough, become new again. Thus there is nothing new. That which we call new is but a later look at something old from the viewpoint of a new or succeeding impulse or emergency.—Rufus A. Harris.

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 13, 1947 No. 50

INSCRIPTION FOR A LIBRARY DOORWAY

I am the first of endless gateways,
I am the door to everywhere.
Walk through this way on the worlds adventure,
Many before you have traveled there.
I lend you to friend, companions, brothers'
Speaking in mighty tongues of old.

—Robert D. Abrahams.

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher
FACULTY ADVISERS—Frank H. Braswell
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.
SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.
PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy. John Weaver.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD	(Selected)	11
THE BALLOT	The Speakers Library Magazine	16
RESISTING ENVIRONMENT	By Henry Nitzsche, in London Prison Farmer	18
RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE HOME	(Religious Herald)	20
BUNYAN'S IMPRISONMENT	(Baptist Standard)	22
SQUALOR AND SPLENDOR	(Hill Top News)	24
IT PAYS TO BE DIFFERENT	By W. L. Abbott	25
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
A COLUMN OF HUMOR		29
HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial Schoo.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S, G. HAWFIELD, Editor J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

LIFE

Life is a gift to be used every day,
Not to be smothered and hidden away;
It isn't a thing to be stored in the chest
Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure your best;
It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then
And promptly put back in a dark place again.

Life is a gift that the humblest may boast of
And one that the humblest may well make the most of,
Wear it and use it as much as you may,
Don't keep it in niches and corners and groves,
You'll find that in service its beauty improves.

—Edgar Guest

COMMENDATION OF SCOUTING

Throughout the land the Scouting program is nearing the end of a program of busy activities. In this section of the state and particularly in the Central North Carolina Council, Scouting has had an unusually successful year. For the last several years the work has been on the upgrade, and a very encouraging amount of interest has been taken in the work. Throughout this Council, the work has been actively supported by a great many friend of Scouting—men and women who represent the most progresive and substantial citizens of our various communities. The Scouting program has acquired a great amount of momentum, and there is every indication that it will continue in the future to receive generous support both in talent and in money.

The men and women who work in the Scout program and are familiar with both the objectives of Scouting and its attainments towards the enrichment of the lives of boys and girls, are fully

aware of the great possibilities of Scouting. This is the one outstanding organization that makes a powerful contribution to the development of worthy citizens and the improvement of the character of boys and girls. It is the one organization that stands next to the church in its useful work of character development.

At this period of the year, the people are being called on throughout the land to donate the necessary funds for this organization. This is a worthy appeal and one to which every citizen should gladly make a generous contribution. The work is so important that it should not be necessary for a great amount of personal solicitation, but there should be a spirit of generosity that would express itself in voluntary contributions so that the boyhood and the girlhood of the land may continue to be trained in the finer qualities of worthy citizenship.

In addressing a recent meeting of Scout leaders in Charlotte, Governor Cherry, among other things, made the following comments concerning Scouting: "The Boy Scout law is democracy in action. It is Americanism at its best." The Governor voiced high praise for the Boy Scout movement, saying that former Scouts used their training "to work their way across No Man's Land in World War I" and even more of these former Scouts "forded the rivers of Hitler's shrinking Europe to fight the enemy on his own terrain in World War II," and other former Scouts "met and licked Japanese jungle fighters in their own jungles."

The Governor also said: "Today's youth and yesterday's youth are determined that tomorrow's youth must be secure against war, against unemployment, against many things that have existed in the past. We have some world dreams today that must become world realities of tomorrow."

* * * * * * * * *

GREAT NEED FOR PERSONNEL WITH SPECIALIZED TRAINING

In the correctional schools of North Carolina throughout the years there has always been a need for more people with specialized training. Those who have worked at these institutions generally have done work that was highly commendable, when the various angles of the problem are taken into consideration. Many of them,

through long years of experience, have acquired certain techniques and philosophies which have enabled them to do unusually good work. However, it has always been true that the public and the state officials have expected staff members of correctional institutions to do a very highly technical piece of work, calling for very specialized training, and in most instances the state has not offered any possibilities of professional training, or even training on the job. Not only has this been true, but those who have worked faithfully at the institutions have been called upon to work for very long hours and at very low wages.

Because of this fact, the place and the importance of correctional institutions has always been challenged. There has been a feeling that other methods for training the juvenile deliquents should be utilized to the very limit, because there was a question as to whether or not the training school could do the job that was at hand.

Back of all this has been the fact that generally the boys who have been committed to the correctional institutions were misfits in the public schools and local communities. In the public schools are teachers, most of whom are college graduates with a good amount of professional training. Generally, their training has greatly exceeded that of the staff members in the correctional institutions.

The nature of the work in the training schools is such that it really requires the efforts of a psychologist and a psychiatrist if the work is to be done as it should be done. Oftentimes, the needs of the boys and girls are such that they are very baffling, and they offer riddles even to the best trained psychiatrist. A person may be ever so eager to help one of these boys, but unless he knows how and what to do, much of his work is on the basis of trial and error.

Then, too, it is alway true that many of the difficult cases need much treatment on an individual basis. Much excellent work could be done with almost any boy or girl if it were possible for someone to take the child "under his wing" until he could feel a sense of security, which every child needs. There are many instances in which boys have been treated on an individual basis at a time when they were frustrated and disorganized, and they developed into outstanding citizens, but under the present setup in our correctional institutions it is far from possible to offer individualized treatment.

In the treatment of difficult cases it has too often been true that the state and the public have expected results that were impossible. Other states have been spending much more money on a per capita basis for their correctional programs and have not expected to get a program of high quality on a cheap basis. The goal of the state, then, should be to offer shorter hours, greater remuneration, and more comfortable homes for staff members with specialized training.

* * * * * * * *

PROLONGED RAIN HAMPERS FARM WORK

Here at the Jackson Training School for a period of two months the outside farm work has been greatly hampered and curtailed by continuous rains. The rainy weather has continued for such a long period that it has made it almost impossible to gather the fall crops and do the fall grain sowing. While there have been a few days when the weather was clear, the inclement weather has prevailed so much that it has not been possible to get into the fields and prepare the soil for planting grain.

The men and boys who work on the farm have utilized every minute of the time that was suitable for working. In this way it has been possible to gather in the corn, potatoes, and other crops, and just recently we set out over 5000 young cabbage plants and put out 200 pounds of onion sets. It has not been possible, however, to harvest our seed for our farm needs. In recent days when it was possible some of the men and groups of boys have been putting out about 400 young peach trees in the orchard.

Here, at the school, we have had many calls from neighboring farmers who have likewise been suffering from unfavorable weather. These farmers have been begging for some help with their cotton picking and other harvest work. While the farm work at the school is greatly retarded, we are probably ahead of most of our neighboring farmers who have had bad weather and have been short of help, too.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the

history of the School there has been a Boys' Christmas Fund. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they bring much cheer and happiness to the boys here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or small useful gifts. Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

Contributions to this fund to date are as follows:

Mr. Richard Clendenin, Washington, D. C.	$ 5.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust	254.20
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County	30.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	10.00
Mr. J. Lee White, Concord	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Anson County	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Cabarrus County	18.00

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of December 14, 1947

Dec. 18—Herman Fore, Cottage 5, 16th birthday
Dec. 19—Clarence Groves, Cottage 9, 16th birthday
Dec. 19—Glenn Rice, Cottage 5, 15th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Lion Team Wins Over Kiwanis All Stars

By Robert King, 11th Grade

Friday night, Dec. 5, 1947, the all star game was played, between the Lion's team and Kiwanis' team, at Webb Field in Concord. The Lion team was coached by Buck McCarn of Kannapolis and Jack Sparks of the Concord High. The Kiwanis was coached by Frank Austin of Concord, Tom Martin, of Kannopolis, and Earl Walters, of Jackson Training School. The score between the two teams was 8 to 0 in favor of the Lion's team. The Lion's team was the first to score when Paul Ray Stevens, Lion's fullback, blocked Whitaker's punt in the end zone for a safety, which 2 points was added to the Lions team score.

Jimmy Doggett for the Lion's punted on the 4th down, when his kick rolled dead on the Kiwanis' two yard line. It was the Kiwanis' ball first and ten, when Jarvis received the ball but made no gain and on end around, Whitaker dropped back to punt, but Stevens broke through the line and blocked the punt.

Several plays later the Lions scored again when Stevens carried the ball through the center for a touchdown, from the Kiwanis 15 yard line. They tried the extra point but failed.

Floyd Jarvis, Kiwanis tailback, who played a grand game all evening, intercepted Doggett's pass several plays after the kick off on the Kiwanis 25 yard line and made his way to the Lion's 25 yard line, where Beck took him down. It was first and ten to go when Whitaker dropped back to pass. It was a nice long pass, but Beck intercepted it, and fought his way back to the Kiwanis 32 yard line for a 48 yard runback.

The first half ended with the Lions in possession of the ball on the Kiwanis 19 yard line. The score at the first half was Lions 8; and Kiwanis 0.

In the third period, which was hard played by both the Lions and Kiwanis, there was no score. The Kiwanis took over midway of the final period and marched to a score.

The Kiwanians received the ball when the Lions failed to make a first down. Coble, the Kiwanians quarterback, took the ball and gained four yards and Jarvis picked up three, when Whitaker dropped back to pass. The pass went to Coble and was completed on the Lion's 12 yard line to put to Kiwanis in scoring position. After two incompleted passes to Coble, Whitaker picked up three yards, then passed to Homer Poole in the end zone for the touchdown. Whitaker's try for the extra point failed.

When the whistle ended the ball game, the Lions were in possession of the ball on the Kiwanis 30 yard line after they had driven from their own twenty-five.

Cook of Concord and Smith of Kannapolis sparked the line, while Stevens and Doggett were outstanding in the backfield. They were proud to be on the wining team.

Poole and Chambers of Kannopolis

and Jarvis, Coble and Whitaker were shining lights in the backfield. Both teams played a good game.

The Show

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The show for Thursday night was "The Cockeyed Miracle." A boy was going on a trip to Europe. His father was very sick and was expected to die. Before he had made a business deal with a man and it was supposed to bring him ten thousand dollars. He died and in the picture he became a ghost. He met his father, who had died some time ago. Sam, the man's name, had a daughter and she was planning to get married. Sam's partner started to write the check for ten thousand dollars, but since no one knew about their deal, he kept the check. The show ended when he was struck by lightning and they found the check on his body.

This was a very entertaining show. We hope we can see more as good as it.

Signs of Christmas

By Carl Rice, 11th Grade

Christmas is in the air now, everybody is getting the Christmas Spirit and the grades are singing Christmas songs and preparing for Santa Clause. The preachers are bringing Christmas sermonds. Mrs. S. G. Hawfield is going to give a Christmas program for the boys. Most of the grades are fixing their rooms and the boys are painting pictures to put on the walls. Over the radio comes Christmas songs, and Santa Clause reading the children's letters. Some of the boys are getting Christmas gifts for their parents and friends. The festive spirit is abroad in the land.

Picture Show—"Shoe Shine"

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

On December 7, the boys and officers of the Training School saw the Italian made film, "Shoe Shine." Since it was not convenient for all the boys to go to town and see the picture at the Paramount Theatre, the management arranged to bring the film to us. We want to express our many thanks to them and to all who made it possible for us to see this picture.

This picture, "Shoe Shine," gets its name from the Italian boys, who, after following the American soldiers into Rome, made a living by polishing and shining the soldiers boots. These boys had access to Army supplies, such as cigarettes, chocolates, blankets, and other things that were unavailable, so Black Marketeers began to use them for their use as middlemen. After Black Marketing two blankets to a woman, and robbing her, the two boys, Guiseppe and Maggi, the leading characters, were captured by the police and taken to the Reformatory. These two boys, who had before sworn not to tell on the Black Marketeers, kept their promise.

In the Reformatory the two boys were separated from each other, but they were still good friends, until later when the smaller boy, Guiseppe, became very angry when he thought Maggi had betrayed his brother, who was a Black Marketeer, and he placed a file under his mattress and then told the officers that the file was there. After finding it, the officers

beat Maggi, who from this time forth hated Guiseppe.

As the time passed, Guiseppe and the boys in his room planned to escape. So one night during a picture show that was being shown to the boys, this group slipped into the hospital and knocked the bars out of the window and ran away. Right behind them though, were the guards. Finally all were caught except Guiseppe and another boy. Since Maggi knew about where Guiseppe would go, the guards took him with them to look for Guiseppe. Maggi got away from them and later met Guiseppe and the other boy coming over a bridge. The little boy seeing him ran away, but Guiseppe remained there.

Maggi beat him and finally after a struggle knocked him over the bridge. He then realized he had killed his best friend and this was the end of the picture.

All the boys enjoyed this picture very much.

Basketball Team Plays Practice Game

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

On Tuesday night, Dec. 2nd, the J. T. S. Basketball team played its first game of the year with a team representing Kennys. This game was not on the regular schedule, but was played just for practice for both teams. The J. T. S. team enjoyed playing these boys, even though the score was a little one sided with the final score ending 76 to 27 in favor of the visitors. After the J. T. S. team had scored 23 points in the first half, a streak of bad luck hit them, and in the last half they only scored 4 points. All the boys on both teams enjoyed playing and they put all they had into it.

Our team does not start its regular schedule until the first week in January, but we hope to have a good many practice games until then. Our team is in the Concord city league and we hope to make good in it. The boys that participated in the game from the Training School are as follows: Clyde Wright, James Scott, Bobby Billings, Coy McElvin, Robert Canady, Charles Woodrow, Joyce Hobbs, James Moore, Jesse Peavey, Gerald Johnson, and Mr. Walters. All the boys are looking forward to playing many more games this year. We wish to express our thanks to our coach, Mr. Braswell, who has taught us many points about basketball since we began practice.

Our Hike

By Odean Chapman, 3rd Grade

The No. 4 boys went on a hike. We went down by the barn through the pasture and got some scaly bark nuts. We went on and got some walnuts, then, through the orchard and the hay field and through the woods. We found a lily pond, then we came back across the fields and one of the boys tried to get a opossum, but he didn't have any luck. Grice set the tree on fire but the opossum wouldn't come out. We came back by the gravel pit and peacan orchard. We filled our pockets and ate them on the way home. We hope Mr Hawfield invites us to go again.

THE WORKER IN SANDALWOOD

(Selected)

The good cure of Terminaison says that this tale of Hyacinthe's is all a dream. But then Madame points triumphantly to the little cabinet of sandalwood in the corner of her room. It has stood there for many years now, and the dust has gathered in the fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softened the petals of the lilies carved at the corners. And the wood has taken on a golden gleam like the memory of a sunset.

"What of that, my friend?" says Madame, pointing to the cabinet. And the old cure bows his head.

"It may be so. God is very good," he says gently. But he is never quite sure what he may believe.

On that winter day long ago, Hyacinthe was quite sure of one thing, and that was that the workshop was very cold. There was no fire in it, and only one little lamp when the early dark drew on. The tools were so cold they scorched his fingers, and his feet were so cold he danced clumsily in the shavings to warm them. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, dull-eyed, and uncared-for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to be graceful when you are growing very fast and have not enough to eat. He was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly. He was uncared-for because no one knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve things like birds and flowers perfectly. On this winter evening he was just wondering if he might lay aside the tools, and creep home to the cold loft where he slept, when he heard Pierre L'Oreillard's voice shouting outside.

"Be quick, be quick, and open the door, thou imbecile. It is I, thy master."

"Oui, mon maitre," said Hyacinthe, and he shambled to the door and opened it.

"Slow worm!" cried Pierre, and he cuffed Hyacinthe as he passed in. Hyacinthe rubbed his head and said nothing. He was used to blows. He wondered why his master was in the workshop at that time of day instead of drinking brandy at the Cinq Chateaux.

Pierre L'Orilland had a small, heavy bundle under his arm, wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine, soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings and unfolded it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

"It is a piece of wood," said Hyacinthe in slow surprise. He knew that such wood had never been in Terminaison.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers.

"It is sandalwood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him quite amiable; "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, idiot. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house."

"Oui, mon maitre," said the dull

Hyacinthe.

"Thy great hands shall shape and smooth the wood, nigaud, and I will render it beautiful," said Pierre, puffing out his chest.

"Yes, master, answered Hyacinthe humbly, "and when is it to be ready for Madame?"

"Madame will want it perhaps next week, for that is Christmas. It is to be finished and ready on the holy festival, great sluggard. Hearest thou?" and he cuffed Hyacinthe's ears again furiously.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. When Pierre L'Oreillard was gone he touched the strange sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!" said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame will want the cabinet for Christmas," repeated Hyacinthe to himself, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung in the air like a little silvery cloud. There was, a tiny window on his right through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison; and that was cheerful and made him whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing to be seen but the forest, and the road dying away in it, and the trees moving heavily under the snow.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux, and Pierre L'Oreilland gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame at the festival, sluggard," said he every day, cuffing Hyacinthe about the head, "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, ourson?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe in his slow way; "I will try to finish it. But if I hurry I shall spoil it."

Pierr's little eyes flickered. "See that it is done, and done properly. I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness of the legs these days, so that I cannot handle the tools properly. I must leave the work to thee, gacheur. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I speak to thee, slow worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

It is hard to do all the work and to be beaten into the bargain. And fourteen is not very old. Hyacinthe worked on at the cabinet with his slow and exquisite skill. But on Christmas eve he was still at work and the cabinet unfinishd.

"The master will beat me," thought Hyacinthe, and he trembled a little, for Pierre's beatings were cruel. "But if I hurry, I shall spoil the wood, and it is to beautiful to be spoiled."

But he trembled again when Pierre came into the workshop, and he stood up an touched his cap.

"Is the cabinet finished, imbecile?" asked Pierre. And Hyacinthe answered in a low voice, "No, it is not finished yet, monsieur."

"Then work on it all night and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine

idleness," said Pierre, with a wicked look in his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the shed with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandalwood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. He had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. Even the scent of the sandalwood could not make him fancy he was warm. The world seemed to be a black place, full of suffering and despair.

"In all the world, I have no friend," said Hyacinthe, staring at the flame of the lamp. "In all the world there is no one to care whether I live or die. In all the world, no place, no heart, no love. "O, kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

I hope you feel very sorry for Hyacinthe, lonely, and cold, and hungry, shut up in the workshop on the Eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child. And I think with old Madame that for unhappy children, at this season, no help seems too divine for faith.

"There is no one to care for me," said Hyacinthe. And he even looked at the chisel in his hand, thinking that by a touch of that he might lose it all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God. Only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs shook him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

He stumbled to the door, opening it on the still woods and the frosty stars. And a lad who stood outside in the snow said, "I see you are working comrade. May I come in?"

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes and nodded, "Yes. Those little villages strung along the great river see strange wayfarers at times. And Hyacinthe said to himself that surely here was such a one. Blinking into the stranger's eyes, he lost for a flash the first impression of youth, and received one of some incredible age or sadness. But the wanderer's eyes were only quiet, very quiet, like the little pools in the woods where the wild does went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his cap, he did not seem to be more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside, he said. "There is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"Pauvrette!" said the dull Hyacinthe "Pauvrette! Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by the morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandalwood were sweeter and the lamp-flames clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out."

"A long way," said the other. "A long, long way. I heard a child cry—"

"There is no child here," put in Hyacinthe. Monsieur L'Oreilland says children cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must need food and fire, and I have neither. At the Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied that his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why as to that," answered Hyacinthe, rubbing his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome, if it pleases you, and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawers must be finished and the handles put on and the corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other, "If he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noel."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe, "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine; and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your travels, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told—of sunshine and dust, of the shadow of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosydoves on the roof; of the flowers that come out in the spring, anemones crimson and blue and white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks; of the olive, the myrtle, and the almond; until Hyacinthe's fingers ceased working and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last. "You have told me of such pretty things that I have done but little work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other. "I also was bred a carpenter." This visitor could have been the Christ Child!

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his hands. But at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was it done that Hyacinthe pounded his fist on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried. "It seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment and hey! ho! it jumped into its place."

"Let me fit in the other little drawers while you rest a while," said the stranger. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the other boy fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandalwood.

Hyacinthe was very tired. He lay still among the shavings, and thought of all the other boy had told him, of the hillside flowers, the laughing leaves, the golden bloom of the anise, and the golden sun upon the roads until he was warm. And all the time the boy with the white eyes was at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing.

"You do better work than I," said

Hyacinthe once, and the stranger answered, "I was lovingly taught." And again Hyacinthe said, "It is growing toward morning. In a little while I will get up and help you."

"Lie still and rest," said the other boy. And Hyacinthe lay still. His thoughts began to slide into dreams, and he woke with a little start, for there seemed to be music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the strang boy's lips, or from the shabby tools as he used them, or from the stars.

"The stars are much paler," thought Hyacinthe. "Soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only the music and the sweetness seem to fold me close, so that I may not move."

Then behind the forest there shone a pale glow of dawn, and in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here," thought Hyacinthe, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But the stranger looked at him, smiling as though he loved him, and laid his brown finger lightly on the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living; but even as Hyacinthe looked, settling back into the sweet, reddish-brown wood. Then the stranger smiled again, laid all the tools in order, and, opening the door, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe crept slowly to the door. The winter sun, half risen, filled all the frosty air with splendid gold. Far down the road a figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the splendor was such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat on the wretched shed, on the old shavings on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for he hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

———:———

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in Paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may have some pleasant, thrilling glorious hours, even in a poor-house.—H. D. Thoreau.

THE BALLOT

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

The ballot represents practically all the difference between the freeman and the slave. The ballot is the freeman's sword. As J. Pierpont says:

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snow flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes the freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force no doors nor locks
Can shield you—'tis the ballot box."

The ballot was known at a very early date and was always opposed by the ruling classes and their statellites. Cicero said, "I am of the opinion as you have always been that open viva voice voting is the best method of election." He opposed privacy because a man could not be controlled under such circumstances and in his opinion votes should always be controlled.

The struggle for the ballot was a long one but the struggle for the secret ballot was not only long, but bitter. It came into use in Great Britain and her colonies long before it came to the United States. Viva voice voting, particularly where all yelled together, was always favorable to the powers that be. Voting by ballot in a public place was equally favorable because the briber could accompany his man and see the ballot marked according to contract and deposited in the box. But when the next step was taken and the ballot was made secret, the last vestige of control seemed to have been wrested from the corrupt politician.

But it only seemed to be that way. A colored delegate at a convention said, "I tells you gemlen what's my 'pinion of an honest man: An honest man is a man who will stay bought when he is bought." And so, as peculiar as it may seem, the politician still finds that a wretch who is low enough to sell his vote still has honor enough to deliver the goods even in the secrecy of an election booth.

The Reverend Sidney Smith, an Englishman of the highest standard who died in 1845, said, "The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look upon with delight. (Wit and Wisdom, Third Edition, page 205).

In monarchies it is presumed to be criminal for anyone but agents of the government to have secrets, and we do not have to go far back in English history to find members of Parliament hissing words "secret ballot" through their teeth as a blow adder hisses an approaching man. About sixty years ago Lord Hartington said, "All public duties ought to be performed openly, and especially the great constitutional duty electors owe to their country.

J. Stuart Mill, one of the England's greatest economists and a member of Parliament, made a vigorous argument against the secret ballot in 1869 on the ground that if a man went into a booth alone no one could know how he voted. (See Defense of the ballot, by Geo. Jacob Holyoake).

But in most of the world the monarchs and the favored few have found that "The ballot box is stronger than

the cartridge box." However, John Bright, the English reformer, and the people have found that the purity of the ballot box is the only safeguard of liberty.

The time was, in the majority of states, that the elector was master of the situation for just one day only, and the man he elected was master for the remainder of the elective term. The legislator does as he pleases and his acts bind the people of the state or nation. He may levy taxes, pass obnoxious laws or declare war and his constituents have no redress until his term expires; but the fear of a new election usually serves to keep him within bonds, even when his conscience is a negligible quantity.

In many states the constitutions provide that after certain laws have been passed by the legislatures they must be submitted to a vote of the people before they become valid as laws This is called the referendum, and very often bad laws are wiped from the statute books by this process. Often the legislature might refuse to enact the kind of laws the people want, so provision is made for starting the lawmaking machinery by a direct vote and this is called the initiative.

Formerly if a man were elected to the legislature he would serve out his term unless expelled. An executive officer would serve his term unless he was impeached. Now many states have provided that on petition of a certain per cent of the votes cast at the last election another vote is taken on a certain officer, and if a majority are against him he is thereby removed from office. This is known as the recall. It has a restrainig influence on many officials and on the whole may be a good thing.

Life holds little of good for the man whose reputation is crumbling. His portion is fear, anguish, discovery, punishment, contempt, and scorn. He must see a part of his burden thrust upon the shoulders of his loved ones. He must hear his boy called "so-and-so's son" in tones of contempt. He must know that his children will grow up handicapped by his evil reputation. He must hear his old father and mother blamed for his weakness of character; and he cannot resent these lies.

He lives out his maimed and broken life. He returns his talents to the Great Giver, tarnished and soiled by ill-usage. Few mourn him when he is gone, and soon he is forgotten. In the memories of a few he may live on as a horrible example of what not to do. Such is the life and end of him who looks lightly upon man's most priceless possession, a spotless reputation.

In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? It is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which would give utterances? A friend.—W. S. Landor.

RESISTING ENVIRONMENT

By Henry Nitzsche, in London Prison Farmer

There can be little doubt that environment does play a large part in a man's development, mental as well as physical. Its influence is subtle, and is active often before one realizes that he is under pressure. The early environment of childhood maintains its influence long after the boyhood days have gone by or submerged in the encroachment of adolescence.

In many of our large cities certain sections within the urban area are detrimental to the upbrining of young citizens. They are detrimental because everything that is unfavorable seems to gravitate to these slums which reek of poverty and disease; and as the city grows such sectors are more and more relegated to what in time comes to be called the very heart of the city. Formerly they were in the suburbs.

In the old days folks had grown accustomed to these eyesore. They had been educated to regard slums as inevitable—inevitable because of the fact that every community has its working class district, its business sector, and its residential areas. We have the rich, the middle class, and the working class. These all are the product of our modern civilization which, therein, differs little from the Greco-Roman out of which our culture has largely been envolved.

The enviroment of the slums has always been poor as regards the effect it has had and has on the succeeding generation. Filth, poverty, crime have all their most favorable breeding place therein. The ramshackle shacks, the shanties and hovels—aren't they the landmarks of everything one would identify with that which is unbeautiful? Does not crime largely thrive best where poverty is most in evidence? For where poverty teems ignorance also flourishes. Where ignorance is in the ascendant, the whole community suffers. Such an environment is not conducive to the building of character in the citizenry. And the nation depends on the cheracter of of its citizenry for survival.

We do not say that men have not, in times past and in spite of such environment, risen to the limelight with their names emblazoned on the the pages of history as great in character and eminently wise in the general conduct of their affairs. They did this in spite of the handicap of unpleasant surroundings; and one might add, that in a way they were impelled by the challenge of environment to rise above environment, to overcome that which subtly work against them.

Whenever we are placed in an environment unfavorable to us, we ought to forget about following "the line of least resistance," natural indeed as this might be; building up a resistance agianst such an environment can overwhelm a man if he does not condition himself and permit himself to become a victim of such an avalanche. Every man to seek to rise superior to environment because this shows, in unmistakable

manner, just what his mettle is.

The saying is, "The rose rises out of the muck." Real men are the direct product of adversity. And for some, poverty is an incentive to eliminate poverty. Ignorance is a challenge for the wise to reduce ignorance by the normal process of sound education. But—

There are times in a man's life when he has to get along in whatsoever environment he may be placed by circumstances. Should he permit the environment to reduce him to moral and physical degeneration? Can't he, as an intelligent agent, do something about it? On the latter point—of course he can and should control his own attitude as this effects him and his surroundings. If the environment is against him, he ought to resist it with all the power at his command.

You know, no one can force you against your will to accept that which a particular environmental influence may deal out. The ability to accept or reject remains. It is only necessary to exert a little will power, to use the faculty at hand and assert the courage which is ours and thus repel the influence which is offensive That is resisting an environment.

WHAT IS GOOD

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood,
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
Each heart holds the secret,
It holds the right word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE HOME

(Religious Herald)

A return of religious education to the home, if it can be accomplished, will complete a cycle which began in the nineteenth century with the first church schools. Education had been a function of the family until the opening of factories and industrial institutions required specialized services and specialized skills. One of the most important characteristics of the industrial age has been the transference to agencies of larger social units numerous functions which the family group performed within the home. This has caused a wide-spread deterioration of home life, and that, in turn, has given rise to a major problem because no institution can compete with the home in rearing children. Parental love is the most wholesome environment for creating in the child a sense of security and, at the same time, a challenge to noble living. Though many Christian parents cherish the privilege of teaching their children about God, others have thoughtlessly neglected the opportunity by permitting the church school, or even the public school, to take entire charge of this extremely important function. The Sunday school cannot alone supply the demands for religious training. The Virginia Council of Churches sponsors an unsound and futile program to place religious instruction in the public school. Dr. T. L. Holcomb and his co-workers with the Sunday School Board have wisely directed the attention of the denomination to this problem. Dr. Holcomb does not suggest that the Sunday school and the church have failed in their function. Rather, he points out that the Sunday school and the church were never supposed to take the place of the Christian home. Because the failure has been in the home, a new approach will be made to bring the church and the home together in order that the church might give assistance to Christian parents who try to meet their obligations to their children within the home.

There is hope that something more can be done for children who are fortunate to have interested Christian parents. A more difficult problem, and one for which we have no ready solution, is presented by the thousands of homes with parents who apparently have no interest in either the church or religion. One may grasp in some degree the extent of this indifference by riding along the streets of any city in Virginia on a Sunday morning. We will see scores of children of all ages at play while parents, with complete disregard for the religious culture of their sons and daughters, loiter about the house or work in the yards and gardens. The ministry of the church in worship and education seems to be more and more confined to a separate group of Americans. Children in families that are outside the church group receive practically no religious instruction. The

church has not yet found a way to reach for instruction and guidance the parents and children in the unchurched homes; yet a marjority of the people in the United States live in these homes.

We believe that the Sunday School Board is on the right track. Now that the Board proposes to give new life to religious culture in the home, experience will undoubtedly reveal ways and means to overcome some of the apparently impossible barriers. Under the new plan the church will offer incentives and encouragements to parents who make the effort to restore family altars and to establish again the ancient practice of parental instruction in religion.

WHO IS QUEER

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is called goose but two are called geese,
But the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?
If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of both be beeth?
If the singular is this and the plural is these
Should the plural of kiss be nick-named keese?
So, English I think you will all agree
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

—**Boeglin.**

BUNYAN'S IMPRISONMENT

(Baptist Standard)

John Bunyan was a victim of cruel persecutors of the state church of England. He was not the only victim, nor was he the last. But if he had been the one and only to suffer imprisonment or death at the hands of state church religionists, that were sufficient cause to call down the righteous indignation of civilization upon the monstrous and unscriptural union of Church and State.

In relating the story of his arrest and imprisonment, within a few days after it occurred, certainly, the same month, Bunyan said, "Upon the twelfth of this instant, November, 1660, I was desired by some friends in the country to come to teach at Samsell, by Harlington, in Bedfordshire; to whom I made a promise, if the Lord permitted me to be with them on the time aforsaid. The justice, hearing therefore (whose name is Mr. Francis Wingate) forthwith issued out his warrant to take me and bring me before him, and in the meantime to keep a very strong watch about the house where the meeting should be kept, as if we that were to meet together in that place did intend to do some fearful business to the destruction of the country, when, alas! the constable, when he came in, found us only with our Bibles in our hands, ready to speak and hear the Word of God."

It is not easy for modern Americans to conceive of such a thing happening in the name of religion, even in England, and as far back as 1660. But here we have a true picture of state-church religionists the world over and in every age. State churches are suppressing and persecuting Christians, and free churches today in every nation on earth where such spiritual monstrosities as state churches exist.

These politico-religionists no longer dare to openly arrest and imprison preachers for preaching and teaching Bible truths, as in the case of Bunyan. but they would do so if they dared. They can and do suppress and persecute free Christians

The only charge preferred against John Bunyan was that he gathered the people and preached without the approval of the state church. In his mock trial, a Dr. Tindale, an officer of the state Church of England was called in, or voluntarily appeared to chide and ridicule Bunyan. The justice was joined by the bishop in promising brave old Bunyan liberty on the condition of a mere promise that he would attend the state church services, use the common prayer book, and have his children sprinkled, and decline to call the people together for public worship and instruction.

"Had I been mined to have played the coward, I could have escaped and kept out of his hands," said Bunyan. He was informed of the plot to arrest him in advance, but refused to run. "If I should now run and make an escape, it will be a very ill favor in the country, for what will my weak and newly-converted brethren think of it but that I was not so strong in deed as in word."

John Bunyan spent more than 12 of

his 60 years in prison, because of a conviction that to yield to the demands made upon him by the state church, would be to sin against his own conscience, his fellowmen, and above all, against God. He could have gained physical liberty any day during those long years if he had been willing to barter and surrender soul freedom by promising state churchmen that he would refrain from teaching and preaching the Bible to the common people.

If Baptists had 1,000 preachers in European countries today, with the conviction and courage of John Bunyan, there would not be a state church in Europe 25 years hence. We hear and read much these day about evangelizing Europe. It will never be done by state churches, and what's more, if, and when free Christians get the job done, all state churches will be doomed and will finally disappear from the earth.

OVERCOMING SALES RESISTANCE

A traveling salesman was anxious to establish business relations with an important industrialist. The man he wanted to see was noted for being almost impossible to get to see. The salesman entered his office and handed his card to the receptionist. It was taken within and, through the partly opened door, the salesman saw the executive tear the card in half and toss it into the waste basket. The receptionist returned and stated that her employer would not see him.

"May I have my card back?" asked the salesman.

Silently embarrassed the girl reported to her superior who sent her to the salesman with a nickel and a message that he was sorry, but the card had been destroyed.

More than equal to the occasion, the salesman drew another card from his wallet and gave it to the girl. "Take this back to him," he said "and tell him I sell two cards for a nickel."

He got his interview and got his order.

—Caravan

SQUALOR AND SPLENDOR

(Hill Top News)

On Sunday, October twelfth—his grace, the Spanish Duke of Alba, who has vast riches and more titles than any other person outside the Royal Families of Europe, gave his daughter, the Dutchess of Montoro, in marriage to the fourth son of the Duke of Sotomayor in old Seville.

There were 2000 guests. The bride's wedding gown cost about $10-000 and she wore jewels estimated at $1,000,000. His grace allocated $370-000 for the wedding festivities—four hundred waiters served $70,000 worth of food —and the guests ate from ducal gold and silver service. Approximately $4,400 worth of lobsters and shellfish were served for one course. The above constitutes only a meager portion of the menu that the Duke of Alba made possible for his guests to eat at his daughter's wedding.

Thus runs the glittering tale of pomp and spledor. . However, there is still another side we must gaze upon. "Squalor!" How it must flame out in the darkness of a Europe, which, incountless places is suffering hunger and cold so many more vital privation. This is a Europe which is constanly fighting agianst the servitude of a totalitarianism that thrives on chaos and propaganda.

Thousands fled to the capitol, which is Madrid, from the provinces during the civil war of 1936-39 and created a terrible housing problem. The majority of those that did flee, were poor, ignorant peasants who never had much and never anticipated having anything worthwhile given them. In the latter, they were most correct. What did they do? They dug caves into the many hills of hard sand and lived in direst poverty.

One may ask how these people live. The answer is quite simple! some beg—some steal—and others attempt an odd job here or there. The majority of the children, beg and some were fortunate enough to earn a few pennies by acting as an agent for small black market dealers. Those that did beg and were given a few pennies, smiled and said: "God will pay it back to you." Let us not forget, for a moment, that these are the same children who, in the future are supposed to make-up a good portion of our coming civilization. With depraved lives such as they are now leading, through no fault of their own—What will happen to our coming civilization?

We should mention that the Duke gave a reported $4,000 to the poor. This was certainly magnanimous on his part, to say the least. Over a pro-rated thousands of suffering, ill clad and despairing Spanish people, the sum of $4,000 will not go very far. It would have been better, much better, if the grand Duke of Alba would have spent $4,000 for his daughter's wedding—and firmly established himself as a Saint to these impoverished people, forever, by giving them the $370,000 he allocated for the Dutchess of Montoro, his daughter.

Well, we fought a costly, bloody war, and we won. Won what? The peace, of course, and the privileged right to rule the countries we con-

quered. What we didn't know, though was that we are also going to feed these same countries plus a lot of nations in Europe who were our Allies. This may be alright—but why should Spain be allowed to trade with us and enjoy all other rights and privileges, as our Allies do, when she isn't lifting a finger to aid these destitute people who live in her own country—let alone give some assistance to the broken and bent people in Europe who were victims of the Nazi Gestapo.

No hand can make the clock strike for me the hours that are passed.

IT PAYS TO BE DIFFERENT

By W. L. Abbott

I wonder how many of you know how and why Larry Alder achieved the heights of success as a musician?

Back in 1927 a Baltimore newspaper sponsored a harmonica contest, and when Larry saw the announcement his excitement knew no bounds, for Larry as a boy loved to play and be played until he drove his family frantic.

Using three dollars of his savings, which he had gained through the sale of magazine subscriptions, he purchased a harmonica that could and would do tricks that his old one could not manage.

The three judges for the contest were very impressive. One was the music critic on a local newspaper; the second was the head of the Peabody Music Institute in Baltimore, the last word in music; and the third was the conductor of the Baltimore Symphony orchestra.

This big night arrived. As each contestant appeared, one after another, Larry's spirits got lower and lower. Some of the contestants played exceedingly well. Some were just as good as he, some maybe better. But Larry had the presence of mind to realize that each of his competitors played jazz. And that was all Larry had in his repertoire!

He thought to himself ,"I'm going to be different. That will attract attention."

The only thing he could remember which was different was the classical Beethoven's "Minuet in G." His memory was poor, but he tore into it, playing the best he could. He knew he made errors, but he also knew he was different.

The judges went in deliberation and when they came back Larry was the winner. He was the only one in the contest who had played a classical number, and he was the one the judges remembered.

Thus Larry began his climb up the ladder of success.

You have heard him on the air and seen him in the movies. That decision to be different has truly paid off.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. A. J. Cox, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church in Concord, delivered the Sunday afternoon message to the boys at the school last Sunday. Mr. Cox brought a very excellent massage and his visit to the school was greatly appreciated by all.

The Christmas story, as related in the second chapter of Luke, including the first fifteen verses, was read as a Scripture lesson, and the following words of verse twelve were used as a text: "And ye shall find the babe lying in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes." Mr. Cox used as his text, "The Significance of Lowly Places."

It was explained to the boys that the news of the coming of the Christ Child represented the greatest news that ever came to mankind. The birth of Jesus should not be regarded as something which happened as an historical event in the years of long ago. But instead, the coming of the Christ Child and the massage of Jesus represented an influence that has lived and increased down through the years. For the individual, even in the present day becomes entirely different when he discovers that Christ Child came into the world for his own salvation.

It was pointed out that the child in the home is the center of the Christmas season. It is the tiny babe lying in a cradle that reminds us of the approaching Christmas season. Wherever the life of an individual has been disorganized and unsettled because of the uncertainty of life itself, if that individual agrees to accept the Savior all of his doubts and fears may be driven away and life will then become firm and steadfast.

Throughout the ages it has been true that many of the greatest characters of history have sprung from the lowliest places. For instance, William Shakespears was the son of a bankrupt butcher; Shubert one of the greatest musicians, was born into an humble home, and Michael Farrady started life in a poor home. Yet it should be remembered that no life needs to remain ordinary just because it has an ordinary beginning. It was true that Jesus of Nazareth, born in a stable, became the most extraordinary character of all times, and it was mainly because of the religious or spiritual quality of His life.

It was explained by Mr. Cox that sometimes even a mother in a lowly home, or a layman in a little office, may do more for the Master than even a great minister.

Mr. Cox told the story of how a great Christian leader in the city of Chicago at one time preached about Jesus and His work in the world. Among those who listened to his preaching was a painter who heard the eloquent message of the minister and because the painter was inspired he went to work and painted an unusual picture of Christ. Later this Christian leader, as he visited the art galleries, saw the pitcure which the artist had painted, and his feeling was that this was just the picture for which he had been searching for years and years. The great leader discussed the picture with the artist. The painter informed him that he had

gotten his inspiration for the picture from the great minister, and that was why the picture fulfilled the ideals which the minister himself had. Thus it was emphasized that every person should be very careful about the impressions he gives to another, because the impressions may come back to us as our very own.

When Christ came into the world the scene was described in the words that God had wrapped His glory in the loveliness of a little child and sent it into the world. Two thousand year ago the adults had become cold and indifferent, and they did not study and read the sacred literature of their time, and God could only speak to them by sending His only Son as a babe.

It was explained that in the past ten years the world has been cruel to its children. One hundred thousand little children in Greece have perished within the last few years. Now the leaders are confronted with the need for making the world safe for children once again. At the present time the world is being called upon to send food to Europe and China to save the children, and it is this appeal that really touches the heart of the American people.

The story was told that once there was a business man who made an unusual Christmas gift to his son. He promised to give his son one hour of his time each day and two hours each Sunday, to do with it as he chose. This represented an unusual gift because before that time the boy knew his father only as he saw him at meal times.

Finally, it was explained to the boys that Christmas should be a religious experience for every person. It is important that the Christ Child be born in the hearts of each person. The real meaning of Christmas can come only to those who really learn to know the Savior in their own hearts. They are the folks who become more conscious of others and more Christ-like in their everyday living.

In conclusion, Mr. Cox told the story of the little hunchback boy whose name was Little Luck. He lived in a mountainous country where the high-set mountains were capped with snow. He saw the parties of travelers as they came by on their way to climb to the top of the mountain. It once occurred that a group of climbers decided to take him, and each one gave a part of his strength to the crippled boy. On they went up the mountain trails until they reached the highest peak, and there they saw all the beauties of the snow-capped mountains. To the hunchback boy it was a beautiful sight, and to the other travelers the sights were more beautiful than they had ever seen before, because, after all, they were sharing their strength with Little Luck. Thus it is that people should learn at Christmas time to share with others who may be in need. After all, Christmas is a special personal experience and not a mere festive celebration.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing; more, a cunning thing; but very few a generous thing.—Pope.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Good resolutions—like a screaming child—should be carried out.—Grit.

—:—

A great many open minds should be closed for repairs.

—:—

The drunkard is a man who commits suicide on the installment plan.

—:—

He has lost the art to live who can not win new friends.—S. W. Mitchell.

—:—

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.
—Mackintosh.

—:—

The future always holds something for the man who keeps his faith in it.—Selected.

It is all right to dream of things you are going to do, but begin work right away.—Briggs.

—:—

The first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course.

—:—

To work is to worship, to be cheery is to pray, to be happy is the first step towards being pious.

—:—

Do not boast about what you are going to do tomorrow unless you can say the same about yesterday.

—:—

A man who boasts constantly is much like a sword-fish. He wears his only weapon in his mouth.—Madden.

—:—

Be methodical if you would succeed in business, or in anything. Have a work for every moment, and mind the moment's work.

—:—

Think not disdainfully of death, but look on it with favor; for even death is one of the many things that Nature wills.—Marcus Aurelius.

God often comforts us, not by changing the circumstances of our lives, but by changing our attitude towards them.—S. H. B. Masterman.

—:—

There's not much practical Christianity in the man who lives on better terms with angels and seraphs, than with his children, servants and neighbors.—H. W. Beecher.

A lie cannot be told or a cowardly act committed without hurting some one; usually, however, he suffers most who commits the offense.
—Mrs. S. E. Lawrence.

Whatever happens, don't lose your hold on the two main ropes of life—Hope and Faith. If you do, God pity you because then you are adrift without sail or anchor.—W. L. Brownell.

—:—

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights, contents itself with no hereditary faith, and receives new truth as an angel from heaven.—William E. Channing.

—:—

Grumblers are commonly an idle set. Having no disposition to work themselves, they spend their time in whining and complaining both about their own affairs and those of their neighbors.—M. Henry.

—:—

To manage a business successfully requires as much courage as that possessed by a soldier who goes to war. Business courage is the more natural because all the benefits which the public has in material wealth come from it.

—:—

There's not much chance for a woman to be elected President of the United States. If she should throw her hat into the political ring, by the time people figured out what it was her opponent would already have been elected and installed into office.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

"What's the matter?" the cartoonish asked the dour editor. "It's a good joke, isn't it?"

"It's a very good joke," replied the editor. "The first time I heard it I laughed until the tears rolled down my bib."

Two men who hadn't seen each other for several years were having a reunion. One asked: "Is your wife as pretty as ever?"

"Yes, indeed!" enthused the other. Then he added thoughtfully, "But it takes her a half an hour longer."

The Newark, N. J. office of the Veterans' Administration received this letter: "My wife left me. Nobody supports me now. I don't have a dime. I want to go to school and learn to write books and things. So please send me $65 every month."

—:—

A burglar entered a building and saw a notice on the safe: "Don't waste dynamite; the safe is open—just turn the knob." He did so. The place was flooded with light; a bell clanged loudly. As he was being taken to prison he said, "My confidence in human nature has been rudely shaken."

—:—

A youngster attending church for the first time was surprised to see the people around her kneel suddenly, and asked her mother the reason. "Hush!" her mother whispered. "They're saying their prayers."

"What!" exclaimed the little girl. "With all their clothes on?"

—:—

A Constituent wrote Representative Gore of Tennessee to say that he'd like to be an inventor but that he didn't want to waste his time on things already invented. "Will you please go down to the patent office," his letter read, "and get me a list of things that haven't been invented. Get me the answers by return mail as I'm anxious to get to work."

"Would you like a lock of my hair?" asked the gallant old beachelor of the spinstress who had been a belle in a few decades past.

"Why don't you offer me the whole wig," the maiden lady gibed, with a titter.

The bachelor retorted with icy disdain.

"You are very biting, Madam, considering that your teeth are porcelain.

—:—

A young lady applying for a position in a large establishment was given a very lengthy application to fill out. On the last page of the blank was a boxed space reserved for the employing official to fill in the amount of salary to be paid. Above it were the words: "Do Not Write In This Space."

The applicant, endowed with a sense of humor, wrote in: "Do Right In This Space." She got the job.

—:—

Hitler and Goering were in a small boat. After a half-hour rowing Goering suggested a pause in his rowing.

"Can we be seen from this shore?" asked Hitler.

"Yes, certainly," replied Goering.

After another half-hour of rowing Goering again suggested a pause.

"Can we still be seen from the shore?" asked the Feuhrer.

"I think they can see us," replied Goering.

"Still farther, then!" snapped Hitler.

Sweating freely, Goering took up the oars again.

After another half-hour Hitler commanded him to stop.

"Can we be seen from the shore now?" he asked.

"Oh, no, certainly not," said the weary Hermann.

"Very well then," said Hitler, "I am going to try that trick of walking on the water."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 7, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Onie Kilpatrick
Calvin Matheson
Thomas Miller
Gerald Petty
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Earl Hensley
James Jones
Richard Leonard
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
James Martin
Bobby Porter
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Floyd Canady
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Billy McVicker
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
James Wilson
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Eugene Grice
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Earnest Kitchen
James Myers
Robert Melton
Russell Murphy
William Smith
Robert Thompson
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Bobby Duncan
Herman Fore
Waylon Gardner
Danny Mack Hayes
William Hinson
Evan Myers
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Glenn Rice
Jimmy Sehen
Leroy Shedd
Howell Wilkinson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Missick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Billy Hamilton

Horace Jordan
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Bobby Shepherd
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jimmy Delvechio
Marion Guyton
Jack Griffin
Raymond Harding
Jack Jarvis
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
Charles Stanley
Claude Sexton
James Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Ted Clonch
Robert Gordon
Talmadge Duncan
Gerald Johnson
George Marr
James Moore
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billings
Carlton Crawford
Roy Edding
Conley Haney
Robert King
Bill Ray
Jimmy Rogers
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
J. C. Taylor
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter
Jesse Peavey
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Charles Sherrin
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker
James Arrowood
Wayne Millsapps
Woodrow Norton

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Crump
Elbert Gentry
David Gibson
Frank Grady
Ray Lunsford
Boyd Morris
Willie Newcomb
Francis Dean Ray
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Avery Hogue
Harvey Hill
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Kenneth Rogers
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Eugene Womble

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Charles McDaniel
Carroll Painter
Bobby Poplin
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

THE UPLIFT

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXXV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 20, 1947 NO. 51

Published Weekly By
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher
FACULTY ADVISERS— Frank H. Braswell
OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock.
REPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.
SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.
BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.
LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.
PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy. John Weaver.

EDITORIAL COMMENT		3-7
LOCAL HAPPENINGS		8
A REAL CHRISTMAS	By Lucy Dale	11
THE GREAT CRIME WAVE	(The Speakers Library Magazine)	12
NATURE OF A LIE	By Henry J. Nitzsche	15
CHRISTMAS	By Mrs. C. S. Stone	17
COURAGE	(The Speakers Library Magazine)	18
TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS	(News Herald)	20
WORK AND BETTER STANDARDS OF LIVING	(We The People)	21
ROYALTY	(News and Press)	22
THE WHITE FLAME	(North Carolina Christian Advocate)	23
"BID 'EM UP"	Hopkins	25
A COLUMN OF HUMOR		29
FOR WISDOM'S SAKE		28
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL		26
COTTAGE HONOR ROLL		30

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

S, G. HAWFIELD, Editor J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

CHRISTMAS

It was night. Silence hung like a mantle of mists around the shoulders of the Judean Hills. The azure sky was studded with stars that shown like giant lanterns along the pathway to eternity. The cedars of Lebanon slanted their shadows along the sloping hills and across the valleys. The shepherds tended their flocks in the sheltered coves, the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God were made to rejoice.

It was night. Silence hung like a mists around the shoulders of the Judean Hills. The azure sky was studded with stars that shown like giant lanterns along the pathway to eternity. The cedars of Lebanon slanted their shadows along the sloping hills and across the valleys. The shepherds tended their flocks in the sheltered coves, the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God were made to rejoice.

Bethlehem slumbered in quiet security wholly unaware of its impending prominence in the annals of time. This night would be the night of nights for which a confused world had long waited. Upon this night converged the history of centuries. Civilization had moved slowly, but steadily, from the dawn of consciousness to the primitive organization of society. Minds had conceived another existence after mortal being had crumbled into dust. Prophets, priests, and kings across the centuries had struggled upward through the long night of doubts and dissension, of confusion and chaos, but no star of eternal hope had risen to lead them on to the pathway to immortality.

But tonight a star would rise and stand over Bethlehem, and three wise men, the watchmen of the night, saw that it shown over Bethlehem and they followed it until they came upon the town and the stable and the manger wherein lay a new-born babe, the infant Jesus.

The grey dawn of a new day spread its soft light across the Oriental hills. The tides of the ages had turned as the New Light of the World spread its quiet glow along the skyline of humanity's hopes. That day was the world's first Christmas Day. The milestone on time's highway had been set. The events in human history were recorded as having transpired before and after this pivotal date of the ages. The Prince of Peace had come. The first glimpse of immortality broke upon the conscience of mankind. As the world awaited the coming of a Savior twenty centuries ago, it awaits the coming of peace. Our Christmas day renews our faith and our hope and our dreams that some day that peace will burst upon the world as did the dawn on Judean Hills two thousand years ago.

—W. P. King, Kentucky Education Association.

CHRISTMAS

Once again the happy Christmas season is at hand. The Christian people throughout the world will join hand and heart to commemorate this hallowed season and to celebrate once again that sublime event when God sent His only begotten Son into the world to be the King and the Savior of mankind. When the Babe of Beth-
to be the King and the Savior of mankind.

When the Babe of Bethlehem came into the world He came amid the lowliest and most humble scenes of that time. He was born in a stable and cradled in a manger because there was no room in the inn. His arrival was announced by the angels to the shepherds on the Judean hillside; he was visited by the Wise Men from the East; he was revealed to Simeon and the prophetess Anna in the temple. On the outside, the throngs hurried past the stable where the Christ Child lay, and no one in the throng stopped to pay homage to the Babe of Bethlehem.

When Jesus was born, there was every manifestation that it transpired according to the plans, the purposes and the handiwork of God Himself. Throughout the centuries the prophets had foretold the coming of the Lord, saying that, "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is "God with us." Again, it was recorded in the Scriptures as follow: "The shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

Again, at the Nativity scene, there was the angelic host who were God's own agents from the portals of paradise. As such, they welcomed the event of the Christ Child as they sang the joyous chorus, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The coming of the Christ Child has an ever-recurring meaning and, therefore, it has its peculiar message for this day and time. At the advent of the Christ the people of the holy land had been praying for His coming, they had eagerly awaited His arrival through the years. In the hearts of the people of that distant day the fires of hope and faith burned brilliantly. These people were looking forward to the coming of a Messiah who, by the power of His might, would lead them out of the darkness of sin and oppression into the light of a more perfect day. Yea, at that time there

was great anxiety. There was widespread suffering and injustice, and all these conditions cried out to God in heaven for the coming of a Savior, one who would institute a new era of peace on earth and good will toward men. Therefore, in this modern day and generation, if Christ is to fulfill His true mission, and if He is to enter the hearts of people, there must be that same sense of need and that same intense yearning which characterized the religious people of Palestine centuries ago. Likewise, there must prevail an undying hope that will transcend all obstacles and endure and flourish through the years, and Christians must know that the coming of the Christ Child from year to year is but the fulfillment of the dreams of those who love the Lord.

that will transcend all obstacles and endure and flourish through the years, and they must know that the coming of theChrist Child from year to year is but the fulfillment of the dreams of those who love the Lord.

If the world needed a Redeemer two thousand years ago, it needs one even more today. "Tis easy to see that the world of today is shrouded in darkness and suspicion and that suffering and injustice exist in many lands, just as it did in the dim days of Herod's time. At this very moment there are vast storms of suspicion and distrust, of hatred and fear, raging in the souls of men. The floodgates of hatred and malice have been opened, and the world finds it difficult to close them; the spirit of greed, of vindictiveness and revenge rides upon swift steeds across the universe and out into the remotest corners. There are ominous signs of confusion and unrest, and tragic is this manner in which we shall welcome the third Christmas anniversary after the closing of World War II.

In the olden times the people,, in their distresses, were still filled with a spirit of expectancy; in their hearts were hope and fear because God in His scared covenant had promised to send the Messiah, and His promise still holds. When the first song of the angelic host resounded across the Judean hills, the souls of men were so thrilled that they echoed the melodies in their hearts.

We are always aware that the supreme joys of Christmas time are reserved for little children. When Christ came to the world He came as a tiny babe. It is said that God wrapped all His glory

in the form of a babe and sent it to earth. Christmas, then, is a time when childhood is enthroned in the hearts and affection of mankind.

Good old St. Nick, in his sleigh drawn by reindeer, makes his way across the woods and valleys, up on the house tops and down through the chimneys, laden with gifts for boys and girls. There by the firesides, in the palace or in the humble hut, he fills the waiting stockings which have been so hopefully hung by good boys and girls.

"Hark! the hearald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem!
"Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

"Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel!
"Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The Christmas season is again approaching, and throughout the history of the School there has been a Boys' Christmas Fund. Generally the contributions to this fund have been generous, and they have come from many devoted friends of the institution and particularly of the boys here.

This year our friends will again be given the opportunity to make their usual contributions, and we wish to assure them that in doing this they bring much cheer and happiness to the boys here. The funds are always spent for candies, fruits, nuts, or small useful gifts Our friends are urged to make donations this year as generous as possible because of the fact that all goods or groceries purchased from this fund will cost more this year than in other years.

Contributions to this fund to date are as follows:

Mr. Richard Clendenin, Washington, D. C.	$ 5.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust	254.20
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County	30.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	10.00
Mr. J. Lee White, Concord	10.00

Board of Commissioners, Anson County	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Cabarrus County	18.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Mr. L. C. Harmon, Concord	$ 5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	10.00
Forsyth County, Mr. J. M. Lentz, Clerk	12.50
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Empty Stocking Club, Durham	15.00
Richmond County Welfare Dept., O. G. Reynolds, Supt.	6.00

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Weeks of Dec. 21 and 28, 1947

Dec. 23—Lewis Parris, Cottage 5, 15th birthday
Dec. 24—Paul Turner, Cottage 7, 14th birthday
Dec. 24—Bernie Houser, Cottage 17, 14th birthday
Dec. 25—Charles Leo McDaniels, Cottage 17, 13th birthday
Dec. 27—Jack Wood, Cottage 14, 15th birthday
Dec. 27—Billy Ray, Cottage 11, 16th birthday
Dec. 28—J. C. Mickeal, Cottage 10, 15th birthday
Dec. 29—Willie Newcomb, Cottage 14, 11th birthday
Dec. 29—Waitus Edge, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
Dec. 29—J. C. Littlejohn, Cottage 1, 14th birthday
Dec. 30—Frank Grady, Cottage 14, 15th birthday
Dec. 31—Fairley Thomas McGee, Cottage 7, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Christmas Decoration in the Different Class Rooms

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

For the past week or two the boys and the teachers have been decorating their school rooms. The boys and teachers have been working hard to get their rooms in a Christmas spirit. The following is a symbol of what each room has in it: 1st grade—In this room the little boys have done a very nice job of decorating their room as have all the others. They have a white Christmas tree decorated with blue bells, with packages underneath it. The boys have drawn murals of snow scenes and of holly and bells. Other characteristics of the room are: chalk drawings, pine cones, a chain made of paper around the room, pictures of the Madonna, and many other pictures of snow scenes. The boys also have a miniature manger scene. 2nd grade—In this room the boys have a large mural of Santa Claus and his reindeer. Underneath this mural they have a fireplace and mantle drawn by the boys. This room also has a white tree with blue decorations. Other charasteristics are: a mural of a snow scene in Holland, pictures of the mother Mary and the child Jesus, candles and Christmas trees. These boys are also making calendars to send home to their parents. 3rd grade—In this room the boys have a Christmas tree decorated with Angel Hair. The manger scene is also presented in this room. The boys have a frieze of Santa Claus and his reindeer and also other murals of different snow scenes. Other features of the room are: different painted berries and pine cones, candles, an angel scene and a chain of paper around the room. These boys have already made calendars and sent them home to their families. 4th grade—These boys have drawn murals of different snow scenes, of the manger scene and of Santa Claus and his reindeer. They have a white tree with bells on it. They have also drawn various other pictures of Christmas. 5th grade—In this room the boys have a white tree with different decorations such as bells and tensil. On the wall the boys have a mount of Santa Claus. The boys also have a life size card board picture of Santa Claus. They have various other things such as silver and gold bells, a manger scene and many other drawings. They also have murals of different snow scenes. In the 6th grade the boys are working hard drawing various pictures of Santa Clause, the manger scene, the shepherd scene, and the wise men scene. The boys have also drawn a large mural of Santa Clause and his reindeer over the Pavilion and Administration building. In the 11th and 8th grades the boys have been working on murals and drawings. They have a Christmas tree with the different decorations, along with various chalk drawings and other pictures of Christmas scenes. They have drawn manger

scenes and angel scenes and they have paper chains around the room.

It seems as though all the boys are enjoying decorating their rooms and are really looking forward to Christmas time.

Cottage Christmas Tree

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Many of the cottages are now busy decorating and preparing their Christmas trees. The lights for each cottage have been received and the matrons and boys are busy planning and finishing the decorations each to its own idea of what is the best. The living room will certainly be a very pleasant and beautiful place during the holiday season. We are looking forward to a happy, happy Christmas we are sure the trees will add to the happinesss. We hope every boy will have an opportunity to help in this most pleasant Christmas activity of dressing the Christmas tree.

J. T. S. vs. Wensil

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

On Tuesday the Yellow Jackets of J. T. S. was host to a strong Wensil five.

The Wensil team was hot in the first quarter, scoring 6 points, and holding the Yellow Jackets scoreless until the last three minutes of the second quarter when Johnson shot a long one and a foul, making the score 6-3 at half time.

In the third quarter the Jackets were out to even the score. But they couldn't get started, and the Wensils scored seven more making the score 13-3.

In the last period the Yellow Jackets, scored 7, holding the Wensil team to only 6, Brown and Burris sparked the winners. While Johnson, and Walters gave a good showing for the losers.

The line up

Wensil

C. Brown, 6; G. Burris, 7; F. Dry, 0; G. Linker, 4; F. Harrison, 2,

J. T. S.

C. Johnson, 10; G. Barnes, 0; F. McElvin, 0; G. Pointer, 0; F. Wright, 0.

Substitutes

Wensil—Jones, Ross.

J. T. S.—Moore, Arnette, and Walters.

Score; Winsel; 19; J. T. S. 10.

J. T. S. vs. American Ligion

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Yellow Jackets of J. T. S. were host to the legionnaires of Concord in a thriller Saturday night. The legionnaires led off with Glover scoring the first two points. The score stayed that way until the last two seconds of play, when Walters shot a long one to even the score. The horn sounded, and the first quarter was over with the score tied 2-2. In the second quarter Arnette shot a foul to put the Yellow Jackets ahead 3-2. The legionnaires scored two more to set them ahead 4-3, and that was the way the score was at half time.

The third quarter was the Legionnaires all the way scoring 18 points, and holding the Yellow Jackets to only 6.

In the last period the Yellow Jackets

scored 5 holding the Legionnaires to only 2. Walters sparked the Yellow Jackets with 10, and Gloves sparked the legionnaires with 12.

American Legion

F. Davis, 0; F. Wilbanch, 6; C. Glover, 10; G. Futlz, 4; G. Hartsell, 4.

J. T. S.

F. Barnes, 0; F. Walter, 8; C. Johnson, 10; G. Arnette, 0; G. Moore, 0.

Score: American Legion, 24; J. T. S. 16.

My Christmas Wishes

By Bernard Webster, 3rd Grade

1. I wish Christmas would soon get here.
2. I want all of the new boys to have a good time at Christmas.
3. All of the boys want their own room to look pretty by Christmas time.
4. I hope we have a pretty Christmas tree.
5. I hope all of the boys in the hospital will get out by Christmas time.
6. I hope all of us will have a good dinner at Christmas.
7. We hope all of the cottages will have a pretty Christmas tree.
8. We will sing carols at Christmas.
9. I hope all of the teachers will have a good time at Christmas.
10. I hope all of the boys in the young peoples meeting will have a good time at Christmas.

Making Tables

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

During the past few weeks the boys in the Carpenter shop working with Mr. A. L. Carriker have been making some cedar tables for the Cottages. So far we have made thirty-six. We are going to make them till the lumber gives out. This type of training is enjoyed by the boys and we believe it will prove profitable in later life. The boys who are helping in this work are Herman Hughes, Billy Best, and James Rhodes.

Boys Go to Charlotte

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Saturday Dec. 13, the boys of the Training School had the pleasure of going to Charlotte to see a football game between the Charlotte Clippers and College All Stars. This was a very exciting game. At the half each boy was given a True-ade. At the end of the game the score was 21-13 in favor of the College All Stars. We rode to and from Charlotte on the Queen City Trailways.

We all wish to express our appreciation to the Variety club for their kindness in thinking of us during this Christmas Season.

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity. Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a statire.—Thackeray.

A REAL CHRISTMAS

By Lucy Dale

Somewhere down through the years we have lost the meaning of Christmas. Perhaps not everyone has, but most of us have.

We have lost it, I believe, in the rush and the hurry and the worry and the frantic last-minute shopping spree. We have lost it in the tinsel and tissue and yards and yards of gay ribbons.

Not exchange presents, you ask? No! Let's give gifts. A gift is a heart-warming thing. It is something that comes from the heart and soul of a person. You give it because you love, not just because you are afraid the recipient will give you something. That is the kind of giving that takes the spirit out of a gift.

Let us try and renew the spirit of Christmas this year. Let us be done with all outside activities, all parties, at least ten days before Christmas in order that we might enjoy our home and our family and help the children know a real Christmas.

If there are no children in the home, well, you know that little boy or girl down the street who looks as if things haven't been going too well? The ones with the wistful look? Do something nice for them. (You'll be surprised how that ache in your heart will vanish.)

Most of us are rushing around so fast we can't even listen to the radio; to the wonderful carols that are so beautiful and are sung for such a short time. Let us take time to appreciate the beauty of the holy Christmas season. Let us lay aside all cares and griefs, travel across the desert waste of years, and kneel in spirit before the One altogether lovely and know the peace that only he can give. Let us step out under the stars and, in the stillness of the night, look up and behold the star. It is still shining. Let us be still and feel the presence of the Babe of Bethlehem. Let us help our children have a Christmas they can look back upon with sweet remembrance.

———:———

The miser is blind; he sees gold and does not see riches. The prodigal is blind; he sees the beginning and does not see the end. The learned is blind; he does not see his own ignorance. The honest man is blind; he does not see the thief. The thief is blind; he does not see God.—Hugo.

THE GREAT CRIME WAVE

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Seldom in history of the world has there been such a wave of crime sweep over most civilized countries as since the beginning of World War II.

People everywhere are asking what it all means and what will be the final effect on our country. There are many causes for this, and some of them are of long standing. It has not been a sudden outburst from good conditions a few years ago, but it is climax of conditions that have been gradually growing worse for many years. Murder, arson, riot, forgery, robbery, outrage and similar crimes have filled respectable people with dread of what we are coming to.

The first cause to which I wish to call your attention is that of a radical change in home training. The citizenship of a country can very accurately be judged by the early training of children by their parents, for, as the twig is bent the tree inclines. Why is it that, with the best of books around them and, apparently, all that makes for noble manhood and womanhood so near at hand, today the boys and girls of fine moral courage, character and intellectual attainments are not more numerous. It is because the family fireside has disappeared and with it all the closeness of family, all the sweetest institutions that accompained it.

Today, the boys does not yearn for supper to be over so that he may work on some mechanical contrivance while father is near to help, read some book, or pop corn, roast apples and crack nuts before the fire while father tells stories, mother sews and sister helps him with his work or in his play. No, he waits for the after-supper time as a prisoner waits for his parole or release. That is the time to escape from his home and from the too-binding restrictions of his loving parents' care. If he but knew it, these after-supper hours are, in many cases, the very hours that will make or mar his whole life. Tell me what a boy or girl does with these priceless after-supper hours, and I can tell you truly whether that boy or girl will grow up to be the pride of his or her parents or a humiliation to those that love them.

If the old home-life and love existed, where the parents and children mingled in a unified and loving social evening after supper, where games, music, discussion of problems and family books were enjoyed together, then, indeed, there would be no problem of what evil influence is being brought to bear on boys and girls, for such a home life, such a family gathering about the fireside, is a sure bulwark against the insidious creeping in of any of the enervating vices or temptation with which our modern life is so filled.

Formerly the children were taught to obey their parents and not argue about it. When a father said: "Boys, I wish you to do this," the average boy did not even think of hesitating. The mother expressed it well when she said: "John minds just like he walks, without thinking about it."

Now it is different. We have moral suasion, and the children are coaxed,

petted, flattered, or scolded to make them mind. As a result, they become a law unto themselves and, before they are sixten years old, are often entirely beyond the control of their parents. No wonder some of them become robbers.

Religion is being dicarded in many homes. Formerly the whole family made it a point to go to some service on Sunday and, usually, one evening in the week. The children were sent to Sunday School and learned something of the reward of just and the punishment of the wicked. God was represented as an All-loving Father who cared for the welfare of His children, and those who kept His commandments in this world would be happy with Him in a world to come.

Today, at the least excuse, people remain away from church, and are so careless about their children they never form the church-going habit. When they grow up they join the churchless crowd and look out of the windows of their homes, watching the others go to church, without a thought of going.

The schools, on the whole, have a good effect upon child life, but the drawback is that many of the children quit at a very early age and thus miss the elevating influences of good teachers in the latter years of the high schools.

If the children remain in school until they graduate, which is usually at seventeen years, they have been under the influnces of teachers and in good environment long enough to have formed solid characters that will not be swayed by every wind that blows. On the other hand, if boys and girls go out to work at an early age, they are usually thrown in with a class who do not have an elevating influence on them. Usually they learn to smoke and their systems become saturated with nicotine at a tender age and this stunts both their mental and physical growth.

From their older companions they often learn profane and obscene language and look on the deeds of immoral character as those of heroes worthy of emulation. This is the way criminals are made. It is only a step beyond this to criminals acts which make the present reign of terror. A certain share of this could be avoided if the children could be kept in school for four years more. Every effort should be made to induce the young people to graduate from high school, and then coarse associates will have less charm for them.

We must all admit that one of the strongest influences for good or ill in this country today is the moving picture show. Part of this influences is very good, as it can be both education and highly elevating, and of this we approve. I am sorry to say that the commercial end of it causes producers to present plays that are demoralizing to all who see them, and particularly degrading to young minds in the formative stage.

Let us take, for example, the analogous case of films showing hold-up, railway wrecks, cowboy fights, etc., the heroes of which are occasionally led even to the electric chair. But their final destination does not in the smallest degree discourage their would-be imitators among the boys of the community.

It is estimated that there are 100,000,000 admissions paid each week to the movies in this country. When we realize that a large share of the spectators attend the sensational

plays, it is not difficult to believe that a considerable share of the recent criminal manifestations can be traced to this cause.

Another cause for the increase in crime in the decrease of respect for law and government. Since the close of World War I there have been the most demoralizing doctrines of government preached in all parts of our country. Men have dreamed dreams and seen visions. The expression, "The world owes me a living" has been taken seriously by millions of men. Thousands of agitators have taught the people that what we need is not production but an equal division of all property, and then all could live with little or no work. A book has been written called, "Let Us All Divide Up Even and Start Over Again." This has gone through the labor unions and has been taken seriously by those who have nothing to divide but want to get something the others have saved.

Professional agitators whose positions depend on constant unrest and dissatisfaction among the laboring people, have fanned the flames, and in many cases have almost caused outbursts of anarchy.

Labor unions, when properly conducted, are a benefit to the country, but during the last few years there have been doctrines preached in their meetings which, if carried out literally, would disrupt and destory our form of government. They have too often created a spirit or opposition to law and thus fostered the criminal.

What is to be the outcome of this crime wave that today horrifies the world? Is it apt to undermine our Republic and endanger its existence? In my opinion, there will be nothing serious came from it. Like the run of a contagious disease, it will, in time spend its force and we shall return to moral condition. An incalculably small share of the great American people are effected by the outbreak and will not be moved from their ancient moorings by it.

It behooves us however, as good citizens, to remove as rapidly as possible, the various causes that tend to make criminals from the rising generation.

———:———

Character is the product of daily, hourly actions, and words and thoughts; daily forgivenesses, unselfishness, kindness, sympathies, charities, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. It is these, like the blending colors in a picture, or the blending notes of music, which constitute the man.—MacDuff.

NATURE OF A LIE

By Henry J. Nitzsche

Whoever invented the first lie did mankind a great injury because the effect of that first lie has multiplied down through the ages. Indeed, its progeny outnumber the grains of sand on the seashore.

The strange thing is the apparent mesmeric influence that a lie exerts over the average individual. For some reason he is prone to believe a lie before he will accept the truth; he will lend credence to the most far-fetched tale just so long as there is a hint of plausibility contained in it.

A lie is like the snake in some respects. Its action is insidious, is sneaky, is altogether treacherous. Like the venom from the fangs of a serpent, the poison made active in the lives of men destroys all vestige of harmony. As far as men are concerned, they can "act" a lie, "tell" a lie, "write" a lie, "think" a lie, or "believe" a lie. The motive behind the telling is always bad. and the motive gains its power to operate through the thinking of the rational agent.

Never subjects to verification, a lie thrives best in an atmosphere of deception which, naturally, is especially adapted for its propagation. A lie can never be known—only believed. But in believing a lie one deceives one's self and this is a serious thing. The integrity of the person is immediately attacked and sometimes destroyed. Habitual falsification makes one temporarily immune to the virus contained in a lie. Habitual falsification, furthermore, prevents one from recognizing the truth even when the truth is self-evident. Who is hurt? Does the liar really gain anything by lying? Isn't his intelligence placed in question?

But why do some stoop to telling a lie? Perhaps for the same reason that they resort to acting a lie—as a sort of cover-up, since they are afraid of the truth. There is something psychologically wrong with an individual who is afraid of the truth, for surely the truth ought to benefit a man rather than hurt him. Lying has been a popular sport for ages because the code of ethics has long been held in contempt. It has been considered "smart" to deceive and "sissy" to cling to the facts supporting truth. Why? Because it has come to be considered a mark of intelluctal keenness and wordly wise to gain an advantage through deception; but all such advantage is doomed ultimately to vanish.

The basis of justice is the lie. It brings in its slimy trail a long line of progeny such as cruelty, cowardice, selfishness, envy, malice, hate—all powerful traits of negative thinking.

Our great moral philosophers have always stressed the need for honesty in all dealings between men; but, as the pages of history attest, little has been done to minimize the effects of the poison of a lie thoughtlessly spoken. To act a lie is just as reprehensible as the telling of it. To write a lie is to give evidence of the state of affairs within. To think a lie or to believe a lie brands one as foolish be-

cause the effects of such mental action will bring about a moral deterioratioin in the person who permits himself to be deceived. Deception works great harm even though the individual may desire to do good. The poison of the lie told him, and his believing it, works immediately; the truth about the matter may be years in coming to the light.

CHRISTMAS TREE TOWN

It's hustle and bustle
In Christmas—Tree Town,
With bright little sleighs
Rushing up hill and down,
And plump little drivers
That whistle and shout,
As they hurry and scurry
And tumble about.

Their sharp little axes
Go chippery chop,
As deep in the forest
The little trees drop.
Then off to the workshop
Where elves are at play,
Retrimming the branches
To make them more gay.

It's see-saw and tick-tack
And wind in and out
Bright ribbons of rainbows
With stars strung about.
It's climb up and fall down
And hammer your thumb.
It's yodel and carol
And whistle and hum.

These gay little creatures
The whole season thru
Are plotting and planning
A present for you—
From deep in the forest
A pine tree so gay
It will lighten and brighten
Your whole Christmas day.

By Karen Lee.

CHRISTMAS

All the house was asleep,
And the fire burning low,
When, from far up the chimney,
Came down a "Ho! ho!"
And a little, round man,
With a terrible scratching,
Dropped into the room
With a wink that was catching.
Yes, down he came, bumping,
And thumping, and jumping,
And picking himself up without a sign of a bruise!

"Ho! ho!" he kept on,
As if bursting with cheer.
"Good children, gay children,
Glad children, see here!
I have brought you fine dolls,
And gay trumpets, and rings,
Noah's arks, and bright skates,
And a host of good things!
I have brought a whole sackful,
A packful, a backful!
Come hither, come hither, come hither and choose!

"Ho! ho! What is this?
Why, they all are asleep!
But their stockins are up,
And my parents will keep!
So, in with the candies,
The books, and the toys;
All the goodies I have
For the good girls and boys.
I'll ram them, and jam them,
And slam them, and cram them;
All the stockins will hold while the tired youngsters snooze."

All the while his round shoulders
Kept ducking and ducking;
And his little, fat fingers
Kept tucking and tucking;
Until every stocking
Bulged out, on the wall,
As if it were bursting
And ready to fall.
And then, all at once,
With a whisk and a whistle,
And twisting himself
Like a tough bit of gristle,
He bounced up again,
Like the down of a thistle,
And nothing was left but the prints of his shoes.

By Mrs. C. S. Stone.

COURAGE

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

There are various elements, in the human mind that are necessary to success, but there are none more important than courage. There is an old saying that "A faint heart never won a fair lady," and I might add, or anything else worth striving for.

As we journey on the highway of life, we constantly meet two classes of people who are trying to attain success. The members of one class start out with the determination that they will go through, come what may, but as soon as difficulties arise they commence to weaken and be discouraged, and if the way becomes difficult, they abandon their original purpose and the world rightly brands them failures. The other class starts out with the same amount of determination, but when its members encounter difficulties, they never think of quitting the task but seek means to go forward and clear away the troubles. They have their eyes on the goal and take for their motto, "Climb, though the way be rugged." Almost without exception, they succeed in their undertaking.

Nobody ever tumbled into success or got there by mistake. The mariner reaches his destined port by steering straight for it. He crosses the ocean direct and does not allow his craft to drift about here and there on its surface. He who really means to succeed takes a bee-line for true manhood. He may not be rich when he gets there, nor a Member of Congress, or President, but he will be a man in the noblest sense, and that is the highest achievement. He who will not try to be somebody is sure to be nobody.

Difficulties are indispensable to right living. A great man cannot be made without them. Genius uses them as stepping-stones on its way upward. The youth of our day have too few of them; that is the trouble. A pick of the best things is lavished upon many of them and they become flabby, aimless and shiftless, because they do not have to work for them. Forty years from now those who live of this class will be found in the waste-basket of human life.

He who wants an easy time will never know what the discipline of business is, and the same with him who says, "The world owes me a living," for he will never earn it. A manly determination to make the most possible of life—that alone can secure the benefits of the discipline in question. Application, industry, courage and persistent energy must compel each day's affairs to contribute to the enlargement and nobility of life.

We must have courage in the struggle of life the same as on the field of battle. Courage, combined with perseverance and energy, will overcome nearly all obstacles. It gives force and impulse to effort and does not allow it to retreat. Nearly every enlargement of the domain of knowledge which has made us better acquainted with the heavens and the earth has been established by the self-sacrifice, the devotion and courage of the great

men of past times who, however much they may have been reviled and opposed by their contemporaries, now rank among those whom the most intelligent of the human race delight to honor. There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pain and labor.

Most of us have learned that a greater strength comes from failure, a strength which is the result of determination not to fail twice in the same way. Often defeat is due to over-confidence, lack of adequate preperation, carelessness of the rights of others, or to the attempt to secure an unfair advantage. All these things are entirely our own fault and can be remedied but never would be as long as success through such methods crowned our efforts. In these cases defeat is truly a blessing in disguise, as it enables us to take stock of ourselves and to set about remedying the defects which thus become evident to us. In other words, a failure teaches us our limitations and we either accept them and do something for which we are better fitted or we resolve to conquer them.

A multitude of young men never "get there." At forty they have about the same sort of degree of intelligence and manhood as they had at twenty. They have made no progress socially, intellectually or morally. Ambition never fired their hearts to do better and accomplish more. Content to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," they labor on with the same old-fashioned edge and dip the same oaken bucket. Invention, progress, achievement, have no lure for them. Dead men have just as much interest in making the world better as they have. Their lives are conspicuous failures. They bring nothing to pass and leave the world no better than they found it.

Many young men depend upon luck for success. Shakespeare tells us that "Tis not in our star but in ourselves that we underlings." An excellent judge of human nature once said, "I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that simpletons ever dreamed of."

Courage is that quality of the mind which enables a man to put his entire energy into a given project and continue at it for an indefinite time. This does not always result in success, but the chances are incalculably better than for a person who gets at each task with fear and trembling and imagines he sees failure just ahead and turns back for the least difficulty. Cultivate courage as you cultivate any other attribute of the mind.

———:———

He alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all the contingencies of life, but the fool contends, and is struggling like a swimmer against the stream.—Selected.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

(News Herald)

I have mentioned heretofore that typographical errors—and every newspaper, large or small, makes them—are the bane of every reporter's existence. Our worst one, I think was when the letter "t" instead of a "c" fell into the word "gracefully" to make us say that "at the close of the luncheon the bride's mother 'gratefully' announced the engagement of her daughter." Sometimes, for some unknown reason words go "wild" in the linotype's fingers—as in the case of the substitution one time of the similiar sounding "garment" for "ornament" in one wedding account—not in The News-Herald, but in a North Carolina daily's report of the marriage of a Morganton girl. Concluding the description of the bridal finery it was stated that "the bride's only 'garment' (ornament) was a pearl brooch." So it goes.

For instance a Hillsville, Va., newspaper in reporting a wedding had this:

"She had tight bridemaids at the ceremony."

Here a "t" where an "e" was meant, caused the blunder.

A Raleigh N. C., paper printed a letter from an irate subscriber who was criticising a political speech, made the writer say:

"And them asses believed him."

Of course it was intended to say "the masses."

The editor of the Madison Messenger often writes his advertisers' copy. In a ladies' dress goods department ad this was printed:

"Sheer stockings designed for dressy wear. But so serviceable that lots of women wear nothing else."

A Buffalo, N. Y., daily in reporting a political conference said:

"Only one of the old bloc will be missing—pretty Winifred Stanley of Buffalo. Her seat disappeared in the New York re-districting."

A Mississippi editor had to do some tall explaining about the inaccuracy of the linotype to get by this:

"No date has been set for the bedding of the couple."

The following correction appeared in a Martinsville, Va., paper:

"Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr.—is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr.—is really a detective in the police force."

Two or three years ago the Reidsville Review carried this ad:

"For Sale—Young dressed birds. Absolutely clean and ready for the rooster."

My idea of "newspaper heaven" is a place where no errors, typographical or otherwise, ever "creepin" to steal the peace of mind of the editor. The laughs we get out of the funny typographical errors do not begin to compensate for the often serious and embarrassing errors which occur.

WORK AND BETTER STANDARDS OF LIVING

(We The People)

Someone has very well said, "Work is the yeast that raises the dough." We might also say that "Work well planned and well executed is the one thing that has made posible the high standard of living enjoyed by the American people today."

When our forefathers, who left the poor living conditions of Europe and stood on the Eastern shores of our great country, looked Westward across the plains and hills, they perhaps had a desire to work and to build.

The great highway system, the railroads, the great factories, the small factories, the big farms and the little farms, have all been hewn from the forested areas of the new land by work. It was work that was not shirked but was done by workers who were willing to roll up their sleeves and prove to a backward world that men who were willing to give something had a right to expect something.

In this great land of ours where men are allowed to think, to plan, and to use their own initiative, great mass production has been brought about. This has made it possible for the man, who formerly could wear only homemade jeans, to buy a suit of clothes; for the man, who formerly wore hand-made brogans, to enjoy the comforts of the best machine-made shoes; for the man, who formerly was forced to eat what he could raise in his own yard, to enjoy the fresh orchards and farms in far distant states.

What has made such progress possible? Again we must re-emphasize: it is work—work of hand and work of head and work of money.

How can we afford to buy oranges grown in California? Because the orange grower works and produces and is able to sell his merchandise at a low price, because workers on railroads and trucking lines make it possible for a low cost of transportation, and because our local wholesalers and retailers provide an economical means of distribution.

If the orange grower, transporter, distributor, or seller should shirk his work to the point that the price would be raised enough to prohibit our buying the orange, then all would lose, because there would be no consumer. They would lose the business and we would lose the enjoyment of fresh fruit. In order for us to buy the other fellow must work and produce efficiently.

By the same token, he is our customer and buys the things we produce. He can only continue to buy what we make if we produce efficiently and sell to a price that he can afford to pay. This gives us business and affords him the enjoyment of fine furniture.

Our country was founded and built to the present standard of living by honest work and honest pay. National decay is the sum of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice. National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness.

ROYALTY

(News and Press)

When the founding fathers of this nation set about to establish a new government, they shied away from everthing that smacked of royalty, and down through the years, Americans have taken particular pains to see that there developed in this country no family that had visions of royalty.

But Americans are always interested in romance, regardless of whether that romance has blossomed in a hut or in a mansion, and so it is not strange that there was a wide interest in this country last week in the wedding of Elizabeth, heir to the throne of the British Empire, and Philip. The usual church wedding in this country has a lot of trappings about it, and so it could be expected that a wedding of so important a personage as the heir to the British throne would be a spectacle of pomp and splendor.

Of course, the British people felt that they had a part in this ceremony, and while only a comparative few got into the Abbey to witness the rites, millions heard it by radio, and millions stood for hours in the streets of London, hoping to catch a glimpse of the royal couple.

Although the royal family in England is held in high regard, the king has no real power. That is invested in the House of Commons. Political parties in England fight with vigor comparable to the parties in this country, but the royal family is able to keep out of political fights.

It is apparent to us that the British people obtain some sort of morale-building effect from this worship of royalty, and it also occurs to us that perhaps this nation could benefit if we had some sort of leader whom the entire country held in high regard. We are not advocating royalty, but we would like to find something or somebody upon which all of us could agree. We believe that it would be an exhilarating experience.

———:———

We can be thankful to friends for a few little gifts, and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we feel as under no obligations.—Seneca.

THE WHITE FLAME

North Carolina Christian Advocate

Several years ago while traveling in Korea I picked up one of the most dramatic legends on giving—the giving which is involved in material, intellectual and spiritual things—I have ever heard.

According to this Korean parable the "Lord of all Life" called three Pilgrims to his tent and handed to each what he called "The Flame of Faith." Then he sent each Pilgrim out into the dark, cold, unlighted world to see what each Pilgrim would do with his light, his Divine Gift, his Flame of Faith and Trust, saying to them:

"Go forth and lift it high and far
Above the plains of life
To light the Hope of Human kind
Amid its pain and strife."

One of the Pilgrims trod a valley dark and gloomy, where little children were lonely and weeping. Hearing the children weeping in the dark valley of life, the Pilgrim lifted high his torch to give light to the little lost and lonely children.

The second Pilgrim came to a moon were it was bleak and cold, and he heard a hundred human voices crying in that desolate land:

"We freeze; O give us warmth!
Give us fire and warmth!"
"There shall be fire!" the Pilgrim cried
And gave his gift away
To warm their cold, unhappy hearts
On that eventful day!"

The third Pilgrim decided to save his gift of light and fire; and to keep his torch hidden in his blouse not even lighting it, even though he also heard children and lost people crying in lonely moors and in deep, dark valleys. He said to himself: "I shall preserve this torch and take it back unused to the Lord of Love and Light."

After long wanderings the three Pilgrims went back to the Lord of Love and Light to make their reports as to what they had done with their torches, their talents, their service.

The first Pilgrim told the Lord of Life about the dark valley where he heard the children crying for light, and added: "I gave my torch of Light to lighten up their dreary valley and they were gloriously glad."

"Well done! Well done, my son! Thou hast learned the great truth of life; to share thy light with others!"

The second Pilgrim told the Lord of Life that he had found a cold, barren moor on which the poor people were freezing to death and crying for warmth. "So I gave them my torch to warm their cold hearts and homes."

"Well done! Well done, my Philgrim," said the Lord of Life.

Then the third Pilgrim said that he had decided that the Lord of Life was a jealous Master and would only be pleased if he brought the torch back intact and unburned:

'I feared to lose its lustre, Lord:
To dim its living light,
So hid it here within my heart
To keep its jewel bright."

He reached within his bosom

And tore his blouse in twain.
All eagerness to hand his torch
Back to the Lord again.
Alas, there was no beacon,
No light, or flame, or fire;
His torch had turned to ashes
Of selfish dead desire.

And might I add to that parable,
that is exactly what happens to any
Pilgrim who is entrusted with money,
talents, health, happiness, if he does
not share them with those who are
needly, lonely, and cold.

———:———

AT CHRISTMAS

A man is at his finest towards the finish of the year;
He is almost what he should be when the Christmas season's here;
Then he's thinking more of others than he's though the months before,
And the laughter of his children is a joy worth toiling for.

He is less a selfish creature than at any other time;
When the Christmas spirit rules him he comes close to the sublime.
When it's Christmas man is bigger and is better in his part;
He is keener for the service that is prompted by the heart.

All the pretty thoughts and narrow seem to vanish for a while,
And the true reward he's seeking is the glory of a smile.
Then for others he is toiling and, somehow, it seems to me,
That at Christmas he is almost what God wanted him to be.

If I had to paint a picture of a man I think I'd wait
Till he'd fought his selfish battles and had put aside his hate.
I'd not catch him at his labors when his thoughts are all of pelf,
On the long days and the dreary when he's striving for himself.

I'd not take him when he's sneering, when he's scournful or depressed,
But I'd look for him at Christmas when he's shining at his best.
Man is ever in a struggle and he's oft misunderstood;
There are days the worst that's in him is the master of the good;

But at Christmas kindness rules him and he puts himself aside,
And his petty hates are vanquished and his heart is opened wide.
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but, somehow, it seems to me,
That at Christmas man is almost what God sent him here to be.

—Edgar A. Guest.

"BID 'EM UP"

Hopkins

This story happened several thousand years ago.

It was auction day at the Roman market and the square where it was held was filled with people who were of all nationalities and descriptions ready to buy. Many beautiful slave girls were offered for sale and to hear the bidding and arguing the people made while trying to acquire one of these girls was a show in itself. These girls were used by their owners to brighten up their houses, as well as to cook the meals and do the heavy labor. One of these girls had just been sold for a price equal to thirty cents in our money, and people were looking at the buyer as if he was nuts because in those days to pay as much as four cents for a woman was considered a big investment.

While the crowd was busy discussing the latest buy she was thrown on the platform. Yes, that's what I said, thrown on the platform, and she landed on her face. You could see she was of royal blood as she got to her feet and faced the crowd naked as the day she was born.

The auctioneer grabbed her by her hair and as he turned her around, with his stick, he pointed to her beautifully developed chest and slim legs. She, in the meantime struggled in the auctioneer's grasp trying to get away from him. This did not please the auctioneer because by her actions she was letting the crowd know that whoever bought her would have a tough time taming her. She knew she couldn't cook and was a poor housekeeper.

Finally the bidding started at one cent and worked itself up to three cents. Then no one else would raise the bid and she knew she had been sold. Her owner looked like a kind man but still she wanted no part of him and backed away as he tried to approach her. This backing up on her part made her owner mad and he kicked her in the face and knocked her down and out. Then he threw her over his shoulder, carried her to his oxcart, as horsecarts were unknown in those days, and threw her in. Three hours later she came to and he was sleeping beside her. She started to kiss his face and he woke up, gave her a backhander and she let out a yelp as he kicked her to the front of the wagon which was as far as her chain would let her go.

The point is this: The she I am talking about was a dog. It was like this: When they had finished selling women, dogs had been next in line and this dog was a well-built thoroughbred.

When you get a story like this you can bet writing has sure gone to the dogs!

There is a difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—Caleb C. Colton.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. T. Tarlton, pastor of McGill St. Baptist Church, was the guest preacher at the school last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Tarlton brought a very appropriate and helpful message to the boys, and his visit was appreciated by everyone.

The entire 32nd Psalm was read as a Scripture lesson, and Mr. Tarlton used as a subject for his message, "Two Ways of Dealing With Ourselves When We Do Wrong."

Mr. Tarlton said it is generally a very easy matter for people to know, or at least think they know, how to deal with people who think they do wrong. There is always a tendency to want to inflict punishment on others for their misdeeds, even when we ourselves have been guilty of some of the same misdeeds. He pointed out, too, that the Scriptures tell us that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

In dealing with our personal misdeeds we ask the question, "What shall I do with myself because of sin?" In the first place, there is a tendency for people to keep silent, hoping that their wrongdoing will not be discovered by others. Because of our misdeeds we manifest a spirit of sham. Generally, people who do wrong things do them in the night time or on the back, isolated roads, or when they wear a mask to disguise themselves.

Then, too, there is a tendency for those who sin to deny their sins. They do this because they realize it is dangerous for their misdeeds to be revealed. Oftentimes, those who commit crimes are afraid of the law, and they live in constant dread of the exposure.

It was explained to the boys that the person who keeps silent about his sins and hides behind a mask has in his heart a pocket of hidden poison which tends to destroy the inner spiritual influences for good. The sinner was described as the person who is unhappy and has a roaring storm raging within and, as the Psalmist declared, he gets old and shaky. Life is in a turmoil, and there is no spiritual relaxation. There is no spiritual growth.

Finally, Mr. Tarlton advised that it is always best for people to make a confession of their sins. When people do that they have taken the first step towards winning back the regard of their friends and their own self-respect. It was explained, too, that generally when people have done wrong and make a confession of their errors there are always good people who want to help them, and they will strive to strengthen their companions from time to time. Only as people make confession of their guilt can they have a clear conscience; and only then can a person feel there is nothing hidden which other people are trying to find out. The person who makes confession of sin clears the track between himself and God.

Mr. Tarlton completed his sermon by saying that the Bible assures us that the person is blessed who has his sins forgiven, who has in-

iquity imputed. Generally, happiness always goes along with a clear conscience and with a soul free from hidden faults, and people forgive if sinners confess their sins.

———:———

NO ROOM AT THE INN

No room that night was left at the Inn,
No place could be found for a stranger.
Two weary travelers who turned from its din
Found rest at last in a manger.

In the manger that night a baby was born
To those whom the Inn turned again'
And the Shepherds afar came there in the morn
Bringing gifts to the Savior of men.

No room in the hearts of many today
No place for His love will they make.
He knocks at the door, they turn Him away
And neglect Him for other guests' sake.

Other guests of ambition of pleasure and pride,
Of selfishness and the getting of gold.
Forgetting the cross and the wound in His side,
And the nail-pierced hands they might hold.

Oh, Bethlehem Inn full of music and light,
With your guests decked in brightest array,
Had you given them room, turned into the night
Your fame had gone forth to this day.

Oh, soul, fling open your windows and door,
Let the Bethlehem Stranger come in.
For the baby 'twas born in the manger of yore,
Came from God to save you from sin.

By Homer J. Williamson.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Difficulties are things which show what men are."—Horace Mann.

—:—

"Let things you have and need not, serve those who need and have not."

—:—

Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong.
—Tennyson.

—:—

I have so ruled my life that when death comes I might face it without fear—Henry Havelock.

—:—

If you cannot do a kind deed, speak a kind word; if you cannot speak a kind word, think a kind thought."

—:—

With God go over the seas—without Him not over the threshold.
—Russian Proverb.

—:—

"The studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens."
—Thomas Jefferson.

"God intends no man to live in this world without working; but he intends every man to be happy in his work."—Ruskin.

—:—

"Believe that you, even you, can do some of the work that he would like done, and that unless you do it, it will remain undone."—Henry Drummond.

—:—

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to.
—George McDonald.

—:—

"Take what is,
Trust what may be;
That's life's true lesson.—Browning.

—:—

"If your father and mother, your sister and brother, if the very cat and dog in the house, are not better and happier for your being a Christian, it is a question whether you really are one."—J. Hudson Taylor.

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness."—Alice Cary.

—:—

"Alcohol preserves dead things; water preserves live things."

—:—

"No one ever reaches the terminus in knowledge, but no one ever need be left at a way station on the road."

There is but one result that can warrant the agony of Calavary, and that is our being conquerors over sin.
—Mark Guy Pearse.

"Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be."
—Whittier.

"Until a youth takes as eager an interest in his vocation as in his vacation he is not worth very much."
—Frederick A. Atkins.

I believe one should strive to be not only good, but really useful to one's fellow men; so I wish for you a happy and successful life in the services of others.—Alvin C. York.

"You will find as you look back on your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love."
—Henry Drummond.

—:—

"God has so connected body and spirit, house and tenant, that if the spirit corrupts the body, the body in turn corrupts the spirit; the tenant in destroying the house destroys himself."—Lyman Abbott.

—:—

"I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed."
—Booker T. Washington.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

A pedestrian is a man whose son is home from college.

A wife who uses good horse sense never becomes a nag.

—:—

The best way to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

—:—

Our birth is nothing but our death begun, as tapers waste the moment they take fire.—Young.

What kind of wood are matches made of?"

"She would and he would."

—:—

Education girls who know all the answers have been around with fellows who ask all the questions.

—:—

Grandpa: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

Grandma: "You missed it before—that's why it's gone."

—:—

"Won't you come into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

"Parlor nothing, get a flivver," was the modern fly's reply.

—:—

Mary: "Do you really like conceited men better than the other kind?"

Jo: "What other kind is there?"

—:—

Young Lady (after being removed from the operating room): "Oh, Doctor! Will the scar show?"

Doctor: "That Madame, is entirely up to you."

—:—

Cop: "How'd you get that pot of honey?"

Tramp: "Well, I admit that I don't keep bees, but what's to prevent a chap from squeezing it out of flowers himself?"

—:—

Jones (in debt): "Sorry, old man, but I'm looking for a little financial succor again."

Smith: "You'll have to look farther than this. I'm not the financial sucker I used to be."

—:—

They had searched in vain for a hotel room. "Well, mother," he said, "I guess we'll have to sleep in one of those night clubs, even if they do charge $5 for covers."

—:—

"Gracious, Dorothy, I haven't seen you for seven years. You certainly look a lot older."

"And you too, Eleanor dear, I would not have recognized you except for the dress and hat."

—:—

In marrying as in taking pills it is best not to think about it too much.

Shealey: "What do you mean by genealogy?"

Johnston: "Tracing yourself back to people better than you are."

—:—

Hubby (after an airplane trip): "As I contemplated the wonders of nature from high in the sky, I realized how insignificant is man."

Wifey: "Humph! A woman can see that without going up in a plane."

—:—

Sergeant: "Hay there—you Mose' Come on back here."

Mose: "Sarge, I ain't ready to die just yet."

Sergeant: "Well suppose you do get killed. Heaven is your home."

Mose: "Yes, suh, Sarge, ah knows dat. But right now, ah ain't homesick."

—:—

A boy and a girl were riding horseback out in the country. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks and noses affectionately.

"Oh, me," said the guy, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Go ahead," said the gal, "it's your horse."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 14, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Calvin Matheson
Franklin Phillips

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
J. C. Litlejohn
Bobby Long
James Martin
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Floyd Canady
Glenn Evans
Billy Holder
Robert Jarvis
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Billy McVicker
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 4

Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Coy McElvin
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
William Smith
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
James Christy
Kenneth Holcomb
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
Jimmy Cauthern
Bobby Joe Duncan
Herman Fore
Danny Mack Hayes
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Evan Myers
Aaron McCarson
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
Billy Paschal
Jimmy Sehen
Leroy Shedd
Howell Wilkinson
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Earl Holloman
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
Tommy Edwards
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal

Bobby Shepherd
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gary Dudley
Emmitt Fields
Judson Finch
Jack Griffin
Donald Hall
Paul Hendren
Robert Hinson
Carl Jenkins
Jack Jarvis
Eugene Newton
Claude Sexton
James Tuggle
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Autry
Talmadge Duncan
Joyce Hobbs
Gerald Johnson
Kenneth King
George Marr
James Moore
Silas Orr
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Bill Carswell
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Charles Sherrin

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Treva Coleman
Claude Crump
Elbert Gentry
David Gibson
Frank Grady
Willie Newcomb
Francis Dean Ray
Carl Rice
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

J. D. Gupton
Avery Hogue
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
J. B. Shepherd
Frank Sargent
Coy Wilcox

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Bernie Hauser
Harvey Jacobs
Perry Leon Martin
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Lloyd Perdue
Bobby Poplin
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

———:———

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and planted it, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing but it may spread into a prodigeous bit of timber.—Thackeray.

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT